

A PRETTY CREATURE.

CHICAGO
SEP 1 1893
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CHINESE GOLD.

BY ROGER POCOCK.

IF I 'ain't been having a roaring time I'll smile no more! Of course you want to know why I didn't get hitched up with the widow. Well, I'll say this: that she and I don't make no team in this Vale of Tears—No, sir! To begin at the widow's boarding-house right down here in San Francisco. I'd been green enough to let her see me pay attentions to her companion, a pretty creature; and the old woman was green with jealousy. Once when I brought little Kitty home at three o'clock in the morning from a church social, we found the old girl sitting up for us. She said she hoped she was a patient Christian woman, and then went on awful at Kitty. At that I got mad, and the next thing I knew I was alone in the cold world, and without a home.

After that I felt I couldn't get far enough away from the widow, so I sold the two corner lots and went north. At Buncombe City I fetched up to outfit for a prospecting trip in the mountains; but I'd only enough left to buy a horse, so my watch had to be traded off for the fixings. I got a saddle for it, together with an old blanket, one spur, a plug hat, and fifty dollars, which, considering that it wouldn't keep time, was good enough. I laid in a supply of chawing tobacco, a rope and a pair of hobbles, and traded the plug hat with a cowboy for a sombrero and the usual drinks. By noon I was ready to start, but I sort of hated to leave my old stamping ground, considering the fun I used to have there during the Boom; and my emotions gave rise to so many drinks, that I didn't get beyond the last saloon that night.

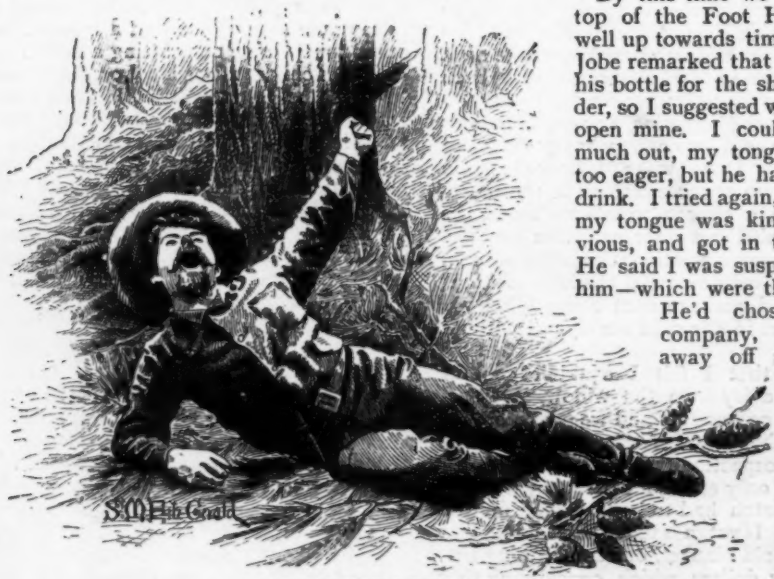
From Buncombe it's the deuce of a long way into the mines, and it was noon of the fourth day before I struck Desolation City. The place is a played-out placer camp, with plenty of gold in the bars, but no capital for hydraulic mining. Loafing is the principal industry; and I found a total population of five, and a woman, the other thirty being out cutting a new trail, and the children at school or lost in the bush, as the case might be. While I was at dinner I told the landlord how, meandering down Desolation Gulch, I'd happened upon a dead Chinaman, and rolled him into the creek. He said that the City Waterworks was right there, and mentioned casually that the Sanitary Committee consisted of the blacksmith, and had a gun. I concluded that if I



I SORT OF HATED TO LEAVE.

didn't go and hand out that Chinaman, I was liable to be plugged full of holes. We had some little discussion on Desolation whiskey, which is composed of copperas, and its flavour corrected with drugs. The landlord says that it gives a man a copper lining which laughs at all diseases, and is a great improvement on nature.

Well, to return to the Chinaman, which I did after dinner: I hadn't gone far, before I met a man, who told me that the body had been hoisted out of the creek by its friends, and that they wanted to carve me up for getting the lamented



I WAS LYING ON A STEEP SLOPE.

remains wet, contrary to their religion. As they'd already buried the critter under a willow on the bank, there was no need to go further and get carved, so I made out I'd just report to the Sanitary Committee.

This chap who told me looked wild and tough, and had long hair, which is a bad sign in a man, indicating either that he's shot somebody or else writes poetry. He was only a sheep man, camp-tender he called himself, and had three herders out, each with two thousand head. As he appeared to be pining for a drink, I gave him a taste of the Desolation whiskey; and on that he said he was going my way, so I allowed we'd start. Riding through town, he stopped to buy a bottle of liquor; and, though I'd only a dollar left, I got one too, for I wasn't going to let a stranger do all the treating. Jobe, for that was the name of the critter, was bound, he said, for his second camp; then on to number three, which was near my destination on Blue Devil Mountain. Some found the trail, he allowed, and some didn't. The last man had been out five days, with nothing to eat but a pair of mitts that had been used for greasing machinery. The one before was chawed up by a bear.

By this time we were on top of the Foot Hills and well up towards timber line. Jobe remarked that he'd got his bottle for the sheep herder, so I suggested we should open mine. I couldn't get much out, my tongue being too eager, but he had a long drink. I tried again, but still my tongue was kinder previous, and got in the way. He said I was suspicious of him—which were the truth. He'd chosen my company, got me away off into the bush, and now was trying to lay me low. For all he could tell, I might have lots of wealth; and altogether, with his long hair, and lean, thirsty-looking face, I concluded that he'd the makings of a first-class stranger. To be sure of his intentions, I mentioned incidentally that I was broke; then took a good long drink to let him know I didn't care.

As his next drink was twice as big as mine, I tried again; and noticed him size up my measure and double it. Then I saw that he was crowing over me, thinking that I'd no head for liquor.

"Reach out that other bottle," sez I; "give me the full one, you take the other, and I'll race you to the bottom."

"Done!" sez he.

Now I didn't intend it; but what with not having taken much lately, and the high altitude, not to mention the Desolation whiskey—that's the last I remember.

When I woke up, I couldn't think who I was, or where I belonged. I was lying on a steep slope among the pines; and the moonlight was just beautiful. Suddenly I noticed a smell of Chinaman, looked round, and saw something sneaking off among the trees. I reached for my revolver—it were gone!

For a moment I thought it was the ghost of the dead Chinaman which I'd rolled into the creek; but no, it couldn't be him, because Chinese don't have any souls, being animile. Then I kinder forgot him, thinking of Jobe—who had probably gone through me and got away with my horse and gun. I'd have followed him up, but that there seemed to be no trail or horse sign around.

I didn't belong anywheres in particular, so there was no use in travelling; and, being too cool for any more emotions, I crawled around, got some pine cones and twigs to an old stump, and soon had a fire, and my pipe lit. The coyotes, cougars and general vermin howling around soothed me down some; and I whispered: "Put me in my little bed," and other Sunday school exercises suitable for the occasion. Gradually my thoughts went back to the widow down in 'Frisco. She'd say I was a lost sheep on the wild mountains cold—and it was cold, you bet—and tell me to get a cheap harp and second-hand wings and be good. I fell asleep.



JOBE.

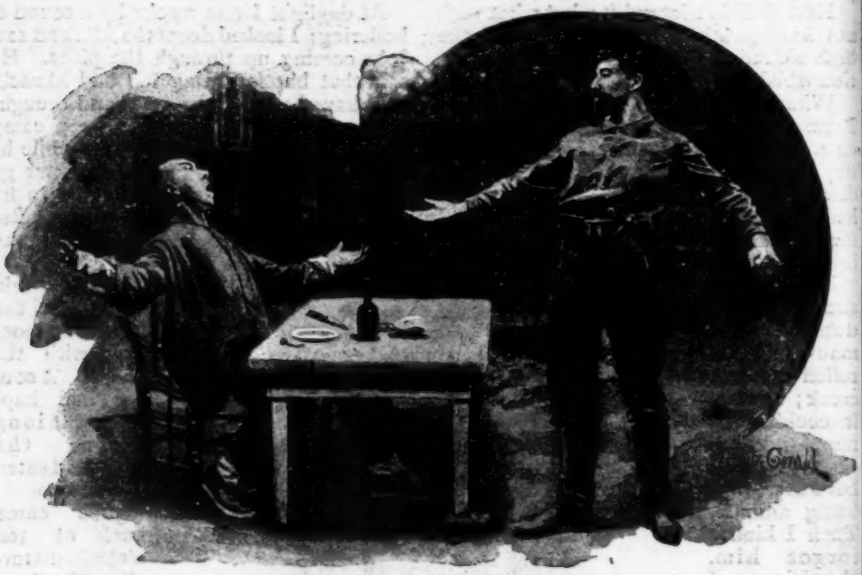
At daylight I was awoke by a sound of hollering; I looked down the hill, and saw Jobe coming up through the pines. He said that but for being too bad himself, he'd have hobbled my horse and brought me in last night; but the sheep camp was only a mile off, anyway; so while he tracked the runaway brute I'd better go down and get the drink he'd left to fix me up. I thought better of Jobe after that. Even if he had robbed me he was at least civil about it.

I went down to the camp, had the drink, and helped the herder to monkey with the sheep. A cougar had happened along during the night and eaten one or two.

Jobe came back at ten o'clock, naturally without my horse. He'd seen the critter, he said, but couldn't catch it afoot. I let on to take no notice; and when he saw I didn't believe him, he got mad, sinched up his own horse, and rode off. Good riddance, thought I.

Nothing much happened until, towards sundown, a Chinaman came along looking kind'er tired; and as the herder was off at pasture with the sheep, I told him to sit down and feed. He did sort of make me think of the one I'd seen sneaking off among the trees; but then that might have been a dream. This Chinaman smelt alive, anyway, poor devil, and his pack was a terror. I wanted to try the heft of it, but he wouldn't let me. "Too muchee heavy," he said; "he killee white-man."

I learnt, at my mother's knee, I guess, never to trust a Chinaman; and always to



"NO FOUR BITTEE, NO LOOKIE SHARP," HE MUMBLED.

make him pay for his meals. He wouldn't save you from dying of hunger, unless you paid according; so, the moment he was through with his supper I ordered him to produce.

"How muchee?" said he.

"Four bits; and look sharp," said I.

"No four bittee, no lookie sharp," he mumbled, and began to cry.

I felt like seeing why his pack was so heavy; but then said I to myself I'd rather have honest John Chinaman around than horse-thief Jobe anyway; so I just kicked the poor brute out of camp, and took up the remains of a newspaper.

Ten minutes after that, in came Jobe, full gallop, whooping and yelling — and my horse in tow. It's just things like that as make a man believe in human nature, particularly as he had another bottle along. He'd been into town, and roped my horse on the way back. From that moment I had an unbelief respecting the Chinaman I'd smelt among the pines. I asked Jobe if he'd happened upon my gun. He laughed, and said "You bet!" Then I knew Jobe had never taken the gun—it had been stolen by the Chinaman.

After supper I was livened up with the whiskey, but Jobe had quieted down a little.

"Say, pardner," said he, "are you ready for a move to the other camp?"

"I guess so," said I, "provided you help hunt down that Chinaman with the pack, and see if he stole my gun."

We started immediately for Blue Devil Mountain—the darnedest ride you ever seed, for we had to keep in the timber, to head off that heathen Chinee. Night was coming on, so that we only saw the creek bottoms when we fell into them. The snags barked our shins, we broke our horses' hearts in the thick brush, then over stumps and logs till we fetched up short in a windrow of deadfall timber, and swamps promiscuous. Straight ahead there was a big spruce with branches sweeping the ground, and since there was nothing else for it Jobe dug his spurs hard and drove into that tree. Inside it was darker'n a blacking brush, full of hanging dead branches; and when Jobe got out the other side he looked like a disused politician. As for me, I was dragged off, saddle and all, and landed in two feet of mud—which was not far off'n the "sweet by and bye" of the hymn. As we were now back on the trail and ahead of the Chinaman's tracks, we had time to stay and repair ourselves. Very soon the critter came along, staggering under the weight of that unholy pack. Jobe, who was a

natural genius that way, began to purr, and breathe hard like a she-cat awaiting for battle, and the Chinaman came to a halt. One little snarl, and the medicine began to work, for Jobe was producing the arrival of a cougar—not a little one-horse mountain lion, but a he-cat cougar, nine feet long, and thirsting for blood. The Chinaman made as though he'd run, but a growl came up in front, a snarl ran cold down his back, and there was a blood-curdling yell all around such as demons might have screeched, if they'd been rummaging a forsaken world for a few stray sinners, as had been overlooked. At that the Chinaman stood petrified, like a detected Spiritualist at a ghost show. Jobe let out another wild, unearthly howl, while I rustled the bushes to show that the tiger was coming. The man was still game enough to pull his revolver; and almost before I'd time to lie down blazed away right at me till he'd emptied every chamber. Then came a little screech from Jobe which just finished that Chinaman. We saw him sling down his weapon and the pack, and lite out like a migrating tom-tit for parts unknown.

Down I went into the trail, and there sure enough was my lost revolver. So this brute had stole it while I was asleep—him as I'd wasted valuable charity on—a dirty little heathen Chinese thief!

"What makes this pack so heavy?" said Jobe.

We ripped up the sack, and found inside it what's called a nightgown—stole, I guess, from some precious English tenderfoot. Inside we discovered what made that baggage so unnaturally heavy—a great mass of gold!

I don't say it were a nugget, pard—nuggets hardly come that size. No, it was more like a piece of rock out of a ledge, two feet long, one thick, and sixteen inches wide, you could see odd scraps and patches of decomposed quartz, and lots of dirt in the hollows; but the bulk of the thing was native and wire gold, so red that it looked to run at least eighteen dollars an ounce.

We began to discuss who it belonged to. The Chinaman had stolen the gold as sure as he had stolen my gun; and the chances was, that he'd found it working in some mine. Now, as Jobe said, lots of claims around there, both quartz and placer, employ Chinese; but, as the thief would never have got away alive if his boss had set eyes on such a piece of rock, nobody could possibly identify it except the thief. We could say, therefore, with a clear conscience, that in the Chinaman's absence this treasure belonged to us.

To shorten a long yarn, we rode night and day until we made Buncombe city; and some scraps of the loose gold paid our expenses to San Francisco. For fun I took Jobe to visit the widow; and we let her see what we'd showed to no mortal soul before. I'd forgotten the bill I was owing to her for board—but she remembered.

"Now, boys," she said, "you'd better let me put this away for you in the safe, or it's sure to get stolen." And so she got the gold.

Tom, if ever you're chased by a bull, find a rail fence; but if it's a woman that's after you, provide yourself with a well-fixed, good-looking man friend. It's a sure thing, you bet; for, like the burro which starved to death between two haystacks, she won't know which she likes best—you or the friend.

Probably she'll ultimately go for both, but the delay makes you cool, and ready for anything. Accordingly, just to stave off the widow, while I was getting my breath, I told Jobe she'd plenty of wealth and that she'd said he'd a deuced fine shape for so young a man. The scheme would have worked well enough, but that the silly coon got excited, and let out that I'd been chanting her praises.

That tickled the widow all to pieces, and not another minute could I stave her off. She sent Jobe off to buy meat, and proposed to me in the cable cars. Naturally I jumped the track like a runaway engine, and went for Jobe: but I'm blest if he didn't get up on his ear, and demand that gold. He said straight out that he didn't care a straw for the widow, but that he wanted his share of the treasure to send off to his old mother, who was running a rat and poultry farm down in Arkansaw. Desperate, I went back to the widow and ordered her to unlock that safe. She just went straight off into asterisks, and stayed that way all morning. After dinner I surrendered in despair, and promised to love, honour and obey provided I'd the option on a separate lot in the cemetery, where I could go away quiet from the other graves.

We agreed, the three of us, that that

gold must be properly tested before the marriage, so we put on our best clothes, wrapped up the treasure in a brown paper parcel, and took a covered cab to the assay office. I've attended the funerals of most of the neighbours round our way in Iowa; I buried a partner once who drank cheap and inferior whiskey; and once I put up for the obsequies of a chum who killed himself with his excesses in the way of patent medicine; but that journey to the assay office, with the immediate certainty of wealth and matrimony, was the awfullest cab ride of all. To think I'd come down to make fun of her—and got trapped!

Poverty is bad—jolly bad, but to be hitched up in harness with her and the boarding-house for the term of my natural life! No, rather would I take to the patent medicine habit myself, and that private lot I'd bargained for in the cemetery.

The assayer was just crazy when he saw such a lump of gold, and all the clerks in the Branch Mint came a-running to see the tests. The professor got out his best smile and a clean handkerchief, and we grouped ourselves for the exercises, with the widow squeezing of my arm. How I wished as that rascally Chinaman had got clean away. Cold sweat stood on my brow; I felt like the broken column on a tomb, or the withered pinetree in a poem.

A sample was cut off for assay, and, by the Great-Black-Hat, you should have seen it. The outside of that nugget was high-grade gold—*the inside was sheet lead!* Whoo-o, just think of it! a hundred and eight pounds of lead piping, pounded up, gilt, and stuck all over with the real stuff, to take in a Jew trader.

The professor yelled for the police; Jobe swore blue streaks; the widow carried on like an enraged fog-horn; and I laughed fit to bust. Free—by the Little-Yellow-god-of-the-White-Men—free!

It's all off. Jobe's back to the sheep range; the widow's heart is busted up once more; and as for me, well—I'm broke, at present.

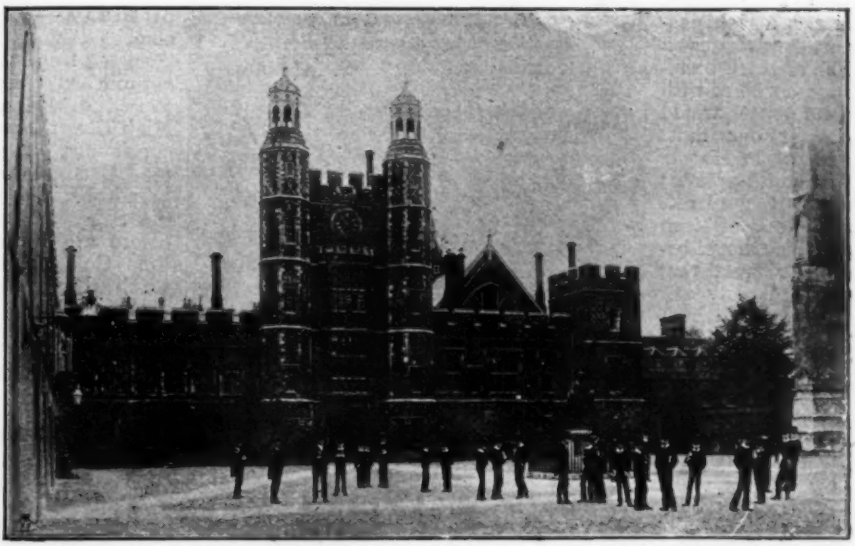


THE PROFESSOR YELLED FOR THE POLICE.

Young England at School.

"Floreat Etona."

ETON COLLEGE.



THE QUADRANGLE AND STATUE OF KING HENRY VI., THE FOUNDER.

ETONIANS and our readers may ask why we have given Harrow and Rugby before Eton College, the greatest public school in the world; but, having contemplated enlarging our magazine, we held over Eton for that number, wherein we could devote the necessary space required to do justice to our subject, abounding as it does with interest of the school life of kings, princes, statesmen, and past masters, and which, for upwards of four hundred years, has been what it is to-day: indissolubly bound up with the life of our country, with no small effect on its destinies, growing with its growth, and strengthened with its strength.

Even now we are forced to divide the article into two parts, as to give perhaps half-a-dozen views would be more apt to mislead than enlighten. Everywhere you turn, each nook and each corner has its reminiscences that call us back to the days of our ancestors, while the bewildered artist is lost to know where to commence and where to finish to obtain subjects of most interest. Having fallen into this dilemma ourselves, we find it is impossible to attempt to do justice in any way whatever in one number, and have, consequently, decided to conclude our review of Eton next month.

From the Windsor Lock on the Thames, the traveller has a view which can

scarcely be surpassed in England. On the left, majestically situated, is the noble Windsor Castle, with its towers and battlements bosomed high in the trees, St. George's Chapel standing out against the sky; while on his right, beyond the weir stream and across a rich pasture-land, rises a line of brick buildings, enriched with tints that would delight our most ardent lovers of brush and palette; while the turrets and arch of Eton College Chapel behind suggest that sense of piety and learning which it was the founder's intention to be fostered, and is still maintained. Up the river, nearly as far as Maidenhead, the stream is covered with the boats of Eton boys, and its banks in the vicinity of the College are lined with bathers, enjoying their morning cooler.



THE REV. DR. EDMOND WARRE, D.D., HEADMASTER.

Eton College was founded by King Henry VI., who laid the foundation stone on his nineteenth birthday — December 6th, 1441. The College is approached from Windsor—Eton High Street being continuous from the Castle, over Windsor Bridge, to the School. Just before arriving at the College, we reach the bridge that crosses the inlet into the "Barnes Pool," upon which our artist halted for the view of the College Chapel and boarding



THE COLLEGE, FROM BARNES POOL BRIDGE.

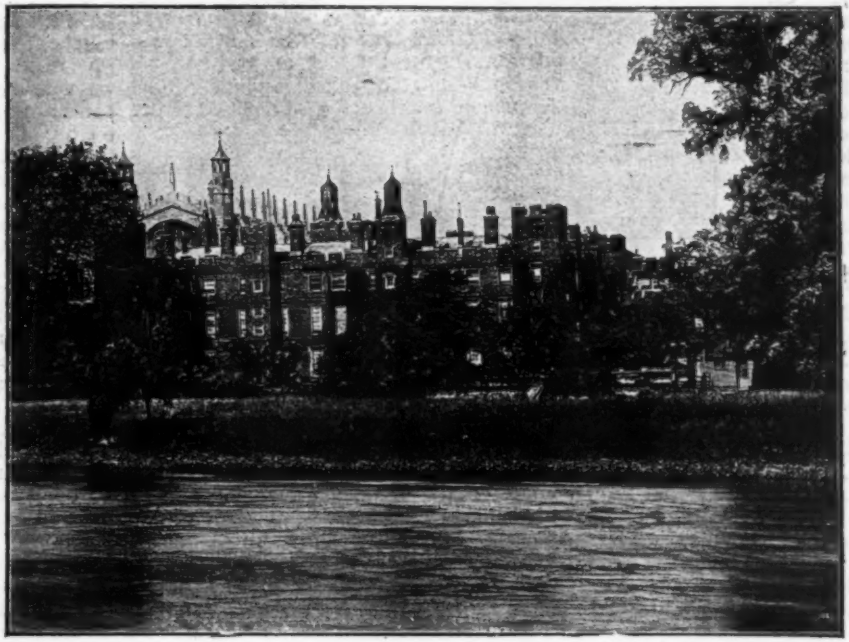
houses, the first glimpse of the renowned school.

Towering above the quaint gabled houses on the right, will be noticed the pinnacles of the College Chapel, which many of our cities would be pleased to boast of as their cathedral, and about which we shall have more to say in our next number.

On the left begins one continuous line of boarding-houses, where also through an archway is Jourdelay's Place, more familiarly known as Hale's, a name dating back as far as the College itself. The next house, Radcliffe's, comprises the old Christopher Inn, known in those days as "the X," which was cast out of the school precincts owing to the expostulation during Dr. Hawtrey's headmastership.

Inside the archway, leading to the old inn stables, on the right, are the premises of the "Eton Society," better known by the name "Pop," founded in 1811 by Chas. Fox Townshend as a school debating society. On the College side of the road is a long, low wall overhung with tall limes, termed the Long Walk.

On this wall the boys sit and chatter, and hold their rejoicings when their representatives have been victorious at inter-school contests, and often here may be seen the old custom of "hoisting," conferred upon successful athletes. About the centre of the wall (which is almost covered with initials and names of past and present Etonians, and on which we understand Mr. Gladstone scribed his name on the coping stone) is a small gateway, which admits to the archway under the Upper School, the main entrance to the College School Yard—



ETON COLLEGE FROM THE THAMES.

"the Quadrangle." In the centre of the Quadrangle the statue of the founder occupies the most conspicuous position, and seems to inspire the life and movement of the whole place. On the right rises the fine Collegiate Church, with its deep-buttressed recesses, a picturesque and magnificent building, occupying the whole of the south side of the square. Our illustration shows but little of this fine edifice. Immediately behind the statue of King Henry VI., is the low arch leading to the cloisters, over which, reminding us of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Hampton Court Palace,

is the clock-tower, with its oriel window, dating back to Henry VIII. —a hundred years after Eton Chapel. The Oriel window gives light to the "Election Chamber," the old with-drawing room of the Provost's lodge; the row of windows on the left denotes the Election Hall, a private dining-room of the Provost of Eton, one of the few remaining examples of those old-fashioned receptacles of domestic hospitality now left to us. It was in these rooms that the famous Provosts of Eton, Sir Henry Savile and Sir Henry Wotton, resided, and entertained their distinguished guests, and where Lord Bacon spent a few days shortly before his death, and expressed a great desire to spend the last years of his life in the seclusion of these learned Courts.



ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE—STATUE OF HENRY VI. IN THE QUADRANGLE.

The rooms of the Provost's lodge are decorated with portraits of past distinguished sons of Eton, including some of our noblest statesmen and dignitaries, with their boyish faces, before the cares of this life has marked the countenance. Opposite the Chapel, to the left of the Quadrangle, is the building which years ago contained the "Long Chamber," the chief dormitory of the seventy Collegers, the original kernel of the School (the Oppidans being merely the private pupils of the head-master). The old Long Chamber has now been divided into rooms and cubicles for the Collegers, whose pride it is to decorate them most tastily. In the passage stands the old round table that has seen strange revelry —a piece of furniture stamped well upon the memories of many Etonians with sweet reminiscences of their school-days.

The seventy Collegers (or boys on the Foundation, partially supported on the remnants of the founder's munificence, as the needs of the Provost and Fellows have left untouched) are in many ways a distinct and peculiar body, but who Dr. Goodford described as intellectually the *élite* of the school. They differ in many ways from their schoolfellows by whom they are surrounded. Their education is supposed to cost them nothing, as they are sons of comparatively poor men; but, as a matter of fact, after paying their tutor ten guineas, and incidental expenses, their education costs about fifty pounds a year, while the average expenses of oppidans at Eton is upwards of two hundred and fifty pounds.

The Collegers are elected by competitive examination, and each vacancy that occurs has about ten candidates. Collegers at schooltime wear a distinctive dress, and live in a separate part of the building, observing rules and observances of their own, while their thick black gowns they are only allowed to lay aside when out of the precincts of the College.

The letters K. S. appear after their names in the school list, in accordance with a wish of George III. that they should be "King's Scholars."

The football match at the Wall, Collegers *v.* Oppidans, on St. Andrew's Day, is a most attractive event of the athletic contests, when the feeling of distinction is keenly felt. It is pleasing, however, to know that, at the present time, both at work and play, both sides blend amicably, though there is still the divid-

ing line—the Collegers being precluded from House Fours and Cricket and Football Cup Competitions.

On Sundays the Collegers wear surplices, and have a separate part of the chapel apportioned to them under the organ, presenting a most impressive spectacle in the ceremony.

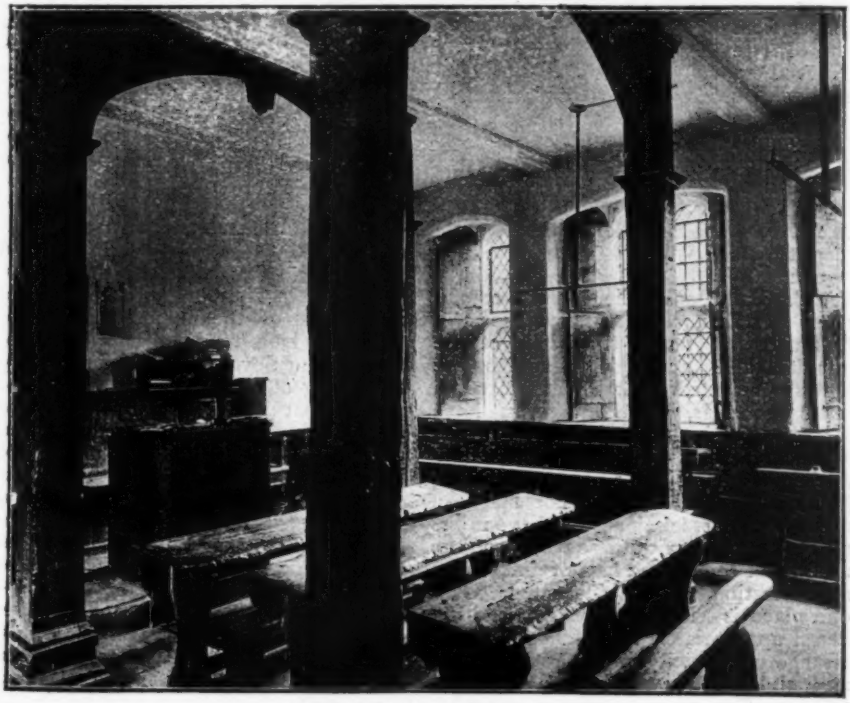
Below the Low Chamber, on the ground floor, and entered from the left-hand corner as we pass into the School-yard, is the celebrated Lower School, the original seat of Eton scholarship and learning, built in the early part of the Sixteenth century.

This School was originally one long room; but divided by a simple barrier, that is supposed to have divided the Upper from the Lower Schools in the olden days; but lately a great alteration has been made, by dividing it into three rooms by the erection of two partitions. We therefore give, this month, the first portion, now the School of the Headmaster of the Lower School, and our next issue will contain the second portion, showing the older division mentioned above.

When shown into this old relic, with explanations from the Clerk of the School, the writer felt bound to reverence the stout desks and old seats, worn and hacked into most peculiar shapes. The deep windows, and curious Jacobean pillars, which support the roof (introduced, it is said, by Sir Henry Wotton, to correct the gloomy Gothic character of the place), are covered with the names or initials of many who have in days past obtained scholarships, and gone to King's College, Cambridge.

Behind the Master's seat in this room is a recess, where it is supposed stood the statue of a patron saint, either of the Blessed Virgin or of St. Nicholas.

After scrutinizing nearly every scratch in this room, we passed out into the cloisters, under the Upper School, which form the west side of the quadrangle. These afford the boys shelter in bad weather, and at the right-hand corner we arrive at the great staircase, in itself full of history, leading to the Upper School, which also affords access to the Chapel. The Upper School, which

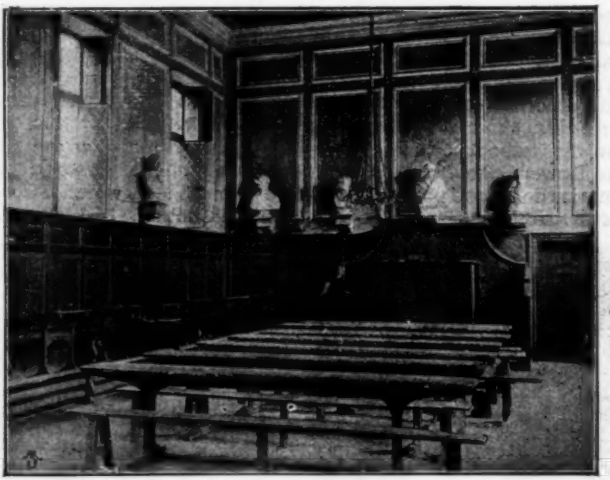


LOWER SCHOOL (MASTER'S ROOM).

might appear rather long for its width, is in itself a fine and noble room, erected by Provost Godolphin, brother to the noted minister in the reign of Queen Anne.

The walls are panelled with oak, and are completely cut and hacked with the names of men who have, since their days at Eton, made their names stand out before us in every-day life as they do even amongst these old relics. A few dusty busts project from the walls over the panelling, as will be seen in our reproduction.

This Upper School is considered the central point of Eton tradition, and a singularly rich effect is given to the oak panelling on the walls by the thousands of names deeply cut by past Etonians, in all sizes and shapes, from the large C. I. Fox, below his bust, to the small scratching on the door leading to the head-master's room, of W. E. Gladstone, while, after a careful study of the ancient wood-work, it will be found that nearly the whole of the nobility and England's worthies are here represented. Statesmen, orators, poets, generals, and churchmen, have inscribed their names, they meet you on every side, making the panelling appear, at first sight, a mass of designed fretwork. Even these do not mark all the pleasant associations that have in the past been made with these walls, and the time must come when half of these, now so interesting, will be obliterated. Only one place is still left which we have heard appropriated to Shelley, a boy of strange eccentricity when at Eton—ill-treated, he said, by master and boys, and to whom Eton owes a lasting memorial.



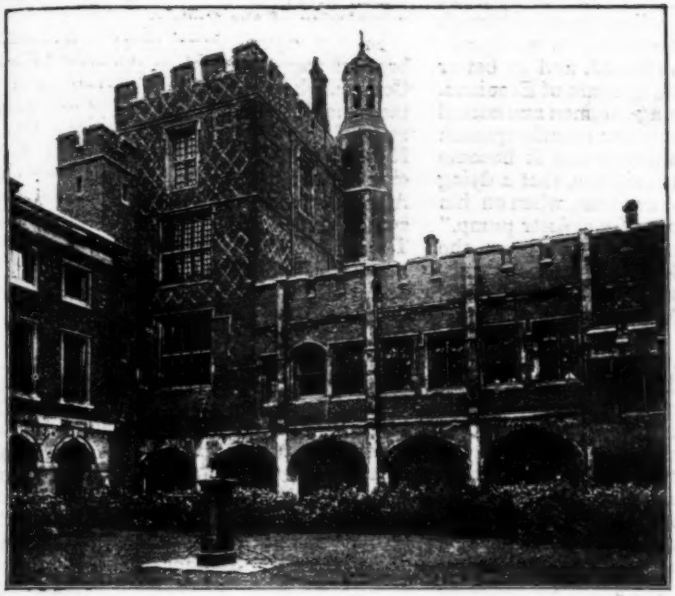
THE UPPER SCHOOL.

Consecrated by the mild dignity of Goodall, the ferociousness of Keate, and the eloquence of Hawtrey, is the great desk ascended by double stairs. From this spot, Keate, day after day instructed a division, sometimes numbering nearly 200 boys. This being so, the boys without private tuition in those days must simply have undergone a series of lectures, as personal inspection of each boy's work and advancement must have been impossible; though a Cambridge lecturer was once known to state that this mode of tuition "taught boys how to work in a noise."

Our readers may have read of the rebellion which took place in the School, 1768, and how, on one occasion, Keate flogged eighty boys in one night, thereby quelling an incipient insurrection.

Round the Upper Schools are painted the words:—"That there never be lacking fit persons to serve God in Church and State." Which remind us of the numerous men from Eton who have rendered faithful services to God, our Sovereign, and our Country.

Talking of rebellions, and conflicts of more recent date, it was only in 1840 that Provost Goodall died, followed by a curious contact between Eton and the Civil power. The Crown claimed the appointment, and was minded to select an ineligible person. The fellows thought it a favourable opportunity to assert their independence, and appointed the Rev. John Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. Lord Melbourne, however, had meanwhile advised Her Majesty to bestow the post upon Mr. Hodgson, and in due time came a royal mandate, directing that Mr. Hodgson should be elected.



THE CLOISTERS.

The Fellows (a curious and interesting body of men, all having been Masters) took counsel's opinion, and after adjourning to chapel, and supplicating supernatural aid, very wisely elected the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Since this, the Crown's right to issue a *congé d' élire* the Fellows have not questioned.

Every Eton boy has a tutor, chosen at his entrance into the School by his parents, and never afterwards changed, unless in very exceptional circumstances. Every tutor is a classical master, and every classical master is a tutor, and thus every boy at Eton is brought into simultaneous contact with two Masters—one whose permanent pupil he is, and another to whose class he belongs for the time, unless his tutor and his master in school should happen to be one and the same. If a boy lives in a tutor's house, he must be the pupil of the tutor who owns that house, thus the tutorial grouping and the grouping in houses coincide.

Twenty-seven Masters have at the present time houses, with about forty boys in each. In olden days there were as many dames' as masters' houses, but of these only one remains, kept by Mrs. Evans.

All houses are not, however, kept by tutors, as some belong to Mathematical Masters, who are not allowed to be tutors.

Those boys who happen to live in a house belonging to either a Mathematical Master or a dame, has a tutor outside his own house, while it is the duty of the tutor, not only to give his pupils additional teaching to that which they receive at School, but also to smooth the way for the Master of the division, by looking over his pupils' exercises prior to being shown up, and inducing his younger pupils to construe their lessons before they are taken into School.

Opening out of the Upper School by two doors on each side of the great desk is the room—"The Head's Room"—formerly the Library, which still bears traces of Dr. Hawtrey's cultivated taste in the bas-reliefs and pictures which adorn the room. Here the Sixth Form are taught, and generations of boys have listened to the scholarship of Hawtrey and Goodford.

Upon entering, we face the long list of Newcastle scholars, with the bust of the Scholarship founder presiding over them.

Returning to the Quadrangle, we passed over to the archway under the Provost's lodge, to inspect the cloisters, as it happened to be a half-holiday, and we were just in time to see "Absence" called, from the steps leading to the north porch of the Chapel—an imposing sight, and one that should not be missed by an intending visitor. Our first picture of the Quadrangle represents the boys putting in an appearance for this important ordeal.

The cloisters, entered immediately after passing under the stately archway, is

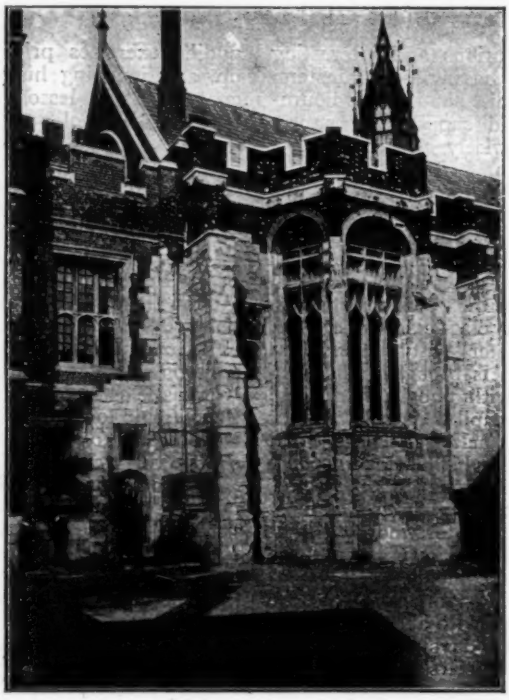
indeed full of interest. In the opposite corner is the old college pump: though not particularly handsome, its water cannot possibly be surpassed, and is better known as the classic fountain of Etonians. At this spot, the young oarsmen and heated cricketers in the summer months quench their thirst, and so deeply has it become associated with all Etonians, that a dying Provost is said to have sent, when on his deathbed, for a glass of "cloister pump."

The houses round the court are the abode of the Fellows. Mysterious existences to the young Etonians—retired Masters, who, in their old age find here a harbour of rest. Archæologists tell us, in the olden days, the Fellows lived only in one room, and had young scholars lodging with them, and the quiet spot, now so lone and forgotten, was the centre of the life and spirit of the place. A portion of the Cloisters has lately been added to the Provost's house, which is now the finest collegiate house in the kingdom.

Close to the pump is a flight of ancient stone steps, leading to a passage, on the right of which is the main entrance to the Dining Hall. Leaving this interior for our next issue, we proceeded along the gloomy archway, down another flight of steps, to the old brewhouse yard, situated at the east end of the Chapel.

From this yard (which is also entered from a quiet roadway, turning immediately to the left, over Barnspool Bridge, and under the famous Henry VIII. Gate) our artist made his stand for the illustration of the Brewhouse, and exterior of the dining or College Hall, which gives us a view of the historic completion of the College.

In the olden days most competent brewers were engaged on the staff of the College, who brewed such excellent ales that the kings and nobility of the land made frequent visits, entering by King Henry VIII. Gate, to imbibe of the delicious brew; while even to this day "Eton Ales," is an expression greatly used, and synonymous with the best of beer. The foundations of the Hall are laid in massive stone, and the windows carried up for some distance in excellent perpendicular tracery; but here it will be noticed we have a great change, and by the brickwork which takes the place of the stone, we have a place marked to us, where, for nearly a hundred years, the building mouldered in the air, while a prince of York scorned the idea of completing a design of a Lancaster. From the corner of the Brewhouse yard down a steep flight of steps, we enter the College Kitchen: a fine and noble room, with its huge fireplaces and octagonal lantern, sufficient to cook for a thousand diners, and where it would be an easy task to roast an ox whole, and as for Christmas pudding, enough could be boiled to satisfy the cravings of a great army.



THE BREWHOUSE AND EXTERIOR OF COLLEGE HALL.

Leaving the Brewhouse yard by way of King Henry VIII. Gate, one cannot help admiring the picturesque houses along the short road leading to the bridge, some with quaint verandahs covered with creepers, while the merry chatter of the boys from each window, rings merrily on our ears. After reaching



KING HENRY VIII. GATE.

again the Barnes Pool Bridge, we direct ourselves once more past the front of the College towards the Slough Road, where, opposite the New Schools, we reach the entrance Gate to the Master's house, the Provost's house and the Long Chamber.

Our illustration shows this Gateway, from the interior, looking into the Slough Road, with a group of Collegers conversing at the doorway used by the Headmaster when entering School; while just inside is to be found his private room, where he transacts all School business, and boys sent before him for misdemeanour, etc., are there dealt with. The opposite corner, just inside the gateway to the right, is the door of the Headmaster's house; this old relic we leave to deal with in our next issue. Preparations are, however, now being made for his leaving this domicile for a more luxurious residence in the main building, facing the Thames, shown in the right-hand corner of our view of the College taken from the river. Amongst the little group at the School-door is Mr. Labouchere, this year's Captain of the School, a post of honour conferred upon the most successful athlete; but, as we have not yet ventured as far as the magnificent playing grounds, we leave all reference to School sport for the present. The doorway on the right of our view of this Yard is the entrance to the Long Chamber, and straight before us is the house of the Provost. Continuing round the front of the Master's house we enter the playing fields.

The Etonian dinners on such days as the fourth of June, the anniversary of the birthday of George III., are very remarkable. They take place all over the world, and are notified to the Headmaster by telegram. With the greatest festivities, these days are celebrated in Burmah, Canada, Indian barrack-rooms, American ranches and even in China, amongst the devout missionaries, when cheer after cheer is given as they sip to "Floreat Etona." Founder's Day, December 6th, and Ascension Day are also important festivals at Eton.



PROVOST'S HOUSE AND ENTRANCE TO LONG CHAMBER.

Etonians are most devoted to their old school, as may be judged from the fact that the present generation of Etonians are mostly sons of either old Etonians or old Harrovians. The Marquis Wellesley's wish to be buried in the vaults of the school chapel, in order that he might listen to the schoolboy feet, denotes the unbounded love he had for the place of his youth.

The first Master of Eton College was William Waynfleet, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

The Headmaster of Eton, unlike the masters of Harrow and Rugby, has not applies to his chief, only when he wishes punishment to be inflicted on the deserving. Eton now boasts of a clever and popular Headmaster in the Rev. Dr. Edmond Warre, D.D., whose portrait we give from a photo. by Messrs. Elliott and Fry. Dr. Warre, during his eight years at Eton, has gained the esteem of all past and present Etonians, and his geniality cannot but help him to still grow in favour.

During Dr. Warre's Headmastership the standard of morality at Eton has been greatly enhanced.

Next to the Headmaster is the Lower Master. Whilst the number of Assistant



GROUP OF COLLEGERS AT ENTRANCE GATE.

the entire ruling, and the difference between the Headmaster and the senior Masters is not so great as one uninitiated might expect.

Prior to the selection of the new governing body, 1872, the Provost had a veto on any change which the Headmaster deemed necessary to propose, and in many cases exercised his obstructive power.

Now the Provost has become the chairman of the governing body, and the Headmaster is probably but slightly restrained by superior authority. An Eton Master in his own house is almost as absolute as the captains of our war vessels, who rarely Masters totals fifty-six, and the number of boys reaches considerably over a thousand.

Having confined our notes mostly on the History of the College, undoubtedly the finest in the world, and second only in age to Winchester, we hope in our next issue to treat with the Boys out of School.

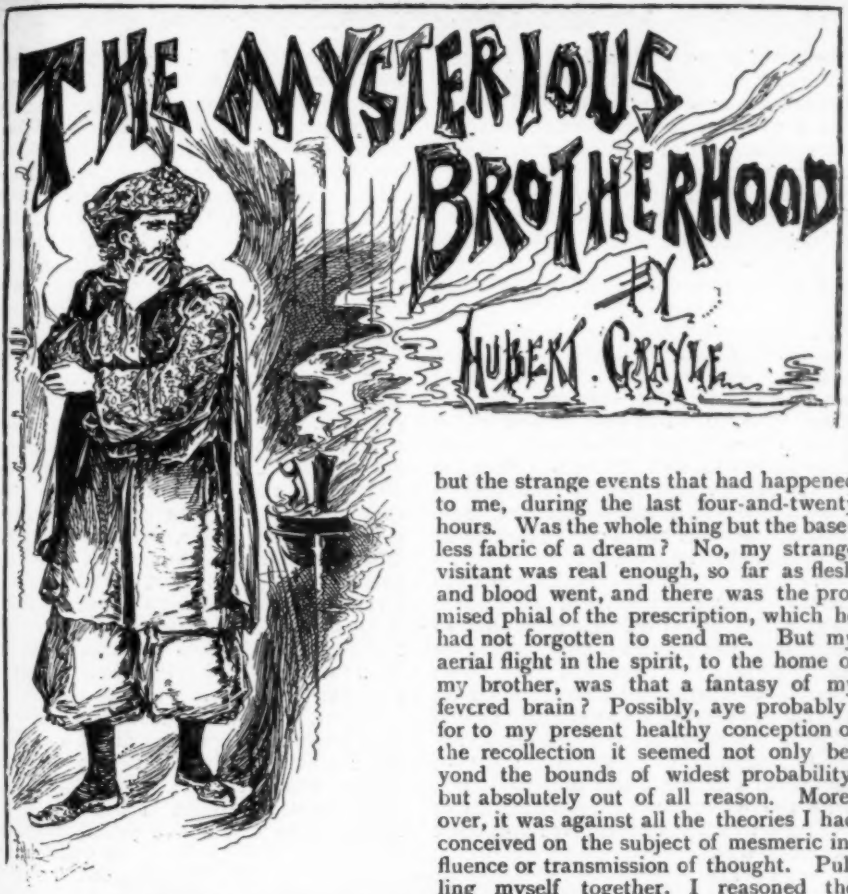
W. C. SARGENT.

[*This article is illustrated from a splendid series of photographs, taken specially for* THE LUDGATE MONTHLY *by* R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, E.C.]

THE MYSTERIOUS BROTHERHOOD

BY

HUBERT GRAYLE



CHAPTER II.

WHO was this strange man, who had taken such an unaccountable interest in my destiny? He had given me his name, and the country of his birth, but had practically told me nothing about himself; yet, by some wonderful power, he had held me absolutely spell-bound during the short period we had passed together.

His parting words, "I will come to you, wherever you may be, three months hence from to-day for your answer," rang again and again in my ears.

To-day was the 20th of June, 1752, therefore, if he kept his promise, I was to see him again on the 20th of September.

After Mr. Thornwal left me, I remained for some considerable time in such a state of suppressed excitement that I could not give my attention to anything but the strange events that had happened to me, during the last four-and-twenty hours. Was the whole thing but the baseless fabric of a dream? No, my strange visitant was real enough, so far as flesh and blood went, and there was the promised phial of the prescription, which he had not forgotten to send me. But my aerial flight in the spirit, to the home of my brother, was that a fantasy of my fevered brain? Possibly, aye probably; for to my present healthy conception of the recollection it seemed not only beyond the bounds of widest probability, but absolutely out of all reason. Moreover, it was against all the theories I had conceived on the subject of mesmeric influence or transmission of thought. Pulling myself together, I reasoned the matter out thus: that my supposed communication with my brother Godfrey was simply a vivid picture of my diseased imagination, and I would forget it. With regard to Mr. Thornwal, I determined to find out what I could about him, and to this end I despatched my servant, Ali, to go and make such enquiries as he could, without attracting attention, as to the habits and movements of this strange man. I then proceeded to put my papers in order, when, as I was turning round, my eye again caught sight of the phial sent me by Thornwal. Taking it up, I proceeded to examine the contents with more care than I had yet done. The liquid was as colourless as water, but in taste was sharp and pungent to the palate with a certain cloying sweetness. I thought I might as well take a dose, so, pouring out about half the requisite

number of drops, and adding some water, I drank it off, then, with my tablets and papers, I resumed my seat. As I read, I felt my thoughts wandering from my occupation, and in a few minutes I was under the influence of the draught.

Ali awoke me, returning from his quest. I felt again all the wonderful revivifying effects before experienced, with the same exhilarating pulsation of blood throughout the system. Questioning Ali as to the result of his enquiries, I learnt that Mr. Thornwal was the guest of Prince Salajunge, whom I had met several times and who was reputed to be enormously wealthy, but was of an extremely studious disposition. He had only arrived a few days previously, but had at various times been known to visit Prince Salajunge for short periods. Ali had been unable to ascertain where he came from or who he was, and outside the Prince's household he appeared to be unknown.

As there was evidently nothing more to be found out through Ali, I determined to go round to the officers' mess and so escape for the present from lingering on thoughts which so engrossed me. I was heartily welcomed and congratulated by the officers present, who remarked especially on my rapid recovery and rejuvenated appearance. Catching sight of myself in a mirror, I was at once struck with the exceeding robust reflection of my face, which just previous to my attack of fever had, through the pressure of work, assumed a rather haggard and worried expression; now this was all gone and was replaced by the full outline and youthful mien of my best days.

I heard with much satisfaction that another doctor was on his way up to fill the place left by the one stricken by the cholera; the health of the regiment was now so satisfactory that there was little beyond ordinary cases to occupy my attention. In a few days my successor arrived and brought with him a letter from the Governor of Calcutta for me, in which I was requested to report myself to Government House when I returned. As I was now released from my duties, I determined to take the opportunity of seeing as much of this strange country as I could. The officers frequently organised hunting expeditions into the dense jungle and forests which lay to the north of our encampment, and I frequently made one of the party. Our arms of precision were nothing like so perfect in those days as they are now: the old musket was not a very dependable weapon, and when one got separated from his companions, and happened on that monarch of the jungle, a full-grown tiger, it wanted a very fair amount of pluck to commence the encounter. It was a matter of minutes to load up a musket, and if your first shot failed to kill or disable Mr. Stripes, well, then you stood a very good chance of having your courage tested to its utmost.

I spent a couple of months thus with these pleasant companions, and it was with much regret that I left them; but my nature was not made for too much of such pleasant dallying. I began to pine for my books and active practice again, so with many good wishes and several messages for friends in England, I packed up my belongings and turned my face towards Calcutta. The return trip to Calcutta safely completed, I reported myself at Government House, and was much surprised at the very warm and flattering reception accorded to me



I RECOGNISED THE MAN.

by the Governor personally, for the services I had been able to render. He expressed himself most kindly and offered me the choice of several appointments if I desired to stay in India; these, however, I respectfully declined as I had no intention of remaining. I had by now almost persuaded myself that the promise made by Mr. Thornwal to renew his visit to me was, if not a jest, at least a very unlikely event. It now only wanted three days before the three months would have exactly passed. I felt a certain sense of anxiety and inquietude gradually stealing over me as the time drew near, but I did not allow this in any way to affect my arrangements for returning to England. The *Hoogly* in which I had come out, had already sailed on her homeward voyage, so I decided to take my passage in the next ship bound for London. This, as it happened, would not be for three weeks, so there was nothing for it but to wait and pass the time as best I could. When I left Burhampore, one of the officers of the 25th regiment had given me a letter of introduction to a friend of his—a brother-officer stationed at Fort William, which place was practically Calcutta, and I determined now to avail myself of his kindness. I found him a most genial and hospitable gentleman, and gladly accepted his warmly proffered request to make his quarters my abode, until my ship sailed. I had been with him only two days when he was called away on official business, and, excusing himself for so hurriedly leaving me, he desired me to consider myself master of his bungalow during his absence, which he anticipated would be for several days.

To-morrow was the 20th of September, the day on which Harold Thornwal was to see me for my answer—my answer to what? Now, on the eve of what may be a turning point in my life, let me probe deep down into my inmost thoughts and weigh well the wishes and aspirations that I have so long harboured within me, and which, ever since that memorable interview, have, notwithstanding my efforts to suppress them, forced themselves continually before me. Yes, I cannot conceal it from myself—I feel an intangible, unknown power within, that bids me seek for knowledge of things deeper and untaught by schools or the common paths of science. The die was cast; if Harold Thornwal kept his word and satisfied me that he was what he professed to be, I would give up my career and study at his feet those problems and secrets of nature, with what success I might.

Now that my mind was made up I felt as if a load were taken from me; I would demand such explanation from him as should prove his capabilities to my satisfaction, or else have done with him for ever.

The morrow should decide—for to-day I would dwell no more on the matter. Having arrived at this decision I determined to visit the city and while away the afternoon in sightseeing. My servant, Ali, had accompanied me back from Burhampore, so, telling him I was going out for a few hours, I left my friend's bungalow. I was detained away longer than I anticipated, having come across one of my fellow-passengers who came out in the *Hoogly*. We spent the afternoon together visiting the various bazaars, and dining together in the evening, so that when I returned it was getting on to within an hour of midnight. Next morning I arose early, as was my custom, and strolled out for a constitutional, before the sun had gained sufficient strength to make such a proceeding uncomfortable. My friend's bungalow was quite on the outskirts of the city, just without the fort, and really in not a too safe position. The Calcutta of that time was very different to the handsome and well-built city of to-day.

In a few minutes, therefore, I was in the midst of fields, with all the glory of an eastern morning breaking around me. This was the 20th of September, would that this lovely morning prove an augury for my future life, to be decided to-day. I was just on the point of turning round to go home, when, advancing along a path by the edge of a paddy field, and coming towards me, I recognised the man who had been so continually in my thoughts. Strange to say, however, my pulse did not quicken or my heart throb a beat faster; I seemed to have expected him to come sooner or later; although at times I had tried to persuade myself that I was not looking for the fulfilment of his appointment. We saluted each other gravely, and he accepted my invitation to return with me to my friend's bungalow. He would not join me at breakfast, declaring he had already had his morning meal, so he sat out under the verandah while I consumed my solitary breakfast.

After breakfast I lighted a cigar, and joining Mr. Thornwal, went at once into the matter uppermost in my thoughts.

"When you left me three months ago at Burhampore, Mr. Thornwal," I commenced, "you had excited feelings and ambitions in my breast, which you declined to further discuss or enter into until the expiration of a certain space of time, when, you asserted, you would visit me again for my decision, and I presume give me some explanation. That period elapses to-day and, as I presume, your arrival here is in accordance with that promise." Here Mr. Thornwal gravely inclined his head in acquiescence. "Very well, then," I resumed, "I now await your explanation; and should the result of our interview be mutually satisfactory, I shall be ready to place myself under your guidance, for instruction and initiation into the knowledge of which we have spoken."



"FOLD MY HAND SO."

"Have you thoroughly thought the matter out, and realised the sacrifices of your present life that you will be called on to make?" replied Mr. Thornwal.

"Yes; I am prepared to follow your counsels and tuition, if you can fully satisfy me as to the end to be gained," I answered.

"I see you have made your determination, and am glad of it," he said. "I thought you would accept, and I believe, as far as it is possible to foresee at such an early period, that you will be successful in perfecting yourself in the preliminary knowledge of our brotherhood; as to the advanced and deeper stages, it is impossible for me to give you any encouragement; it will rest absolutely and entirely with your own powers of application and research, whether you attain to that higher life, of perfection and power, which should be the goal of us all. When do you wish to commence?"

"I am entirely at your disposal now," I replied.

"We can hardly continue our conversation here uninterruptedly," said Mr. Thornwal, "and besides you will doubtless have many questions to ask me; shall we proceed to yonder clump of mango trees, under which I perceive there is a rough seat, and the trees will shade us from the sun, which is now beginning to make its presence felt."

"With pleasure," I replied; and calling Ali, I told him where we were going, and instructed him that I did not wish to be disturbed. We then proceeded to the mangoes and seated ourselves.

Mr. Thornwal broke the silence which had fallen on us, by remarking that he was quite ready to give me any explanations and reply to any questions I might desire to put to him.

"Will you first of all tell me," I commenced, "how you first came to me. You remember you said when I last saw you, 'that the master had desired you to visit me'—have I seen or do I know your master.

"No, you do not know him; but he knew

that you had and have that within you which, with cultivation and due observance of nature's teachings, would expand, and might in process of time fructify into a fulness of perfection that would make you a welcome brother amongst our limited circle. You remember the occasion when your servant, Ali, called me to your side: you were in a stupor, as you thought, and probably still so consider. That stupor was a trance, which, as a doctor, you will know is not one and the same thing. While in that trance, your body lay as one dead, but your spirit was alive, and, released from its fetters, soared away at the direction of the will-power guiding it. Every human being has a similar spirit, but very few have the will-power sufficiently strongly developed to disintegrate the spirit from the body. In your case it was so developed, and the spirit, obeying the master will, flew through space to the side of your brother in England."

"But," I exclaimed, "I never told you of what I thought was simply a strange hallucination. I purposely omitted doing so; how could you possibly know of it?"

"Very simply," replied Mr. Thornwal. "Whenever a spirit is released from the bondage of the human body we immediately (I mean by we, the members of the brotherhood) become aware of the new visitant in our domains. Thus it was, when your spirit left its earthly tenement, in obedience to your will, to visit your brother, the master recognised the new aspirant, and requested his humble subject, myself, who happened to be fortunately in your immediate neighbourhood, to see you, and offer myself as your instructor and guide into the great unknown, if you decided to make the attempt to attain the highest knowledge mortals can attain to."

"Then," I replied, "I really did visit my brother Godfrey, and it was not imagination? How can I be assured that this was so, and that it was not a delirious dream, wherein, perhaps, I babbled of what I thought I did and saw, and you gathered from my fevered utterances the thread of my thoughts. How, I repeat, can I be assured of what you say?"

"If you doubt, and I like your cautious reasoning," Mr. Thornwal remarked, "I can and will prove to you the truth of what I have said. I will do so before you finally make your decision. Meantime, I will give you an outline of the new life you will have to live. To commence with, you must unreservedly, and without any exception, sever yourself from all human ties until the premier period of your probation is passed. You must bid farewell to kindred, friends and acquaintances, until such time as you may be adjudged master of your actions and feelings. No earthly love must be permitted to interfere with your studies and researches. For this period you will have all the help and teaching that I can bestow, and you must conform strictly, and without murmuring, to all my instructions and the regulations I shall set you. I may say at once, that there will be nothing set you obnoxious to a man of honour, neither will you be called upon, by word or action, to do aught that your creed or religion holds harmful to the body here on earth, or to the immortal soul in the great hereafter. Moreover you are, and will be, free to discontinue your studies and return to your former life after the expiration of your probation, should you so desire. The one and sole condition, which I shall ask you to promise, being that, if you decide to return to your present mode of life, you shall never by word or deed disclose the secrets you may be taught, neither shall you reveal those secrets to others. You need make no provision for sustaining your body whilst you are under my care, so that any property you may have you can dispose of, or, which perhaps would be wiser, leave entrusted until your noviciate is passed. Is there anything more I can tell you?"

"No," I answered; "prove to me that you are able to perform what you have stated, and I will make my arrangements, to put myself under your guidance at the earliest moment."

"Very well, Brother Charles, for so I shall now call you," said Mr. Thornwal, "and you will know me as Brother Harold. If you will lean back in the corner of the seat, so that you do not fall forward, we will pass together through the realms of space and view such scenes as your life recalls. Hold my hand so."

I posted myself as Mr. Thornwal suggested, and placing my hand in his, awaited my etherealisation. I felt no extraordinary emotion or feeling of any kind: my vision appeared to get gradually

obscured, my mind became blank, then, as before, I awoke to the sensation of rapid motion through space. Harold Thornwal was by my side, still with my hand in his; below us was the sea; around us, the sun, which was now climbing high into the heavens, shed his brilliant beams, bathing the whole scene with his golden glory. There beneath us was a ship under full sail.

"Let us descend," said my companion; and, as we neared the vessel, I recognised the *Hoogly*, which had left Calcutta some few weeks previously. I could see Captain Grant and the chief mate talking together on the quarter-deck; there also were two of the officers of the 25th Foot, reclining on wicker sofa-chairs, under an awning on deck. They were going home on sick leave to recuperate, after the attack of cholera through which I had attended them.



TWO OFFICERS OF THE 25TH.

"Come," said Harold Thornwal, and we were again soaring through the ethereal blue, fleeting over sea and land, rivers and lakes, deserts and forests, until we hovered over my old home again.

Glancing round, I discovered dear old Godfrey seated in an arbour, in a secluded corner of the garden, and close beside him sat a maiden of some four or five and twenty years of age. Hand clasped in hand, I did not want a wizard's divination to tell me that there the old, old story was again being enacted.

I desired my companion to take me away, as I felt the scene was not meant for other eyes to witness, and so we departed. I felt glad, very glad, to think that my brother Godfrey was about to take to himself a wife, and one, too, who, if the countenance were an index of character, appeared as good as she was lovely.

We were now flying south again, the moving scene beneath us passing so rapidly that only bare outlines of the physical nature of the surface were apparent. Now we had at our feet Burhampore, with its minarets and bazaars, huts and palaces, and the barracks and bungalows of the officers and men whom I had recently left. I could recognise many faces: some of them had during my short sojourn become close friends. There was my old bungalow, now occupied by my successor.

"Let us return now," said Harold Thornwal. And in a moment of time, I opened my eyes to find myself still seated under the mango trees, with Mr. Thornwal by my side.

"Are you satisfied?" said he. "You have visited your old ship, far away on the Indian Ocean, you have seen your brother with his lady love in your old home, and you have seen your friends at Burhampore."

"Yes, I believe you," I replied, "and I accept your offer of friendship and guidance. I will make such few preparations as are necessary, and I shall then be ready to obey your instructions. When and where shall I meet you?"

"Can you be ready by the 25th, that is five days from to-day? If so, call at the house of Ram Lula, he is a merchant in the central bazaar in Calcutta. I shall be there any time after noon; if you find you cannot be there, send me word when to expect you—till then, farewell." And so, clasping my hand, Harold Thornwal left me.

I need not here attempt to express the strange thoughts and feelings which thronged my brain at this crisis in my life. My decision was irrevocably made. I returned to my friend's bungalow and commenced to put my affairs in order at once. I sent Ali to cancel the passage I had booked in the next homeward-bound ship. I wrote to Godfrey, telling him of my work at Burhampore, and that now I was going on a journey of exploration into a strange and unknown country, and that if he did not hear from me for years, he was not to grieve or worry. I wrote to much the same effect to our family attorney, and instructed him to pay the interest on my little fortune each year as he collected it to my brother Godfrey, or to his wife and children if he died.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

My personal belongings I packed up and stored until such time as I should want them. My servant, Ali, who, although I had only had him a short time, had become much attached to me, I made happy by presents of many oddments together with what was, to him, a small fortune in cash.

My host returned home the morning I was leaving, and expressed much regret at his enforced absence. He appeared rather curious to know where I was going, and what had occurred to change my plans. I enlightened him so far as to say I was going up the country on an expedition with a friend; and then, thanking him for his kindness and hospitality, I left him to meet Mr. Thornwal.

I found Ram Lula's house easily, and Harold Thornwal was therein, waiting for me. He then told me his proposed plans for our immediate future. We were to proceed by easy stages to Benares, travelling partly by land and partly by boat up the river Ganges.

We started that afternoon as soon as the sun got low in the western horizon, and availed ourselves of the cool of the evening; each night's rest was made so as to allow of our continuing our journey at break of day, and a further rest was made during the heat of the day. Of that wonderful journey I shall not say anything here. The strange and beautiful country we passed through, with its magnificent flora growing in most luxurious profusion, dazzled the eye with its wealth and richness of colouring. During the journey, Brother Harold, as he wished me to call him, never ceased to instruct me in the merits and demerits of all we saw. His knowledge seemed inexhaustible: every plant, tree and herb was known to him, and the uses to which they could be applied. My instruction and initiation had begun; the regime and course of lessons followed day by day, hour by hour. When it was possible we avoided the villages and towns on our route, and kept away from intercourse with the natives. Arriving within some ten miles of Benares, my guide informed me that we were just at our journey's end. We had turned away from the direct road to Benares, and had proceeded a few miles, through a somewhat rough and uncultivated piece of country, when we found ourselves at the foot of a gentle hill. Ascending

this, I espied a well-built bungalow, surrounded by cultivated grounds.

"Here," said Harold Thornwal, "we will rest ourselves, and advance your studies."

"Is this our journey's end?" I asked.

"Yes, for the present," he replied.

Then we quietly settled down: he as master, I as pupil. We were waited on in our simple wants by the only servant the house contained, a grey-haired, benevolent-looking Hindoo. My promise of secrecy binds me not to relate or indicate in any manner what were my course of studies or the knowledge imparted to me. We remained here for nearly twelve months, making occasional trips for a few days at a time to various neighbouring villages, to give me a brief change of scene. I made rapid progress, under Brother Harold's kind and unwearying teaching, and at the end of the above time he informed me he was going to leave me to myself for some time, as he had proceeded far enough with my tuition for the present. My next course would be much more severe and entail far more self-denial than I had yet been put to. He advised me to occupy myself while he was absent in travelling and the study of all things animate and inanimate that crossed my path, and to return to our abode in six months' time.

Should I desire to communicate with him, I now had the knowledge and power to summon him to me, but I was not to do this, or exercise my newly acquired gifts, except under the most urgent necessity.

I will rapidly pass over these few months, and also my second term of research and study, which lasted nearly two years. Harold Thornwal expressed himself, as greatly pleased with the progress I had made, and indicated that I should soon be able to dispense with his close personal attention. I was now to enlarge my sphere of information, by journeying for two or three years through the various countries of both hemispheres. When this tour was completed I should have to decide once and for all, whether I joined the Brotherhood or returned to the world.

The science and knowledge I had already acquired, made gold and silver valueless to me; I had learnt most of the chief languages of the old world; length of life was also assured me, and my will-power was so highly cultivated that it was now under my control.

Bidding my friend and teacher an affectionate farewell, I started on my travels. I descended the Ganges by boat to Calcutta, and there took ship for



THEY WERE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Japan and Cathay; these countries were then but little known. Passing through China and the Tartary States, I crossed the Ural Mountains, and so through Russia into Turkey. Then I spent many months in the various countries in Europe. I wandered through the Venetian States, Hungary, Spain, France and many of the German Principalities, and finally visited England. I went down to Somersham, and, under the mantle of night, I ascertained that my brother Godfrey was well and happy. He had married about two years ago, and his wife was spoken of with love and respect by my informants. I decided not to see him, as our meeting would probably make him anxious as to my welfare, and so I turned my back on my birthplace and resumed my wanderings. I now went into Wales, to learn from the bards the lore and traditions of their forefathers.



I PERSUADED GWENDOLINE TO ACCOMPANY ME.

I had been busily engaged in going over some old cairns on the Berwyn Mountains, near Llangollen, and was returning late one evening to my resting place, a shepherd's cottage in the valley near the river Dee, when I heard sounds of moaning coming from a narrow road, which wound its circuitous track round the base of the neighbouring mountains. Hastening to the spot, I discovered in the darkening gloom a group of figures by the roadside from which the sounds came. As I approached, a woman's voice beseeched me to come and help solace her father, who had been thrown out of a pony trap.

I stooped down and examined the old man, for he was over sixty years of age, and found his leg was broken and that it was impossible to move him without further aid. They were father and daughter, and were returning to their home on the other side of Bala lake when the accident happened.

I bound the broken limb up temporarily, and as it would be impossible to take him all the way home in his present state, even if we had a conveyance, there was nothing for it but to get him to my cottage, if we could.

In that wild and desolate region, there was little chance of getting any aid at that time of night, so I turned my attention to the pony and cart; the former was grazing the herbage near by, the latter was on its side in the road. There was little damage done to the cart, and the wheel was practically unhurt; the pin had come out and the wheel had rolled off the axle. To put it together was an easy task; then, with the help of his daughter, we got the old man into the cart and slowly made our way over the adjacent meadow to my cottage. There I set the broken leg properly and lay the sufferer on my couch. The daughter, who I now had a chance of examining, busied her-

self in preparing some soup for our supper. She was of some five-and-twenty years of age and still in her first bloom of budding womanhood. Her face was set in a golden halo of fair, rippling hair, out of which her deep blue eyes shone like the evening stars. Her anxiety and care for her father showed how dearly she loved him, and under her affectionate ministrations he soon recovered sufficiently to assure her of his returning strength.

She thanked me, again and again, for the service I had rendered her father, and during the evening I gleaned the history of their simple lives.

Her father, Edward Llewellyn, was the squire of the parish of Drwsyant, and she was his only child. She was called Gwendoline. They had been to visit some friends the day before at Wrexham, and had tarried longer than they ought to have done before starting for home.

Giving Mr. Llewellyn and his daughter possession of the living-room for the night, I retired to the back room to rest myself. Of course it was impossible to think of moving him for several days, and as they were anxious to let their people know they were safe, I volunteered to drive over to their abode.

I accomplished my mission safely, and returned late in the evening, bringing with me several little luxuries, besides various articles of raiment which their housekeeper had packed. At the end of ten days, Mr. Llewellyn was so far recovered that we felt no further anxiety. I had persuaded Gwendoline to accompany me for a few hours each day in rambling about those grand old hills. The time was now drawing near when they would depart. A comfortable conveyance was brought over, and after many good wishes from the father, and timid glances from Gwendoline, they were gone. I had promised to visit them and stay for some days, shortly, but what would it all lead to?

I had banished the thought while they were present, now I must face it. No human love could enter my heart if I wished to attain that for which I had now devoted several years of deep study and self communion. Doubtless it was but a passing fancy. I would go over and wish them farewell and leave the country. I went to say good-bye, but day after day fleeted by, and still I kept putting off the final words which were to separate us. I could see she loved me—there was not sufficient dissimulation in her soul for her to hide it. My heart was torn with doubts. I who had learnt the secret of lengthened life, how should I feel if I yielded to my love, when, as the years went by I saw her growing gradually older and older, and finally to pass away, while the life-giving fluid in my veins kept my manhood virtually unimpaired. My promise to Harold Thornwal, not to reveal any knowledge he taught me to another, could never be broken. And so I should have to see my beloved pass from me in the course of nature.

The solitary life I had been living, avoiding the society of my race and making no friends, had awakened in my heart a chord, on which the love of Gwendoline played so strongly that it predisposed me to surrender to my human love.

After days of anxious thought and communionings with myself, I determined to summon Harold Thornwal to my assistance, and see if there were no means of overcoming his interdiction.

* * * * *

I have seen Harold, and my future is determined: my love, my Gwendoline has gained the day, and the Mysterious Brotherhood loses its youngest neophyte. I can never forget that which has been imparted to me. I have the power to prolong my own life far into the ages of unknown time, and even if I do not use that power any more, my life will now run into many generations. But Gwendoline, if she becomes my wife, must succumb to nature, when her sands of life are run out.

Well, so be it. I have made my choice, and do not regret.

* * * *

Many years have passed since I last held communion with Harold Thornwal. My dearest wife is dead; she never learned my mystic story. She lived to see her great-grandchildren round her knee; she was eighty-five when she died, and left me, with a smile on her face, bidding me to come soon to her. I am a little older-looking than of yore, but it is with sorrow, not age, and I know my time will not be near for many years. I am a wanderer on the face of the earth, seeking death which will not come to me.—Love departed—life valueless.

HUBERT GRAYLE.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

"TO find one's warmest welcome at an inn". can hardly be considered an ideal form of existence, yet it is the lot of most of us at some period of our lives to be deprived for a longer or shorter time of that priceless boon, "our own fire-side;" and the question then arises, How can we best secure a moderate degree of comfort? It is a matter of considerable surprise to me that there are so few "Private Hotels," compared with the large number of boarding-houses and public hotels, run by limited companies. The want of a go-between has long been felt, especially by women accustomed to the ordinary refinements of life. They naturally object to boarding-houses, owing to their slipshod system of catering, and unsatisfactory management; and equally dislike the bustle, want of sociability, and general unhomeliness associated with so many of the large public hotels. The private hotel ought to be an entity, distinct from any other kind of establishment; where one could enjoy for a reasonable sum the same comfort which is usually experienced in one's own house; and to obtain this standard it is of the first importance that the management should be vested in persons of some education and refinement, or it is impossible for them to realise what gentlepeople really require.

Individually, women may not be as profitable as men to the hotel proprietor; but, in the aggregate, they considerably influence his receipts, and he knows full well that they can bring or take away those who patronise his house. For if wives, sisters, daughters, cousins, and aunts are satisfied, it is reasonable to suppose that husbands, lovers, and brothers will flock there also.

So a wise hotel-keeper will conciliate rather than offend his fair clients; though it must be confessed they are rather trying at times.

The belle of the establishment consumes two-thirds of the lift boy's time in carrying to and fro flowers, cards, letters, and packages—not to mention thousands of feet of gas while entertaining her numerous admirers.

Her mamma invariably grumbles at the *menu*, and audibly compares it with that of other hotels, interspersing her remarks with unstinted praise of the restaurant next door, or the rival house opposite. The waiters, according to temperament, turn pale or blush rosy red at the advent of the dowager (for she rules by fear rather than love), and the chamber-maid inwardly writhes when she sees her using clean towels to polish her boots.

The elderly spinster, who appears to spend her life in aimlessly wandering over the civilised globe, has gastronomic tendencies, too; her memories of all the places she has visited are mainly tinged by the flavour of the cookery, and her stock subject of conversation appears to be a running dissertation upon the various table d'hôtes she has honoured with her presence.

The delightful entrées to be obtained at Naples have evidently impressed her, far more than the world-famed bay; Venice is only associated, in her mind, with

poultry of inferior breed; and Rome with cheese and macaroni.

Equally well known are the two American ladies travelling with a fixed desire to see U—rope. They are often very entertaining and interesting people; and unlike the lone lorn female, have assimilated a large amount of valuable information; though one marvels at the human strength which has borne so much, and the human memory which has retained such a conglomerate of facts, dates, and names of places.

Their charm and brightness is refreshing to the blazé traveller; but one often wishes they would cease to laud to the skies everything produced by Brother Jonathan, and award a fair amount of praise to the works of John Bull.

In strong contrast to these chatty females may be mentioned the highly respectable British family, who only dine at the table d'hôte under protest. With the intention of impressing those around with a sense of their dignity, they abstain from general conversation, and gaze upon the vulgar herd, with a look of conscious virtue, difficult to withstand. The effect of their presence is, to say the least, chilling, and acts upon ordinary mortals much as the skeleton did at Egyptian feasts.



ARTISTIC PRINCESS GOWN.

It is a relief to turn from the automaton family to the couple, full of years and honour, who, having "fought the good fight," now hand-in-hand, in perfect love and confidence, are passing down the hill of life together.

The newly-married couple, painfully aware that they are on their wedding-tour, and that everyone else is cognizant of the fact; the over-dressed and painted lady, at whom other visitors (notably the respectable family) look askance; the youthful Lothario, who believes every woman between the age of seventeen and seventy must fall a victim to his charms; and the irascible old gentleman, who strikes awe into the hearts of new arrivals, but whose bark is considerably worse than his bite: these are only a few of the types to be found in every English or Continental hotel.

Like the guests, the table d'hôte has its peculiarities.

Why are finger-glasses and other ordinary refinements of civilised life conspicuous by their absence? Why is personal cleanliness, especially about the hands of the waiters, more honoured in the breach than the observance? and why is delicately-cooked food as rare as the dodo, the coffee more resembling a decoction of burnt bread than the genuine Mocha berry, and the toast of such a leathery nature that it would ruin the digestion of an elephant?

These are questions which can only be answered by the hotel-keeper, and from him I doubt if torture would extract them. The table d'hôte, however, is not the only weak point in the administration of those private hotels which at present

exist; and briefly I would suggest a few improvements, which would greatly add to the comfort and satisfaction of the chance traveller and permanent resident.

With reference to the arrangement of the rooms. Beginning with the hall: this ought to be of such a character as to impress the new arrival with a feeling of comfort and general assurance that she has "come to the right place." It should be well warmed in winter and cool in summer, and attractively arranged with growing ferns and flowers. Suitable screens and curtains greatly add to the appearance of this apartment, and avoid those icy draughts which penetrate through every nook and cranny. There is no law, human or divine, for making hall chairs instruments of torture for the unlucky occupants; yet they more often resemble stools of repentance than comfortable resting places, adapted to the various curves of the body. A few basket chairs, nicely cushioned, would answer every purpose, without inflicting too great a strain on the finances of the establishment. On a couple of substantial tables should be found the letter-box, scales, pens, ink, blotter, date-box, visitors' book, etc., and on shelves close by, such books of reference as an Encyclopædia, Debrett's Peerage, Clergy and Army Lists, Nuttall's Dictionary, Whitaker's Almanack, Postal, Railway and A B C Hotel Guides, and as many books and maps relating to the neighbourhood as possible. On a notice board might be posted the particulars of coach drives and other amusements likely to interest visitors, the hours of meals, departure of the post, etc. etc. In a convenient position should be placed a fixture consisting of nests of pigeonholes, numbered to correspond with the bedrooms, and suitable for holding letters and various odds and ends, so as to avoid innumerable journeys upstairs. This has proved a great convenience in those houses where the idea has been adopted. A billiard table, in good condition, is always an attraction; and the smoking-room ought to be of fair size, well ventilated and comfortably furnished, and appropriated entirely to the use of men staying in the house and visitors of the masculine gender. Though ladies are sometimes invited to this "Holy of Holies," this courtesy should not be imposed upon, as their presence must act as a restraint, and is rarely appreciated by the whole party.

The drawing-room of the private hotel is, as a rule, capable of considerable improvement. If a few artistic fitments, a well-stocked bookcase, a good piano and a variety of tables for work, cards, writing, tea, and current magazines were judiciously arranged, in place of the gorgeous cabinets covered with meretricious ornament, the odious settees and undraped centre table of rosewood, which we so often find here, the general effect would be greatly enhanced. The items mentioned, with good carpets, curtains, and table covers, a variety of easy-chairs, and a box ottoman couch, comprise the principal furniture of this apartment, which, like the hall, should be liberally supplied all the year round with flowers. With reference to the bed-rooms, and more particularly those which are high up, consequently less expensive: I have never yet been able to discover why they are converted into convalescent homes for all the broken-down furniture discarded from the lower floors of the house; neither can I tell why the management invariably purchase for the two upper storeys looking-glasses which it is a moral impossibility for any human being to see the whole of his or her face in at once. As it is presumed that the wardrobe of those travelling about for health or pleasure is of a rather more extensive nature than would satisfy the requirements of a red Indian, I should like to inquire if there is any just cause or impediment why the said rooms should not be provided with a hanging-cupboard and chest of drawers.

Again, the most sociable people wish sometimes for a brief space to retire from the madding crowd, and to lounge, or attend to their correspondence in peace and privacy. Under these circumstances a writing-table and easy-chair, or couch, should be added to the ordinary furniture of the bedroom. The bed is another important item which must not be overlooked. Supposing A can only rest in one which would for solidity rival a nether mill stone, why must she spend her nights in misery, smothered in the softest down, while B, who craves for feathers, is tossed aloft on springs, or condemned to healthy but unyielding hair?

Trifles such as these make all the difference to our comfort, and should receive

the serious attention of those who have our welfare at heart. In conclusion, I would urge upon all who propose to start a private hotel, to make a careful study of human nature; then, if they have a fair amount of capital, and pay strict attention to business, they have every chance of success.

Last week I was staying with a charming young bride of my acquaintance, who has commenced her married life under very favourable auspices as the *châtelaine* of a delightful country house. Both trousseau and wedding presents were very much *en evidence*. My hostess received me in an artistic princess gown of moss green velvet with puffed sleeves, and vest of turquoise blue silk. The effect was heightened by the judicious use of jewelled *passementerie*, which defined the waist line and edged the bodice, while the neck and wrists were finished with narrow ruffles of Brussels point.



SWING SOUP TUREEN.

She also wore on another occasion a ball dress of palest pink silk covered with *mousseline de soire accordion* pleated. The petticoat was embroidered with pearls, and the short bodice was cut square, back and front, and fastened with a girdle of pearls with large tassels. The berthe and sleeves were of soft muslin deftly folded, and her ornaments were nature's own—blush roses.



FITTED OAK WAITER.

Among her household gods I noticed two pretty trifles which I have sketched for my readers' benefit. One was a novel soup tureen, with spirit lamp beneath, and so constructed that the cumbersome ladle could be dispensed with. Being nicely balanced, a slight pressure on the handle allowed the liquid to escape from the lip at the side; and, as it was also provided with a flat strainer, it could, when required, be used for other purposes. The other was a neat and portable arrangement consisting of an oak waiter, bound with silver, and fitted with all the necessaries for assuaging that indomitable thirst which invariably attacks the sterner sex during the evening hours, and for which due provision is made by every careful mistress of a household.

In a previous number I referred to the advantage of ladies becoming members of a club. To those residing in London and the suburbs, and also to country members, I can cordially recommend The Ladies' Pioneer Club, at 180, Regent Street, W., which was opened about six months since, under such favourable auspices, owing to the generosity of its respected president, Mrs. Massingberd.

The premises include reading, writing, dining, and reception rooms, and several prettily furnished bed-rooms for the accommodation of members, and the catering department leaves nothing to be desired. Already, between two and three hundred names have been enrolled; and, to promote a social feeling among the members, a House Tea is given every Wednesday, after which, papers are read and discussions take place upon subjects of interest.

Those wishing for further information, should call at the Club, or write to the courteous secretary, Mrs. Wills.



THE HISTORY OF A PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued.)

By John A. Steuart

Author of "Kilgroom," "Self Exiled," "Letters to Living Authors," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE four hundred nobles were impregnable, at any rate for the present, and as New York had nothing else that we hankered after in particular, we made hasty arrangements to abandon it. It did not seem to appreciate us — there are places prosaically dead to the presence of distinguished strangers—and we resolved to shake its dust off our feet as a testimony against its bad taste. In spite of all his disappointments, however, the Duke was still airy and confident. Indeed, he was at times jubilant.

"We will go to Niagara," he said. "Thence to the West, the spacious West, with its boundless plains and untutored savages. There, at least, we shall be appreciated. We will strike the Red Man dumb with astonishment and admiration. See if we don't. And on the romantic home of the primeval hunter we shall not be trammelled by the absurdities of society. On the contrary, we shall be face to face with Nature in all her august grandeur, and learn her secrets and the mystery of her myriad voices, of her over-spanning skies and her fleeting clouds, and her masterpiece—man, as he came fresh from her hand. We shall listen to the 'whisperings of her wind' as it moans like a banshee over the trackless prairie, or warbles like an Æolian harp among the tree-tops. 'Go West, young man,' said the sage, and we obey his behest. To your portmanteaus, oh, Israel."

Hardship, contumely, threatened death, even disgrace itself could not knock the poetry out of the Duke. It bubbled out of him as a spring bubbles out of the hill-side. He was as gay as a lark in a summer sky, whistling as he packed for departure as if he had never known the bitterness of disappointment or the poignancy of neglect.

"We will return here after our exploits in the West," he cried gleefully, "and the people will flock to do us honour. And then out of pure ecstasy he sang:

"Oh! Fortune's sometimes saucy
If you let her have her way;
But if you don't, why then she'll come
To woo another day.

"Mary had a little goat,
It's hair was black's your shoe,
And everywhere that Mary went
That blessed goat went, too."

"Old fellows, I feel we are just beginning our adventures This is going to be the greatest expedition on record.

Whoop!" Such was the hilarity of the mercurial being, that we had to threaten him with a strait-waistcoat to keep him within bounds.



HE WAS AS GAY AS A LARK.

It was not an easy matter to decide how we were to travel. There are many routes from New York to Niagara, and they are all unsurpassed for picturesque beauty. Should we ascend the Hudson by steamer or by train? That was the momentous question. We consulted several oracles, and they confused us. It is the way with oracles. One strenuously advised us to go by water; another was eloquent on the advantages of going by rail. In the end we drew lots, and the railway had it. No sooner had the fates decided than Brown flew to the entrance hall of the hotel and bought tickets. In America you have not to rush panting into a railway station, to see the train start in the minute it takes you to pay your fare. You can get your ticket a year in advance if you like, and that without going near a station. That is an advantage, though it is awkward to invest ahead and discover when you are about to start on the journey that you have lost the ticket.

We departed joyously in a cab, which took us to the Grand Central Depôt in Forty-second Street, a distance of a quarter of a mile, for five dollars and seventy-five cents. We did not protest that the charge was exorbitant. We knew it would be useless, for all charges in America are exorbitant. We were glad to pay the sum because the cabman was civil, and forbore to bully us after the style of American cabmen in general. Perhaps he understood we were strangers, far from home and among enemies; at any rate, he did not sneer at us and show his contempt by spitting almost in our faces as others had done. If time had permitted I would have embraced that man, for he seemed a deserving person.

The Forty-second Street Depôt is the terminus of the New York Central Railroad (the word railway is not known in America) and belongs to Vanderbilt. Chauncey M. Depew, the after-dinner speaker, is president of the line. He is very popular and is said to be the best post prandial orator in the States, except Mark Twain; consequently he gets a great many free dinners, a thing of consequence to a man blessed with a healthy appetite and of thrifty habits.

When we learned that the New York Central belonged to Vanderbilt, the Duke wanted to patronise an opposition line. "Vanderbilt hasn't patronised us," he said, "why should we patronise Vanderbilt?" However, we went by the New York Central as it suited us best. On the whole it is a questionable policy to cut off your nose to spite your face.

A darkey porter conducted us to the train, and lo! what a revelation! what a vision of bliss! We entered a palace on wheels, so gorgeously appointed that we were overcome with awe and joy, such a joy as might be experienced by one who should unexpectedly be admitted to Paradise. It was not a railway carriage that we entered, but a magnificent drawing-room, sumptuously furnished on the latest æsthetic principle and regardless of expense. For awhile we were afraid to speak or move, almost to breathe. We gazed round us and wondered, wondered whether all this were

not a trick of the imagination, a fairy scene in dreamland. As our senses slowly convinced us of the reality of our surroundings, we began to think we must have wandered by mistake into the special train of one of the kings of the land. Brown and I thought so, but the Duke had a theory of his own.

"Here at last is a delicate compliment to my rank," he said, rubbing his hands in delight. "This is very thoughtful of Vanderbilt; I must write to him and send him my portrait. That seems to be the way of great people now-a-days to acknowledge courtesies and kindnesses." He was staggered, however, when he saw other people walking about calmly with an air of possession. I don't think the autograph letter was sent.

We sat for awhile drinking-in the luxury of our easy-chairs; then got up to reconnoitre. We walked through the superb drawing-room, out through a door and on to a little platform. Then we discovered that you can walk from end to end of an American train. It is one of the discoveries that every tourist makes and feels bound to publish. We had seen announcements of it repeated so often that we had forgotten it, and so it was with joyful surprise we leaped to another platform and entered another drawing-room, then passed into another, then another, and still another. No one tried to stop us. We went where we pleased and sat down where we liked, no one daring to interfere with us. After a while we strolled back to our own suite of apartments, and shortly afterwards the conductor called out "all aboard" in stentorian tones, and our palace moved off. We went outside and waved an adieu to all the pretty girls on the station platform; then we returned and hid ourselves in the sensuous recesses of our couches. The sense of luxury was so exquisite that we had no desire but to lie there and blink in the sunshine that streamed in through the windows and think of those who were doomed to the tortures of railway travelling in England. This was travelling indeed; this was holiday-making and pleasure-seeking crowned with perfect success.

"Heavenly," murmured the Duke rapturously from out of his upholstery.

"Divine," answered Brown.

"I could reside on a railway train for the rest of my life," said the Duke.

"So could I," said Brown; "and now don't talk any more, like a good fellow. Let's go to sleep and dream happy dreams."

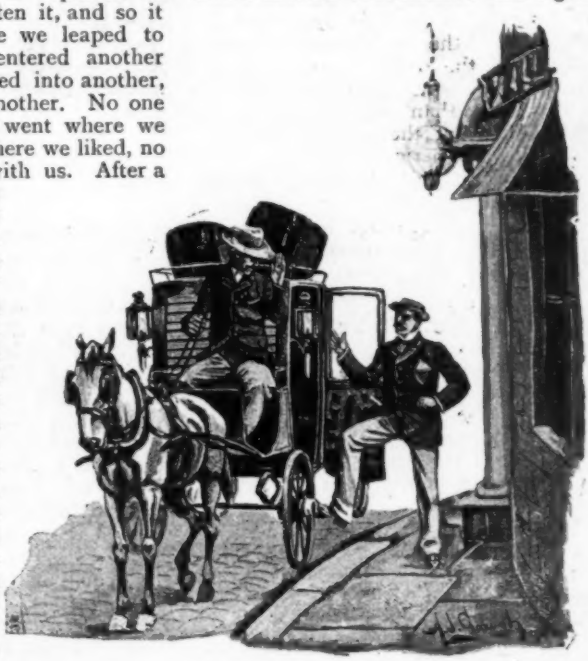
But just then some one shouted that the Palisades of the Hudson were in sight.

"Hang the Palisades," said the Duke languidly; "what are they?"

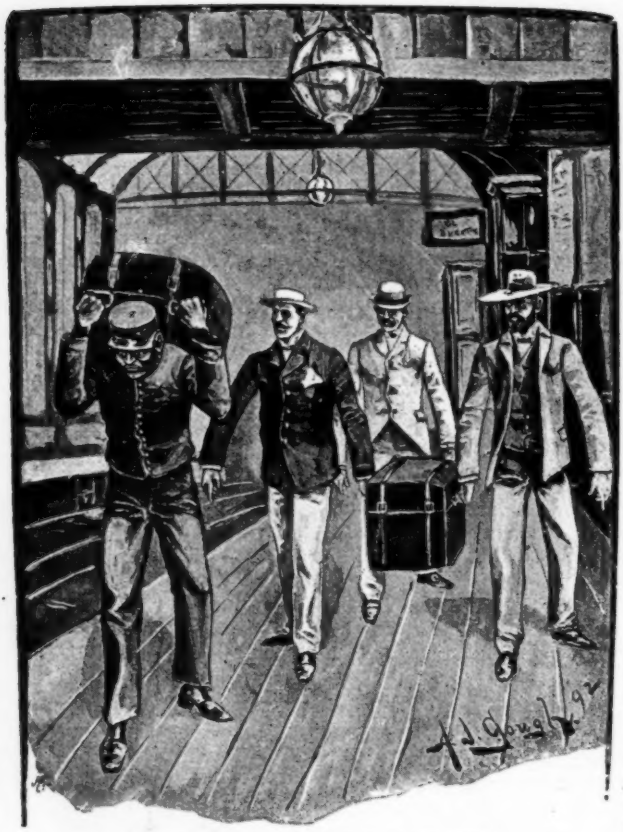
He received no answer, for all the passengers were scampering out.

We shook off our delicious lethargy and went out also. The air was vocal with exclamations, most of them feminine. This is what we heard: "Ain't that just elegant?" "Oh, ain't it just splendid?" "I call that perfectly lovely!" "Oh, ain't it just sweet?"

"Oh, it's pooty good," growled a man with a knotted countenance and a grisly



WE DEPARTED JOYOUSLY IN A CAB.



A DARKEY PORTER CONDUCTED US TO THE TRAIN.

beard. "Pooty good for the Hudson. But you should see the Mississippi. Now that *is* a river. One of its side eddies would clean overflow your little mud puddle. You down Eastern folks don't known what rivers is."

This man interested me, and I drew nigh to listen.

"But look at the scenery," said someone, "ain't it just magnificent?"

The man of the knotted countenance turned his eyes slowly upon the person who had spoken.

"Waal, that's 'cordin' to yer ideas of what is magnificent an' what is not. How high might them rocks be, now?"

Instantly a beautiful young lady at his elbow turned up her Guide-book.

"Three hundred feet," she replied triumphantly.

We waited with a lively interest for the response.

"An' that's yer idee of magnificence, is it?" said the man of the knotted countenance.

Here a young man came to the beautiful young lady's assistance.

"These Palisades that run along the river for at least fifteen miles are much admired, and I think justly," he said.

The young lady smiled approval; but the man with the knotted countenance made a wry face.

"You make me sick," he remarked, and then he went inside. He returned presently, with the gleam of battle fiercer in his eye than ever.

"You say them rocks is three hundred feet high," he said. Some one admitted it. He took a turn about the platform, then leaned over the railing, looking contemptuously at the Palisades. "I have seen cliffs two thousand foot sheer, and a hundred fathoms of water at the bottom," he remarked slowly. "I have seen mountains fifteen thousand foot high, where the snow is eternal, and bears come of a night to warm their toes. I have seen gorges that deep the sun never touches bottom, except may be for a minute or two at noon. I have seen rivers so wide ye couldn't see to t'other side of 'em. Yes, sir, and yet ye talk of yer old Hudson an' its Palisades."

He cut a piece off a stalk of tobacco and chewed it as viciously as if he were crunching the Palisades.

"You have looked on some wonderful things, sir," said Brown.

The man with the knotted countenance spat; then eyed Brown all over. "Yes, sir, I guess you're just about right there," he answered at length.

"Might I ask in what part of the

world you saw all those marvels?" said Brown.

"Where would you think now?" responded the man of the knotted countenance. "It might be in Africa, or Asia, or Europe, or Australia, or Egypt, or Timbuctoo, but it warn't; it was right in this kentry that folks call Ameriky."

He looked at Brown as if to say, "contradict that if you dare."

"Oh, America's the country for scenery," chimed in the young man who had spoken before, "and though a height of three hundred feet is not to be compared to one of two thousand, still the Palisades are superb."

"One can hardly see them for advertisements," remarked Brown, whose quizzing spirit had returned. "It's a great pity that in this country—to which it is clear nature has been very bountiful—people should hide away their finest scenery under great, glaring, ugly advertisements. I defy you now to tell the original colour of those rocks."

"It's trade," said the young man. "I am an admirer of scenery—I admire it almost with the zest of an Englishman, but man cannot live by grand scenery, you know."

"We ain't no one-hoss consarn in this kentry," growled the man with the knotted countenance, unexpectedly. "We don't keep scenery for show. We turn it to use, turn everything to use. Yes, sir. We stick our ads. on it to let the world know what we're doing."

"And does it pay to insist so much on the virtues of your merchandise," asked Brown. "One would think the world would be growing a trifle tired of being told from rock and board and tree and house and fence and cart-tail board what it ought to do and what it ought to buy. Isn't the constant advice getting monotonous?"

"Monotonous," repeated the man of the knotted countenance. "No, sir. Good things don't grow monotonous. You see the Americans want none of yer hifalutin' nonsense. The scenery here is put to use. It's only in Europe that it's kept for show."

"And you Americans go over and pay for the privilege of looking at it," said Brown, quietly. "Let me tell you, European scenery's one of the best properties in the world—pays a higher dividend than the best of your oil wells or pork houses."

"Waal, now, what dividend might it pay?"

"I will give you the lump sum," answered Brown, "and you can make the calculation yourself. Americans spend in Europe every year a hundred million dollars for the privilege of gazing on European ruins and rocks."

The man of the knotted countenance snorted. "Waal," he said, "I 's'pose we have fools here like other kentries," and he stalked into the smoking-room.

Then with one accord we all fell to admiring the scenery along our route. The young ladies of the party declared unanimously it was lovely. And it is. There is, perhaps, no more picturesque view in the world than that to be obtained from a Wagner Palace Car on the New York Central Railway along the Hudson. The Palisades, which run along the western bank of the river, are not very high, as the man of the knotted counten-



HE LOOKED AT BROWN.

ance indicated, and they are disfigured, in some places horribly disfigured, by the natural genius for advertising, as Brown pointed out; yet, they are infinitely beautiful, in their endless variety and their magnificent setting of wood and water.

In a vivid sunshine that acted on the spirits like a rare wine, we sped on through scenes profoundly interesting to Englishmen, for our route lay through a country in which had taken place some of the most memorable events that helped to decide the fate of America and turn it from a colonial dependency into a great and independent Republic. Every foot of ground had its own tragic tale or romantic legend, its special vitalising song or story. Here Briton shed Briton's blood because politicians were mercenary, and thought not of statesmanship but of place. Here the primeval wanderer of the forests fought some of his most desperate and most futile battles against a foe into whose hand fate was playing. And, above all, one felt the presence of the mighty magician who has thrown the spell of his romantic genius over the entire region. We thought of Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle. We ran close by Sleepy Hollow, and, in spite of our modern surroundings, in spite of the rush of train and the flutter of fashion—things so incongruous when musing on a twenty years' sleeper—we were touched by the subtle and dreamy sentiment of the place, because Washington Irving has made a few short pages of writing immortal. We hurried past Tarry Town, so named, Irving tells us, "by the good wives of the adjacent country, from the invetera te habit of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days." It seems that in old days husbands were troublesome, just as they are to-day.

There is not much sentiment in America; but here is one region in which it is found rich and rare, because a man who had failed in traffic devoted himself to Dutch and Indian legends, and made them realities, imaginative realities, for ever. I wish others would fail in commerce, to achieve like results in literature.

We passed many places of modern interest, such as Poughkeepsie (pronounced Pookeepsie), Syracuse, Albany, and Sing Sing. It is to Sing Sing that all the unsuccessful swindlers retire to live at the nation's expense. There is a considerable colony of them, for though success in swindling is the rule, still the practice is so large and the competitors so numerous that many fail. You will find defeated boodlers in Sing Sing, gaily picking oakum and breaking stones for their country's good. It is the only good thing most of them ever did for their native land.



I FELT SOMEONE DIGGING ME IN THE RIBS.

We turned from the scenery to our easy-chairs with a feeling of profound, indeed, of sublime satisfaction. Nature is a striking spectacle at times, but it is art that gives comfort. I had just gone serenely to sleep when I felt someone digging me vigorously in the ribs. I started up with a ferocious feeling; but when I looked on the man who had roused me my courage died away, and with it my anger. I looked into the august face of the conductor and was dismayed. The conductors are chosen from among the most imposing men of the nation and are always awe-inspiring.

Some people think that a Turkish Pasha is awe-inspiring, and so in a sense he is; but he is nothing to the American conductor.

Having punched me into perfect wakefulness, the great man demanded my ticket, demanded it in a tone that indicated a clear belief I hadn't got it, and that it would be his pleasure to chuck me off the car. That chucking-off performance is of frequent occurrence in America, and is extremely awkward to one of the parties concerned. Many people in the States think they have a right to travel free. Sometimes they succeed in "dead heading" it and sometimes they fail. Those who succeed are mostly journalists and philanthropists; occasionally ministers of religion, great speculators and distinguished foreigners are among the successful. The best liar naturally succeeds best. A phenomenally good liar may scour the country free of expense; one who has not an uncommon gift of falsehood had better not try it, for the consequences of failure are sometimes painful. In England, when a man attempts to travel on a railway train without paying his fare he is hustled out, handed over to the police and given a week or three months at the discretion of the police magistrate. In America things are done differently. When the conductor, who is generally a humorist, comes upon a "dead head" he allows him to sit quietly until a lonely spot on the prairie or in the forest is reached, a spot thirty miles from any habitation. There the "dead head" is politely chucked off and left to find his way back to civilisation as best he may. Sometimes he dies of hunger by the way and is eaten by wolves; sometimes he is rescued by a passing hunter; occasionally he lives to shoot the conductor. But that satisfaction is rare and should not be counted on.

Our conductor went through the train like an autocrat, and like an autocrat sat on the passengers as often as he had an opportunity. If they could not immediately find their tickets he bullied them and made them nervous and insinuated they wanted to cheat. It was a great relief when we had all been badgered and the bear returned to his den. Rid of him, we reclined once more in the lap of luxury, rousing ourselves only to have refreshments along the line. We made Buffalo in the evening without accident, and waited impatiently for the morrow to see Niagara.

CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning we were up almost with the sun, our hearts beating high with eager hopes and expectations. The stimulating effects of the American climate have often been remarked. Travellers say it acts like a tonic, and on the whole travellers are right, though the effects of a proper tonic are likely to be speedier and more marked; not, however, more lasting. The American climate is exhilarating; there is no doubt whatever about it. It makes you step lightly and buoyantly, and confers a feeling of independence. That is why Americans, from the bootblack at the street corner to the President in the White House, are so independent. The climate gives them a stiff upper lip, so that in their own phrase they don't give a continental for anybody.

The morning was glorious: bright, bracing, full of the tonic properties aforesaid, and calculated, if ever a morning was, to make a man feel at peace with himself and the world. I am strongly tempted to give, at the very least, ten solid pages of the picturesque and poetic rhapsody which is the special delight of the literary tourist. I am in a mood to talk about fleecy clouds and rippling leaves and bathing sunshine; but I was too happy to take notes and I have clean forgotten whether the leaves danced in the orthodox style or whether there were opalescent gleams and mysterious skyey radiances; whether the wind sang or whistled or moaned, or whether there was any wind at all. I only know that we were very eager and supremely happy, for the reasons already indicated, and for the further and more important reason that we were within a few miles of the greatest natural wonder on earth.

It is said you can see the spray and hear the thunder of Niagara twenty miles away. Buffalo, being twenty-seven miles off, is beyond the limit. Sometimes, indeed, the Buffalo people pretend to see a grey mist hanging high in the air over the place where they know the falls are. But nothing is to be made of it with the naked eye of a Briton, and the keenest ear will hearken in vain for the roar of plunging, raging water. It is a pious

fraud on the part of the Buffalo folks to say that from their doorstep you can discern any evidence whatever of the existence of Niagara.

We got off with all haste; for not even the prospect of having the local four hundred leaders of fashion call on us in a body would have induced us to tarry. Had the mayor and corporation waited on us in their official robes and in State dignity requesting the honour of our presence at a civic banquet, I believe the Duke would have turned a deaf ear to the invitation. It was Niagara, Niagara — on to Niagara.



WE FELL IN WITH A GANG OF THIEVES.

It was the autumn season, and the fragrance of ripe fruit was in the air. The distance between Buffalo and Niagara is one long apple orchard, an orchard that diffused an odour unknown in England. The perfume is still in my nostrils, and I hope will remain there, for it was positively the most delicious that ever tickled nose. If I were a chemist I would set to work forthwith to get that essence of apples. It would make a man's fortune, for the fair sex and, on the sly, the sex that is not fair, would inevitably make a run upon it. I shall be glad to take shares in any public company formed for the purpose of distilling that perfume. That run of twenty-seven miles was worth the whole journey from England, the imposition, the disappointment, even the disgrace. Had there been no Niagara at the end, the memories of that morning would be pleasant.

We were in the smoking-room of our carriage when the thrilling cry, "Niagara" arose. It roused us like the cry of 'land,' when you have been several weeks at sea. We rushed out upon the platform, shouting wildly, "Where—where?" After intimating that he saw no reason for being so tarnation excited over it, a man in a broad sombrero pointed with his finger and said, "There." We looked intently, but could discern nothing. After awhile, however, and with great straining, we made out the gauziest white film shimmering between us and the horizon. "There it is," cried the Duke, with the glee of a boy; "don't you see it. There sure enough is Niagara."

"Nobody aint denyin' it," remarked the man who had pointed with his finger. "Niagara aint likely to run away. It was there last week when I passed east to Noo York, an' I guess it's there yet."

"I hope so," said the Duke innocently. "It would be a tremendous disappointment if we were to find Niagara had disappeared, would it not, now?"

"I 'spose it would be a kind of disappintmint if we found the moon had bust her under-pinnin' some night. Yes, I guess it *would* be disappintin' if Niagara

vamosed the ranch, so ter speak." And then he went inside with a sarcastic grin on his face.

The film grew every minute more and more distinct, till at length it took the form of a huge white pillar, or rather of a vast dome, poised baseless and motionless in air.

"And below that," exclaimed the Duke with emotion, addressing another stranger by his side, "below that rears the mighty cataract."

"Yes, sir," said the stranger, spitting indifferently.

"You have been there, sir?" said the Duke interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Yet in approaching it again you are composed," said the Duke; "you are absolutely without a trace of emotion?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Now tell me," said the Duke, "is Niagara as wonderful as we are led to believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quite?"

"Yes, sir."

"The mighty thunder goes on for ever and the raging of the torrent is ceaseless?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the water is green as it comes down, and there are rapids and whirlpools so that the beholder is lost in bewilderment?"

"Yes, sir."

A stoppage of the train brought the conversation to a close. We listened for the thunder, but it was not audible. Evidently Niagara was in a gentle mood that morning, for several people declared its voice ought to have been heard. However, it wasn't, and we had to wait, had to wait, indeed, until the train stopped altogether. Then we did hear a roar, a sullen, rushing, menacing roar that made the very ground tremble. We seized our portmanteaus and made for the Falls. But we had not gone a dozen yards when we fell in with a gang of thieves, who laid hands on us and struggled to get our goods. They called themselves guides: some of them had the word "guide" on a band on their hats; but that was a pure fraud, for their object was plunder. They did not care a straw whether or not we saw the Falls, but they were extremely anxious to get some of our coin. They carry on a system of legalised brigandage, and are ruthless and rapacious beyond the power of the untutored imagination to conceive. They lie with the unction of a saint saying his prayers, and would murder but for the fear of being hanged.

As it was impossible to escape, we were forced to strike a bargain. We asked them to name their ransom, to make their own terms, and in Heaven's name to let us proceed. But there was much difficulty in coming to an understanding, for each individual brigand demanded a separate and personal payment. In other places where brigands flourish, a certain stipulated sum paid to the chief of a band is sufficient; but at Niagara they obey no authority and every man of them plunders on his own account. The consequence is there is much wrangling, sometimes I should say bloodshed, before all are satisfied. Indeed, as we discovered, it is quite impossible to satisfy them all. When you have exhausted the exchequer there are still clamouring, greedy wretches hungry for your gold. We threatened, we cajoled,



WE GAVE THAT VILLAIN OF A GUIDE A GOING OVER.

we swore we could do without the services of a guide, that we had been to Niagara often before and knew every inch of ground about it, and every drop of water. We lied with utter recklessness and self-surprising ingenuity; we did everything that men in a fix will do to free themselves. But it was no use. Our enemies hung on to us like leeches. Evidently they had made up their minds to have some of our blood, and it was clear that the easiest plan was to let them have their way. Brown whispered the desperate subterfuge of promising and not performing. "Let us tell them they can have their own terms, and that we will go with them where they like and pay what they demand, if only they let us proceed; then refuse to be fleeced." But a moment's reflection showed us this wouldn't do. At last we chartered the mildest-looking brigand of the lot to conduct us across the Niagara river to British soil, where there was a good hotel, as we were weary and yearned for rest. He agreed on condition that we should hire him afterwards. We were helpless, and we promised. For a sum that many a London clerk would consider a good week's wage this American impostor was to go through the pretence of conducting us where no conductor was required, and of giving information and explanations that, in face of the majesty of Niagara, were impertinences bordering on blasphemy.

We crossed a suspension bridge—a graceful and airy structure, which is an engineering triumph—in front and in full view of the stupendous spectacle which men call the Niagara Falls. We were not permitted to stand and admire, nor reverently adore, as we might and should have done. The guide chattered his impertinent commonplaces and the passengers pressed; so we moved on. When our feet touched British soil we felt like sending up a resounding British cheer. We reached the hotel—a good one—and then collectively and separately we gave that villain of a guide a going over, with the result that he voluntarily threw up his contract, leaving us once more in peace under the old flag.

THE END.





Author of "In Quest of the Brahmin's Treasure," "Shafts from an Eastern Quiver," "The Rent Veil of the Harim Slave," etc.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a still, starlight night upon the Red Sea. Far away in the distance could be discerned the top of Jebel Radhwah towering eastward beyond the plain which ran down to where the phosphorescent waves dashed upon the rock-strewn shore, or forced their way up the creek leading to the harbour of Yambo, the City of the Sea.

A strange and motley throng it was, indeed, which crowded to the prow of the pilgrim ship bound thither from Suez on their way to Medinah and thence to Mecca, for the Hajj was begun, and they were intent on visiting the cities sacred to mighty Mahomet. Yet, though the travellers were anxious to disembark from the hulk—called by courtesy a ship—that had conveyed them in sight of Yambo, Harad, the owner and pilot of the clumsy craft, refused to steer them through the rocks and shoals ahead till day dawned. No amount of threats hurled at his devoted head in diverse languages could shake his resolution, and at last the pilgrims were forced to adopt an appearance of philosophic indifference, which they were far from feeling, and to await his pleasure to land them.

Egyptians from the cities of the Nile, Arabs returning once more to El Hejaz, Syrians, Turks and even Maghrabis formed the passengers. They were as yet clad in their proper attire, which soon would be put off when, with shaven heads and their bodies enfolded in cotton pilgrim cloths, they prepared to take part in the coming ceremonies, and to enter Mecca the Holy.

By dint of much pushing and expostulating, two of those who were among the passengers secured for themselves a resting place upon a tattered fragment of carpet spread upon the worm-eaten deck of the vessel, and, too excited to sleep, they sat in converse together.

One of the two men wore the costume of an Arab sheik, the rich embroidery of his kamis, or long white garment, being partly hidden by the short-sleeved camel's cloak which graced his person, while its silken lining matched in hue the crimson sash which gathered the flowing kamis

about his waist. His companion was a Turk, judging from his costume and the hamail, or pocket koran, suspended by scarlet silk cords passing over his left shoulder, and supporting a richly embroidered case, in which the volume was placed.

"I have marked thee carefully," began the Arab sheik, with Eastern familiarity, as the two sat facing each other, "and oft have I wondered that a man such as thou art has no story to tell of his life, such as each night the pilgrims have in turn related. A fierce spirit is thine, so speaks every feature which thou hast; surely it has led thee once, at least, into peril, or my judgment is mistaken. Some hours have we yet to while away before the dawn, at the coming of which Harad promises to land us, having made the harbour. Tell me but a little of thy history, Sarik, before the land pilgrimage begins and the opportunity be past."



"COME TO THE VESSEL'S SIDE."

"Sheik," responded Sarik, the Turk, "many words of scorn hast thou uttered against the pilot of the pilgrim ship, yet but two years ago he relieved me when in great peril. Come to the vessel's side and tell me if in the distance there thy eyes discern aught."

Following the direction in which the Turk pointed, the sheik saw the grey outlines of a distant city, and answering thus to his companion, the latter responded:

"Aye, it is even so, for there, a mile from the water's edge, is the walled town over which Waha, the Emir, rules, whose cruelty is a byeword among the followers of Mahomet. A strange story is mine, yet shalt thou hear it, for because of Waha I am now on pilgrimage."

The sheik, observing that the narrator was becoming engrossed in his adventure, motioned to those who had gathered round unbidden to hear the story to preserve silence, and then waited for the Turk to resume.

"Waha, the Emir, hath an evil eye, and when it fell upon Haidie, my beloved, he ordered her to be sent to his harim, caring not that she objected, for his word is as law to the dwellers in the city. So, then, it chanced that I, having paid a visit to Yambo, one day returned to find that my betrothed had been suddenly seized and carried off in my absence to fill a place among the throng of fair women in Waha's anderoon.

"At first a fierce passion rose within me to slay the one who had despoiled me thus, but remembering the Emir's retinue of eunuchs by whom he was guarded when passing through the devious ways of the city, I thought out a plan by which to meet craft with craft, and to snatch fair Haidie from the despot's power. Little did I know what the result of my stratagem would be, but in the name of Allah and the Prophet I made a strange venture, of which thou shalt hear.

"It chanced the next day that the Emir, having recited some verses from the koran after his ablutions, drew upon his feet again his slippers, and leaving the mosque in which he had been worshipping, wended his way to his harim. On nearing the latter, he found that the foremost of his eunuchs suddenly became involved in a quarrel with one who had barred the way by which the Emir would seek to pass. His haughty way was like to cost him dear, for it was with one who

had learnt well to guard and thrust with the sword that he foolishly engaged, for eunuchs are eager to show their power and quick to bring men into conflict if they think they have a royal partisan to aid them.

"Know then that it was with me that the eunuch fought, and forgetting my plan, I sprang at my opponent and sent him reeling to the earth, although some of the servile crew had wrenched from me my weapon.

"'Thou slave, thou dog!' cried the Emir. 'Spawn of an infidel, thou shalt answer for thy deed with thy life!'

"'Who art thou?' I demanded hotly, for I pretended not to know him.

"'Dost thou not know, thou Arab dog?' the Emir demanded, falling into the snare which I sought to gather round him.

"'By the beard of the Prophet, no!' I replied. 'I am come into the city but today, and thou mayest see that I wear the attire of a barshi (musician), and yonder is my one-stringed lute, which this fellow sought to snatch from me. Before the sun sets in the west I hope to see the illustrious Waha, of whom I heard in a far land, for he is famous in every Asian city. Not thus would he permit his eunuch slave to treat one who came seeking an audience, that on the lute and by his strains the barshi may make known how great is Waha's fame.'

"The Emir looked at me, scarcely able to conceal his pleasure at the flattering words which I had spoken.

"'Know, then,' he said, assuming an air of gravity and importance, 'that the one thou seekest is before thee. Lo! I am Waha, the Emir!'

"'*Allahumma saeli alayh*' (Allah bless him!) I exclaimed, turning to the eunuchs, who looked astonished at the change of the Emir's tone towards me, and thought what was like to be the fate of their over-zealous leader who had insulted me, thinking thus to please his lord.

"'Great Waha,' I continued humbly, 'The Sultan, before whom I have been bidden at times to sing of the might of his orient rule, speaks of thee not as a subject, but as one sovereign does of another. Yet now that mine eyes have rested upon thee, permit thy slave to depart, for to enter thy harim, or to spend but one short hour with Waha, the Emir, listening to my poor efforts is more than I now dare to hope for.'



"LO! I AM WAHA, THE EMIR!"

"If he had known how eagerly I waited for the reply to my prompting, the Emir would have looked upon me with a less credulous air than he did.

"'Why, now, by Allah, thou art a strange fellow!' he exclaimed: 'Thou speakest of thy entry into the Sultan's palace as if it were naught, and yet art afraid to ask of me the boon to play upon that rubabah of thine in my harim! Art thou timid lest its high walls may fall upon thee at thy presumption?'

and he laughed, amused at his own words.

"'Not so, great Waha,' I responded, my heart beating violently at the prospect held out of the complete success of my plan: but thou knowest that with the Arabs it is customary to seek the purpose of Allah by opening at random the sacred koran and marking what is writ upon the pages.'

"'Hast thou done this thing?' the Emir asked, curious to know how my investigation bore out his allotted destiny: 'Speak, slave, tell me what thou did'st read therein.'

"I looked at the eunuchs and then at the Emir without responding. He understood me and sharply commanded his retinue to pass on. I followed at Waha's side still pouring flattering words into his ears with idle tongue, for well I knew his ambition and his weakness for seeking out divers ways to tell of what would be his end.

"'I read, illustrious Waha?' I replied, 'words which spake of one man's fall and of the rise of another who under him ruled in a wondrous way a city which afar looked upon a sea. Nay! Start not, nor doubt the barshi's word, for by the koran I tell thee that one day——' and I whispered what it is not lawful to utter into the foolish man's ear. Waha flushed crimson with gratified ambition as though already he clasped the prize he longed for; then, as we approached the high walls which surrounded his harim, he murmured:

"'Barshi, thou art a man whom I may one day raise to a high estate when thy words come true which thou hast spoken. Enter the harim, for I will permit thee to tune thy instrument and relate what thou hast heard of my greatness afar. Thou shalt rest thee beside the fountain in the midst of the garden, and my women shall hear thee through the openings of the lattice of the anderoon which looks down upon the fair scene. Chant high thy melody, for among them is one who looks not kindly on me yet, but thy words will teach her the greatness of her new-found lord.'

"I humbly bent in token of submission to his word, then caught my breath as I heard the portal close and found myself so strangely within those forbidden walls."

CHAPTER II.

"OBEDIENT to Waha's command, the servile eunuchs spread for him a sumptuous carpet, upon which he reclined, beside a crystal fountain. About it, on three sides, rose the harim, built of rose-coloured granite which vied in beauty with the masses of roses of every hue scenting the air as does the famous attar thence distilled.

"Before the Emir, then, I bent and, touching my lute, chanted to him aloud a string of praises, which rose even to the ears of the listeners in the anderoon. Through the lattice above the corbels I could descry faintly the outlines of those whose dark eyes flashed at the words I sent floating upwards, borne upon the summer air. With all a lover's hope, I felt assured that Haidie gazed down upon me and discovered her Turkish adorer, in spite of the disguise of an Arabian barshi which I had assumed.

"'Thou hast a sonorous voice, barshi,' said the Emir, when I had at last concluded, 'and thine every word is clear as the Red Sea, through which one may see the coral building to the water's height. Much have thy words cheered me, for of late the ambition which devours me has at times seemed too great to attain its object. My eunuchs shall attend thee; rest upon this carpet, for thou art surely wearied. To-morrow at this hour thou mayest come again, till then Allah preserve thee,' and with princely air Waha entered his harim, leaving me still in his wondrous garden.

"I had not time to note more than a little of what I sought when two eunuchs approached me, one of whom I recognised as he whom I overthrew of late. His face wore a look of anxiety, and lowly he bent as he asked:

"'Hast thou sufficiently rested, illustrious barshi? Lo, Waha bids us see thee through the portals when thou desirest to depart.'

"I looked at the eunuch curiously, for never in the space of a few hours had I seen such a change as his countenance plainly depicted.

"'Nay,' I answered, 'the fragrance of the flowers, with the trembling spray from the fountain which makes them glitter as diamonds, bids me stay till I am rested. Thou who did'st snatch my

lute and thus offend one such as thou seest I am, hast thou no word of regret to utter for thy misdeed?'

"'The hand of fate has smitten me,' answered the eunuch; 'this day my hot blood has undone me, for the Emir is likely to order my death for touching thee, although I knew not that thou wert a favoured one of the Prophet. Hear me, barshi, and be generous to a despot's slave. If thou wilt send but a word to Waha asking forgiveness on my behalf, there is nothing that I will not do for thee, if thou canst use me in any way.'

"'Nothing?' I asked, for a strange thought inspired me to change my plan for the release of Haidie which I had thought out; 'Thou sayest that perhaps thy life will be forfeited, how if I plead for thee, wilt thou in return perform a service for me?'

"'Ask Waha for my life and thy slave will do whatever thou desirest without questioning the result, for in three days I much fear that I shall be bound and cast into the Red Sea. Once before this fate has been threatened me and to-day I saw Waha's face grow dark and the desire to slay rise up and gleam in his eyes.'

"The second eunuch had moved away and heard not our conversation, though he seemed once to make a sign to me which unhappily I did not understand.

"'It is but a slight thing that thou canst do for me,' I said. 'Yet if thou dost it I promise to-morrow, when next I see Waha, to speak in thy favour and clear thee from blame.'

"'Speak,' said the eunuch briefly, and he stood awaiting my desire. I drew from the sleeve of my robe a small packet and thrust it into the slave's hand, although his fellow, who happened to observe the action, frowned. I felt half afraid to trust the eunuch, but Haidie was in a desperate strait and, if I failed to save her, death would find me ready, for without her I desired not to live.

"'Take this,' I replied, 'and see that it is delivered into the hands of the Emir's latest comer in the harim. Thou need not fear, for it contains only a message to her to be of good cheer and to accept the high position which Waha's kindness would give her. I heard that a woman had recently entered here and have a mind to do the Emir a kindness unawares, for we barshis are peacemakers.'



"I DREW FROM MY SLEEVE."

"'Thou did'st grip me as though thou wert a lion and I a jackal outside the harim's walls; I like not what thou hast asked me to do, barshi. One slip or one glance too keen from prying eyes which abound here and the three days I may have to live would diminsh to hours,' said the eunuch hesitatingly.

"'Thou refusest?' I asked in assumed anger; 'so be it. The maiden is nought to me, and thy life being in the balance it shall turn adversely to death, for never a word will I speak to Waha in thy behalf,' and I rose making as if to leave the harim. 'See!' I continued, pointing to a ring upon my hand, for a barshi, unlike a good Arab sheik, as thou knowest, may wear such baubles; 'Had'st thou performed this little kindness in secret thou should'st have had this gem in addition to thy life; it was a present to me from the Sultan himself and has marvellous powers, now thou hast lost both by thy ill-timed hesitation.'

"The eunuch eyed the ring with greedy glances.

"'Bestow that upon me and thy packet shall be delivered,' he said eagerly.

"I drew the ring from my finger, saying:

"'Send thy fellow slave away, leave me to pass from this garden when I will, and the rare gem is thine, even before thou deliverest the package.'

"'It is thine,' I exclaimed, and I placed the ring in the eunuch's hand. He looked at me closely, smiled, then beckoned his companion away, and a moment after I was alone in the garden. Passing down it I saw the great porphyry bath, and beyond it rose a bower, wherein I betook myself and waited for sunset, and then the starry night to overtake me.

"Long were the hours of watching, but one by one at last the lamps within the harim were extinguished, and a great feeling of excitement rose within me, for I had asked the maiden to rise when all were asleep, and to wend her way into the garden, and the loose sash which I wore would accomplish the rest, since in it were carefully concealed some coils, to which we both might cling, and so pass down in safety from the high garden walls. So I planned, but hear thou what followed.

"I watched the space beyond the fountain, and when I descried a woman's form, wrapped in a flowing robe, come forth, I hastened from my place of concealment, and a moment after my beloved looked with joy upon my face, and chided me for daring so much in her behalf. Through the clustering flowers, heavily scenting the cool air, we passed, and then prepared for the effort to climb to the height of the wall, aided by some massy coral rock-work, which formed the arbour I had noticed.

"Haidie passed upon this with nervous fear, clinging to my guiding hand, then suddenly she seemed to slip, and I, seeking to uphold her, found myself seized from behind! A minute elapsed, in which I struggled desperately for freedom, then found myself bound hand and foot, gazing helplessly on as several of the Emir's slaves forced my beloved to enter the harim again, from which I had thought to free her.



THROUGH THE CLUSTERING FLOWERS.

"'How now, thou knave!' said a voice, which I knew, even in the faint starlight, was that of the Emir. 'It is thus that thou wished to do me a kindness! So thou spakest to the eunuch, to whom thou gavest a package, which was delivered after I had read it. The fellow has saved his life at the cost of thine, for at dawn thou shalt be bowstrung. None saw thee enter, and surely none shall see thee depart; while as to the maiden with whom thou hast this intrigue, she shall try if the waters of the Red Sea can still

drown, as they have done so oft. Why, thou art the veriest charlatan at such jugglery as ever lived. To trust a man whom thou hast once injured! Barshi, thy lute will be silent for ever, for such treachery as thine deserves no other less fitting punishment. Away with him!' the Emir cried, and then I was lifted bodily up by the eunuchs and thrust into a stone dungeon beneath the harim, there to stifle, or, if I lived, to be bow-strung at sunrise.

"I lay upon the floor of my dungeon, without moving for some time, wondering how soon Haidie would meet her fate, and if she would know then that her lover had been slain the morning after his fatal attempt to free her. I did not revile Waha, for I knew the risk I ran before entering the harim, if the worst befell me.

"The darkness of my dungeon was suddenly banished, for I saw a lighted torch thrust in, and then a eunuch appeared and glided noiselessly towards me.

"'I am awake and ready,' I cried, 'thou needest not fear to disturb me; yet doubtless in a few minutes I shall be asleep for ever.' I scanned the man's face, thinking that it was he whom I had smitten come to conduct me forth to death, or even to slay me as I lay there bound and resistless. The glare from the torch lit up, to my surprise, the face of the second eunuch, he who had motioned to me in the garden, as his words soon made me understand.

"'Assuredly Waha was right,' he said, as he stooped over me and in an instant severed the bonds which held me; 'thou wert too credulous by far to trust a man whose life was threatened. I warned thee with my glance and gestures, but thou did'st heed me not.'

"'Peace, slave!' I cried; 'do thy master's bidding; it is better to die thus than never to have tried to save the one in quest of whom I came. Thy weapon of death finds me ready, I shall not flinch;' and I raised my head waiting the end.



"THOU MAYEST YET ESCAPE DEATH?"

"'Barshi,' he whispered, 'thou mayest yet escape death; and if thou wilt profit by thy adversity and be more cautious, who knows but what thy loved one may be yet snatched from the hands of Waha?'

"'Can thou do this thing or help me?' I gasped out, reeling with the hope which flickered up suddenly in my breast. He looked at my swollen feet and hands, for the bonds had been tightly placed upon them.

"'Nay,' he answered, 'I can and will free thee, but the maiden *thou* must save. Waha told thee what her fate would be; let thy love find a way to thwart him once thou art safely beyond the harim walls Come!' and he moved to the door of the

dungeon, whither I followed, wondering why he chose to deliver me.

"'Tell me,' I said, 'before I make this venture, why dost thou help me to escape? Art thou not afraid that Waha will find thee out and slay thee?'—for I desired not that the eunuch should perish in serving me thus.

"'Dost thou not know that envy can enter through the walls even of a harim?' he asked. 'Between me and the one whom thou did'st strike there is no bond of friendship, for of the two I would be first. While yet he lies asleep I have taken from him the keys which he keeps, and so have opened for thee thy dungeon. When he awakes at dawn he will find them by him again, and then, hastening to see thee slain, will read by the empty dungeon the signal of his doom. Pity him not, barshi, for he it is who has so long urged on Waha to his countless deeds of violence. Take thou thy liberty, and going to the coast of the Red Sea thou wilt find a cave which lies a league from Yambo. There watch and sleep not, however tired thou mayest be, for only thus wilt thou be ready when the opportunity to save thy beloved arrives.'

"The eunuch spoke no more, but led me to the portal whence I had never thought to repass alive; then noiselessly he closed the heavy door, and lo! I was free again to make another effort to save Haidie, if that were possible. Following the advice given, I hastened to the sea shore, and when morning came sought out the cave, and having found it, hid within it. Before the night came upon the sea again I had cause to remember the eunuch's words at parting."

CHAPTER III.

"HARDLY had it grown dusk that day when I saw a number of eunuchs making towards the water's edge and bearing with them a heavy burden. I crept towards them, keeping well within the shadows which gathered round the red granite, which stretched for some distance on either side of the cave.

"Nearer and nearer I crept, then saw to my consternation that two of them held my beloved, who, bound hand and foot, was too terrified to utter a single cry. With a laugh of derision, they flung her into the waves, which seemed to run in at their feet and to bear away on the crest of a huge billow her to save whom I had been waiting. I saw them turn and leave the spot, confident that the Emir's command had been carried out, then, drawing a deep breath, I plunged headlong into the yawning waves.

"Darker and darker it grew and many a time I was cast back upon the shore, only to press forward again as my eyes faintly distinguished the gleam of the maiden's white garment far out at sea. How long I battled with the waves I know not, but Allah and the Prophet



I FLUNG MYSELF DOWN BY HER SIDE.

heard my cries for succour and so I was borne nearer and nearer to the drowning maiden.

"Once I thought to take her, but as my arm was stretched forth to do so, swiftly she was hurled past me, her floating hair brushing my face like tangled seaweed. Again I made towards her, and that time seized the unconscious maiden. I turned my face to land once more and shuddered as I saw the distance which stretched between, for never did I think to reach it with the burden I supported.

"When next I remember aught it seemed that for a time my senses had fled through the weary battle with the waves, for I found myself lying bruised upon the shore, left there by the receding tide, and the maiden was not at my side. I rose and would have cast myself into the sea, so great was the despair which held me, when as I moved on with my eyes half blinded by the salt waters in which I had struggled of late, my feet stumbled, and there, half hidden in the weeds cast upon the shore, I saw once more the gleam of Haidie's robe.

"I flung myself down by her side and, after long efforts, saw her eyes open and the warm blood mantle her cheek and brow and at last bore her away to the cave, where she rested, sunk in a deep slumber.

"When it was again day, the eunuchs came once more to the shore and searched for the body of the maiden, to see if haply it had been cast up. I watched them from the cave, turning my eyes at times upon the sleeping form of her whom they vainly sought.

"'The waves have engulfed her,' I heard one of them say, and recognised the voice of him who delivered me from the dungeon.

"'The Emir bade us search carefully the whole shore for the body, that the sight of it might inspire the rest of his harim with fear,' replied another. 'I like not to return without the maiden.'

"'Thou art zealous indeed, methinks, responded the first, with a laugh in which I fancied that I could detect an anxious tone; 'art thou not satisfied after thy efforts, or dost thou desire to keep us under the blaze of the sun for a whole day? Come, get thee back, or not kindly will I treat thee when Waha promotes me. Thou didst hear him say that when the keeper of the escaped barshi dies I am to have his office; think, then, ere thou keepest me here bent on a useless task.' The eunuch, hearing these words, moved reluctantly on, followed by the others.

"When the danger was passed, I left the cave and gathering some shell-fish from the rocks, bade Haidie partake of them. All that day I busied myself in the effort to make a raft from the wreckage which lay so plentifully upon the storm-swept shore, for the maiden feared to return to Yambo, and entreated me to cross the Red Sea to the opposite coast. I knew the perils of such a rash enterprize: for sixty leagues to traverse thus seemed to be a sheer impossibility. Yet for her I would not hesitate to make the trial, and at last the sorry craft was ready.

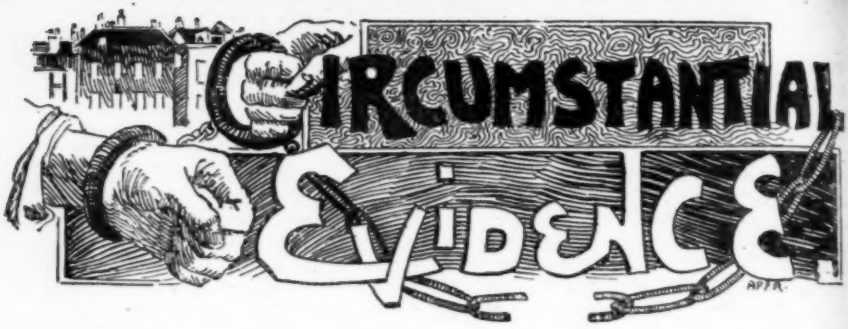
"I placed the maiden on the raft and, following her, tried to force our frail hope of safety westward. All night we were the sport of wind and wave, and many times we sat with arms entwined, thinking to meet thus the end which threatened us.

"Now it chanced that Harad, the pilot of the pilgrim ship on which we now are, was looking out to sea at dawn and saw us on the raft, which was rapidly breaking up.

"Putting his vessel round and heeding not the remonstrances of the pilgrims who knew not his purpose, he made for us; and well it was that he did, for by the time he reached us we were again in the waters. I held the maiden once more supported by one arm and with the other clung to a broken spar—all that I could grasp of the shattered raft on which we set out.

"Before long we were upon the pilgrim ship, and when, after leaving Yambo, Harad returned to Suez, he carried us thither. There I left Haidie on the day that of late this vessel set out again, for to Allah and Mahomet I have vowed this pilgrimage, since Haidie has become my bride."

"A bold spirit has thou indeed," said the sheik, looking with approval upon the Turk, as the latter concluded his story: "and much thou owest to Harad, the pilot." Just then in the far east the dawn appeared and Harad steered his vessel up the creek, while the pilgrims crowded and jostled to the prow again, each wishing to be first to set foot on the land before them beyond the harbour of Yambo.



BY CHARLES OGILVIE.

THE English summer had set in with its accustomed severity. People were complaining of the cold wet weather, as though fine weather were a thing they had a right to expect at that season of the year. Notwithstanding years of experience to the contrary, everybody had hopefully anticipated sunny skies and warm breezes in July.



THE POLICEMAN GLANCED SUSPICIOUSLY AT HIM

One pitilessly cold wet night in that month, a few solitary pedestrians hurrying along one of the streets off the Euston Road, with heads bent down to shield their faces from the biting wind and sleet, cast passing glances at the figure of a man standing silent and immovable on the pavement. His gaze was steadfastly fixed upon one of the windows of a house on the opposite side, and the policeman on the beat glanced suspiciously at him ere he "moved on" into the darkness of the streets.

Although it was the month of July, a fire was evidently burning in the room on the window of which the man's gaze was fixed so steadfastly, for the light within flickered and died out, then suddenly shone quite brightly for a moment out into the misty darkness of the street, and died again.

Presently the watcher lowered his gaze from the window, and strode across the road to the house, and knocked loudly at the door.

Obtaining no response, he rang the bell and knocked again, without result.

He lifted his rain soaked hat, and wiped away the moist drops from his face and forehead. By the dim, misty light of a neighbouring lamp he looked like a man of middle age, who was borne down with worry and trouble; for in the murky shadow the deep lines under his eyes and on his forehead, and the hollows in his cheeks were deepened and intensified.

He waited on the door-step for several minutes, then knocked again louder than before. Then he recrossed the road to look up at the window, through which he had seen the glow of the firelight, and as he glanced upward his heart stood still

with horror. A bright crimson light shone from the window up into the sky, and the interior of the room was a roaring furnace; the glass of the windows began to crack, and tongues of flame, embedded in a volume of smoke, leaped out and licked the stone parapet above.

"Fire! Fire!" he shouted hoarsely, but no one heard. He rushed across the road to the house again, and climbed to the ledge of the first window within his reach, and smashed the glass in with his fist. But the heavy oak shutters within defied his attempts to effect an entrance.

He sprang down again to the pavement, and ran wildly up the street, shouting, almost screaming, for help; but no one was out that cold, wet night, except the policeman, who was away at the far end of the beat.

Back he came again to the burning house alone. A small knot of people had collected in the street, and one man was just starting off to alarm the fire brigade. Dishevelled heads were being thrust out of the top windows of all the neighbouring houses.

"Oh, save her! Save her!" he cried, as he rushed into the midst of the group of men standing idly by, awaiting the arrival of the fire engines.



"MY WIFE!" HE SHRIEKED. "SHE'S INSIDE."

"Wot's the matter, guv'nor," asked a great burly ruffian, one of the night birds who prowl around the streets under cover of the darkness, seeking their prey.

"My wife!" he shrieked. "She's inside. Oh, can't you help me to save her?"

"Wot can we do?" asked the ruffian grimly. "We ain't going to risk our bloomin' necks for you, are we? Save 'er yerself, if you're so anxious."

"Hi! Hi! Hi!"

There was a sound of galloping horses, and the sharp rattle of wheels, as the first fire engine dashed upon the scene, then another, and another, and another, arriving from different quarters.

The men sprang off and ran to their different posts of duty.

"Anybody inside?" asked the officer in charge.

"Yes, my wife! Oh, save her, save her."

"All right. Stand aside there."

By this time the plugs had been opened, the hose screwed on, and the steamers were already throwing jets of water through the broken window into the room where the fire had just been seen.

But the entire house was in flames, and clouds of suffocating smoke, depressed by the heavy wet atmosphere, rolled down into the street, blinding and suffocating the workers and lookers on.

Any living soul within the building must have perished long since.

The poor husband rushed frantically backward and forward, in and out among the panting engines, through the smoke and steam, under the streams of water, gesticulating and screaming: "My wife: my wife! save my wife! We parted in anger. Oh, save her!"

Suddenly his wild career was arrested by the grasp of a strong hand on his collar, and a harsh voice in his ear.

"Hulloa, young man! You know something about this, do yer? I thought you'd had a hand in it."

And looking up he found himself confronted by the policeman of the beat, who had watched him so suspiciously earlier in the evening.

"It's my house!" he cried. "My wife's inside."

"Oh, is it? Then don't you say nothing more, or it may be used as evidence against yer."

The poor man, scarce knowing what he did, made an effort to free himself, but

was only pinioned tighter and thrown on the ground. Then, another policeman arriving on the scene, the two constables unceremoniously hauled him to his legs between them.

"He says it is his own house, and his wife is burnt to death inside," said the first one to his comrade. "He's been hanging about in the street watching the house all the evening. Looks to me like arson, if not murder. We'd better take him to the station."

"Right y'are. . . . Now then, stand up, will yer, and come along."

In another minute the poor man, limp and helpless, in his mental agony scarce comprehending what was passing, was being dragged forcibly to the nearest police station, to be charged on suspicion with the crime of wilfully setting fire to his own house, and thereby causing the death of a lady and the servant.

"You say the house is nearly burnt out, and neither of the two women have escaped?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, sir," said the constable.

The inspector looked serious. "I'm afraid," said he to the man before him, "that I shall have to keep you here. The charge may possibly be wilful murder. It is my duty to ask you what you have to say, but at the same time I caution you that whatever you do say will be taken down in writing, and may be used as evidence against you."

The prisoner stared at him dazed and stupid, and the inspector, being a good-natured fellow, seeing the pitiable state he was in, advised him to send for a solicitor and await his advice before making any remark, as the charge against him was so serious.

The wisdom of the inspector's advice seemed to gradually dawn upon the prisoner's shattered mind, and he mentioned the name and address of a well-known solicitor, who was immediately sent for.



"TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT."

After this the poor fellow completely broke down, and was led away in a dazed semi-unconscious state to a cell, to await the time for his appearance as one of the "night charges" before the magistrate in the morning.

About an hour before the Court opened, the solicitor called, and asked to be permitted to see the prisoner. He was accordingly ushered into the cell, where the man was seated on a wooden bench, his elbows on his knees and head bowed in his hands, sobbing and moaning as if his heart were breaking.

He seated himself also on the bench, and laid his hand on the prisoner's arm.

"I am very sorry to find you here, like this," he said; but met with no response.

"Will you give me your instructions for the defence?" he asked, after a pause.

"No," was the curt reply.

"Why not? You must be aware that it is a very serious charge against you, and some defence must be made."

"Very well, make it; but let me alone."

"You must tell me something, however little, to guide me."

"Oh, my poor darling," sobbed his client. "If only we had not parted in anger——"

"Tell me all about it," whispered the solicitor. "Perhaps I can help you."

"I don't want your help. She is dead and I may as well die too."

The solicitor knew how to manage an intractable client, and, when the prisoner's lips began to open, held his own tongue. His silence irritated the man, and he asked.

"Well, what are you going to do."

"To defend you if you will give me the necessary particulars. If not, I shall return to my office."

The tone of the remark irritated the man still more, and effected its purpose in rousing him from his morbid meditations.

"Look here," he said

vehemently. "You can't do me any good, because all I want now is to die, and that the sooner the better. But I'll tell you all I know."

The solicitor was all attention, but no word or comment passed his lips.

"Look here," said his client. "I'll tell you, and you can judge whether it's any use troubling about me any more. My wife and I have been married three months and lived a life of such happiness, oh, such happiness as I would never have believed possible if I hadn't gone through it myself. Yesterday afternoon we had our first quarrel. Never mind what it was about—it was a bad quarrel and I used some very hard words to her. She said some very nasty things to me, and I —— well I'm not quite sure that I didn't even strike her. I was so mad. Oh, my poor darling, if I could only have you back——" he broke off and began to sob again.

"Go on," said the solicitor; and the man roused himself and drew his hand wearily across his forehead.

"Well, I was saying we quarrelled, and I left her in the bedroom crying and wishing she had never married me. I ran out of the house, declaring that I would never enter it again; feeling unutterably angry and wretched, feeling that she would never forgive what I had done, and that I could never forget the cruel things she had said in her anger against me. My life was blighted for ever. I walked about the streets for hours, with a strong inclination to throw myself from one of the bridges. Where I walked I don't know, but gradually my anger cooled down, and a shameful feeling crept over me. My love for her was regaining its old sway in spite of all her faults and unkind words. I turned back toward our home, the home where we had been so happy; but when I got back into our street the feeling of shame grew stronger, and I could not make up my mind to go in. I paced up and down outside for a long time, conflicting passions of love, and anger, and shame fighting for the mastery. At times I would turn away, and got as far as the Euston Road, intending to go right away somewhere and not return; then my love would draw me back again to our home. I stood for a long time opposite the house, watching the window of the room where I had seen her last. It was a horrible night, cold and wet, not fit for a dog to bear, and I was drenched, but I had been too full of passion to feel anything externally. At last I made up my mind to go in and implore her forgiveness. I knocked at the door, but no one answered. I was quite sure she was inside, because I had seen the flicker of the firelight in her room. I knocked and rang again several times, and then it occurred to me that she must have seen me hanging about outside and forbidden the servant to let me in. I was humiliating myself there on my own doorstep in vain. My anger began to return, and I stepped out into the road to take one last look at her bedroom window before I went away, when I saw that the place was on fire. I tried to force an entrance, but failed. Help came, but it came too late. Oh, my poor dear lost darling."

He utterly broke down again and was convulsed with sobs.

"I am afraid we can make but a very poor defence," observed the solicitor. "There is absolutely nothing tangible. You can't even plead an *alibi*."

"I don't want to be defended. I want to die," was the only response; and before the solicitor could succeed in obtaining any further information they were interrupted by the entrance of two officials to remove the prisoner to the Court.

"Just one moment," said the solicitor. "Your late wife's relatives ought to be informed of her sad fate. Will you give me their addresses?"

"Her father and mother



"I'M THE GENTLEMAN'S SERVANT."

live at Lyme Regis, a small hamlet in Dorset."

The prisoner wrote an address on a slip of paper, saying, "They are old people. Break it gently to them."

When, a few minutes later, the prisoner was brought into the local magistrate's Court to be formally charged, he appeared to be utterly oblivious to all surroundings, and had to be assisted into the dock.

All the evidence against him was circumstantial, and in such cases circumstantial evidence is the most damning. The policeman who first arrested him swore to having seen the man loitering in a suspicious manner in the vicinity of the house during the greater part of the evening, and on his return to the street while the fire was raging, he had found the prisoner still on the scene, behaving in a very excited and violent manner. On being arrested the prisoner had said that the house was his own, and his wife had been burnt to death inside. In his opinion the prisoner was drunk.

One of the opposite neighbours gave evidence that earlier in the day, while sitting at her open window, she had heard high words passing between the prisoner and his wife, and that soon afterwards the prisoner had left the house. She had not seen any other person leave the house, nor did she see the prisoner again until the fire broke out, when he was standing in the street calling upon the people to save his wife.

The magistrate asked the prisoner if he had anything to say; but he only hid his face in his hands and moaned.

"Was the house or furniture insured?" asked the magistrate.

"His Honor asks you if the house was insured," repeated a policeman, giving the prisoner a shake.

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"For how much?"

"Eight hundred pounds."

"More than it was worth, I should think. I shall commit you for trial for arson, subject to any other charges that may be preferred against you by the Coroner's Court."

Scarcely had the prisoner been removed from the Court by his two custodians, when there was a commotion in the public doorway, and a woman's voice was heard screaming in shrill accents:

"I tell 'ee ye must let me in. They'll hang my poor master before I can save him, and all on account o' me."

"What is the meaning of that disturbance?" asked the magistrate.

The young woman, who had succeeded in edging herself into the Court, seeing all eyes turned upon her, cried out: "I'm the gentleman's servant wot's burnt to death, yer 'onner."

"What does she mean?" asked the magistrate sternly. "Take her away."

But before they could seize her she had cried out in shrill accents: "He didn't set fire to the 'ouse, yer washup; I did it; and his wife 'aint dead any more than me."

"The woman had better be sworn," observed the magistrate gravely.

She was accordingly conducted into the witness box and made to take the oath, and in a long, roundabout manner told her tale: How, after the quarrel, and the master had gone out, her mistress had packed up a few necessaries and left the house, to go home to her parents in Dorsetshire. After dark, she herself had taken advantage of the fact of being left alone, to go out to visit a friend. She had left a paraffin oil lamp burning in her mistress' bedroom, where she had dressed herself in some



THE REUNION.

of the lady's clothes, and in her absence this lamp must have got upset, probably, as she suggested, "by the cat, which was a reg'lar varmint for doing mischief."

Her evidence was quite sufficient to warrant an order being immediately made out for the release of the prisoner; and the evening of that day closed upon a touching scene being enacted in the parlour of a little cottage on the Dorsetshire coast, where an elderly couple smiled upon the protestations of mutual love and forgiveness between two young people, whose pale tearstained faces suggested the assumption that they had not many hours previously arrived from London.





A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

VERY!

BY ALEC. G. PEARSON.

ONE dull, chilly evening in October I was walking down Fenchurch Street in the direction of the Mansion House, my thoughts far away by a warm fireside in a cosy room, where I could already in fancy detect the grateful aroma of hot buttered toast, when I was startled from my pleasing reverie by hearing a voice behind me exclaim :

"Come out of that hat! I know you're in it, I can see your feet!"

Turning suddenly round to see who had addressed me in such an unceremonious fashion, I found myself face to face with my old chum and schoolfellow, Jack Stanley, a broad grin disfiguring his otherwise good-looking countenance.

"Hullo! old fellow, how are you?" I exclaimed, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Why, I thought you were on the Continent."

"Came back a week ago," he replied briefly. "I'm now making my way to my diggings; if you have no better engagement you might come and spend the evening with me."

"With pleasure."

"I say, old man, I hope you are not offended at the manner in which I greeted you just now," he continued; "but wherever did you get that hat? It doesn't fit."

"Well, the fact is it doesn't belong to me," I explained. "I went into Clippers', in Fenchurch Street, about half-an-hour ago, to be shaved. When that operation was finished and I was about to leave, the attendant handed me this hat. I told him it was not mine, but as this was the only one left unclaimed, I was obliged to take it or go without. Some other fellow had taken mine by mistake, I suppose."

"Had they no idea who it was?"

"No. You know their place is generally pretty crowded of an evening. The worst of it is this hat is too big for me, and is not such a good one as my own."



"COME OUT OF THAT HAT!

"Of course," laughed Stanley; "that is always the case. No doubt the other man is making the same remark about your hat at the present moment."

"Not with any degree of truth, then. But I trust he will be honest enough to return it."

"Possibly he may be; in the meantime you must wear his; but as you are an object of some interest to the street boys, and as *I* have no fancy for walking through these dirty streets all the way to Charing Cross, I think we had better call a cab."

Needless to say I agreed, and a few moments later we were rattling merrily along towards the West.

"Let me have a look at the tile. Not a bad one," said Stanley, as I handed it to him; "looks as if it had been ironed, though. Wonder whether there is a name on the inside of the leather? Hullo! it must have been too big for the other man as well, it's stuffed out with paper. A letter, by jove! Perhaps we may find out now who the owner is."

"But we ought not to read another person's letter, even though he has changed hats; no doubt when he finds out his mistake——"

"We need only look to see if there is an address," interrupted Stanley. "There is nothing on the envelope but 'Mr. B. Martin,' possibly the owner's name. Now for the letter.—'Wednesday morning—' H'm! Hullo!"

"What is it?" I enquired, as I saw Stanley deliberately read the letter from beginning to end with an air of the greatest interest.

"That's rather queer; read it," he replied, handing me the missive.

"But——"

"You need have no scruples about reading it—at least I hadn't."

By the light of the lamp that hung at the back of the cab I read as follows:—

"Wednesday morning,
"*October 13th.*

"Meet me at Pitsea Station at half-past four, Friday afternoon. We can then go over to the old house by the river and have a look at our prisoner. If she is still obstinate, we must get rid of her. Jack will manage that for us. "J. F."



THE CAB PULLED UP AT A HATTER'S.

"What do you think of it?" enquired Stanley, when I had finished the perusal of the note.

"Well, to tell the truth, I can't make anything of it," I replied. "It seems to me a trifle vague."

"It strikes *me* there's foul play somewhere, and I sniff an adventure."

Stanley, by the way—like his great namesake—had a mania for sniffing ad-

ventures, some of which he followed up with most astonishing results.

"Well, of course there may be——" I began doubtfully.

"May be! You haven't read the letter carefully. Don't you see that for some reason or other a girl—or woman—is kept a prisoner in a mysterious old house by the river; on the marshes near Pitsea, too; one of the least frequented parts of the Essex shore. A dreary, lonely place: I know it. Possibly they want to extort money from her. Then the words, 'If she is still obstinate we must get rid of her.' It's as plain as a pikestaff; her life may be in danger. It is our duty to go to her assistance."

I suggested that perhaps it would be better to place the matter in the hands of the police.

"No, no! The police bungle these matters so. I tell you what, I intend to do a little private detective business," (another mania of his) "and you must assist me."



"TALLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH DARK BEARD," HE REPLIED.

Stanley is one of those fellows who will tackle a complicated subject, at sight, as it were, and make the whole matter as clear as daylight to those who will adopt his views of the case. Certainly he is not always right, but then enthusiasm is catching. As my time was my own for a few days, I consented to place myself at his disposal, though with a certain amount of misgiving.

"It is just possible we may be interfering in a matter that we have no right to," I ventured to remark.

"That remains to be proved," replied Stanley, who, by virtue of his discovery, immediately assumed the direction of the whole affair. "Now the first thing to be done is to take a copy of this letter and replace the original in the hat. Wait a minute, though."

Putting his stick through the little lid in the roof of the hansom to attract the driver's attention, he called out:—

"Stop at the nearest hatter's."

"What is that for," I asked.

"You must get another hat," answered Stanley, "and we must return this one at once to the hair-dressing saloon in Fenchurch Street. The owner is sure to go back for it when he finds out his mistake, if only on account of this letter."

The cab presently pulled up at a hatter's in the Strand, and I alighted. Stanley kept his seat and made a copy of the mysterious epistle. As soon as I had completed my purchase, the cabman was directed to drive back to Fenchurch Street. The return journey was soon accomplished, and when I returned the hat to the manager of "Clipper's" establishment, he informed me that "The other gent had not been back with mine, but if I would leave my address——"

"No; I would call to-morrow, and see if my hat had been returned."

An hour later we were seated by the

fire in Stanley's comfortable rooms at Craven Street, discussing our plans for the following day—Friday.

"I think it is advisable that we should be the first to arrive at Pitsea," said Stanley; "so we'll go by an earlier train than the one mentioned in that note, we shall then have time to look round a bit, and find out the best means of watching the movements of these 'gentlemen' without exciting their suspicion. I trust the owner of that hat will wear it, because I should easily recognise it again; there is a mark on the back part of the rim as though it had been rubbed against some wet paint. If he wears a different tile we must trust to chance to pick out the right man."



SHOOK HIM BY THE HAND.

After discussing the matter till nearly midnight, I came to the conclusion that Stanley was undoubtedly right in his suspicions; so we parted in the understanding that I should meet him in Fenchurch Street at eleven o'clock the following morning.

On making enquiries at the hairdresser's next day, I found that my hat had been returned.

"Did you notice the person who brought it back," I asked the attendant. "What was he like?"

"Tallish gentleman, with dark beard and moustache, sir," he replied; "and wearing a dark brown overcoat."

"Intelligent fellow, that attendant," remarked Stanley, who had accompanied me inside. "With that description we ought to have no difficulty in identifying our man. We'll go down to the station now and see how the trains run."

On looking over the time bills we found that a train left Fenchurch Street at 2 p.m., arriving at Pitsea at 3.45 p.m., and by this we decided to travel. We then drove to Stanley's rooms, and after a substantial lunch made ready for a start.

"By the way," said Stanley, "I have asked George Capel to come with us; it's as well to have three in case of accidents." (What did he mean by "accidents"?) "Moreover," he continued, "Capel knows a lot about these matters."

Capel's knowledge of "these matters" consisted in the fact that he wrote detective stories of a thrilling nature for certain periodicals. In calmer moments I should have tried to back out of an adventure with such a pair, but somehow Stanley had managed to inspire me with some of his enthusiasm, and I had no thought now but to go forth, like a knight of old, to the rescue of some damsel in distress.

Presently Capel arrived with a mysterious looking case, which he placed carefully on the table. It was noticeable that from the moment of his arrival we all moved and conversed like three Venetian conspirators (old style) plotting the destruction of the State.

After greetings had been exchanged, Capel tapped the mysterious case, and in a solemn whisper said, "We may want these."

"What are they?" I enquired.

"A pair of revolvers and some cartridges. We must be fully prepared for all emergencies," he continued, in answer to my look of astonishment. "You see, we don't know the style of men we have to deal with, they may be desperate characters. If they are armed and we are not, we can do nothing; but with these little weapons in our fists we shall at least be on equal terms, and if they happen to be unarmed we shall command the situation."

"By jove!" exclaimed Stanley admiringly, "I don't know what we should do without you, Capel."

I was drawing a vivid mental picture of what we should probably do *with* him.

At last we started.

My companions seemed to have made up their minds for an exciting adventure,

and Stanley enlivened the journey down with wonderful stories of queer things that had happened to him in other lands, while Capel quoted passages of a startling nature from his "Detective Reminiscences." On our arrival at Pitsea we went for a short walk through the little town, and then returned to the station to wait for the 4.30 train. Punctual to its time it arrived, and three people alighted, a middle-aged woman, a boy, and a tall dark man wearing a brown overcoat. The latter glanced up and down the platform as though expecting someone to meet him, and I caught a brief glimpse of a face that was anything but prepossessing. Dark, overhanging eyebrows, a sallow complexion, with a thick beard and moustache covering the lower part of his face. He wore a tall hat, and on the back part of the rim there was a mark such as Stanley had noticed the previous evening.

"That is the hat!" I exclaimed.

"Consequently that is the man," said Stanley. "And here apparently is his friend and accomplice," he continued, as a short, thick-set, ill-dressed individual walked briskly up to the dark man and shook him by the hand. After exchanging a few words they left the station together, little dreaming that from that moment they were shadowed by three men: cool, determined, and brave almost to recklessness—at least we so considered ourselves, although I am now of opinion that different adjectives would have fitted us better.

We followed at a respectful distance, and saw them enter an inn a short distance down the road, on the right-hand side; we went into a small coffee-shop nearly opposite, and seated ourselves near the window at a table covered by a cloth that bore signs of once being white. Stanley ordered three cups of cocoa and some biscuits. "It's the safest thing to have in these places," he remarked in a whisper; "I would not tempt fate by drinking a cup of the strange beverage they call tea." The table at which we sat was decorated with a salt-cellar, a demoralizing mustard-pot, a greasy and coffee stained copy of the Daily Chronicle, and a dead fly.

We removed the decorations.

In due course the repast was served, for which the modest sum of sixpence was charged. There was plenty for the money; about half-a-pound of biscuits, three large mugs of cocoa, a miniature jug containing milk, and three minute



"HADN'T YOU BETTER CREEP UP AND LOOK THROUGH THE CRACK?"

sugar-basins, each containing two lumps of sugar.

I looked doubtfully at the brown liquid in front of me, which smelt faintly of cocoa.

"Try the biscuits," said Stanley, laughing; "they are all right."

For a quarter of an hour we sat at that coffee-shop window, watching the inn-door, but the "mysterious strangers" made no sign. I had arrived at the conclusion that we were on a fools' errand (whether I was right or not, remains to be proved) when I was startled into activity, both mental and bodily, by a thrust in the ribs with Capel's elbow, as he exclaimed in a hoarse sort of whisper, "Here they are!"

I glanced across the road; the two men were standing outside the door of the inn, talking. Presently they started to walk down the road in the direction of the river, and once again we followed them. Half a mile along the road they turned off on to a side path that led across one of those bleak, desolate and dreary marshes so common on the Essex side of the river. Near the river bank and fully a mile and a half from the road, stood a solitary building something like a small farmhouse, and for this they were evidently making. We took up a position behind a hedge and watched them until they had covered half the distance, and were almost lost to sight in the thin white mists that began to rise silently from the low-lying land as night came on.

"That is evidently the old house mentioned in the letter," said Stanley. "I think we are on the right track, but we must be cautious."

After walking for about half-an-hour, we found ourselves within a hundred yards of the house—a long, low, whitewashed building, with a thatched roof, surrounded by a wall about three feet high. It was quite dark by this time; the whole sky was obscured by clouds, and the wind moaned in fitful gusts across the dismal flats. Over on the Kentish shore a few lights gleamed here and there, and we could just discern the black outline of a ship as she lay at anchor, motionless upon the silent river.

We crept cautiously towards the house until we were close up to the wall that encircled it. Right facing us was a window, closed in by a shutter, through the chinks of which a light shone.

Suddenly from within the lighted room there came a wild cry, almost a shriek, followed by the sound of men's voices and a curious scuffling noise, as though someone was struggling—then silence.

The cry was uttered by a woman!

It was a cold night, but I wiped the perspiration from my brow. So did Capel. Stanley grasped my arm, he was trembling—with excitement, he afterwards said.

"Hadn't you better creep up to the window and look through the crack in the shutters," he whispered to me.

Capel thought that would be the best thing, too. He and Stanley could remain near with the revolvers, ready to spring to my assistance if necessary.

"Wouldn't it be better if one of you crept up to the window—" I began.

But Stanley interrupted me. "If we wanted to be of any assistance to the girl who was in the power of those two villains," he said, "it was no use wasting time in argument."

Finally it was decided that we should all three go together.

Stealthily, through the long wet grass, we crept on our hands and knees to the wall. Noiselessly we dropped over and listened. No sound. Gaining confidence we rose to our feet and, with bodies bent, stepped slowly towards the window. Suddenly there was a ringing report, as of a pistol, in the room facing us, and with one accord we all crouched close together in the long grass, scarcely daring to breathe. Had the villains committed murder? If we were too late to prevent a tragedy, the murderers might still, through our agency, be handed over to justice. Again we listened, and I could distinguish the sound of men's voices, mingled now and then with the barking of a dog.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer. Regardless of consequences I sprang up and went to the window. Stanley and Capel followed me. A strange sight was presented to our view.

On a deal table in the centre of a barely furnished room, was a miniature cannon, that had evidently just been discharged; and sitting near it, on the same table, a small fox-terrier. There were three men in the room—the two that we had followed and another—and in an arm-chair by a comfortable fire, reclined a young woman. She was speaking.

"I think you ought to let her remain

here to kill the rats," she was saying; "the place swarms with them, and I can tell you I shan't stay here much longer, rent free or not." Then glancing towards a corner of the room with an air of disgust; "Why don't you put that dead thing outside?"

"That dead thing!"

I pressed my face against the chink in the shutter until I was able to command a view of the whole room, and there in the farthest corner I saw the dead body—of a large rat! Did that account for the scuffling we had heard, and the terrified scream? Well, women *do* scream if a rat gets into the same room with them.

"You can keep the dog here until we can find a customer for her," said the clean-shaven man. "She's as obstinate as a mule, and we shall never be able to train her to do anything but catch rats, and that's not exactly what we want."

Then the truth burst upon us like a flash, and I think we all felt that ordinary language was too feeble to express our feelings at that moment.

Evidently the little fox-terrier was the imprisoned damsel we had come to rescue, and although the "villains" looked as villainous as ever, I am afraid there was no other case against them.

In gloomy silence we retraced our steps.

The mist hung thicker than ever over the dark and dismal marshes, and it was with difficulty that we found the path. Halfway across it began to rain—fast. Presently Stanley's shoe came off, and we had to wait while he fastened it up again. Then Capel fell over something and dropped his revolver, and as he stooped for it in the mud, he referred in uncomplimentary terms to certain "miraculous idiots, leading people on a wild-goose chase, etc."

After walking for about three hours—at least it seemed three hours to me—we arrived at the Railway Inn.

When the landlord came in with refreshments, I asked him who lived at the old house on the marsh.

"Oh! that old place is occupied by some people who train performing cats and dogs, in fact all sorts of animals," he replied. "It's an out-of-the-way place, but it suits them, I suppose, as they've got it for next to nothing and they have no neighbours to——"

Capel interrupted him savagely. "Oh! look here, landlord, have you got anything to eat in the house?"

"Yes, sir. A capital piece of steak I can grill for you."

"That'll do splendidly," said Capel; and we all brightened up a bit at the thought of a nice hot supper in the cosy bar-parlour.

"By the way," said Stanley, "what time does the last train leave for London?"

"Last train to London, sir?" replied our host, "why, it's due in four minutes; you'll have to hurry up to catch it——"

That was the last straw.

A few minutes later, three adventurers, wet through, silent, supperless and sad, might have been seen entering the Pitsea station.



THREE ADVENTURERS—SILENT, SUPPERLESS AND SAD.

Association Football.



INSTANTANEOUS PHOTO.—"A SCRIMMAGE IN GOAL."

SINCE the inauguration of the "Association" Game at the end of 1863, never has Football so flourished as during the past five years or so—until we now find almost every available space abounding with lovers of our great winter game, and long before the stumps are finally drawn from the cricket-field, the Footballers are at practice, and the secretaries and officials of the numerous organisations are bewildered as to their choice from amongst their ranks to make up their representative Team, and only by careful study of individual play is this first step satisfactorily effected. Our illustration: "A Scrimmage in Goal," describes these preliminary stages of the season, taken when some of our well-known West End Clubs were hard at work goal kicking.

When the alteration from the code of Rugby rules was first adopted, there were two Association Games, viz., the London and the Sheffield; neither of these, however, had any power over provincial Clubs outside its own limited radius. When, therefore, new clubs were started, the members were called upon not only to form a code of rules for the admission to and administration of their Club, but also to adopt a set of playing rules; and as each Club was free to do that which was right in its own eyes, those adopted were often composed of a selection from several codes. Naturally, under such circumstances, confusion reigned supreme. In inter-club matches the rule generally was that the game should be played according to the code adopted by the home club; and, when journeying to another town, the members of the visiting team had to occupy themselves diligently with the study of the rules that were to govern the day's play, and it was

WEST BROMWICH ALBION TEAM.



J. LAVENDER. M. D. NICHOLSON. J. READER. Councillor PHILLIPS. J. E. SHILTON. W. PADDOCK (Trainer).
W. BASSETT. R. MCLEOD. W. GROVES. T. PEARSON. J. GEDDES. C. PERRY (Captain).
T. MCCULLOCH. J. REYNOLDS. F. DYER.

no unusual thing for one set of rules to be played during the first half of a game, and another set of rules in the second half.

In October of the year 1871, the London Football Association decided to institute a Cup of the value of £25, open to competition for Clubs affiliated to the Association; and so strong has that institution since become, that all clubs, of any pretence to sound play, have joined themselves to it, and we now find it the centre of authority, and the governing body for the English Association Game, with divisions and representatives throughout the country. Through this important amalgamation, we now find one universal code of rules played by all clubs playing eleven men, as in the case of the Rugby Union.

From the commencement to the finish of the season, the greatest interest is displayed throughout the country in all contests between our leading professional clubs, while the anxiety attached to League Competitions is most intense; and the battles for our National Trophy in the Competition proper is watched with the utmost enthusiasm. Those alone who have seen a final English Cup tie, at the Oval, can estimate the high pitch of excitement that football commands.

Weeks before the fixed day, every available seat is disposed of; and hours before the kick-off, upwards of thirty thousand lovers of the game encircle the field of play, while the pavilion is lined even to the chimney-tops.

To recapitulate the doings of last season would be, indeed, stale news; as interest will be centred in the doings of the present season, which will be in full swing when these few notes go to press.

Like other football centres, London has this season launched out in several fresh competitions, and the newly-formed Leagues, together with the additional trophies offered for competition, seem likely to stimulate public appreciation, in the contest of some of our junior clubs.

As a memento of last season's play we give four of the leading professional teams:

The West Bromwich Albion, holders of the English Cup; Aston Villa, runners-up in the English Cup Competition; Preston North End, League champions, 1889-90; runners-up, 1890-91 and 1891-92; and Notts Forest, who fought hardly on three occasions with the Albion in the Semi-final Competition.

The WEST BROMWICH ALBION, though generally figuring very badly in the League contests, met and defeated some of our strongest teams in the ties for the National Trophy, viz., the previous holders — Blackburn Rovers, Sheffield Wednesday, Notts Forest, &c., &c., though particularly fortunate in winning their game with the Old Westminsters in the first round of the competition. Many of our readers will remember this well-contested game, and how sadly the Old Boys were represented owing to the prevailing epidemic (the influenza). The Westminsters certainly played a grand game in the thick snow, and, with an absence list of five of their best players, they were only defeated by the narrow margin of a goal.

The Old Boys, however, just managed to wrench the London Senior Cup from the Ilford Club, upon a decidedly fluky goal.

The Albion was formed as far back as 1880, and, after four years of minor victories, they won the Staffordshire Cup in 1884. In 1886 they enjoyed the unique distinction of playing in six finals—winning the Birmingham Cup, and County Cup, but were defeated in the English Cup tie by the Blackburn Rovers, the ultimate winners. During 1887 the Albion played with renewed vigour, struggling hard for National honours, and created quite a surprise by defeating the League Champions, Preston North End, by three goals to nil, but they afterwards fell victims to their great rivals, Aston Villa.

The Throstles (by which name they are better known in West Bromwich) saw the height of their ambition in 1888, when, greatly to their club's credit, each member of their team was a "Throstle" bred and born. After an exceptionally fine record of winning twenty-three matches in succession, they defeated the all-conquering Preston North End in the final struggle for the English Cup, and so for the first

ASTON VILLA TEAM.



G. CAMPBELL. W. DICKSON (Captain). A. HINCHLEY. J. BAIRD. C. HARE. R. OPENBOULD. W. EVANS. G. B. RAMSAY (Secretary).
J. COWAN. W. C. ATHERSMITH. J. BROWN. J. DEVEY. D. HODGETTS. L. CAMPBELL.

time became the holders of that coveted trophy, which they justly boast of holding for the present season.

In the semi-final tie, 1889, the Albion were beaten by the North End Team, by one to nil, a match made memorable by the crowd that thronged to Sheffield, with which the authorities were totally unable to cope, the spectators breaking over the lines and stopping play for some time. To keep up with the times, the West Bromwich Albion executive have been compelled to apply to Scotland for recruits, but it is a pleasure to see their best men are still natives of their own town.

Charles Perry, the captain, is of West Bromwich extraction, and one of England's best centres, having played in the International Teams in that position, and his captaincy has been most popular.

One of the cleverest players in the team is W. Bassett, also a "Throstle," and in the position of outside right he has certainly no superior, or few equals, and he has played for England in that position some half-a-dozen times.

Reader, their goal-keeper, is a capital custodian, worthy the highest possible praise; his magnificent saves on the Oval, March 19th, being still green in our memories.

We hear the Albion are to lose the services of M. D. Nicholson, who has taken an appointment near London as schoolmaster, and will probably figure with the Plumstedites this season.

The ASTON VILLA are perhaps more lucky than the West Bromwich in numbers of paid professionals, numbering as they do quite thirty, but their play (considering they stand at nothing to obtain the best men in the market) has been lately very erratic, and especially disappointing to their supporters on several occasions.

The Club was first started in connection with the young men from the Aston Villa Wesleyan Chapel, about a mile out of Birmingham, in 1874, by a few scholars from the Bible Class, who, for outside

NOTTS FOREST TEAM.



C. GRICE (Trainer). A. RITCHIE. J. SMITH. D. RUSSEL. W. B'OAN. J. M'PHERSON. H. S. RADFORD (Secretary).

T. LINDLEY. W. SMITH. A. HIGGINS. H. PIKE. A. SHAW. A. SCOTT.

exercise, enjoyed a friendly game. Few would have thought of predicting such a future for the little band until 1879, when they won the Birmingham Cup. They have since so far developed that the writer often wonders how many of the members still attend the Aston Villa Chapel, from which they have taken their name, or if any chapel members are still in the team. The Birmingham Cup they have won about eight times, the Mayor's Charity Cup about the same number, Staffordshire Cup three times, and our National Cup once. The bulk of their players are Scotchmen, while in W. Dickson they have a thoroughly sound captain and capital centre forward; and quite an assortment of good exponents of the game, and international players, but perhaps their final defeat was through want of consistency.

The NOTTS FOREST team made a hard struggle last year to secure a place in the final tie of the English Cup competition, and, as many of our readers will remember, played two drawn games at Wolverhampton, in the semi-final, with the winners, and in their third meeting were beaten at Derby, snow completely spoiling all chances of scientific play.

Football was literally unknown in Nottingham before 1864, when it took the place of "Shinney," but now possesses two very strong professional teams, in Notts Forest and Notts County. The Forest team is exceedingly popular and holds at times exceedingly good entertainments and Bazaars, which greatly assist them financially.

Mr. Tinsley Lindley, the popular Corinthians captain, will be noticed amongst the Foresters; he has played for them with great success at outside right.

Lancashire boasts of several good professional Clubs, in fact, taking records into consideration, absolutely the best, both in their numbers and results, viz.: Blackburn Rovers, Bolton Wanderers, Preston North End, Everton, Bootle, Burnley, Accrington, &c. &c.; of these, we have picked the Preston North End, last year's League

PRESTON NORTH END TEAM.



VISITOR. R. HOLMES. J. SHARP. M. SAUNDERS. TRAINER. W. STEWART. N. J. ROSS.
J. B. GORDON. J. D. ROSS. G. DRUMMOND. J. TRAINER (Captain). F. BECKTON. H. GALLACHER. LINESMAN.

champion; though the Blackburn Rovers and Wanderers have a better record than any other Club in the English Cup competitions, having each won that trophy five times.

The PRESTON NORTH END Club has been established close upon thirty years, but prior to 1882 they experienced a very chequered career. Since then, however, it has, in spite of many difficulties, been more prosperous and successful than any other football combination in the kingdom, and by many good judges is considered the leading organisation in the kingdom.

The North End team first reached the English Cup competition in 1884, and after a draw with the Upton Park, a protest was lodged and the Prestonians were disqualified on the grounds of professionalism, though it was generally known that most of the prominent clubs were guilty of the same offence. Veiled professionalism has, however, now nearly disappeared, and it is at last considered no disgrace to receive pay for services rendered on the football field. The next competition for the English Cup in which the Prestonians took part was in the season 1886–7, when they reached the semi-final, but were defeated at Nottingham by the West Bromwich Albion.

The same season they won the Lancashire Cup and took part in the London Charities match at Kennington Oval, under the patronage of H.R.H., the Prince of Wales, to whom Mr. Sudell (Chairman of Committee) and their captain, N. J. Ross, were presented.

The following season they reached the final for the English Cup, and were defeated again by the "Throstles;" but the next season, 1888–9, they completely took the football world by storm, and not only took away the National Cup but were League champions also.

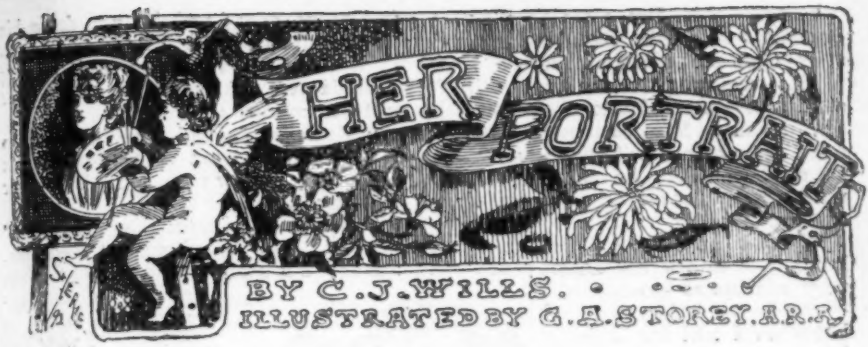
In the League (a combination of twelve of the most powerful clubs pledged to play home-and-home matches with their best teams) they won all their engagements, and in the Cup contest they had not a single goal scored against them. They again held the League Championship, 1889–90, and were runners-up to Everton, 1890–1, and second to Sunderland in last season's League results. Perhaps the best individual players, as represented in our photo of the team, is J. Trainer, captain and goal-keeper; N. J. Ross, considered one of the best players in either England or Scotland at left full back, has played almost regularly with the team since 1882; and George Drummond, one of the best exponents of the dribbling game, was unfortunately last season, together with Oswald, of Notts County, compelled to retire for the remainder of the season from Cup and League competitions, through rough play in their match with Notts County at Deepdale. As we, with many lovers of the game, do not wish to see such good and brilliant players debarred from important contests, we hope to hear of no repetitions this season.

More has now been said of these famous Clubs than the writer first intended, but more might easily be given about each individual player than the space at my disposal will allow.

Our illustrations are from photographs by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, London.

C. BENNETT.

***Next** month's Football Article will contain Notes and Photos on Sunderland, League Champions, Notts County, Blackheath, London Scottish, and Harlequins.*



CHAPTER XV.

MISS SANDOWN AS A PATRON OF ART.

"I'M going to make myself a present, Phillida; I want to have something to remember you by, Phillida, when you're gone."

"When I'm gone, Miss Sandown!" said Phillida. "You don't want to get rid of me?"

"No, I'm not tired of you, Phillida; but you're not likely to be content to stay with a cross old woman like me all your life, my dear. I've done my best to make you happy, child, because I'm very fond of you. But everybody likes to have a home of their own, and you'll have a home of your own some day, my dear, of course you will. And I shouldn't be at all surprised, my dear," said the old lady enigmatically, "if it were a very beautiful home. Little birds tell all sorts of things to wicked old women like me."

Phillida blushed, but she made no reply.

"I'm going to have your portrait painted, Phillida, and I've had a long talk about it with your old friend, Mrs. Charnelhouse; and she told me that I couldn't do better than to go to the top of the tree at once; and I'm going to ask another friend of yours to paint your portrait for me. So now, Phillida, you must try and look your best, and we will call on Mr. Milner at once and arrange with him."

"What, in oils, Miss Sandown?"

"Of course, child; all the best portraits are in oils. I don't mind being extravagant in a matter like this, and I suppose it'll be five-and-twenty guineas at the very least, though Mr. Snapshot, the photographer, would do it for half the money; but I don't care for that sort of thing, because they are always so horribly like that you can tell they are only photographs at a glance."

Phillida saw nothing ridiculous in the suggestion that Mr. Milner should paint her portrait for five-and-twenty guineas, and jump at the offer. She was glad that Miss Sandown was about to be guilty of this terrible extravagance, because she thought that it would be a capital thing for her kind old friend, John Milner; to her, five-and-twenty guineas seemed a large sum.

So after lunch they drove over to Milner's studio; and the painter was hard at work when they entered, and he apologised for the mixed smells of tobacco smoke and varnish. And then he invited Miss Sandown to sit in an Elizabethan arm-chair which stood upon a little dais in the centre of the room; and Phillida, whom the artist didn't recognise in the least, dropped into the old Chinese cane chair that she knew so well, as a matter of course.

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, Miss Sandown," said Milner, as he looked at her card, which he held in his hand. "How can I be of service to you, Madame?"

"It's a long story," began the old lady.

"In that case," said Mr. John Milner, "as I shall only have a good working light for another hour, perhaps you won't mind my continuing to fire away."

"The fact is, I've come as a *possible* customer," said Miss Sandown, laying a stress upon the penultimate word.

This tremendous announcement didn't seem to excite Mr. Milner the least little bit. Much to Miss Sandown's astonishment the artist didn't offer to show her his stock-in-trade; he simply went on with his work, while he appeared to be shaking inwardly.

"I went to Mrs. Charnelhouse, you know, just to ask her advice; she was very anxious to—to—to take my order; but when I told her I wanted an oil painting, she said you painted prettiness more prettily than anybody else.

"Oh, she told you that, did she?" said Milner with a grunt; well, it is my line—I am a painter of prettiness." Then he turned from his picture to Miss Sandown and stared at her in astonishment. "Why on earth should she come to me for her portrait?" he thought. "Old George," sitting there in the great chair, certainly did not strike him as pretty; honest, genuine, genial if you like, but not pretty: he turned towards Phillida as though seeking an explanation from her, and the instant he saw her he understood whose portrait was required, and why, as an eminent reproducer of female beauty (or painter of prettiness, it comes to very much the same thing), Miss Sandown had come to him.

"Stand up, my dear, and let Mr. Milner see you," said the old lady.

Phillida did as she was bid, and held out both her hands. "Don't you know me, Mr. Milner?" she said.

And as her silvery tones broke upon his ear, the little model in the homely black dress of three years ago came back to him at once; and he put down his palette and took the little gloved hands in his own great palms, and, holding Phillida at arm's length, he scanned her features curiously.

"My dear," he said, "you've grown so beautiful that it isn't to be wondered at that I didn't know you. There's no other word for it, you are *beautiful*."

"He's very anxious to get the order," thought Miss Sandown. "Well, Mr. Milner," she said, for she considered the artist's evident admiration rather a liberty, "I want you to do my young friend justice."



A STUDY OF ADELAIDE.

"That's quite beyond me," said the artist simply.

"And I want a very nice portrait of her, a half-length; and you mustn't ask too much," she added with a smile, "because old women are always fond of bargains you know, Mr. Milner."

"I like a lady who comes to the point," said the artist. "I shall be very pleased to do you a half-length for two hundred and fifty guineas."

"Two hundred and fifty guineas!" cried Miss Sandown. "Mr. Milner, you're poking fun at me. I'm an old woman, but I don't like to be laughed at. I was prepared to pay five-and-twenty; but the sum you mention is extortionate, it is indeed. Why, I've been reading the life of Sir Joshua lately, and it's very much more than he used to get."

"That's very likely," replied the artist, in no way abashed. "I'm sorry I can't oblige you, Miss Sandown, but I assure you that that's my price for a half-length, and I can't do it under; and I don't think that you'll find that any man in the front rank of the profession will ask you less."

"Then I shall have to do without the portrait," said Miss Sandown, in a tone of genuine disappointment.

"I think you can have the portrait, and a good portrait too, for five-and-twenty guineas, Miss Sandown," said Milner with a smile. "I can't paint it, simply because I haven't the time, and because my hands are full of commissions that I can't escape from. But I should dearly like to paint Miss Fane's portrait. There is a young artist of my acquaintance who is far better at portraiture than I am; he will do a satisfactory half-length of her for the sum you mention."

"In oils?" asked Miss Sandown, suspiciously.

"In oils, of course," replied Milner, with a smile.

"And he'll paint it in my house?" asked the old lady.

"Certainly, I was going to suggest that."

"But will he do her justice, Mr. Milner?" asked the patron of art.

"That, madam," said Milner, with an old-fashioned bow to Phillida, "is impossible."

"And this talented young artist's name?"

"His name is Croft," replied Milner with a chuckle.

Now the mention of Walter's surname conveyed no information whatever to Phillida; she had known John Milner's pupil simply as Walter, she had never so much as heard his surname.

"Very well, then," remarked Miss Sandown, rising, "all I can say is, Mr. Milner, that I'm exceedingly obliged to you. Phillida shall give him a sitting on Tuesday. My address is on the card and we shall expect him about eleven: that will be a suitable time, I suppose, Mr. Milner?"

"The morning light is always the best," replied the artist.

"And now let me thank you very much," said Miss Sandown, holding out her hand. "I'm glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Milner: my little Phillida has often talked to me of your great kindness to her, and I know that you two must have a thousand and one things to say to each other; and I've a call or two to make: and perhaps you might suggest to Phillida what to wear when she's painted; so I'll come back for her, if you'll let me, in about half an hour, and you two can have a good long chat."

Then John Milner escorted Miss Sandown to her carriage.

During their absence, Phillida noticed that the corner of the studio which was formerly occupied by John Milner's pupil, now gave no signs of his presence there. The numerous studies of Mrs. Dacre, which, as works of art, she had never thoroughly appreciated, were no longer pinned against the walls of his special corner; that fact seemed strange to her. When Milner came back to the studio, Phillida told him of her mother's death and of her great good fortune, and of the strong fancy the wealthy Miss Sandown had taken for her; and how she had been treated by the old lady more as a favourite child than as a paid companion; how, owing to Miss Sandown's great popularity, everybody showed her an immense amount of attention and kindness.

"I hope the great world hasn't turned your head, my dear," said Milner. "I heard something of your good fortune from Adelaide. When I saw you as a fine lady, I didn't know you."

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Milner," said the girl. "I don't forget my friends so easily. And how is Mr.—Mr. Walter?" she continued.

"Mr. Walter," said Milner, "has come to very considerable grief, and the lady he was to have married has thrown him over, Miss Fane. And Walter's trying very hard to earn his living, and he finds it up-hill work."

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear it," cried the girl in genuine grief; "he was always so nice: and she must have been a wicked woman, indeed, to have thrown him over because he had misfortunes."

John Milner smiled. "It was his money she wanted to marry," he said: "she turned out to be a mere adventuress, and the boy was well rid of her, though she was a handsome woman in a sort of way: that was her portrait that he was finishing the day you first came to us."

"I know," said Phillida with a sigh; "he made a great many studies of her; she *was* very handsome," she added simply; "poor Mr. Walter," she said, and then again she sighed.

John Milner looked at her curiously from under his bushy eyebrows.

"The boy's got a future before him," he said; "and he's just got a commission to paint a young lady whose portrait

ought to be his stepping-stone to fortune; that is, if she sits well and tries to look her best; and if he paints her *con amore*, as I think he will," he added with intention, "the portrait of the pretty girl he's going to paint ought to do him a lot of good," he continued mysteriously.

"And who is this beautiful girl?" asked Phillida with natural curiosity.

"She's your worst enemy, Miss Fane," answered the artist with great solemnity.

"Oh, Mr. Milner," she replied; "I didn't think I had an enemy in the world."

"Everybody has one enemy at least, my child," said Milner with a laugh. "You usen't to be so dense, Miss Fane. Don't you understand that the talented young artist who is going to earn five-and-twenty guineas from your rich friend, Miss Sandown, is my old pupil, Walter Croft?"

Then a very strange thing occurred: Phillida, although she had had two years experience of the great world, instantly blushed rosy red; she blushed just as deeply as does the pretty prize girl of a Sunday school when my Lord Bishop chucks her under the chin, and then pats her on the head approvingly. Bishops often pat prize girls on the head, but they never chuck them under the chin unless they are pretty. You don't believe me—well, just ask a bishop.

"I hope you didn't think me unkind," said Milner, "because I didn't accept the old lady's offer; but what I told her was perfectly true; my hands are absolutely full, and I thought to myself, here is the very thing for Walter. Painting your portrait is the thing to take him out of the dreamland in which he lives, Miss Fane: the boy has just had an attack of high art upon the brain; he has been suffering from the historical craze, my dear, and the sooner he comes back to nature and truth and beauty, the better for him. Lots of good men never recover from his disease. If only he'll take to portraiture, which he is strong at, and stick to it, he'll soon have the ball at his feet, and then all he's got to do is to go on kicking, and to marry well, and his fortune's made."

The happy smile which had appeared on the girl's face, like a ray of sunshine, suddenly died out. It seemed to her a sort of blasphemy that a clever young artist should crown his success by selling himself. Just then Milner's prim parlour-maid entered and informed him that Miss Sandown's carriage was at the door. As Phillida bade him good-bye, she said, "You haven't suggested the colour of my dress, Mr. Milner."



THE "STAR AND GARTER."

"Oh, that would be horribly unprofessional, my dear," replied the artist. "Walter is out of his pupilage now, and he would resent anything of that sort. Your young artist, Phillida, is a very sensitive plant, as you'll find out. Take my advice, and leave everything to Walter; talk it over with him, my dear," he added with a smile. "I don't think you can do better than trust Walter. Only let him turn out a really successful portrait of you, my dear,

and, as I said before, the boy's fortune's made."

"I'll try to look my very best," said Phillida as she shook hands affectionately with the gentleman who had declined to paint her portrait.

When she was gone, John Milner flung himself into the Elizabethan chair; he lighted his big pipe and blew great clouds of fragrant smoke into the air. "He's got his chance," he thought. "He's got a sitter that Titian might have envied him; but he's quite capable of declining to leave his dog-hole and of sticking to his infernal men in armour. It's no use trying to play Providence in a thing like this. I didn't recognise her, why should he? If I tell him whose portrait he's going to tackle, it's as likely as not that what he calls his pride will prevent his accepting what he'll term the bread of charity: the poorer one gets, the prouder one gets. I had a wonderful amount of pride some thirty years ago."

And then John Milner discovered that his pipe had gone out; and as he refilled it, he muttered to himself, "I wonder if any good will come of this?"

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD MORTLAKE CRIES FOR THE MOON.

WHEN people asked who Lady Mortlake was, there was but one possible answer. Lady Mortlake was Lord Mortlake's mother. To well-bred people this was always sufficient; the people who were curious, as well as well-bred, went home and turned her ladyship up in the peerage. There they read that Lord Mortlake's father had married Clara, daughter of Isaac De Pledge, Esq. Dod, the all-knowing; Dod, the discreet, said nothing more about Isaac De Pledge, Esq. And yet Isaac De Pledge had been a most eminent man in his particular path; it was a humble path, but it was a profitable one. Mr. De Pledge's path had been the path of pawnbroking: he had been accustomed to hang his ensign on the outer wall, in the shape of three golden balls: his arms were the same as those of the noble family of De Medici; they were the same to look at, at least, though the Medici's were gilded pills; but the arms of both were the ensigns of their trades, and they were not ashamed of them. Mr. De Pledge had no son—he had but one daughter—and he was worth a "plum." He retired from business, he gave his pretty daughter a first-rate education, and married her to Lord Mortlake's father, and on her and her heirs he settled his plum; then, probably out of consideration for his daughter's husband, he died. And Clara De Pledge, now Lady Mortlake, gave herself up entirely to the rearing and education of her little son. Whatever the little Lionel cried for during his childhood, was immediately provided for him by his indulgent mother. His father died when the boy was six years old, and it is quite right that a child of six, if he be a little lord, should be petted and pampered to his heart's content. Most boys would have been spoiled, and have developed into irreclaimable little snobs, under the course of treatment by Lord Mortlake's mother. But little Lionel soon went to a public school, where he was duly thumped and bullied, and the nonsense knocked out of him in the regulation manner. Nobody cringed and toadied to him at the big public school; but when he went to Oxford as a fellow-commoner, a great many people did so. Tuft hunting as an art is not dead at Oxford, and people like bowing down to, and worshipping the golden image, even when it is a golden calf, all the world over. The poet Gilbert has told us that human nature is low; that may perhaps account for the popularity of the golden image. Lord Mortlake was not particularly clever, but he was fairly industrious, and he took an ordinary degree. As to his personal appearance, I am afraid that he was a rather colourless individual. His hair was of a neutral tint, and it didn't curl naturally, as does the hair of heroes. (There is a question in anthropology that I want the lady novelist to answer—Why, oh, why, does a hero's hair always curl naturally?)* He wasn't above the ordinary height, and merely to look at him you wouldn t have guessed that he was a lord; he hadn't even a lordly taste for globe-trotting or horse-racing, or gambling, or pigeon-shooting, or wickedness generally; and he hadn't a bee in his bonnet about politics or religion; and he didn't care much for either art or music; if he possessed any lordly vices, they were as yet undeveloped; but he was a highly-

* I put this question once to a gifted authoress of my acquaintance. She answered me snappishly, but to the point. "For business purposes," she said. I suppose she was right. I always had a great respect for her.

respectable young nobleman, with two hundred and fifty thousand pounds and the accumulation of a long minority—and no enemies. When a young man of two-and-thirty, holding such a position as that occupied by Lord Mortlake, has no enemies, and loves his mother, and Lord Mortlake loved his mother very dearly, the reader will allow that he must have been not half a bad fellow.

Now, a great many innocent and delightful girls had tried to "land" Lord Mortlake. They had angled for him; they had also tried the fly, both natural and artificial, and in his salad days he had often gorged the hook and given them a good run; but he invariably got away, generally because the innocent and delightful girls didn't give him line enough, and were too anxious to land him to play him properly; or perhaps it was because their relatives were not handy with the gaff, or smart enough with the landing-net; or perhaps their tackle wasn't strong enough for so heavy a fish. Anyhow, people were never tired of fishing for him; but he had got wise and wary, and now that he was thirty-two it was very difficult to get him to rise at any fly.



AT SCHOOL.

Lady Mortlake was in despair, for she was anxious that his lordship should marry, and she was delighted to discover that her son was manifesting a decided penchant for pretty, but penniless, little Phillida Fane.

"Mother," he had said to her, "I've always been anxious to please you in this thing, and it's a very serious matter for a fellow in my position; it's so difficult to find some one who is nice, and who isn't a schemer and hasn't a history or hereditary insanity, or a notoriously bad temper, or big feet, or something of that sort. If a fellow marries a beauty, he is apt to find out that the beauty thinks of nothing else but her own good looks: besides, as the Laureate has told us, beauty is a thing that ——. Well, we don't want money, mother, and now-a-days blood goes for very little, and the really blue-blooded girls that I know are very queer-looking; they are like the wonderful prize toy terriers, they have all a tendency to baldness, and their ears are phenomenally large; besides, a very well-bred girl would be always ramming my grandfather down my throat. Now, that little Miss Fane is well-bred enough for me: her people were decent people, and I have made it my business to find out all about her. She has got two sisters at a charity school, mother; that isn't her fault though, poor little thing. And I don't think it much matters in after life. Grandfather never went to school, and he made a hatful of money. Well, then you know, mother, the girl turned artist's model; she had to, poor little thing, for they hadn't a farthing between them when the father died; and they were turned out of Fane's Court when the present man took under the entail. I confess I don't quite like the artist's model period, but it didn't last long, and she was a mere child at the time. And then old 'George' Sandown carried her off, and, so to say, French-

polished her: and now she's as nice a girl, and as good a girl as you'll find within the four seas. Don't you think so, mother?"

"I do think that she is good and nice and pretty, Lionel; but I'm afraid it's rather a case of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid; and I've never seen the girl I think good enough for you, my dear boy."

"Anyhow, the Beggar Maid made the King a good wife," said his lordship, ignoring the latter part of his mother's speech, "and it's a good wife I want."

And then for full half-an-hour did Lord Mortlake sing Phillida's praises; and his mother soon discovered that his lordship was very much in love indeed.

"I pumped the artist-woman, Mrs. Charnelhouse, about her, mother," he said, "and she swore that she was everything that was charming; and the Charnelhouse is thoroughly honest you know, though she's uncommonly eccentric. Do you know, mother, I think if that little girl were to refuse me, that I should be the most miserable fellow in the whole world."

"She's not likely to refuse you, Lionel," said his mother with a smile.

"You can never tell what a girl will do," replied his lordship; "as likely as not she has got a sweetheart; girls keep those sort of things wonderfully dark, and that's the one thing I couldn't stomach, mother: I shouldn't care to marry a girl who had ever really liked someone else; it may be weak and foolish, but it's how I feel, mother."

"You are very sentimental, Lionel," said his mother simply; "but I'm not quite sure that you're not right; as a rule, there's nothing like a first love. Your poor father was neither wise nor handsome, Lionel, but he was my first love, and that made all the difference: and besides, when a peer marries a commoner, the girl feels as though it were a case of daughter of man wedding one of the sons of the angels."



CUPID.

The little dinner at the Star and Garter came off. Phillida, who had no idea whatever of the plot against her peace of mind, or that Lord Mortlake had determined to make her a proposal in form, was decoyed by his artful lordship, when the dessert was over, into the verandah, in order that she "might see how beautiful the river looked upon a bright moonlight night." The two elder ladies had declined to accompany them, on the pretext that they were afraid of the night air.

And it *was* a beautiful view, but then you've seen it, reader; if you haven't, the

sooner you do so the better: and the author will sternly resist the temptation to chastise you with scorpions, in the shape of the regulation four pages of descriptive stuff. Phillida had honestly admired the scene, she was in the best of tempers, and she was very enthusiastic; then, laying his hand upon the rail in front of them, Lord Mortlake, who, to his own intense astonishment, was terribly nervous, took up his parable.

"They say, Miss Fane," he began, "that confession is good for the soul. I hope that you will not be very angry with me, when I tell you that I got my mother to arrange this little dinner because I had something that I was very anxious to say to you."



LORD MORTLAKE PROPOSES.

Then what was coming instantly dawned upon Phillida; she didn't blush, she didn't tremble: she simply stood there in the bright moonlight as though turned to stone; she stared down into the valley; but, though she did so, the scene had faded from her sight and she saw nothing: she stood there merely out of courtesy, feeling that the man must say his say and plead his cause as best he might; and as she listened to his words she felt sorry for Lord Mortlake, and her heart was not filled with the honest pride and triumph which most girls would have felt under such circumstances.

"Miss Fane, I am going to ask you to hear me out," he said, "and I hope you'll give what I have to say to you very serious and favourable consideration. Miss Sandown is one of my mother's friends; she knows all about me, she has known me since I was a little child. I'm compelled to talk about myself, Miss Fane," he said, "believe me when I say that I am not in the habit of doing so. It has been my privilege to meet you frequently during the last three years: your beauty had its natural effect upon me, Miss Fane. I always liked and admired you; and I like you so much that I've brought you out here to ask you to be my wife. Considering my position, I am not a rich man, but I have inherited enough from my mother to be able to live very comfortably: and when our Dulwich leases fall in, which they do in fifteen years' time, I shall be well-to-do, and my son in the course of things, will be a wealthy man. People don't find it difficult to get on with me, and my wife will have pretty much her own way."

"Lord Mortlake——" began Phillida.

"Let me beg you to hear me out, Miss Fane," he pleaded, for he feared an unfavourable answer from the tone in which she had addressed him. "I needn't talk to you any more about money and position: to do so would be an insult to you; and I don't want to try to buy your love, Phillida. I know you come of gentle people, and that the Fanes are an old family. My grandfather was a pawnbroker," said his lordship with an effort; "if it hadn't been for him, I should be as poor as a rat; so that you see, Miss Fane, were you to accept me, it would be a condescension on your part. With the exception of my grandfather, I don't know

that I have anything against me. I needn't talk about my mother; everyone who knows her likes her, and she's been the best of mothers to me; and she's easy to get on with. And if ever a man was honestly attached to a girl, Miss Fane, that man is standing before you now: and though words fail him to say what he would wish, he implores you to weigh well that honest love of his before you cast it aside and make him the most miserable man in all the world. I don't ask you to accept me now, dear," he added diplomatically; "I only entreat you to allow me to pay my addresses to you. Perhaps," he went on wistfully, "when you realise how much I love you, you may learn to care for me. Phillida," he said, holding out his hand suddenly, "won't you give me a chance?"

The girl smiled and laid her little hand in his. "Lord Mortlake," she said, "you have done me a very great honour; you have paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay to a girl. But ——"

"I give you my word of honour," cried the poor young fellow, "that there's nothing against me, nothing whatever. I've always run straight, Miss Fane, upon my soul I have."

"It isn't that, Lord Mortlake," said the girl. "I am gently born, that is the only thing I have to be proud of: but I am Miss Sandown's paid companion; she is good enough to treat me as an equal. But I didn't begin life as my dear old friend's companion; I have been an artist's model, a girl who was ready to sit to the first comer for a shilling an hour; and my little sisters are being brought up at a charity school."

"You are none the less a lady, Phillida," said the poor young man.

"The world wouldn't look upon me as a lady, Lord Mortlake," said the girl; "and you have a right, nay it is your duty to look higher."

"But you might learn to love me," he said.

"No, Lord Mortlake, we can't command our love, and I want to be honest with you. I could never marry you, Lord Mortlake, and it is best that we should understand each other. Let us be good friends, now as always. A true friend never does anyone any harm" remarked this young philosopher in petticoats.

"Must it be so?" he said. "It's very hard, but I'll try and bear it like a man, Miss Fane." And then he raised the little cold hand, which he still held in his, respectfully to his lips, and they went back into the dining-room.

And when Lady Mortlake looked into her son's face enquiringly, she saw that he had had his answer, and for the moment she felt very angry with Phillida. And when they were putting on their wraps, she whispered to Miss Sandown, "I am dreadfully sorry for this; it will be a terrible blow to Lionel."

"My dear, the girl's a fool," growled out Miss Sandown, for the old lady was very angry indeed at what she considered Phillida's abominable wickedness.

Perhaps it was not to be wondered at that Lord Mortlake ordered Tomkins, his mother's footman, to go home by rail as best he might, "because," said his lordship vaguely, "I think I'll ride home on the box and smoke a cigar."

But, strange to say, Lord Mortlake was far too miserable to smoke. He had had his own way all his life, and now he felt that he had been crying for the moon and was considerably astonished to find that he had cried in vain.

CHAPTER XVII.

"DON'T YOU RECOGNISE IPHIGENIA?"

"A PORTRAIT? If I wasn't so very anxious for work, Boss, I'd refuse it; but I suppose it's no use taking half your advice. I shan't send the Tournament at Ashby; in fact, Jobson's had it, months ago. And I suppose I must give myself up to portraiture as a means of earning money."

"It's very good of you," said Milner, with a laugh. "The world will owe you a deep debt of gratitude for making this tremendous sacrifice; but I never heard yet, Walter, that a man's art is any the worse because he earns his living by it."

"I suppose you'll allow that it can be made a trade of," replied Walter, bitterly. "There's my brother of the brush, the chimney-sweep, we are fellow-tradesmen, we ply our brushes, and we live by them."

"Exactly, if you live by badly-painted pictures and he by ill-swept chimneys; but if your pictures are badly painted, and his chimneys are well swept, you are the tradesman and he is the artist, *Gualtiero*

mio. There's reason in the roasting of eggs, and art in the sweeping of a chimney or a crossing; a well-swept chimney or a well-swept crossing is distinctly a work of art, because, you see, it isn't everybody who could do it. Well, there's the address," said Milner.

"Grosvenor Square," said Walter, shrugging his shoulders, examining the card. "Five-and-twenty guineas for a half-length, Boss, of a lady who lives in Grosvenor Square? The lady must be of an economical turn of mind."

"That's right, Walter, turn up your nose at your good fortune. Why, I'll be bound that you've painted portraits for a quarter of the money."

"Of course I have, Boss," replied Walter, "and I shall again; but then my patrons didn't live in Grosvenor Square, which makes all the difference."

"Well, I can't say that I see it, Walter. You'll have to wear a decent coat while you paint the portrait, but you're the sort of young man who always does wear a decent coat, so that where you do the portrait, as long as it's within the postal radius, oughtn't to matter very much to you. But I'll tell you something that will please and astonish you: Your sitter is beautiful; she's more than pretty, Walter; she's one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. There, be off, you young fool," said Milner, slapping him on the back, "and thank your lucky stars for your great good fortune; for if you do her anything like justice, you young idiot, you'll be a made man. You've got a clear ten days before you till 'sending-in-day.' The fact is, Walter, you've got your chance."

I wonder whether it was vanity that made Walter Croft invest two-and-six in Regent Street in a new necktie? Half-crowns were not so very plentiful with him, but he managed to live somehow, in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. Since we saw him a year ago, when he got rid of the "Tournament at Ashby," he had got through an immense amount of work. In the first place, he had illustrated a book for Mr. Charnelhouse. "I want twenty-five angels of loveliness at two guineas each," Mr. Charnelhouse had said. "They must be all the same size, and they must be all good-looking. I'd ask my wife to do them, but she's more profitably employed. They must be swells, and they can range in age from seventeen to five-and-thirty; but I want 'em 'yum-yum,' and I'd like 'em in a month. You see it 'ud be easier for both of us if you'll furnish the angels first, and then I can stick 'em up and fit each one with a crisp story to measure about a thousand words. The stories have got to be very short, very crisp, and very aristocratic. Your city clerk doesn't care for anything in the way of a heroine under an Honorable Miss. And Ghoul and Scortcher, for whom I'm to do the book, cater especially for the city clerk; and I've got to deliver the stuff in three weeks, my boy; and I've had a cheque for half the money, and time is running short; so if you'll shoot 'em in as you do 'em, I can be getting on with the stuff. No Burn Jones's, my boy, mind that. Graceful rotundity and shoulders is what the city clerk admires, so Scortcher says; and the tastes of the city clerk have been the study of Scortcher's life, and he's made the study pay. Why that villain Scortcher keeps a steam-yacht, sir, and as for Ghoul he sends his boys to Eton." And *The Rose Garden of Girls*, by Francis Charnelhouse, author of *With Cupid's Eyes*, etc., with twenty-five full-page illustrations, and a coloured wrapper, had been a great success. And Walter had done a good deal of business with Mr. Jobson, and he had taken a little studio in West Hampstead, and he had begun to earn money; and the young fellow had worked like a horse, but he wasn't troubled with any superfluous cash; but he was able to have a decent coat to his back when he walked abroad, and to eat his three square meals a-day, and his chums at the Chiaroscuro Society said that if young Croft didn't spoil himself by over production he was bound to get on. And many of the men at the Chiaroscuro who had held aloof from Walter in his early days, because they suspected him of being a swell with money, were now quite thick with him; for young Wackles, the animal painter, had actually visited him at his Portsmouth Street studio, and had reported favourably as to the nakedness of the land. But Walter had done nothing for the Academy; the ideal heads that he had painted for Jobson he felt were not good enough, being mere pot-boilers. So Walter Croft, fired by the subtle poison that Milner had poured into his too willing ear, was burning to distinguish himself by immortalising the charms of

the mysterious young lady whose name he did not know, but who dwelt in Grosvenor Square.

Walter Croft was punctuality itself, of course he was. He drove up in a hansom cab with his easel and his new canvas, and his artistic paraphernalia in a neat little japanned tin box; and when he saw that the house in Grosvenor Square was of the most imposing appearance, he almost hesitated to knock at its tremendous door; but he screwed up his courage, and he did knock, but I am bound to confess that the knock was a failure. The door opened as though by magic, and one of Miss Sandown's gorgeous "flunkies" barred the way, and stared at the young fellow with supercilious scorn.



PHILLIDA SITS FOR HER PORTRAIT.

"Does Miss Sandown live here?" he said.

"She do, but she isn't at home," replied the man shortly.

"Not at home!" cried Walter. "Why, I came here by appointment. My name is Croft."

"Oh, she's at home to you, sir," said the man humbly, "if you're the artist gentleman;" and he threw the door wide open with a flourish.

"Just pay the cab, will you, and bring my traps out," said Walter, handing the footman half-a-crown.

The man did as he was bid, and then respectfully ushered the young artist into the drawing-room.

Miss Sandown didn't keep him waiting long; she entered the room, followed by Phillida.

"You're Mr. Croft, Mr. Milner's friend, I suppose," she said; "I am Miss Sandown. This is the young lady whose portrait I am anxious to possess."

"He seems quite respectable," thought Miss Sandown, as she looked at the new tie. "Phillida, this is Mr. Croft, a friend of Mr. Milner's. Mr. Croft, Miss Fane," she added formally.

Now it was on Phillida's lips to welcome Walter Croft as an old friend, but she perceived that he did not recognise her; so she merely smiled and shook hands with him. Walter had expected to see a young woman of prepossessing appearance: he beheld a glorious vision! "I can never do *her* justice, she is beyond my powers," thought Walter as he groaned in the spirit. Then his sleeping ambition awoke all at once; he remembered John Milner's words. "She is very, very beautiful," he thought, "and I've got the chance that comes to a man once in a lifetime. Why, if I can reproduce that face, and that dainty figure, they're bound to hang it on the line, and I shall be a made man."

He found the very light he wanted in Miss Sandown's big drawing-room. He got his easel into position; his sitter fell into a graceful pose at once: there are some women whose every pose is graceful. Phillida was one of these.

"That's just what I want, Miss Fane," he said, and he set to work.

"You retain the pose wonderfully, Miss Fane, he said, "I must congratulate you. One isn't generally so fortunate in

one's sitters in that matter," he added airily.

Now, Miss Sandown had left the young people practically *en tête à-tête;* she had retired to the further end of the great room, and had buried herself in the fashionable intelligence of *The Morning Post.* "I shall only distract his attention if I talk to him," she had thought; so she had taken up the newspaper, and had soon forgotten the very existence of Walter Croft.

"It isn't the first time I have sat for my portrait," said Phillida pertly.

"Who was lucky enough to have the honour of attempting you, Miss Fane?" asked Walter with some anxiety.

"Mr. Bland was the last person to immortalise me," replied the girl.

"What, William Bland the Academician?" cried Walter in astonishment and awe.

Phillida nodded, and as she nodded she smiled.

"I suppose the portrait was not exhibited, Miss Fane? I should surely have remembered it, had I seen it."

"Well, it wasn't exactly a portrait," said Phillida; "but it was exhibited at Burlington House, two years ago."

"That's very strange," said Walter, who was puzzled. "The only thing I remember of Bland's, two years ago, was that big picture of Iphigenia, that was commissioned by Caird, the ironmaster."

"Don't you recognise Iphigenia?" said Phillida with a smile, and she raised her eyes and suddenly assumed a woe-begone air.

"Of course I do, Miss Fane," cried the young man excitedly.

"Now I suppose you cease to wonder at my retaining the pose, Mr. Croft."

"My greatest wonder is that I could have forgotten; the face of Iphigenia dwelt in my memory. I fancy we must have met before, Miss Fane; I'm sure we must have."

"I remembered *you* at once, Mr. Croft, and we used to meet very frequently in Mr. Milner's studio; but I didn't even know your name, I only remembered you as Walter;" then the girl began to blush furiously.

Young Croft coloured too. "Of course I remember you now," he said. "Why, I was present at your very first sitting. But I really shouldn't have known you; you've – you——"

"Yes, I've grown older, if that's what you mean," said the girl maliciously; "and three years is a long time. You have changed too, Mr. Croft."

"I have had a good deal of worry," he said.

"I know, I know," said the girl; "Mr. Milner told me the story, and I was very, very sorry for your sake, Mr. Croft."

"I came to utter grief," said Walter explanatorily. "Milner always used to say that it would do me good to have to work for my living; I work with a vengeance now, Miss Fane. And now that I am beginning to earn a living, I can look upon the world with happier eyes. I was a dreadful cub when you knew me, you know; I needed a good deal of kicking, and I got it."

And so the pair chatted on, and they were both very much surprised to find how quickly the time had flown, when the footman entered the room and announced that lunch was on the table.

Then the young man took his leave and promised to return on the following day at the same hour. And as he walked across the Square, Walter Croft felt that he had lost his heart; he confessed to himself that he had loved little Miss Fane, the model, three years ago, *without knowing it;* he knew instinctively that he had now lost his heart for good and all; he knew too that he had found his ideal: that the dream woman, who haunts every young man's fancy, had come to him at last; that he had done for ever with the love that kills, and that the love that blesses and sanctifies, even though it may be a hopeless love, was brightening his life. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he did not attempt to struggle against this new-born love. It was Kismet; he felt that he had met his fate. And as he walked, he dreamt the happy dreams that come to all of us once at least in our lifetimes, and he felt ready to

> "be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate."

And in his excitement the young fellow forgot to lunch, and pottered about in the park aimlessly till it was closing time, dreaming of the girl he had loved unknowingly for three long years. Then he marched up to Spagnoletti's, and ate that wonderful Italian's wonderful Italian dinner, and he drank a bottle of his rough Barolo wine, and then he went home;

and that night he dreamt of her, of course he did, poor boy.

Girls are proverbially artful. Phillida acknowledged to Miss Sandown that young Mr. Croft was very pleasant, and agreed with that lady that his manners were most gentlemanly, considering his position in life: and both ladies sincerely hoped that the portrait would be a success. And then Phillada told the elder lady that the artist trusted to finish the picture in time for the Academy; whereupon Miss Sandown had remarked that five-and-twenty guineas was quite enough to pay for ten days' work by so very young a man. And Phillida had smiled; and, as is the nature of girls, she had been very sly and secret, and she didn't confide to her friend that Walter was an old acquaintance. But to tell the truth, it did not, as yet, dawn upon the girl, that she felt something more than pity for the young portrait painter.

The ten days came to an end. A beautiful new gold frame had come from Mr. Jobson's for the now finished picture. When I say that Walter Croft was satisfied with his work, and that John Milner, who had looked in to inspect it, approved of it, and that, above all, Miss Sandown did not grudge the five-and-twenty-guineas which she would have to disburse, and that she paid Mr. Jobson for the frame without a groan, you may be quite sure that the portrait was a success. There was no mistake about the likeness in the first place; and then, as you and I know, reader, there are some girls who are so pretty that it is impossible to flatter them. "I shall never do her justice," poor Walter had thought, as he had worked away at the picture, putting his whole soul into it. And the two young people had talked and chatted a great deal during those nine sittings, for there was an intervening Sunday. And they had been left a good deal to themselves, because, as Miss Sandown had said in her heart, "I know that Phillida isn't the sort of girl to make a fool of herself." And this I know, that Walter Croft was very much in love; and, perhaps I shall save trouble if I express what I think about the matter in a single sentence and leave the rest to the intelligence of the reader.

I think that Walter Croft had made the very most of his time.

He was perfectly justified in so doing, for these two good-looking young paupers had attained years of discretion, and, of course, they both knew their own business best.

No. 937: Portrait of Miss F——by Walter Croft, was a success; the picture was well hung, it got one of the recognised "places of honour;" it didn't get this place of honour, this happy coign of 'vantage, because it had been painted by a pupil of Milner's, who was a friend of Bland's, who was on the hanging committee for the year; but because the portrait was a good portrait and a genuine portrait; and when it came up before the committee it got a round of applause. "We are only too glad to see a real good thing and we all applauded it, except Soaper, who was jealous, the old fool, though he was a good man in his day; and Soaper has made any amount of money and ought to have retired long ago: but he sticks to his rights and hangs his four nightmare portraits on the line, because it is his right to, year after year; and foolish people are only too glad to be 'guyed' by Soaper at three hundred guineas each; they think it's worth paying for the certainty of being exhibited," Mr. William Bland, R.A., had remarked to his friend, John Milner. A very beautiful face is sure to attract notice if it happens to be hung where the public can see it. On varnishing



A RIVER SKETCH.

day, Walter Croft's young friends had admired the picture and had envied him his good luck as to position: at the private view, the various "queens of beauty" had stared at it, and declared that they didn't admire the costume; and Mrs. Charmington had remarked that "the girl seemed an insipid sort of girl, and for my part, I don't care for curds and whey." But the men "plumped" for Phillida in a body as "the most beautiful face in the show." And the great Mr. Cocksure, the dealer, turned up Walter's address in the catalogue and made a black cross against his name, which means a great deal, as all artists know; and Lady Skimpington, whose fourth daughter, Edith Honoria, was to be shortly presented, also looked up the address of the painter of No. 937, which, as all artists know, doesn't mean much; and Lady Skimpington said in her heart, "Edith's a handsome girl, and as likely as not he'd be glad to paint her for the honour and glory of the thing; and we can show our gratitude by asking him down to Cheesparings, when the house is empty." And young Cackle-bury of *The Tarradiddle*, who supposed Phillida to be an heiress, praised the picture, and dropped into poetry about "the fair sitter," as he called her; but the sub editor carefully blue-pencilled his poetry, so it didn't do the picture any harm. And Logroller and Blackmailer and Sparkler Jones, all professional art-critics, lauded No. 937 to the skies: and, to tell the truth, Walter got far more than his deserts in the matter of favourable notices, and that is very easily explained: A pretty face helps a picture more than one might think, because everybody admires female beauty. Your experienced dramatic author always insists on a pretty face or two in the caste of his new piece, if he can get it. It's just the same at a concert, or at an opera; a "beautiful incompetent" may not be able to act, perhaps she cannot sing a note, but she is surely a pleasanter object for the eye to rest upon than the talented Miss Raddle, aged forty-nine, or eighteen-stone Madame Trilli, of the Royal Italian Opera and St. James's Hall, whose singing entrances us, but whom the wise man listens to with closed eyes for fear of destroying the illusion. And the picture owed quite as much to Phillida's beauty as to Walter Croft's skill: of this fact Walter was fully aware; and it is not to be wondered at that he was very grateful to little Miss Fane; and when a young man is grateful to a very pretty girl, we know how he usually shows his gratitude.

(To be concluded next month.)



By J. N. PENTELOW.

WITH cymbal-clash and trumpet-sound, amid applause that seemed to shake the very walls of the Colosseum, the gladiators marched into the arena.

At their head strode one, who seemed in very truth, a king among men, conspicuous above all others, by his handsome face, his brave bearing, his muscular, well-knit frame. Following him came some four or five hundred pairs of gladiators, marching four abreast.

A look of hatred convulsed the face of the Emperor Domitian as he gazed upon the leader of the gladiators. There was no hatred in the steadfast gaze which the slave returned, only contempt and scorn. A strange contrast, truly: slave and emperor: and the slave far more truly free; for, while the despot was a slave to his vices and his fears, the gladiator was at least monarch of his own soul.



"AVE CÆSAR."

Only once again did the champion of the arena look upwards; and then it was to encounter the anguish-gaze of a pair of bright eyes, brighter for their unshed tears, and to smile reassuringly to their owner, whose fair, anxious face betrayed her love for him.

Once round the arena the gladiators marched; then, halting beneath the throne of Cæsar, they drew their swords and waved them above their heads. Pealing forth loud

and deep, above all the mingled noises of the amphitheatre, arose the grand death-song, full of a wordless pathos and passionate despair:

"Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant!"

The vaulted arches of the Colosseum prolonged and cast back the echo. Scarce had the last sound died away when the gladiators marched out, leaving behind them but two of their number.



JULIUS AGRICOLA.

One of these was he who had marched at their head, the slave who had dared to meet with eagle gaze the imperial glance of the Cæsar—Fabius, the champion swordsman of the Roman arena. The other was a giant from the German forests, fair-haired and large-limbed, of ox-like strength, and in height fully a head taller than his Roman opponent. Each carried sword and shield; each wore full defensive armour.

"Who is yon gladiator—he who bears himself so haughtily and with such patrician grace? His face should be well known to me, and yet I cannot call to mind his name."

Thus spoke a handsome man of about the middle age, who sat in a prominent place in the benches allotted to the nobility of Rome. Many eyes were directed towards him, for this was Julius Agricola, erstwhile governor of Britain, whence he had been recalled by the jealousy of Domitian. Galba had been too good an instance of how formidable a rival a wise, brave and prudent general might prove to a slothful and detested emperor, to allow Domitian to look upon Agricola's popularity with serenity; and his gloomy brow darkened whenever he looked towards the great governor's seat.

"Thou hast been absent from Rome a long space, O Agricola, and perchance hast not heard of the feats of Antoninus Fabius, our patrician champion of the arena," answered his companion, a noble youth of three or four and twenty, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion. "Yet methought that the deeds of Fabius had been sounded even in the land of the barbarous Britons."

"Even so, Cornelius: the fame of Fabius hath penetrated unto the land of fogs; and often have I marvelled how it came about that one of that noble name should fight as a common gladiator in the arena. Dost thou know his story?"

"Ay, and when I have told it thee I warrant thou wilt say that Fabius hath as much cause to love the Emperor as thou hast."

"For what, then, was he sentenced?"

"I will tell thee. Know that some five years past, a conspiracy was formed against the life of the Cæsar. It was discovered by treachery, and the known plotters were put to death. But there were also those upon whom suspicion fell, though against them nothing could be proved. Among these was Antoninus Fabius. The tyrant had long hated him, but he dared not order him to execution, for he feared the vengeance of the Fabii. What then remained but to condemn him to the arena? 'Twas cruel injustice, for Fabius had no part in the plot. But Cæsar, great archer though he be, overshot his mark. Fabius has vanquished every foe that has come against him; he has been hailed The Champion of the Arena; and if he be not

conquered to-day he will receive his freedom. His opponents are the German with whom he is now about to fight, and my kinsman, Claudius Cossus."

"And for what cause doth thy kinsman dare the fight against him?"

Cornelius drew himself up proudly, the hot blood of his ancient race flushing his cheeks.

"There is naught that a Cossus would not dare," he said. Then he laughed lightly, as if half ashamed for his momentary resentment, and continued: "For what reason, sayest thou? 'Tis the old and ever powerful one—love! Fabius was betrothed to the fairest maiden in Rome, the Lady Valeria; and she hath ever remained faithful to him. My kinsman loves her. But hist!—the combat is about to commence. The Emperor has signed that the trumpet shall be sounded.

Even as he spoke, a solitary trumpet blared forth. In an instant every sound was hushed, and all was suspense as the champion and his antagonist advanced one towards the other.

Scarcely ten feet separated them now. With a shout of fury, the gigantic barbarian sprang forward, and delivered a terrible blow full at the head of Fabius.

Lightly the gladiator stepped aside, and received the blow on his shield. Then he lunged full at the heart of the German.

The giant was no untrained swordsman. He parried the thrust dexterously, and attacked so fiercely that the Roman was forced to retreat before the shower of blows rained upon him. One of them cut through the shoulder-clasp of his breastplate, and carved his flesh to the bone. But the wonderful power of endurance which Fabius possessed stood him in good stead now. The barbarian's furious attack grew weaker: it was impossible but that he must soon yield to fatigue.

And now the champion's time had come! As the German lunged forward, his foot slipped; and Antoninus, with one lightning thrust, entirely disabled his sword-arm.

The giant dropped his weapon and cast down his shield at the conqueror's feet.

"I yield me," he said, sullenly.

And the shouts of "Habet! habet!" mingled with cries of "Euge! euge!" burst from the throats of a hundred thousand spectators.



ENTIRELY DISABLED HIS SWORD ARM.

The German cast around a mute, imploring glance for mercy. An angry murmur arose among the populace; but Julius Agricola, springing to his feet, extended the thumb of his right hand upwards, in token of sparing. Many of the patricians, who admired and loved the

brave general, followed his example; and the common people, sheep-like, followed where their superiors led.

Fabius bowed low, and left the arena. The German sullenly followed him. The games proceeded; pair after pair of the gladiators entered; corpse after corpse was dragged out by the hooks of the slaves. Yet still the people, mad with the thirst for blood, made hideous exultation as the death-blow was given to each fallen gladiator; and still the Cæsar sat, with unmoved face, but with heart that revelled in the awful scene.



COSSUS WAS STRICKEN TO HIS KNEE.

And now the time for the combat between Claudius Cossus and Antoninus Fabius drew near; and the young patrician was seen to leave his seat to arm in readiness.

Loud applause greeted the combatants, as they entered the arena by opposite openings. The Cossus was well known as one of the most accomplished swordsmen in the city; yet it was thought that at an ordinary time he would be no match for Fabius. But many predicted confidently that he would gain the victory now that the champion, by reason of the wound he had received from the German giant, was incapable of bearing a shield.

The Lady Valeria sat almost frozen with terror. She knew well how fierce and deadly was the hatred of the Cossus for the man whom she loved; and she would have laid down her life willingly—nay, gladly—to save Fabius from what seemed the certain death awaiting him in this conflict. For she loved Antoninus Fabius with all the strength of her noble



VALERIA KNELT BY HER LOVER'S SIDE.

heart, which had never wavered in its love for him, though the Cossus and many another proud patrician had laid siege, and though she had had speech with her lover but thrice during all those five long years in which he had been a slave.

She knew well that this must be a combat to the death. Is it wonderful that, with all her confidence in the skill and strength of her gladiator lover, she should fear for him, wounded as he was?

The signal was given, and the swords met with a clash! Both fought warily, Fabius almost entirely on the defensive. But it was evidently only by an immense effort that Cossus controlled the passion of hatred that was eating out his heart.

For some time the champion, severely handicapped by the absence of his shield, was at a disadvantage. But soon the trained gladiator's strength began to assert itself.

Cossus was gradually pressed back. Both had already received several wounds; both were faint from loss of blood. But Fabius was battling for freedom and for love; and deadly hatred nerved Cossus. So, fighting desperately on, they recked not of their wounds.

The conflict lasted long. On every side the sand was trampled by their feet, and sprinkled with their blood. At last Cossus forgetting all caution, made an attack which left open his guard, and was stricken to his knee.

"Yield thee!" cried Fabius.

"That will I never!"

And Cossus thrust with all his strength at the gladiator.

The sword of Fabius fell full upon his head, and clove him to the chin. But, faint and weary, the champion could not avert the thrust; and, even as he cleft his enemy's head, it pierced him in the side.

Blood gushed from the wound; red mists swam before his eyes; the sword fell from his nerveless fingers. He clutched spasmodically at the empty air, and fell forward on his face.

A shout arose from the populace; and the slaves, coming forward with a litter, carried out the bodies of the two combatants.

The patrician was quite dead; the gladiator yet lived, though the wound was a mortal one.

He opened his eyes as, very gently for them, the slaves set down the litter in a small chamber beneath the tiers of seats. An old comrade stood by his side, a pupil of the same lanista. This man caught the word that the slaves' dull ears heard not, and, with a reassuring smile, started to find the Lady Valeria.

She was already coming thither, on the arm of her brother, a grave senator; and under the guidance of Lansus, these two were quickly conducted to Fabius.

Lansus ordered the slaves out of the chamber.

Valeria knelt by her lover's side, and laid her queenly head upon his breast. For a moment he could not speak; but he lifted one hand, and laid it upon the raven locks.

"This is no place for us," said Lansus. And the senator suffered himself to be led out by the gladiator.

So the two and death were left alone. For Fabius was dying, and he knew it.

She did not. Though she had seen him

fall in the arena, though she saw him lying there unable to move, there was hope in her heart.

"Oh, my hero!" she said, while the tears flowed fast from her eyes. "Oh, my hero and my love, dearer than aught else the world holds, yet not dearer even now than when they called thee slave!—look up to me and speak thy joy, for thou hast won thy freedom!"

He could only speak in a whisper.

"Lay thy face to mine, Valeria," he said, "Ay, closer, closer—so, so! Now kiss me—again, again! Oh love, my love, this is a recompense for all the weary years! And this is all we are like to have. For indeed I have won my freedom; but I have paid the price. And the price is death!"

Even as he made an end of speaking, death came upon him; and Fabius the unconquered was beaten at last.

But when, alarmed at the silence within the chamber, Lansus and Valedius returned thither, they found Fabius dead, and Valeria by his side, sleeping like a child.

Her brother laid his hand upon her, but started back in terror, his eyes full of a wild surmise.

She slept indeed, but without breath, without movement; for she slept the last, long sleep.



SHE SLEPT THE LAST, LONG SLEEP.

Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 2.—THE STORY OF NELLIE.

IT was a lovely September day. I had been for a week's cruise along the Devon and Cornwall coasts with Captain Tom Holybone in his little yawl, and we were drifting slowly home past Torquay, which was about fifteen miles from our destination—the little village of Dipham. There was scarcely a breath of wind, it was so light that we had hardly enough way on the boat to steer. The lugsail flopped to and fro with the rise and fall of the boat on the swell of the sea. Drifting along thus, I lay at full length at the bottom of the boat, with my head pillowed on a piece of sail cloth, gazing up into the blue vault of heaven. I was doing nothing, thinking of nothing, looking at nothing. I was the incarnation of laziness.

My old friend, Tom Holybone, was too good a sailor to quite follow my example, but, when last I had sufficient interest in mundane affairs to cast a glance at him, I saw he was comfortably ensconced in the stern, with his arm hanging over the tiller, blinking first one eye and then the other; and although from this I presumed he was not asleep, I think he would scarcely have declared he was wide awake.

We had been thus for perhaps some thirty or forty minutes, and I had just roused myself, when an extra heavy lurch of the yawl sent the boom of the sail over to the other side, and the slack of the rope caught Tom's hat and jerked it into the sea.



HE VAINLY CLUTCHED THE AIR.

"Man overboard!" shouted Tom, as he vainly clutched at the air after his vanished straw-yard.

"Now then," said he, "don't sit there laughing like that; just get the sculls out, there's a good fellow, and back water a bit till my tile floats within reach; by gum, I hope it won't sink; the sun's just baking up what little brain I've got left."

Thus adjured, I did as desired, and in a few minutes he had grasped his hat and, swishing out the water, clapped it on his head, "to cool his fevered brow," as he said.

These strenuous exertions had effectually roused us from our soporific tendencies, so, filling my pipe, I made myself comfortable in my old place, leaning my back against the side of the boat;

"When do you think we shall get home?" said I.

"Why, you surely are not in a hurry, are you? It's one of the privileges of bachelordom to have no one waiting and watching for you."

"No, Tom, this suits me perfectly; there's nothing to do, and if there were, you couldn't do it on such a delightfully lazy day; one can only doze and dream or talk and smoke: we've tried the former, now we will do the latter. I am smoking, you do the talking. By-the-bye, talking of watching and waiting, how happens it that you never married—have you never cogitated such a step?"

"Yes, Guy, my boy; there was a time, it is long ago now though; but if you like I will tell you why I never called a woman wife. You asked me once why I had named this little boat the *Nellie*, and I replied, if you remember, it was because I had a dear friend once of that name."

I nodded my head as Tom paused, then he resumed:

"When I first went to sea, I started as cabin-boy, and I knocked about, rising to ordinary, then able seaman, until I got my third mate's certificate. I had been home on and off during this time to see the old folks down here; but when I passed as third mate, I thought I would have a spell with them at home for a bit, so I came down home for several months.

"I was a strong sturdy chap at that time, of about five-and-twenty years of age. You know my father was in the Customs, and lived a little way out of Sidmouth, and he and the mother were just glad, I can tell you, to have their vagabond of a son with them again. One day I accompanied my father over to Plymouth, where he had business to see to, and while he was attending to his affairs I strolled down to the harbour to have a look round, when I ran against a Captain Williams of the *Southern Belle*. I had been of service to him in Hong Kong a year or so back, and he hadn't forgotten me. He shook me heartily by the hand, and bade me come along with him up to his agents, where he was going to report his arrival. This done, he took me up to his sister's house, and on the way I left word at the Custom House, to let my father know where I had gone. Captain Williams' sister was a spinster, and it was at her house I met my fate. The Captain had an only daughter, Nellie, who resided with her aunt: his wife had been dead many years. Nellie was then about twenty-one, and she captured my heart from the moment I saw her. I need not describe her to you, Guy, you have seen our Devonshire lasses yourself. Well, she was the prettiest and dearest girl amongst them all. While we were chatting and laughing, my father came along, and Captain Williams and he hit it off at once. The *Southern Belle* had just arrived from Bombay, and was going on to London to discharge her cargo. It had been an understood thing that when her father got home from the present voyage, Nellie was to leave her aunt and accompany him for one or two voyages on the *Belle*. You can guess, then, that when the Captain offered me the third officer's berth on the next voyage, I jumped at it.



I MET MY FATE.

"I was, sailor-like, tired of loafing about on shore, and should have hailed the offer

with delight anyhow, but now that I knew Nellie was to be aboard, why, there was not a doubt as to my answer.

"In a couple of weeks' time, I had bidden the old folks good-bye and joined the *Belle* in London, where Captain Williams confirmed his offer and duly installed me as his third mate.

The *Southern Belle* was a nearly new full-rigged ship of 1082 tons register, and Nellie's father was part owner. She was engaged in the Eastern trade, in which she had made three very successful and profitable voyages, and was sailing next voyage to Calcutta.

"As third mate I had to look after the loading and unloading of the cargoes, and consequently had very little time to myself when in port.

"Nellie had come up to London, and was staying with her father at his hotel in the Minories, and so I did not see very much of her until the time drew near for our sailing, a few days before which Captain Williams gave me orders to have the cabins well cleaned out, pointing out one large roomy cabin, situate next to his own, as the one his daughter was to occupy. Of course this one received my utmost care and attention, and I did what the limited means at my disposal permitted to embellish it for the reception of its pretty mistress.

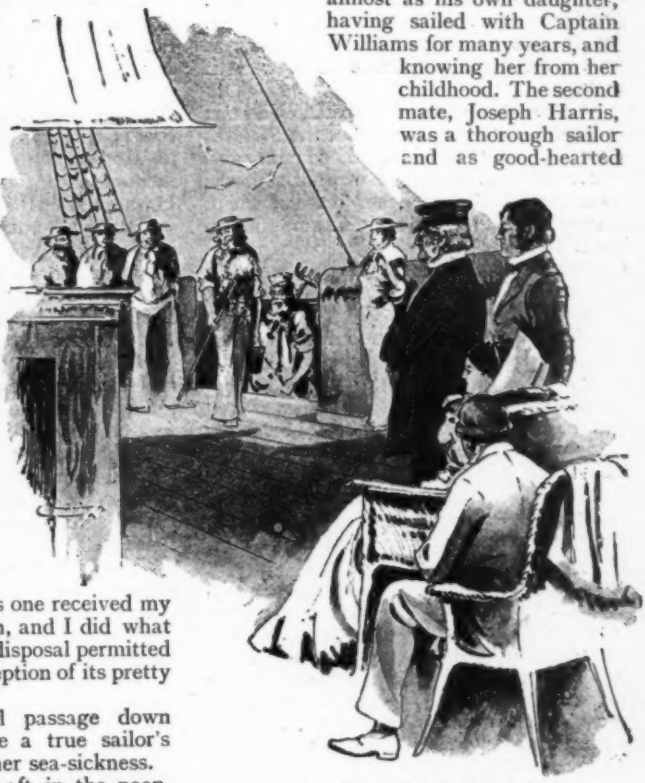
"We had a splendid passage down Channel, and Nellie, like a true sailor's daughter, soon got over her sea-sickness.

"The cabins were all aft in the poop. We, that is the three officers, took our meals with the Captain and Nellie in the saloon, so that we were thus always in familiar intercourse with each other.

"We continued to have splendid weather, and as the *Belle* got further south Nellie used to spend almost the entire day on deck, and you may be sure that I made as many opportunities as I could to get near her, to render any service she might require, and generally make myself her slave; and so my love grew firmer and firmer.

"The close relations into which we were necessarily brought by the confines of our little world, only brought out more forcibly the many lovable qualities of her sunny disposition. She was the light and life of our little circle, and the idol of the seamen as well as the rest of us.

"Mr. Allen, the chief officer, was a tall, powerful Scotchman of about forty-five years of age, a married man with children nearly as old as Nellie, whom he looked on almost as his own daughter, having sailed with Captain Williams for many years, and knowing her from her childhood. The second mate, Joseph Harris, was a thorough sailor and as good-hearted



KING NEPTUNE CAME ON BOARD.

a fellow as I have ever come across; he had worked his way up from the forecastle, and was a bit rough, but liked and respected by all.

"I well remember Nellie's glee at her first introduction to Neptune and the vagaries the sailors got up to, when the *Belle* crossed the line. They had asked and obtained their Captain's permission to invite Neptune on board, and the proceedings were carried through in the

orthodox manner. All were invited, Nellie in particular, to view the performance, and when Mr. Allen announced that the *Belle* was then exactly crossing the equator, a hoarse voice hailed us from over the side to lay to while King Neptune came on board; the voice being followed by Neptune himself and two of his attendants. These were three of the sailors disguised with oakum wigs, beards, and whiskers, and decorated with seaweed, hanging in festoons round their shoulders and waists. Neptune carried the usual sign of his kingly rank, a trident, which in this case bore a suspicious likeness to a wooden rake.

"Neptune requested Captain Williams to inform him why it was that the *Southern Belle* was sailing through his domain, and where she was from and whither she was bound, with various other details, which being replied to to his satisfaction, and the usual tribute of grog having been served out, with a double allowance to his majesty, various buffooneries were entered into and enjoyed by the men.

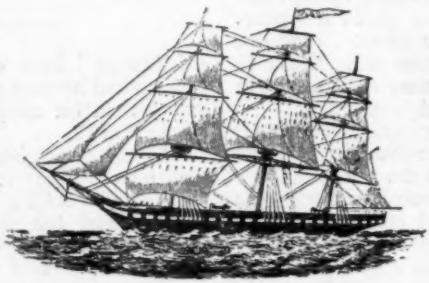
"The usual shaving operation was not omitted; this time-honoured custom never seems to lose its zest with sailors. The victim this time was one of the crew who had made himself obnoxious amongst his fellow-seamen; he was seized and forced into a chair, where he was firmly held by a dozen willing hands; then his crimes were set forth by one of the men, and Neptune sentenced him to be shaved. The shaving-brush was a mop as big as a cabbage, and after being plentifully lathered with this monster-brush and a bucket of soft-soap, his face is scraped clean with a piece of hoop-iron, representing the razor. Rebellion is useless, any endeavour on the victim's part at remonstration, being promptly cut short, by a dab in the mouth with the soapy mop. In this instance, however, the painful process with the hoop razor was not carried to extremes, as Nellie begged Neptune, as a special favour to her, to release the captive after the first scrape or two. This request having been graciously acceded to, the visit terminated by Neptune advancing to Nellie and presenting her with a beautiful little model of the *Southern Belle*, carved out of ebony, with masts and rigging, a perfect copy of the original; after which, with a wave of farewell, Neptune with his satelites disappeared over the side.

"We arrived at Calcutta after a pleasant and uneventful passage, and there loaded up for London again. On arrival in London I got leave of absence to attend my examination for a second mate's certificate and passed successfully.

"Joe Harris, our second officer, left at the termination of this voyage to go to America to take possession of some property left him by a brother in Boston, and Captain Williams promoted me to his berth; this was a great step for me, and as it released me from much of the routine incidental to the ship's business in port, I was enabled to escort Nellie about to various places of interest and amusement in London. We had never spoken of our affection for each other, but I was sure she knew of my love for her, and somehow I felt satisfied of the nature of her feelings towards myself.

"The *Belle* was now loading up for Java, and it was on this voyage that events were to happen which robbed me of her I loved best on earth.

"This voyage, in contrast to our last, seemed ominous from the first. On leaving London we encountered a heavy westerly gale, against which we endeavoured unsuccessfully to beat down Channel, and eventually had to run into the Solent for shelter; we were twelve days before we got west of the Lizard, and the bad weather continued to follow us almost uninterruptedly until we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Then it looked as if our ill fortune had changed, and we experienced a spell of lovely weather with a brisk sou'-westerly breeze. We boomed across the Indian Ocean with royal sails set for days and nights together. The moon was at its full, making the nights as bright almost as day—the heavens were simply a mass of brilliant constellations, with meteors and shooting stars darting about in every direction.



WE BOOMED ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN.

"It was during one of these evenings, as Nellie and I stood by the rail gazing at the starlit vault above us, that I spoke the first words of love to her, and as she stole her little hand into mine, I had her sweet answer.

"I had an interview with her father the next morning, at which he was kindness itself. He said he had long noticed how matters were going, and when the time came, he should give Nellie to me with every hope for our future happiness.

"I hope I am not wearying you, Guy, with my story, but the times I am now recalling were the gladdest in my whole life and every little detail seems to come to me as fresh as when it happened."

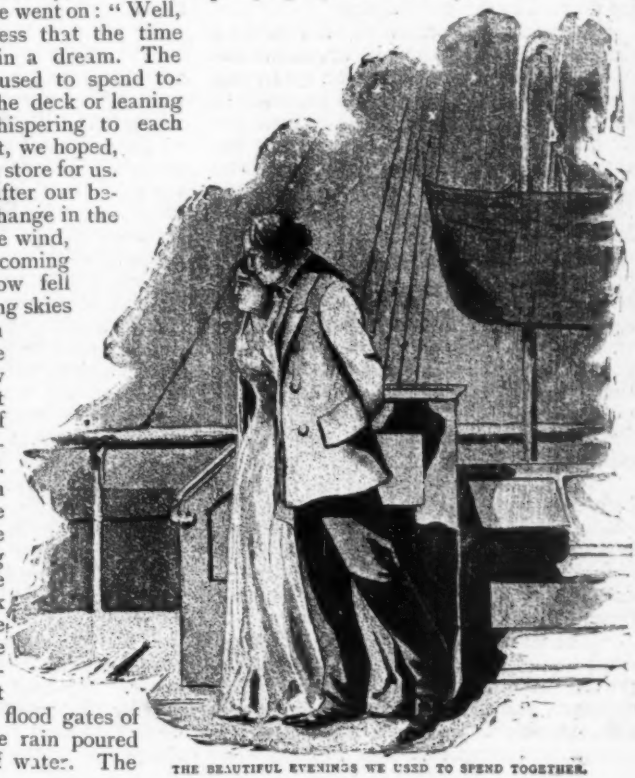
"My dear fellow," I replied, "you know I never tire of listening to you; you have the true art of narration which, together with the varied experiences of your busy life, makes all you say interesting."

"It's very good of you, Guy, to put up with an old fellow's garrulity," answered Tom; then continuing he went on: "Well, I was so full of happiness that the time slipped by almost as in a dream. The beautiful evenings we used to spend together strolling round the deck or leaning over the bulwarks, whispering to each other of all the joys that, we hoped, the future might hold in store for us.

"It was a few days after our betrothal that signs of a change in the weather appeared. The wind, which till now had been coming strong and steady, now fell away, and with darkening skies it was evident a storm was not far off. As the mantle of night drew over us the rigging aloft sighed and sobbed as if in terror at the approaching fight of the elements. All spare sail was taken in and everything made snug and tight for the night. We were running along with sails close reefed, the night as dark as pitch, when from the inky pall of the dense black clouds above began to patter down great drops of rain; then the flood gates of heaven opened, and the rain poured down in solid sheets of water. The wind increased, gradually backing right round to due east, and becoming so fierce that Captain Williams thought it advisable to let the *Belle* give up the fight and run before it.

"The lightning was now dancing round us in a continuous shimmer, dazzling our sight and lighting up the whole horizon with its electric glare, the previous blackness of the night giving way under its brilliant illumination. For hours the storm hovered round us in all its grandeur, the heavens seeming to rip from end to end as the thunder cracks burst and volleyed in every direction around us. So far, we had not yet passed through the centre of the storm, and we were almost beginning to congratulate ourselves on our escape, when a blinding flash of lightning, followed almost instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, burst from right overhead; all who were on deck were thrown down like skittles.

"I was standing aft with Captain Williams by the man at the wheel. Jumping up immediately, for I was not



THE BEAUTIFUL EVENINGS WE USED TO SPEND TOGETHER.

hurt, I felt for Captain Williams, whom I found close by my side, bruised, but otherwise uninjured. Pulling ourselves together, we called to Jack, who was at the wheel, without getting any answer, so I began to grope about for him, and presently came across the poor fellow, lying motionless on his face. Leaving Captain Williams to hold the wheel, I went forward as fast as I could, when, calling out to the men forward, I was joined presently by several who poured into my ears fresh casualties.

"The lightning had, it appears, struck the foremast, splintering it into atoms to within a few feet of the deck; the fragments of the mast and yards were strewn about in all directions, and the splinters or the lightning had killed seven men outright, and several more were seriously injured. I told two of the men to get aft and see to the Captain and Jack, whilst I hastened down to the cabin to rouse the first and third mates, and see how Nellie was doing. I found Mr. Allen had called the third officer and was soothing Nellie, who was sitting up dressed in the main cabin.

"Assuring Nellie of her father's safety, I desired her to brace herself up, as several of the men were hurt by broken spars, and she might be of great service presently in attending to their injuries. The dear girl at once said she would do whatever she could; so telling her to get bandages and other simple appliances ready, I begged Mr. Allen to stay by her for a few minutes longer, while I ran up on deck again.

"I met Captain Williams as I was coming out of the companion-way, the men had told him of the disaster to the mast and the loss of life, and I informed him that Nellie was all right. We then went forward and got the wounded carried below, where the Captain, Nellie and the others did what they could to ease the poor fellows; there were five badly hurt and several others less seriously.

"Meantime the *Belle* was still running before the wind, but the storm was sensibly abating, although the wind and sea were still very high. This continued for forty-eight hours, when the wind having sufficiently moderated, we got some sail set and resumed our course.

"The wounded were doing well and the dead had been committed to their ocean grave. We now set to work to repair damages, and soon had the ship in a workable condition, and with easy sail our voyage was renewed. The weather continued very threatening, but we hoped the worst was passed; this, however, was not to be, for during the next night the wind commenced to rise again, this time from the sou'-west, and very shortly the gale was upon us again with unabated fury; the wind increased to a hurricane, and there was nothing for it but to run before it.

"We had not been able to get our position for a week now, as the sun, moon and stars had been invisible all that time; we could only guess our position by dead reckoning. The look-out was doubled and the lead kept going.

"Early next morning, the look-out reported breakers ahead, and rushing forward we peered into the gloom, where sure enough broken water was just visible. The helm was put hard down, but in ten minutes we struck the sunken rock or reef with such force that the main and mizzen masts both broke off and the *Belle* went over on her beam ends. The falling masts went over the side, carrying seven or eight poor fellows with them entangled in the cordage, the first and third officers being amongst them.

"There we lay at the mercy of the gale, with the seas sweeping over us. It was not long before several ominous signs told us that the *Belle* was being torn to pieces by the cruel reef on which she was being pounded. Presently a monster wave lifted the stern up and slewed the ship broadside on to the reef. We could see there was no hope of her holding together much longer, and although it seemed like courting death to attempt to launch the boat, for we had only one boat left us, there was certain death staring us in the face when the ship went to pieces.

"So with the utmost difficulty, we got the long boat, which was not much damaged, ready for lowering. A keg of water and some biscuits and beef were stowed in it, and Nellie was brought along by her father, who, beckoning me to him, gave her into my charge with a pressure of the hand which spoke the words he could not utter. He then desired Jack (who had recovered) to get into the stern of the long boat and help Nellie in, and directed me to follow. The *Belle* being broadside to the sea, the lee, close under the ship's side was, comparatively speaking, smooth water. The boat was then lowered, and held by the painter by a couple of men, while Jack and I kept her off the ship's side; then, as the swell of the sea allowed,

she was pulled in by the painter sufficiently close for one or two of the men to jump into her, until all were got off, Captain Williams being the last to leave. We remained under the protection of our poor ship as long as we dared; suddenly Captain Williams called out to cast off, and the men having the oars out, backed water, and pulled round. We were only just in time: the last moments of our good ship had come, and in a few minutes all that remained above water was a timber sticking out here and there. We were now at the mercy of the raging elements—twelve souls in a mere cockle-shell of a boat, without knowledge as to our position. For two days and two nights we struggled to keep our frail craft from broaching to and being swamped. We were so low down in the water we could not see anything about us except when we were mounted on the crest of a wave. We were drenched to the skin time after time by the breaking seas, and our strength was slowly giving out. Several of the men who had been hurt on board the *Belle* were practically helpless, so that the rest had but little leisure between their labours. All this time the sea kept running with but little decrease, if any, but the wind had moderated somewhat. We were now beginning to feel the cold of the continued exposure. Nellie, poor girl, bore up as bravely as the best of us; we had covered her up as well as we could with oilskins, but as some of the wounded men gave up she insisted on their having a share of her covering. We had struggled through the third night, when just about daybreak, as near as we could guess, when we had two men pulling on each side, the bow oar caught a crab or fainted, we never knew which, and before we could realise what had happened, the boat broached to and was swamped. I was sitting next to Nellie in the stern sheets, and as the boat went over I seized her round the waist and sprang clear of the boat as it turned over; coming to the surface I raised my darling's head as high as I could, and gazing round as I rose on the top of a wave, I caught the dim outline of the capsized boat a dozen yards or so ahead of me. I now nerved myself to reach it, and after almost despairing of success, I at last managed to get alongside and grasp the keel; there I hung on exhausted for some minutes. Presently I felt something close over my hand, and looking up I saw a face peering down at me.



I HELD HER IN MY ARMS.

"'Hullo mate! Hold on! Who are you?'

"And I recognised the voice as Jack's.

"'Tom Holybone,' I replied, 'give me a hand if you can, Jack; I've got Miss Nellie here and perhaps we can get her up on the keel.'

"With that I gently lifted my dear one until Jack could take hold of her, then pulling myself up astride the boat I raised her up and held her in my arms. She was breathing, but that was all; I think she had fainted, but after a bit she lay still in my arms, her breath rising and falling naturally, and evidently in a kind of doze. Day was now breaking, and as the upturned boat rose on the waves, Jack and I searched the waste of waters for any signs of our crew, but nothing was visible and

we feared that all were gone. I was only too pleased that Nellie had gone off to sleep, for I feared that when she awoke and realised that her father and the rest of the poor fellows were no more, her grief, in her present weak state, would be more than she could bear.

"We were still keeping an anxious look-out, when Jack whispered to me to look due east, where the sun's light was fast breaking through the mists of the early morn, and as we peered we fancied we could discern a little to the south the loom of land. As the light increased, this became a certainty, for there, right in the way we were drifting, gradually broke through the haze a tree-covered island. We were going straight towards it and we were now scarcely half a mile off. Was it possible that some of the crew may have already been carried there? We were now full of suppressed excitement, and commenced paddling our craft along with our feet. I did not want to disturb Nellie till the last moment, as I felt that the longer she slept, the more chance there was of her surviving the terrible ordeal she had passed through, and the still greater one she had to surmount. Slowly, most slowly, we seemed to scarcely move, still we did near the shore, and now, at last, our fears and doubts were ended, we were within a stone's throw; the sea had quieted very considerably, but there was still sufficient to make the surf break on the land more than we could wish. I now gently woke Nellie; she opened her dear eyes and gazed at me with a wondering smile. 'Where are we, Tom, dear? What are we doing?' she said. Then the memory of the past night rushed before her and she started up, saying, 'Are we saved? Where's father?' To put off the dread moment for awhile, I replied that I hoped to find him on the island, pointing to the shore we were now almost on. 'Now, Jack,' I said, 'we must get ready; we shall have to make a bolt for it immediately we touch.' Taking Nellie on my right arm I slipped down the side of the boat, holding on by the keel, Jack doing the same on the opposite side, and directly we felt the ground we plunged forward, Jack coming to my aid to help Nellie; we fortunately gained the sand without being swept back.

"My tale is nearly done now, Guy," remarked Tom. "Nellie would not rest till we had searched the island for her father and the others, and, although, I tried to persuade her to rest a little and dry her clothes while Jack and I went to search for them, she would not listen to me, but insisted on going with us and would have no delay. Off we started, Nellie and I along the sand, while Jack ran higher up so as to get a glimpse inland. We shouted and called as we went, but there was no answering echo, and the further we plodded on, the further hope departed, and our hearts felt like lead; at last, when we got to the further end of the island, for it was only a little bit of a place, Nellie broke down entirely, and sitting on the sand with her face to the sea commenced to moan and sob with tearless eyes, 'Father, dear father; father, dear father,' over and over again. After awhile we half-led, half-carried her up amongst the trees, and while Jack went to gather some cokernuts which he had seen growing, I got some of her wet things off her and put them to dry. Then we set to work to make a hut of boughs and ferns to form a cover for her for the night. With much



WE BURIED HER AT THE FOOT OF A PALM TREE.

difficulty we got her to take a little of the cokernut-milk. For days she remained in a kind of stupor, eating nothing, but drinking a little of the milk occasionally, and I could see she was gradually sinking.

"I could do nothing to rouse her from her lethargy, the exposure and shock were too much for her strength to overcome; she simply lay in my arms, like a sleeping child, and I was powerless to help her. The end came after we had been on the island five days. I thought she was taking a turn for the better; she had recognised me and listened to me as I talked, attempting to distract her thoughts from brooding over the past. She murmured my name several times, saying 'Poor dear Tom, keep me in your arms,' and put up her poor wasted arm to draw my face down to hers—and so she passed away.

We buried her, at the foot of a palm tree, and put a rough cross over her last resting place. Poor Jack had then to turn to and nurse me, for I knocked under for a bit; but he pulled me through, and some months after we were taken off the island by a small trading vessel, which we had attracted by our signals.

"And that's how it comes, Guy, that I have never married."



LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.



GUMTU.

CHAPTER I.

News of Harold Pemberton.

"JACK, will you come into the study?"

As I proceeded to comply with this request of my friend, Tom Hilton, I noticed his usually genial face appeared more serious than its wont.

When we were duly seated in the den Tom styled his study, he commenced:

"You remember Harold Pemberton was supposed to have been killed at Isandlwana during the Zulu war? It appears, from these papers I have this morning received, that he still lives; by a strange combination of circumstances they came into the possession of my sister, Ella, to whom he was engaged, and she has sent them on to me."

Taking the letter out of Hilton's hand, I read the following:

"Kimberley Hospital,
"Thursday, May 16th, 1888.

"Dear Tom,—You know I always had a strange presentiment that Harold was still alive, and you will see by the enclosed that my surmise was correct.

"An old Dutch hunter, named Jansie, came down to the hospital some time since for an operation, having been badly hurt while elephant hunting. One night, when we thought he was going to die, he told me a strange tale about some white people he had met far up country, and that one of them had entrusted him with the papers I am sending on to you by this mail. I promised Jansie to forward the packet, but did not notice the address at the time, as I was very busy, and never imagined it was of interest to us.

"Write and tell me what you think of doing; in the meantime I will try and discover Jansie's whereabouts, though I fear it is rather a hopeless task, for, if alive, he is sure to be up country—these old hunters can't rest long quietly at home.

"You will see, Harold mistook our cousin's marriage for mine—the announcement must have been badly worded.

"If possible, do come out and see what can be done to find him.

"Your affectionate sister,
"Ella Hilton."

* * * * *

The roll of paper accompanying Ella Hilton's letter was of considerable size.

"Have you read Pemberton's papers, Tom?" I asked.

"Yes, my boy, I have," he replied; "here they are, read them yourself, and we will then see what is best to be done."

Taking the bulky roll, I seated myself in a favourite nook by the window, and this is what I read:

"*My Life and Captivity since the Massacre of Isandlwana.*

"For the last ten years I have been a prisoner—for that is what I virtually am—and as in all likelihood I shall end my

days here, I intend writing a slight sketch of my life, hoping it will fall into the hands of some of my old friends, thereby acquainting them with my true fate. Of course, since the Zulu war, I have been considered dead, and so I have been to the outside world.

"How well do I remember the feelings of delight with which we received the news that our regiment was ordered out to Africa, and the excitement caused over our various preparations, rashly considering the expedition likely to prove more of an amusement than anything else; yet I doubt if many of my comrades lived to see their native land again. No misgivings troubled any of us during our delightful voyage, all were in the highest spirits.

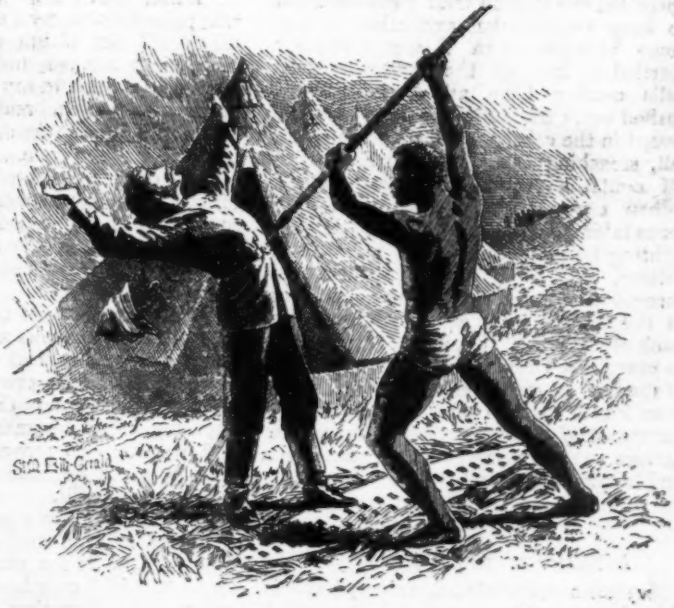
"As soon as we landed at the Cape we started for the scene of trouble.

"On our journey up country I fell in with a Kaffir boy, trudging along, evidently with great difficulty. In reply to my enquiries as to his lameness, he, much to my astonishment, answered in very good English that he had been badly treated by his boss, who had beaten him because the wagon had stuck in the mud. Dropping his rag of a blanket, he showed me his back and legs; the whip had been used with such effect that in many places it had cut through the flesh. How he walked at all was past my comprehension.

"The poor little beggar was suffering such pain that I gave him a lift on my horse, and, when he had told me his troubles, I asked him to remain with me as my boy. At first he seemed undecided, fearing his old boss might overtake us, and that I should give him up. This I promised I would not do; moreover, I showed him clearly that his late boss, if stuck in the mud without a leader, two days' journey at our rear, was very unlikely to overtake us; but I think what settled Gumtu—for that was the lad's name—to remain with me was that he felt too sick and weak from loss of blood and want of food to continue the journey alone.

"When the others arrived—for I had ridden ahead to pick a good camping-ground—they were somewhat surprised when I informed them I was going to retain such a ragged object as my personal servant. However, he made himself so useful, helping with the horses, and doing all sorts of odd jobs, that next morning, when he mounted one of the wagons, not a word of dissent was uttered.

"We saw little or nothing of our enemy, the Zulus, and we gradually ceased to have any fear of a surprise. Then the news of the Prince Imperial's sad death was brought to us, and threw a most depressing gloom over all. From that time things became more exciting, and we were constantly on the move until our regiment arrived at Isandlwana; then came the carnage of that awful morning. I often fancy now I can hear the cries of



AN ASSEGAI WAS THRUST THROUGH MY ARM.



IT RAISED ITS PUFFED-OUT HEAD.

our men as they were suddenly roused from their sleep, to find the Zulus standing in their very tents, the whole camp being thoroughly taken by surprise.

"I had but a short time since returned from visiting the watch, and had then neither seen or heard anything to denote the enemies' approach. Gumtu was not waiting for me as was his usual practice; so, after posting up my diary, I set about closing the tent, and at the same time sprinkled the ground with carbolic acid, to keep away snakes and other unwelcome visitors, when I was suddenly startled by hearing the most unearthly yells coming from all directions. I rushed out, carbolic in one hand and my sword in the other, but I tripped up and fell, smashing the bottle and scattering its contents around and over myself. When I was again on my feet, I saw tents falling all around me, and our men fighting hand to hand with a horde of yelling, screaming Zulus. Then an assegai was thrust through my arm, and at the same time I was struck on the back of my head. I fell, and lay unable to move, yet I remained dimly conscious of the horrors going on around me until, from loss of blood, I fainted, and my ears became deaf to the fiendish yells of the natives as they rushed on their unarmed and helpless victims."

CHAPTER II.

A Night in the Snake Cave.

"My senses were restored in a very forcible though unpleasant manner: I received a terrific bump off a huge boulder, for I was skimming the ground on a rough sort of sleigh, composed of a thick forked branch of a tree, fastened by "reims" to a couple of oxen—evidently young, by the way they ran and made light of the rough road. How I was kept on, or for how long I had travelled in this uncomfortable way, I do not know; sometimes I was conscious, sometimes not; all I recollect is, that I fancied myself on some infernal machine, invented for the purpose of smashing all my bones, and I envied the fate of my comrades who had been killed outright.

"At last, with a terrible jerk, the oxen pulled up, and through a buzz of voices I distinguished Gumtu saying:

"Drink this, boss," and some brandy was poured down my throat. Then I was taken off the sleigh and pushed and pulled into a cave, and left in solitude. Presently I came to my full senses, and I opened my eyes, and, oh! horror, I thought I must be mad, for, peering into the gloom of the cave, a cold sweat broke out all over me as I saw, at a little distance, a seething, surging mass of loathsome snakes, so coiled one within the other that at first they appeared like one huge monster, with countless heads and arms.

"The thought that Gumtu had helped to place me there was a bitter thought; I had become attached to the boy, and thought he would have been faithful and true to me. Could they have devised anything more inhuman or dreadful? I was powerless to move, and had it been otherwise, the horrible fascination might have kept me still.

"Presently I saw one uncoil itself from its slimy fellows, and crawl slowly towards me, as if for more careful inspection. Could I only have become unconscious again, how thankful I should have

been; but my mind and senses were wrought to the fullest pitch as the dreaded reptile drew nearer and nearer, enjoying, as I fancied, my shuddering horror, until it reared its puffed-out head by my side, hissing and darting out its forked tongue. Why it did not bite me, I could not imagine; it went round and round, but denly all began to rear their heads, with concentrated anger flashing from their wicked black eyes. I thought they intended to make one general onslaught. I had endured so much that I was almost past feeling further pain or horror, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw them all clear off into the dark recesses of the



TELLING MY SWEETHEART, ELLA.

never touched me, always keeping its head away, as if in disgust. Again it seemed anxious to settle down, first coiling itself up in one place, then another; but for some unseen reason it could not rest, and presently it started off to rejoin the rest, turning every moment to give me an angry look and parting hiss. Sud- cave, hissing with increased venom as they went.

"I believe now it was the strong smell of carbolic acid, which had been spilt all over my clothes when I fell, that they could not stand; strange to say, with the hissing still sounding in my ears, I went off into a refreshing and happy sleep. I

was back in old England, telling my sweetheart, Ella, about the war, and all the world seemed fair; then I awoke.

"When I awoke, my dream seemed so real, that even when I still found myself in the cave, the remembrance so cheered and comforted me that my terror of the snakes passed away and I felt like a new man; still I could not move. My long fast and loss of blood had so prostrated me, that I felt it would be some time before I could get about; my nerves were now restrung and I fell into a dreamless sleep. I was rudely awakened by apparently the same frightful shouts and yells I had heard at Isandlwana, and then, I was suddenly dragged out of the cave by a rope of hide, which I afterwards ascertained had been fastened round my body by one of the Zulus. The glare of the bright sunshine after the hours of darkness in the cave seemed to blind me; and for many days afterwards my eyes were painful and sore, from the exposure to the fetid and poisonous breath of the snakes, which had been quite overpowering.



A GRACEFUL LITTLE THING.

"When I was drawn out of the cave, more brandy and some mealie pap was given to me. The natives' shouts increased, and from the little I could understand of their language, they said 'I was indeed the great white chief, or god, for I had come forth alive from the abode of the most deadly of snakes.' I heard afterwards that the cave was supposed to be the habitation of the great snake, which they declare no ordinary man can look upon without falling dead; and, though they dread it, they also worship and petition it for favours, especially when they want rain, or disease breaks out amongst their herds; then they take offerings to appease its wrath, and leaving them near the cave, they retire to a safe distance and shout out their requests.

"It was on account of the dreaded disease, known as 'red water,' which had destroyed hundreds of their cattle, that they had been induced, by their medicine man, to come down in such large numbers to fight the white man. The thought of gratifying the snake had given them courage to unite with the Zulus in attacking and destroying our camp. To save their cattle they will do anything, even to the sacrifice of their lives; and so they fought like demons. Their witch doctors had imbued them with the idea that, until the white man was destroyed or driven out of the country, the disease would increase, until all their herds were consumed.

"After awhile I was lifted into one of our captured wagons, and with a few hundred followers, we started away, for where I could not tell, but by the stars at night I judged it to be in a North-westerly direction."

CHAPTER III.

ENMITY OF QUANZA, THE WITCH DOCTOR.

"AFTER weeks of travelling we arrived at the Chief's Kraal. I was at once presented to Ettuawa, the King. Though old, he was a tall, noble-looking savage, with a keen, but pleasing expression. I took a liking to him at once, and I may say here that from him, personally, I always received the greatest kindness. He was a relation of Cetywayo, and had sent a large impi, or band, of his warriors, to help that well-known chief. A few had returned with me, to report the victory at Isandlwana, the rest had marched

on to Rorke's Drift to join the main army.

"By Ettuawa's command I was given a very comfortable hut, and soon my strength returned and with it my eyesight. I lived in constant hope of obtaining my freedom, as I trusted in time I should fall in with some hunting party, and, with their help, escape. With that hope in my breast I did my utmost to regain my usual strength, so that, when the chance came, I should be fit to endure the hardships and fatigue of the return journey. Until then I determined to make the best of a bad job and be as happy and comfortable as I could.



POOR LITTLE CARA WAS IN GREAT DISTRESS.

"One of the Chief's daughters was appointed to cook and wait upon me; she was a graceful little thing, and, for a native, really pretty.

"I knew something about the treatment of cattle, and so was able to doctor and save many of the sick ones. My reputation consequently grew, and spread to such an extent that natives came from far and near to consult me, paying for my veterinary services in cattle or gold, so that I soon became well off.

"The rains were late the following spring, and, in consequence, the spruits, as the smaller streams are called, ran dry. The people, whenever they require rain, or disease attacks their herds, immediately apply to their witch doctors to supply the rain or exorcise the dreaded disease. Now Quanza, their present witch doctor, was jealous of my popularity, and told them to come to me to get their rain, or go and face the big snake alone, for he would not help them. As time went on and no rain came, those who had looked up to me and were hitherto friendly, now began to avoid me. I used to watch that cloudless sky with feverish anxiety, hoping against hope that a cloud would spring up. At last I was taken by force to the snake cave, and had to deliver the offerings with which they wished to propitiate the great snake that they worshipped and dreaded.

"I feared I was to endure another night of horrors, but happily for me, as soon as I had thrown the offerings into the snake cave, and had retreated, half sick with the offensive smell, I heard the people shouting out joyfully, when gradually, but surely, from the opposite hill, clouds commenced to spring up, and the sky became overcast. This was, of course, put down to the efficacy of the offerings. Then the people were most jubilant, and as anxious to return to their own kraals as they had been to leave them, and begged me earnestly to restrain the rain until they got home. We now started on our return journey. It will be remembered that the snake cave was many days distant from the village. Every day it looked most threatening, but never a drop of rain fell. At last our journey came to an end, and so did the promise of rain, for next morning we arose to observe the sky as clear as it was when we started, and the ground parched. We heard they had had grand rains up country, which we could see for ourselves by the increased flow in the rivers.

"Poor little Cara, my little housekeeper, was in great distress, and, falling upon her knees, besought me to make rain if I could, or, she assured me, I should be tortured to death, as Quanza was busy stirring up the wrath of the already angry people against me.

"He informed them that he had had compassion on them, and had done his best to bring the rain; but that the snake was so angry with them for letting a

white man be their doctor, that he, in punishment, had refused their requests, and sent the rain up to their enemies, on the hills, so that they might wax fat, and come down upon them and eat them up, when they themselves were weak from hunger.

"I told Cara I could do nothing, and if I had to die, I must.

"When I walked abroad, I noticed the people continued to regard me in a threatening manner, and spat on the ground as they passed my door.

"I tried my best to appear unconscious of these angry signs. I could, of course, do nothing to avert the evil, and was forever speculating as to what way they would kill me. I thought of every torture I had heard of, but came to the conclusion that nothing could be worse than my night spent in the snake cave.

"My doom was sealed at last. One morning it was found that the clouds were again rising in the distant horizon, and Quanza, fearing if it rained I should be forgiven, began to incite the people to torture me at once, before the rain was again driven away by me.

"Early next morning, Gumtu, whom I had hardly seen since I had been captured, came into my hut. I flew out upon him in a perfect fury of rage. I thought he had come to gloat over the misery to which he had brought me. After I had spent my anger and somewhat relieved my pent-up feelings, I sat down, exhausted with my passion. I fancied I saw him give a grin of delight. I restrained myself with the utmost difficulty from springing at him. I determined to die as a brave man should, and show no fear. Turning, I quietly said, 'what is it you wish of me?' He calmly replied, 'You must take off your clothes, and let me rub you with this,' holding out a pot of filthy fat. 'So they are going to roast me this time,' I remarked, 'and think I am not fat enough.' I flung my things off, and at Gumtu's head, one after the other. It was very childish, I know, but I felt I must do something. From a tin in my jacket pocket he received a blow on the head from which he bore the marks for many a long day. Without a word, he wiped the blood from his face and proceeded to turn the pockets out, transferring their contents into a little bag he carried, hanging from his neck. I saw him mix some powder with the fat, then he rubbed me with it, making little Cara help, though she was crying all the time.

"I looked on and watched them. I could not make Gumtu out; he did not taunt me as I expected, but worked hard and fast, not leaving a spot of my body uncovered with fat and powder; all the time the blood was streaming down his face from the blow I had dealt him. When I was covered to his satisfaction with the horrid mixture, he sprinkled me well with the remains of the powder, until he had covered my hair and every part of my body. Producing a flask he bid me drink. I hoped, perchance, a feeling of remorse had come over him and that the drink, if poisoned, was intended to end my sufferings before the roasting commenced; feeling somewhat grateful, I took a good pull at it."

CHAPTER IV.

CONDEMNED TO BE EATEN BY THE HUGE TREE ANT.

I was then marched up the slope to the bush or forest, and bound hand and foot to a large thorn tree. I had been followed by crowds of natives. The drug Gumtu had given me, soon began to take effect, and I lost all physical feeling, and the fear engendered at my perilous position left me, yet my senses were alive to the glorious beauty of the panorama of nature around me. Never had the earth appeared so fair, as it did on the eve of my leaving it. The tree to which I was fastened overlooked a rolling prairie, reaching to the far-off mountains, which towered one above another. My imagination carried me over them and the sea beyond, to my own native Island. I was recalled from my day-dream by hearing Quanza relating all the imaginary evils I had brought upon the people. With fiendish glee, every now and again, he chanted forth the words:

"'To-night we shall see what manner of god he is.'

Then the warriors joined in the chant, at the same time uplifting their assegais as if about to strike me, then again quickly withdrawing them as they touched my flesh. From the song I gathered that I was to be kept standing in the burning sun until it set. Quanza's animosity I could understand, for to him I was an evil, and his influence over the people had been, for the time, lessened:

be had some reason for his actions; but Gumtu I had befriended and always treated well; yet there he was, yelling, dancing, shouting, and, if anything, apparently more delighted and excited than Quanza himself. Ettuawa alone looked grave, and I thought sorrowful, but even he could not save me now: the people were far too excited at the idea of the coming sacrifice to listen to anything he might say in my favour.

"At last that dreadful day drew to its close, and the people quieted down with expectation. I watched for the bundles of wood to be brought and piled about me, but they did not come: was burning too quick a mode of death for their liking? Would the smoke hide my tortures too quickly from their anxious gaze? Yes, they had prepared a slower and more painful death. At a given signal Gumtu sprang up the tree to which I was fastened; Quanza followed quickly on the other side. Presently showers of dry earth fell and nearly blinded me; then down came swarms of the huge tree-ant. I was to be eaten and stung, until I died of madness and pain. How long it would take to kill me, I did not know; perhaps days. I had never seen any one so put to death, though I had heard of it as one of the most dreaded of punishments, and only resorted to for the worst offences.



RETURNING FROM HUNTING.

"I groaned in spirit. It was impossible to contemplate such a death with fortitude. What had I done to deserve such a fate as this?

"The ants were now running all over me. I was black with them—yet from some inexplicable reason, I felt no pain. They ran down me and on to the ground, or remained stuck fast where they fell. I was pondering on this strange result, when such a flash of lightning struck the ground in front of me as I never hope to see again. It killed Quanza's favourite son and some dozen of the natives, standing near; then down came the rain with a vengeance. Some one shouted that the snake was appeased. Ettuawa rose, first saying a few words to his counsellors, who delivered an order to Gumtu, and then all fled as fast as they could to their huts for shelter. The lightning and thunder were terrific and incessant; it was the grandest, as well as the most awful storm I have ever beheld; the heavens seemed a blaze of light; the crash of the thunder shook the earth.

"A few minutes after the frightened people had fled, my reims were cut, and I was dragged along through the blinding rain. I was so stiff, that walking was extremely painful. On regaining my hut, Gumtu and Cara scraped the fat and dead ants off me; then I was given some

brandy, and rolled up in my blanket; I at once fell into a profound stupor, in which I remained three days and nights.

"When I awoke, Gumtu informed me the rain had continued with such unremitting violence that the country was flooded, and that the people now feared unless I recovered and forgave them they would be washed away.

"I tried my utmost to stifle my groans, that Gumtu might not add to my sufferings by showing, as I thought, the pleasure my pain gave him; but on turning round, a cry of pain escaped me; in a moment he was by my side, and in a tender voice said:

"'Boss, what is it? can I do anything for you?' and then, without waiting for permission, he rubbed some Kaffir ointment into my joints, which soon gave me relief. I was overwhelmed with astonishment at Gumtu's apparent solicitude. Had I done the boy an injustice?

"'Gumtu,' I said, 'what does it all mean? One day you wish me dead and now you appear glad that I still live?'

"'Yes! yes! much yes,' he replied. 'I had to pretend not to care for you, so that when you required my services, unsuspected I could render you all the assistance in my power; I put the powdered flower of the pyretheum plant with the fat, so the ants were poisoned before they had a chance of attacking you.'

"'What about the snake cave?' I asked.

"'Oh, that was bad,' he replied; 'but to save your life I had represented you to be a great medicine man, and that was the only way they would be convinced. I surrounded you with charms, so I knew the snakes would not dare to touch you.'

"I still think the carbolic acid had more to do with keeping them off, than all Gumtu's charms. I thought my troubles were now over, little dreaming how soon and sorely I should require his help again.

"Quanza, finding I had, if anything, regained greater power than before, thought it safest to disappear.

"The continual rain had caused a small fountain to spring up through the floor of my hut, and though sluits were dug for it to run off, it kept the place very damp. Ettuawa ordered me to be removed to another hut, as I was suffering from acute rheumatism, brought on from being so long without my clothes that memorable day. Gumtu made me a wonderful concoction, from pouring boiling water on willow leaves, a few doses of which drove the rheumatics quite out of my system.

"When I could get about, I became anxious to make my escape, and used to rove about the country on the chance of falling in with elephant hunters or travellers, trusting they would let me join them. Alone, I knew it would be almost impossible to traverse those vast African plains, even had I an idea of the way. Each day I rose with renewed hope, until I received an unexpected blow, and the wish to leave was extinguished for ever. I had quite overlooked the fact that long since I must have been reported as dead, grieved over and most likely forgotten, until it was most forcibly brought to my notice.

"One day, on returning from a hunting expedition, I saw Gumtu, who was in my confidence, advancing with a very smiling countenance. I guessed the cause and hurried on ahead of the others.

"'What's up now?' I shouted, forgetful of every precaution in my impatience, but he, without answering, came on, nodding, dancing and smiling until he had joined me.

"'Boss, white men and wagons,' he whispered. At those magic words my heart bounded with delight, all my troubles were forgotten. My anxiety to be off was so great that I did not wait to question Gumtu, but desired him to return, catch his horse and mine, and take them on to the other side of the hill, where I promised to join him at sundown.

"On reaching home I made myself as respectable as possible, and then started for the meeting-place, where I found Gumtu impatient to be off. We sighted the wagons at break of day.

"The party consisted of two Englishmen, a Dutchman and his two sons. They were very reticent on the subject of their own affairs, and on hearing my history, appeared anxious to put me off from joining them, saying that on their return journey, if I wished, they would make for our village and take me on. Their entire want of sympathy and kindly fellowship, so different to what I had expected, made me very miserable. Before parting, one of the Englishmen gave me a bundle of old newspapers; I gladly accepted the gift, little thinking the misery they would bring. I would not trust them out of my hands, and so great was my anxiety on

their account, that for want of proper attention, my horse in crossing the river was washed out of the drift into deep water, the poor brute had a long and difficult swim before we regained the shore, and was so exhausted that I had to leave him under Gumtu's care, to rest, while I took his, and hurried back before my absence became noticed. All looked so peaceful and happy in the fading sunlight. The cheerful greetings of the people, as I passed them, were so different to that received from my own countrymen, that I was almost reconciled to the fact that my plans had failed."

CHAPTER V.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

"NEXT morning I desired Cara to pack me some food, as I was going out for a day in the bush. My intention was to get away to read my papers undisturbed. Curiosity drew me to have a look at the ant tree, under which I had suffered such torment of mind some months previously. I found it had been struck by lightning, and was split clean down the middle. I could not help pondering on the uncertainty of things. There stood the riven trunk of a tree that had been venerated for ages past, and had looked likely to be in existence ages hence, at the time when I was bound helplessly to its sacrificial stem. Yet now, here was I, in the pride of my manhood, and the old tree stricken unto death; under its shade poor humanity would never more be tortured, for if report were true, many a man, aye, and woman too, had breathed their last while enduring that most cruel of cruel deaths—being stung and eaten by ants. How different were my circumstances now to what they had been, when I was last in the same spot: then my heart seemed dead within me, and a yelling, surging crowd was excitedly anticipating my death. Now, the only sounds I heard were the twitterings of the birds and gentle hum of the ever busy bee and gorgeous flies, as they flittered, hither and thither. Under these different circumstances the world looked very fresh and beautiful: peace and plenty reigned around. I alone appeared discontented, wanting what I was denied, willing to give up everything for a sight of Ella. I never for a moment doubted her. Her last farewell words were still in my ears: 'Harold, I shall be true to you; remember that always.' I recalled the days of our first meeting, when we were boy and girl sweethearts,



"WAS I TO ENDURE NOTHING BUT SUFFERING?"

and my mind roved over the various incidents which had drawn us together still closer in our mutual affection. Her brother Tom was my chief playmate in those far-off times. Ah, for a glance at them now. At last I turned to my papers, which by a happy chance contained much news of the Zulu war. I became quite excited over the accounts given of the attack on Rorke's Drift. Would that I had been there to help those few brave men. I almost forgot how long ago it all happened; to me it was fresh news; I had heard from the natives of Cetewayo's capture, but their accounts of the fight had been so exaggerated, that I hardly knew what to believe. Very little was written about Isandlwana, so I feared few, if any, but myself had escaped. Then turning to other events I was attracted by the notice of the sad fatality of the owners of Abbey Croft. My father's death was spoken about, and amongst the killed in Zululand my own name was given.

"Hugh was master of the old home now. I felt sure though, he would be glad to have me back, even if he had to share the estate with me.

"Casually glancing down the columns of births, marriages and deaths, I saw the names of many friends figuring; I had come to almost my last paper, when I read and re-read the, to me, overwhelming announcement of the marriage of Major Bagshaw to Ella Hilton on the 23rd of January 1880, a little over a year after the massacre of Isandlwana.

"Oh, why had I not died before this blow came! To be eaten by ants or stung by serpents, was better than this cruel death-blow to all my hopes. Was I to endure nothing but suffering and disappointment to my life's end? Broken hearts fortunately don't kill, or I should have died long ago. The world no longer seemed bright and fair, and now all wish to leave the wilds of Africa left me; I would not have returned to England had I been taken down to the coast, and only had to step on board ship homeward bound. Hugh was welcome to Abbey Croft, for I never wanted to see it more. From henceforth my life must be one of forgetfulness, or at least patient endurance. No mortal pen can describe the anguish I endured. I forgot time and place; night passed, and I still sat there crushed with my grief.

When morning broke I was astonished to see a dark object a little distance off, which, when I approached, proved to be Cara. She told me she had been there all night: here was one at least who loved me. I gently raised her and led her home, my home, as I then thought, for ever. On entering the hut I noticed with what care everything had been prepared for my comfort. Turning to her I took her hand in mine and said: 'Cara, I shall never leave you; your people shall be my people and my God your God.'

(To be continued.)

Editor's Gossip.

With the advent of the present number of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, we bid farewell to the old and well-known issue with which we have been so long familiar, and on which our work has been as a labour of love.

The new era opens brightly and full of promise; well-wishes and congratulations continue to be showered on us, by every post, by friends from far and near: from sunny France and distant Canada, from rock-bound Gibraltar and pine-covered Norway, come those meads of praise and kind expressions which gladden the hearts of your editor and his willing staff.

* * *

It is such spontaneous sympathy that makes one believe in the fairness and better qualities of this world of ours, and helps us to forge ahead, in the hope that some of our work and endeavour is appreciated beyond its intrinsic value in "filthy lucre."

* * *

In placing this number in the hands of my readers, I am conscious of some of its shortcomings, which, however, I hope to overcome as time goes on. Presuming on the kindness and response with which my former appeals have been received, I shall continue, in future, to put before you such questions as can be best decided by those who are interested in the welfare of our magazine; for, after all, who are more competent to judge on the desirability or otherwise of its contents than those who read it?

* * *

I cannot reply individually to all those who have written me with regard to their opinion on the music question. I, however, take this opportunity of thanking them collectively.

By far and away the majority of my writers plump for Songs and other musical pieces, especially during the winter months; speaking roughly, the proportion in favour of the music is about thirty to one.

The ayes certainly have it on this question, and I am now making arrangements to provide for the carrying out of the verdict.

* * *

During the next few months, a piece of music or song will be published regularly; and I hope to induce some of our most celebrated Composers to contribute their help in this department.

* * *

I have received many interesting letters, touching on the Football series set out in my last notes. The first article appears this month, and the series will be continued throughout the winter. I want to make these articles as complete and interesting as possible, and I shall much appreciate any hints on this subject, from those who have any special features or knowledge to impart.

I intend publishing, one month, a very complete article on London football, with Photos. of the big Metropolitan clubs, such as Ilford, London Caledonians, Casuals, Clarence, Crouch End, Olympic, Minerva, Vulcan, West End, &c. The game is growing in favour in the South in the most rapid manner; and, so far, in the County of London, football has had but little attention paid it.

* * *

SPECIAL FOOTBALL COMPETITION.—As the interest in the game is now so universal, I propose to offer a Presentation Gold Watch for competition amongst my readers, on the following conditions:

Competitors for this prize must write on the back of an ordinary post-card, first his or her name and address, then names of the League Clubs, in the order they anticipate they will stand at the expiration of the football season after the last match is played.

The names of the Clubs which are con-

testing the League Championship are as follows:—

Preston North End.
Aston Villa.
Sunderland.
Wolverhampton.
Sheffield Wednesday.
Bolton Wanderers.
Blackburn Rovers.
Derby County.
Stoke.
Burnley.
Everton.
W. Bromwich Albion.
Notts County.
Newton Heath.
Notts Forest.
Accrington.

The competitor who places most of the above Clubs in the correct order will be declared the winner of the watch. All post-cards must be addressed "Football Competition. THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London," and must be sent in by the 31st of January, 1893. The winner will be duly announced in the month following the final match of the League. And the crest or monogram of the winner will be engraved on the back of the watch, with a few words in commemoration on the inner case.

This Competition is open to all, and I shall esteem it a favour if you will make it known amongst all your friends who take an interest in the game.

* * *

The author of the article "The Southern Counties Cycling Camp," in last month's LUDGATE, writes me as follows: "In my notes on Champion Cyclists, you make me say, 'F. W. Shorland rode, in 1889, from London to Edinburgh in ten hours:' this should have been followed by the words, 'under record time,' and read 'in ten hours under record time.' Marvellous performances are continually being beaten, but our friend Shorland has not yet attempted to beat the London and North-Western Railway's expresses, whatever he may do in the future."

Referring to my remarks in last month's gossip on the discount question, as applied to Magazines and Books, I am informed by the secretary of the Newsagents and Booksellers' Union that the trade are discontinuing the practice of selling under published prices, and he asks me to correct my statement on this point.

This I most willingly do, and I trust my readers and the trade will pardon me for the mistake I have unthinkingly made.

The enlarged issue of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY will be obtainable at all railway bookstalls and booksellers' at the published price of sixpence.

That "the labourer is worthy of his hire" is as true to-day as ever, and I think my readers will agree that "our Newsagent" works about as hard as any man we can name. I am afraid that eight hours a-day would only represent about half his usual *day's* work. Therefore, let us recognise his merits in a sympathetic and practical manner.

* * *

It seems rather "taking time by the forelock" to write or talk about Christmas Numbers at this early date; but our next issue will be the December Number, and my publishers ask me to notify all whom it may concern "to kindly send their orders in to their Booksellers as early as possible." I am further requested to state that the Christmas Number will be published at Sixpence, the same as an ordinary month.

* * *

I intend devoting one or two pages per month to puzzles, arithmetical and other conundrums, and problems of an interesting nature. Personally, I am extremely partial to a good knotty problem, and I think there are many who take a delight in working out and unravelling a clever and well-constructed enigma.

I propose to offer various prizes for competition for the solution of these puzzles, which will doubtless give more zest to those who enter.

Full particulars will be given next month.



HE DIVIDED THE DUCATS BETWEEN THEM.

Drawn by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., R.A

A Tale of Chivalry.

By HUBERT GRAYLE.

ADVANCING over the undulating plains of Lombardy, in Northern Italy, one beautiful autumn day, early in the sixteenth century, might have been observed two cavaliers. Both were dressed in the full armour of the period, their shining accoutrements flashing like the fire of diamonds as they caught and reflected the sparkling rays of the mid-day sun. Their heels bore the golden spur denoting their knightly rank, whilst their horses, which were of the famous breed of Flanders, were caparisoned, like their masters, ready for the fray.

The two knights were in deep and earnest conversation, and, with their visors up, as their steeds paced quietly along, a fuller view of their faces showed that there was some difference in years between them.

The elder, who was listening to his companion's conversation, appeared to be somewhere between thirty and thirty-five years of age—his deep grey eyes, set under a firm and massive brow, impressed one with a sense of their owner's power and steadfastness; whilst the well-cut aquiline nose and curly auburn beard added a further air of dignity and nobleness to a countenance striking in its manly strength. The upright carriage of the man, as he sat his charger, under the weight of his armour, with the broad, deep chest, implied physical strength of no ordinary degree.

His companion, of somewhat slighter build, was a fair-haired youth, just verging into manhood. His form gave promise of probably equal power with his senior when time had ripened his muscles and set his frame.

His ruddy face, bronzed somewhat by exposure, his flashing light-blue eye, lighted up with excitement of his theme, and mobile mouth, formed a whole, pleasant indeed to look upon.

The one was Pierre du Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard—the Sir Bayard of history—Sans peur et sans reproche.

The younger was his erstwhile page, Sir Arthur de Beaufoi, known commonly as "The Golden Knight," by reason of his flaxen hair.

"So you have thrown down the gauntlet?" remarked Sir Bayard to his companion. "I fear me your antagonist will prove you metal in no mean degree. He bears the reputation of being one of the bravest knights that ever bore a lance; and methinks, Arthur, you have been somewhat overbold to thus lightly challenge an arm so stout and stalwart; but young blood will out, lad, and as the deed is done we must do our best."

"You cannot blame me, surely, Sir Bayard," replied Arthur; "the provocation was on Signor Colonna's part, and his assertion, which I feel convinced was levelled at me, was made in tones so decided and clear that all around might hear. His words burn in my soul, 'All English are cowards and braggarts.' Well, he shall find one here to ram the falsehood down his throat, or perish in the attempt. We meet to-morrow at daybreak. By-the-bye, Sir Bayard, heard ye the rumours current in Milan to-day, that the Venetians had re-taken Brescia? Think you that it is true?"

"Yes, it is so, Arthur, and we shall march in a few days to regain the town. Couriers have been despatched to Bologna to the Duke of Nemours for reinforcements, and immediately they return we shall proceed. This being so, your meeting with the Signor is well fixed, as, with the Saints' help in your encounter, I may hope to have

your strong arm by my side during our expedition. Methinks, lad, we had better turn our horses' heads, as by the time we get back to Milan the day will be waning, and it will not do to overtire ourselves to-day, with to-morrow's work in view. What are the conditions of your meeting?"

"We run three tilts with the lance, and, if neither is unhorsed, dismount and fight with swords."

During the remainder of the homeward ride, the two knights discoursed on general topics without recurring to the subject which both had uppermost in their minds.



THE TWO KNIGHTS DISCOURSED.

Signor Colonna was no mean adversary, and, being in the prime of manhood, he had the advantage of his opponent in weight and experience. The insult and challenge had happened exactly as Sir Arthur had recounted; but the real reason which underlied their animosity was the twin passions, love and hate.

For many years the fair plains and cities of Northern Italy had been witness to war, with short-lived, intermittent truces between the armies of the French kings and the forces of the Pope. Lombardy had been for two years in the hands of the French, and the Duke de Nemours, nephew of Louis XII., had become Governor of the Province. When the City of Brescia was first taken by Louis's army from the Venetians, the Knight of Bayard, with his troop of horse, amongst whom was Sir Arthur de Beaufoi, were the first to enter the beleaguered city. The conquerors billeted themselves on the inhabitants, and in many cases the ordinary men at arms, arquesbusers and archers, despoiled their victims of any valuables they could lay their hands on. The house wherein Sir Bayard and Sir Arthur took up their abode was occupied by Count Antonio Scartelli, a wealthy nobleman who was on a bed of sickness, and his family consisted of his wife and two daughters; the two knights, although enemies, were received by the ladies with signs of contentment, and even rejoicing. They knew that under their guardianship their home would be safe from the hands of the common soldiery, and their own persons protected from violence.

The French arms having proved victorious throughout the Province, peace was proclaimed, and victors and vanquished commingled in terms of friendship. The two knights remained as guests where they had entered as enemies, and the heart of one yielded itself up as hostage to the youngest daughter of the house, the lovely Alicia Scartelli.

Sir Arthur de Beaufoi, who had surrendered himself to the bright eyes of the beautiful Alicia, had a rival in the person of Eduardo Colonna, who was distantly related to the princely house of Colonna, of Venice.

Alicia herself favoured Sir Arthur, but her father had granted the Colonna permission to advance his suit to his daughter's hand; so that he looked on himself as in some way an encouraged suitor, although the lady Alicia had more than once given him to understand that she wished not his attentions.

Matters stood thus when the French forces occupying Brescia were recalled, and Arthur, having obtained the sanction of the Count Scartelli, pleaded his love so successfully that when he departed with his comrades he left as the accepted lover of the beautiful Alicia. And it was under-



HE LEFT AS THE ACCEPTED LOVER.

stood that he was to return in two years' time to claim his bride.

The two years of probation were nearly expired when the news reached Milan that Brescia was again in the hands of the Venetians, who had surprised and re-taken the city from the French forces left to guard it.

The morning following, on which the meeting between Sir Arthur and Eduardo Colonna was to take place, broke beautiful and clear, and the two knights were early astir; and, after making a substantial meal, set off, accompanied by their pages, for the field of battle.

The spot chosen, some two miles north of the city, was a lovely piece of greensward, of nearly a half-mile in length, embosomed in a girdle of mighty oaks and far-branching chestnut trees. They were the first to arrive on the ground, but were soon followed by the Colonna, who was likewise attended by a friend and a couple of pages.

The usual preliminaries being got through, the two antagonists separated some five hundred yards to prepare for the first charge.

Eduardo Colonna, being the challenged party, insisted that the duel should be to the death; and, although both his friend and Sir Bayard endeavoured to overcome this bitterness of feeling, they were unsuccessful in their attempt.

The terms of the encounter were agreed, therefore, as follows: there should be three charges with the lance; and if either was unhorsed the other was to be at liberty to attack the unhorsed man either by charging him on horseback with lance or sword or dismounting and fighting with swords.

Should, however, neither be unhorsed during the three tilts, then both were to dismount, and finish the encounter on foot with swords and daggers.

All being now in readiness, the two opponents, encased in full suits of mail, with visors down and lances couched, stood awaiting the signal to charge; and as the clarion sounded, the two steeds flew over the yielding turf like greyhounds from the leash, their mighty hoofstrokes striking the ground like distant thunder, growing louder as they drew closer and closer together.

As they clashed past it was seen that the Colonna's lance glanced harmlessly off the shield of Sir Arthur, whilst the lance of the latter shivered to atoms as it caught his adversary's shield full in the centre, and bore him upward from his saddle; but, beyond the shock it gave him, he suffered no harm. The chargers were reined up, and returned to their start-



THEY WERE THE FIRST TO ARRIVE.

ing points, and, a new lance being supplied to Sir Arthur, the second tilt was sounded. As the two horsemen drew near, and were close on the point of meeting, Sir Arthur's animal stumbled, and his lance, instead of striking his enemy full on the neck-piece, at which it was aimed, ploughed its way along the side of Colonna's horse; whilst Eduardo's lance pierced the shoulder of Arthur's charger, and threw both horse and rider to the ground. Quickly disencumbering himself from his fallen steed, Sir Arthur sprang to his feet just as Colonna had wheeled his horse round to charge him as he lay.



AND BORE HIM UPWARD FROM HIS SADDLE.

Drawing his sword, Arthur stood on the defensive; and, as his enemy bore down on him, jumped lightly aside, and as Colonna passed him, he sprung up, and lunged his sword with such true and deadly aim that it pierced his antagonist up through his side under the arm, bringing him to the ground, where he lay motionless and without sound.

Beckoning to the pages, Sir Arthur bade them undo their master's visor, when it was perceived the fallen man was fast nearing that bourn whence no traveller returns; and as the little party grouped itself around, his spirit fled.

Desiring his own pages to remain and give what help might be desired of them, Sir Arthur mounted the horse of his page, and, with his friend, Sir Bayard, returned to Milan.

In a few days' time orders were received to march on Brescia, and Sir Bayard, with the Golden Knight, and five hundred picked lances, set out to meet the reinforcements now on their way from the Duke of Nemours, to retake the city lately captured by the Venetians.

The town was assaulted in such determined manner that nothing could withstand the desperate valour of the French, and, after a fierce and bloody struggle, in which Sir Bayard and Sir Arthur showed the most conspicuous bravery, the town was carried.

Just as Sir Bayard, who was the first of the assaulting force, was crossing the rampart he received a pike-thrust in the thigh; but, before his assailant could repeat the stroke, he was felled to the earth by the Golden Knight. The wound at first was feared to be mortal, but Sir Arthur, staying by his friend, with the help of his page carried the wounded man to the house of his lady-love. Arriving at the door, he was surprised to find it closed and barred to his entrance, and still further put out when from the upper windows a shower of balls and bullets were sent to greet him. Taking in the situation, he despatched his page for help; in the meantime he placed the wounded knight under the shelter of the big doorway.

In a few minutes sufficient



SIR BAYARD RECEIVED A PIKE-THRUST.

soldiers had arrived to break in the door, when they found the enemy had retreated from the rear. Placing Sir Bayard on a comfortable couch, he scoured the house from roof to cellar for signs of Alicia and her family, and for a long time without success. Then the outhouses and barns were searched, and at last, amongst the straw and hay in one of the barns, the Countess Scartelli and her two daughters were discovered.

It appeared that the news of the defeat of Eduardo Colonna by the Frenchman, as Sir Arthur was erroneously termed, had been received in the city a few days back, and the relations between Sir Arthur and the Count's family being known, they were regarded by the new masters of the city as in league with the French, and therefore fit subjects for plunder.

The Count had been dead some time; the Countess fortunately had removed most of her valuables and wealth to a place of safety on the first outbreak of hostilities, and, attended by a faithful servitor, they had remained secure where Sir Arthur discovered them.

The wound Sir Bayard had received proved less serious than at first surmised, and in a short time he was able to resume his military duties.

Sir Arthur de Beaufoi was desirous of hastening his marriage with Alicia, as he wished to return to his estate in England for a while. Meantime, rumours were in the air of a great battle about to be fought between the French and Spanish, and Sir Bayard chafed so at the idea of being absent, that at last he begged Sir Arthur to release him from his promise of being present at his nuptials.

When about to depart, the Countess Scartelli pressed him to accept a present of two thousand five hundred ducats as a slight reward, and with her grateful thanks for the succour he had twice given to herself and her dear children. But he checked the flow of her gratitude, declaring it rather behoved him to thank her for her great care and attention to him in his illness; and that, although tendered in such a delicate manner, he must decline to accept the gift.

As she continued her supplication, he finally agreed, provided he was at liberty to do as he pleased with the present; and, calling Alicia and her sister, he divided the ducats between them for a marriage portion; and then, with knightly courtesy, departed to join the army under the Duke of Nemours.



THE COUNTESS AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS WERE DISCOVERED.

The wedding of Sir Arthur and Lady Alicia was duly solemnised, and the happy pair departed to spend their honeymoon in the ancestral halls of the Golden Knight in England.

HERTFORD O'DONNELL'S WARNING.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, Author of "George Geith," etc.



MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

MANY a year ago, before chloroform was thought of, there lived in an old rambling house, in Gerrard Street, Soho, a young Irishman called Hertford O'Donnell.

After Hertford O'Donnell he was entitled to write M.R.C.S., for he had studied hard to gain this distinction, and the elder surgeons at Guy's (his hospital) considered him, in their secret hearts, one of the most rising operators of the day.

Having said chloroform was unknown at the time this story opens, it will strike my readers that, if Hertford O'Donnell were a rising and successful operator in those days, of necessity he combined within himself a larger number of striking qualities than are by any means necessary to form a successful operator in these.

There was more than mere hand skill, more than even thorough knowledge of his profession, needful for the man who, dealing with conscious subjects, essayed to rid them of some of the diseases to which flesh is heir. There was greater courage required in the manipulator of old than is altogether essential now. Then, as now, a thorough mastery of his instruments—a steady hand—a keen eye—a quick dexterity, were indispensable to a good operator; but, added to all these things, there were formerly required a pulse which knew no quickening—a mental strength which never faltered—a ready power of adaptation in unexpected circumstances—fertility of resource in difficult cases, and a brave front under all emergencies.

If I refrain from adding that a hard as well as a courageous heart was an important item in the programme, it is only out of deference to general opinion, which, amongst other delusions, clings to the belief that courage and hardness are antagonistic qualities.

Hertford O'Donnell, however, was hard as steel. He understood his work, and he did it thoroughly; but he cared no more for quivering nerves and contracting muscles, for screams of agony, for faces white with pain, and teeth clenched in the extremity of anguish, than he did for the stony countenances of the dead, which sometimes in the dissecting room appalled younger and less experienced men.

He had no sentiment, and he had no sympathy. The human body was to him an ingenious piece of mechanism, which it was at once a pleasure and a profit to understand. Precisely as Brunel loved the Thames Tunnel, or any other singular engineering feat, so O'Donnell loved a patient on whom he operated successfully, more especially if the ailment possessed by the patient were of a rare and difficult character.

And for this reason he was much liked by all who came under his hands, for patients are apt to mistake a surgeon's interest in their cases for interest in themselves; and it was gratifying to John Dicks, plasterer, and Timothy Regan, labourer, to be the happy possessors of remarkable diseases, which produced a cordial understanding between them and the handsome Irishman.

If he were hard and cool at the moment of hewing them to pieces, that was all forgotten, or remembered only as a virtue, when, after being discharged from hospital like soldiers who have served in a severe campaign, they met Mr. O'Donnell in the street, and were accosted by that rising individual, just as though he considered himself nobody.

He had a royal memory, this stranger in a strange land, both for faces and cases; and, like the rest of his countrymen, he never felt it beneath his dignity to talk cordially to corduroy and fustian.

In London, as at Calgillan, he never held back his tongue from speaking a cheery or a kindly word. His manners were pliable enough, if his heart were not; and the porters, and the patients, and the nurses, and the students at Guy's all were pleased to see Hertford O'Donnell.

Rain, hail, sunshine, it was all the same; there was a life and a brightness about the man which communicated itself to those with whom he came in contact. Let the mud out in Smithfield be a foot deep, or the London fog thick as pea-soup, Mr. O'Donnell never lost his temper, never uttered a surly reply to the gatekeeper's salutation, but spoke out blithely and cheerfully to his pupils and his patients, to the sick and to the well, to those below and to those above him.

And yet, spite of al these good qualities — spite of his handsome face, his fine figure, his easy address and his unquestionable skill as an operator, the dons, who acknowledged his talent, shook their heads gravely when two or three of them, in private and solemn conclave, talked confidentially of their younger brother.

If there were many things in his favour, there were more in his disfavour. He was Irish—not merely by the accident of birth, which might have been forgiven, since a man cannot be held accountable for such caprices of Nature, but by every other accident and design which is objectionable to the orthodox and respectable and representative English mind.

In speech, appearance, manner, habits, modes of expression, habits of life, Hertford O'Donnell was Irish. To the core of his heart he loved the island which he, nevertheless, declared he never meant to revisit; and amongst the English he moved, to all intents and purposes, a foreigner who was resolved, so said the great prophets at Guy's, to go to destruction as fast as he could and let no man hinder him.

"He means to go the whole length of his tether," observed one of the ancient wiseacres to another; which speech implied a conviction that Hertford O'Donnell, having sold himself to the Evil One, had determined to dive the full length of his rope into wickedness before being pulled to the shore where even wickedness is negative—where there are no mad carouses, no wild, sinful excitement, nothing but impotent wailing and gnashing of teeth.



OBSERVED ONE OF THE ANCIENT WISEACRES.

A reckless, graceless, clever, wicked devil—going to his natural home as fast as in London a man can possibly progress thither: this was the opinion his superiors held of the man who lived all alone with a housekeeper and her husband (who acted as butler) in his big house near Soho.

Gerrard Street was not then an utterly shady and forgotten locality: carriage patients found their way to the rising young surgeon—some great personages thought it not beneath them to fee an individual whose consulting-rooms were situated on what was even then the wrong side of Regent Street. He was making money, and he was spending it; he was over head and ears in debt—useless, vulgar debt — senselessly contracted, never bravely faced. He had lived at

an awful pace ever since he came to London, at a pace which only a man who hopes and expects to die young can ever travel.

Life! what good was it? Death! was he a child, or a woman, or a coward, to be afraid of that hereafter? God knew all about the trifle which had upset his coach better than the dons at Guy's; and he did not dread facing his Maker, and giving an account to Him, even of the disreputable existence he had led since he came to London.

Hertford O'Donnell knew the world pretty well, and the ways thereof were to him as roads often traversed; therefore, when he said that at the day of judgment he felt certain he should come off better than many of those who censured him, it may be assumed that, although his views of post-mortem punishment were vague, unsatisfactory, and infidel, still his information as to the peccadilloes of his neighbours was such as consoled himself.



HERTFORD SAT THINKING.

And yet, living all alone in the old house near Soho Square, grave thoughts would intrude frequently into the surgeon's mind—thoughts which were, so to say, italicized by peremptory letters, and still more peremptory visits, from people who wanted money.

Although he had many acquaintances he had no single friend, and accordingly these thoughts were received and brooded over in solitude, in those hours when, after returning from dinner or supper, or congenial carouse, he sat in his dreary room smoking his pipe and considering means and ways, chances and certainties.

In good truth he had started in London with some vague idea that as his life in it would not be of long continuance, the pace at which he elected to travel could be of little consequence; but the years since his first entry into the metropolis were now piled one on the top of another, his youth was behind him, his chances of longevity, spite of the way he had striven to injure his constitution, quite as good as ever. He had come to that time in existence, to that narrow strip of table land whence the ascent of youth and the descent of age are equally discernible—when, simply because he has lived for so many years, it strikes a man as possible he may have to live for just as many more, with the ability for hard work gone, with the boon companions scattered abroad, with the capacity for enjoying convivial meetings a mere memory, with small means, perhaps, with no bright hopes, with the pomp and the equipage, and the fairy carriages, and the glamour which youth flings over earthly objects, faded away like the pageant of yesterday, while the dreary ceremony of living has to be gone through to-day and to-morrow and the morrow after, as though the gay cavalcade and the martial music, and the glittering helmets and the prancing steeds were still accompanying the wayfarer to his journey's end.

Ah! my friends, there comes a moment when we must all leave the coach, with its four bright bays, its pleasant outside freight, its cheery company, its guard who blows the horn so merrily through villages and along lonely country roads.

Long before we reach that final stage, where the black business claims us for its own especial property, we have to bid good-bye to all easy, thoughtless journeying, and betake ourselves, with what zest we will, to traversing the common of Reality. There is no royal road across it that ever I heard of. From the king on his throne to the labourer who vaguely imagines what manner of being a king is, we have all to tramp across that desert at one period of our lives, at all events, and that period usually is when, as I have said, a man starts to find the hopes and the strength and the buoyancy of youth left



SHE WOULD NEVER SEE IT MORE.

behind, while years and years of life lie stretching out before him.

Even supposing a man's spring-time to have been a cold and ungenial one, with bitter easterly winds and nipping frosts, biting the buds and retarding the blossom, still it was spring for all that—spring, with the young green leaves sprouting forth, with the flowers unfolding tenderly, with the songs of birds and the rush of waters, with the summer before and the autumn afar off, and winter remote as death and eternity; but when once the trees have donned their summer foliage, when the pure white blossoms have disappeared, and a gorgeous red and orange, and purple blaze of many-coloured flowers fills the gardens; then, if there comes a wet, dreary day, the idea of autumn and winter is not so difficult to realise. When once twelve o'clock is reached, the evening and night become facts, not possibilities; and it was of the afternoon and the evening and the night, Hertford O'Donnell sat thinking on the Christmas Eve when I crave permission to introduce him to my readers.

A good-looking man, ladies considered him. A tall, dark-complexioned, black-haired, straight-limbed, deeply, divinely blue-eyed fellow, with a soft voice, with a pleasant brogue, who had ridden like a Centaur over the loose stone walls in Connemara, who had danced all night at the Dublin balls, who had walked over the Bennebeola mountains, gun in hand, day after day without weariness: who had led a mad, wild life while 'studying for a doctor'—as the Irish phrase goes—in Dublin, and who, after the death of his eldest brother left him free to return to Calgillan and pursue the usual utterly useless, utterly purposeless, utterly pleasant life of an Irish gentleman possessed of health, birth, and expectations, suddenly kicked over the paternal traces, bade adieu to Calgillan Castle and the blandishments of a certain beautiful Miss Clifden, beloved of his mother, and laid out to be his wife, walked down the avenue without even so much company as a gossoon to carry his carpet-bag, shook the dust from his feet at the lodge-gates, and took his seat on the coach, never once looking back at Calgillan, where his favourite mare was standing in the stable, his greyhounds chasing one another round the home paddock, his gun at half-cock in his dressing-room, and his fishing-tackle all in order and ready for use.

He had not kissed his mother nor asked for his father's blessing; he left Miss Clifden arrayed in her bran-new riding-habit, without a word of affection or regret; he had spoken no syllable of farewell to any servant about the place; only when the old woman at the lodge bade him good morning and God-blessed his handsome face, he recommended her bit-

terly to look well at it, for she would never see it more.

Twelve years and a half had passed since then without either Nancy Blake or any other one of the Calgillan people having set eyes on Master Hertford's handsome face. He had kept his vow to himself—he had not written home; he had not been indebted to mother or father for even a tenpenny-piece during the whole of that time; he had lived without friends, and he had lived without God—so far as God ever lets a man live without him—and his own private conviction was that he could get on very well without either. One thing only he felt to be needful—money; money to keep him when the evil days of sickness, or age, or loss of practice came upon him. Though a spendthrift, he was not a simpleton. Around him he saw men who, having started with fairer prospects than his own, were nevertheless reduced to indigence; and he knew that what had happened to others might happen to himself.



AND TOOK ANOTHER DRAUGHT.

An unlucky cut, slipping on a bit of orange-peel in the street, the merest accident imaginable, is sufficient to change opulence to beggary in the life's programme of an individual whose income depends on eye, on nerve, on hand; and besides the consciousness of this fact, Hertford O'Donnell knew that beyond a certain point in his profession progress was not easy.

It did not depend quite on the strength of his own bow or shield whether he counted his earnings by hundreds or thousands. Work may achieve competence; but mere work cannot, in a profession at all events, compass wealth.

He looked around him, and he perceived that the majority of great men—great and wealthy—had been indebted for their elevation more to the accidents of birth, patronage, connection, or marriage than to personal ability.

Personal ability, no doubt, they possessed; but then, little Jones, who lived in Frith Street, and who could barely keep himself and his wife and family, had ability, too, only he lacked the concomitants of success.

He wanted something or some one to puff him into notoriety—a brother at court—a lord's leg to mend—a rich wife to give him prestige in society; and, lacking this something or some one, he had grown grey-haired and faint-hearted in the service of that world which utterly despises its most obsequious servants.

"Clatter along the streets with a pair of hired horses, snub the middle classes, and drive over the commonalty—that is the way to compass wealth and popularity in England," said Hertford O'Donnell bitterly; and, as the man desired wealth and popularity, he sat before his fire, with a foot on each hob, and a short pipe in his mouth, considering how he might best obtain the means to clatter along the streets in his carriage, and splash plebeians with mud from his wheels like the best.

In Dublin he could, by means of his name and connection, have done well; but then he was not in Dublin, neither did he want to be. The bitterest memories of his life were inseparable from the name of the Green Island, and he had no desire to return to it.

Besides, in Dublin, heiresses are not quite so plentiful as in London; and an heiress, Hertford O'Donnell had decided, would do more for him than years of steady work.

A rich wife could clear him of debt, introduce him to fashionable practice, afford him that measure of social respectability which a medical bachelor invariably lacks; deliver him from the loneliness of Gerrard Street, and the domination of Mr. and Mrs. Coles.

To most men, deliberately bartering away their independence for money seems so prosaic a business that they strive to gloss it over even to themselves, and to assign every reason for their choice, save that which is really the influencing one.

Not so, however, with Hertford O'Donnell. He sat beside the fire scoff-

ing over his proposed bargain—thinking of the lady's age—her money-bags—her desirable house in town—her seat in the country—her snobbishness—her folly.

"It would be a fitting ending," he sneered; "and why I did not settle the matter to-night passes my comprehension. I am not a fool, to be frightened with old women's tales; and yet I must have turned white. I felt I did, and she asked me whether I was ill. And then to think of my being such an idiot as to ask her if she had heard anything like a cry, as though she would be likely to hear *that*—she, with her poor *parvenu* blood, which, I often imagine, must have been mixed with some of her father's strong pickling vinegar. What the deuce could I have been dreaming about? I wonder what it really was?" and Hertford O'Donnell pushed his hair back from his forehead and took another draught from the too familiar tumbler, which was placed conveniently on the chimneypiece.

"After expressly making up my mind to propose, too!" he mentally continued.



CAME CRAWLING RELUCTANTLY FORWARD

"Could it have been conscience—that myth, which somebody, who knew nothing of the matter, said "makes cowards of us all?" I don't believe in conscience; and even if there be such a thing capable of being developed by sentiment and cultivation, why should it trouble me? I have no intention of wronging Miss Janet Price Ingot—not the least. Honestly and fairly I shall marry her; honestly and fairly I shall act by her. An old wife is not exactly an ornamental article of furniture in a man's house; and I do not know that the fact of her being well gilded makes her look any more ornamental. But she shall have no cause for complaint; and I will go and dine with her to-morrow and settle the matter."

Having arrived at which resolution, Mr. O'Donnell arose, kicked down the fire—burning hollow—with the heel of his boot, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, emptied his tumber, and bethought him it was time to go to bed. He was not in the habit of taking his rest so early as a quarter to twelve o'clock; but he felt unusually weary—tired mentally and bodily—and lonely beyond all power of expression.

"The fair Janet would be better than this," he said, half aloud; and then, with a start and a shiver and a blanched face, he turned sharply round, whilst a low, sobbing, wailing cry echoed mournfully through the room. No form of words could give an idea of the sound. The plaintiveness of the Eolian harp—that plaintiveness which so soon affects and lowers the highest spirits—would have seemed wildly gay in comparison to the sadness of the cry which seemed floating in the air. As the summer wind comes and goes amongst the trees, so that mournful wail came and went—came and went. It came in a rush of sound, like a gradual crescendo managed by a skilful musician, and it died away like a lingering note, so that the listener could scarcely tell the exact moment when it faded away into silence.

I say faded away, for it disappeared as the coast line disappears in the twilight, and there was utter stillness in the apartment.

Then, for the first time, Hertford O'Donnell looked at his dog, and, beholding the creature crouched into a corner beside the fireplace, called upon him to come out.

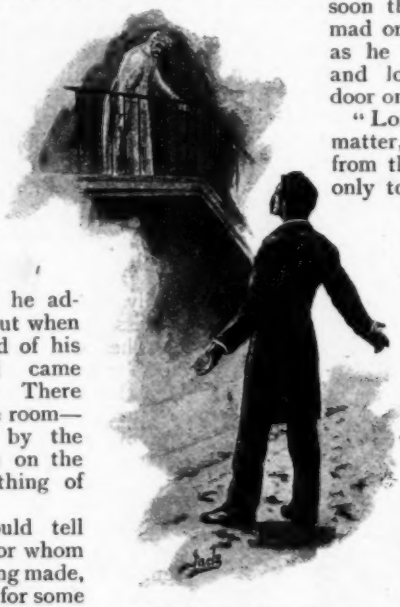
His voice sounded strange, even to himself, and apparently the dog thought so too, for he made no effort to obey the summons.

"Come out, sir," his master repeated, and then the animal came crawling reluctantly forward, with his hair on end, his eyes almost starting from his head, trembling violently, as the surgeon, who caressed him, felt.

"So you heard it, Brian?" he said to the dog. "And so your ears are sharper than hers, old fellow? It's a mighty queer thing to think of, being favoured with a visit from a banshee in Gerrard Street; and as the lady has travelled so far, I only wish I knew whether there is any sort of refreshment she would like to take after her long journey."

He spoke loudly and with a certain mocking defiance, seeming to think the phantom he addressed would reply; but when he stopped at the end of his sentence, no sound came through the stillness. There was utter silence in the room—silence broken only by the falling of the cinders on the hearth, and the breathing of the dog.

"If my visitor would tell me," he proceeded, "for whom this lamentation is being made, whether for myself, or for some member of my illustrious family, I should feel immensely obliged. It seems too much honour for a poor surgeon to have such attention paid him. Good heavens! What is that?" he exclaimed, as a ring, loud and peremptory, woke all the echoes in the house, and brought his housekeeper, in a state of distressing dishabille, "out of her warm bed," as she subsequently stated, to the head of the staircase.



IT WAS ONLY A RUNAWAY RING.

Across the hall Hertford O'Donnell strode, relieved at the prospect of speaking to any living being. He took no precaution of putting up the chain, but flung the door wide. A dozen burglars would have proved welcome in comparison to that ghostly intruder; and, as I have said, he threw the door open, admitting a rush of wet, cold air, which made poor Mrs. Coles's few remaining teeth chatter in her head.

"Who is there?—what do you want?" asked the surgeon, seeing no person, and hearing no voice. "Who is there?—why the devil can't you speak?"

But when even this polite exhortation failed to elicit an answer, he passed out into the night, and looked up the street, and down the street, to see nothing but the drizzling rain and the blinking lights.

"If this goes on much longer I shall soon think I must be either mad or drunk," he muttered, as he re-entered the house, and locked and bolted the door once more

"Lord's sake! what is the matter, sir?" asked Mrs. Coles, from the upper night, careful only to reveal the borders of her nightcap to Mr. O'Donnell's admiring gaze "Is anybody killed?—have you to go out, sir?"

"It was only a runaway ring," he answered, trying to reassure himself with an explanation he did not in his heart believe.

"Runaway!—I'd runaway them," murmured Mrs. Coles, as she retired to the conjugal couch, where Coles was, to quote her own expression, "snoring like a pig through it all." Almost immediately afterwards she heard her master ascend the stairs and close his bedroom door.

"Madam will surely be too much of a gentlewoman to intrude here," thought the surgeon, scoffing even at his own fears; but when he lay down he did not put out his light, and he made Brian leap up and crouch on the coverlet beside him.

The man was fairly frightened, and would have thought it no discredit to his manhood to acknowledge as much. He was not afraid of death, he was not afraid of trouble, he was not afraid of danger; but he was afraid of the banshee; and as he lay with his hand on the dog's head,

he thought over all the stories he had ever heard about this family retainer in the days of his youth. He had not thought about her for years and years. Never before had he heard her voice himself. When his brother died, she had not thought it necessary to travel up to Dublin and give him notice of the impending catastrophe. "If she had, I would have gone down to Calgillan, and perhaps saved his life," considered the surgeon. "I wonder who this is for! If for me, that will settle my debts and my marriage. If I could be quite certain it was either of the old people, I would start for Ireland to-morrow." And then vaguely his mind wandered on to think of every banshee story he had ever heard in his life. About the beautiful lady with the wreath of flowers, who sat on the rocks below Red Castle, in the County Antrim, crying till one of the sons died for love of her; about the Round Chamber at Dunluce, which was swept clean by the banshee every night; about the bed in a certain great house in Ireland, which was slept in constantly, although no human being ever passed in or out after dark; about that general officer who, the night before Waterloo, said to a friend, "I have heard the banshee, and shall not come off the field alive to-morrow; break the news gently to poor Carry;" and who, nevertheless, coming safe off the field, had subsequently news about poor Carry broken tenderly and pitifully to him; about the lad who, aloft in the rigging, hearing through the night a sobbing and wailing coming over the waters, went down to the captain and told him he was afraid they were somehow out of their reckoning, just in time to save the ship, which, when morning broke, they found, but for his warning, would have been on the rocks. It was blowing great guns, and the sea was all in a fret and turmoil, and they could sometimes see in the trough of the waves, as down a valley, the cruel black reefs they had escaped.

On deck the captain stood speaking to the boy who had saved them, and asking how he knew of their danger; and when the lad told him, the captain laughed, and said her ladyship had been outwitted that time.

But the boy answered, with a grave shake of his head, that the warning was either for him or his, and that if he got safe to port there would be bad tidings waiting for him from home; whereupon the captain bade him go below, and get some brandy and lie down.

He got the brandy, and he laid down, but he never rose again; and when the storm abated—when a great calm succeeded to the previous tempest—there was a very solemn funeral at sea; and on their arrival at Liverpool the captain took a journey to Ireland to tell a widowed mother how her only son died, and to bear his few effects to the poor, desolate soul.

And Hertford O'Donnell thought again about his own father, riding full-chase across country, and hearing, as he galloped by a clump of plantation, something like a sobbing and wailing. The hounds were in full cry; but he still felt, as he afterwards expressed it, that there was something among those trees he could not pass; and so he jumped off his horse, and hung the reins over the branch of a fir and beat the cover well, but not a thing could he find in it.

Then, for the first time in his life, Miles O'Donnell turned his horse's head *from* the hunt, and, within a mile of Calgillan, met a man running to tell him Mr. Martin's gun had burst and hurt him badly.

And he remembered the story, also, of how Mary O'Donnell, his great-aunt, being married to a young Englishman, heard the banshee as she sat one evening waiting for his return; and of how she, thinking the bridge by which he often came home unsafe for horse and man, went out, in a great panic, to meet and entreat him to go round by the main road for her sake. Sir Everard was riding alone in the moonlight, making straight for the bridge, when he beheld a figure dressed all in white upon it. Then there was a crash, and the figure disappeared.

The lady was rescued and brought back to the hall; but next morning there were two dead bodies within its walls—those of Lady Eyreton and her still-born son.

Quicker than I write them, these memories chased one another through Hertford O'Donnell's brain; and there was one more terrible memory than any, which would recur to him, concerning an Irish nobleman who, seated alone in his great town-house in London, heard the banshee, and rushed out to get rid of the phantom, which wailed in his ear,

nevertheless, as he strode down Piccadilly. And then the surgeon remembered how he went with a friend to the opera, feeling sure that there no banshee, unless she had a box, could find admittance, until suddenly he heard her singing up amongst the highest part of the scenery, with a terrible mournfulness, with a pathos which made the prima donna's tenderest notes seem harsh by comparison.

As he came out, some quarrel arose between him and a famous fire-eater, against whom he stumbled; and the result was that the next afternoon there was a new Lord ——, *vice* Lord ——, killed in a duel with Captain Bravo.

Memories like these are not the most enlivening possible; they are apt to make a man fanciful, and nervous, and wakeful; but as time run on, Hertford O'Donnell fell asleep, with his candle still burning and Brian's cold nose pressed against his hand.

He dreamt of his mother's family—the Hertfords, of Artingbury, Yorkshire, far-off relatives of Lord Hertford—so far off that even Mrs. O'Donnell held on the genealogical maze.



YOU HAVE JUST BEEN SENT FOR.

He thought he was at Artingbury, fishing; that it was a misty summer's morning and the fish rising beautifully. In his dream he hooked one after another, and the boy who was with him threw them into the basket.

At last there was one more difficult to land than the others; and the boy, in his eagerness to watch the sport, drew nearer and nearer to the brink, while the fisher, intent on his prey, failed to notice his companion's danger. Suddenly there was a cry, a splash, and the boy disappeared from sight.

Next instant he rose again, however, and then, for the first time, Hertford O'Donnell saw his face.

It was one he knew well.

In a moment he plunged into the water, and struck out for the lad. He had him by the hair, he was turning to bring him back to land, when the stream suddenly changed into a wide, wild, shoreless sea, where the billows were chasing one another with a mad, demoniac mirth.

For a while O'Donnell kept the lad and himself afloat. They were swept under the waves, and came forth again, only to see larger waves rushing towards them; but through all the surgeon never loosened his hold until a tremendous billow engulphing them both, tore the boy from him.

With the horror of that he awoke, to hear a voice saying quite distinctly:

"Go to the hospital!—go at once!"

The surgeon started up in bed, rubbed his eyes and looked about him. The candle was flickering faintly in its socket. Brian, with his ears pricked forward, had raised his head at his master's sudden jump.

Everything was quiet, but still those words were ringing in his ear—

"Go to the hospital!—go at once!"

The tremendous peal of the bell overnight, and this sentence, seemed to be simultaneous.

That he was wanted at Guy's—wanted imperatively—came to O'Donnell like an inspiration.

Neither sense nor reason had anything to do with the conviction that roused him out of bed, and made him dress as speedily as possible and grope his way down the staircase, Brian following.

He opened the front door and passed out into the darkness. The rain was over, and the stars were shining as he pursued his way down Newport Market, and thence, winding in and out in a south-east direction, through Lincoln's Inn Fields and Old Square to Chancery Lane, whence he proceeded to St. Paul's.

Along the deserted streets he resolutely continued his walk. He did not know what he was going to Guy's for. Some instinct was urging him on, and he neither strove to combat nor control it. Only once had the thought of turning back

occurred, and that was at the archway leading into Old Square. There he had paused for a moment, asking himself whether he were not gone stark, staring mad; but Guy's seemed preferable to the haunted house in Gerrard Street, and he walked resolutely on, determining to say, if any surprise were expressed at his appearance, that he had been sent for.



WHO IS THAT?

On, thinking of many things: of his wild life in London; of the terrible cry he had heard overnight—that terrible wail which he could not drive away from his memory, even as he entered Guy's, and confronted the porter, who said:

"You have just been sent for, sir; did you meet the messenger?"

Like one in a dream, Hertford O'Donnell heard him; like one in a dream, also, he asked what was the matter.

"Bad accident, sir; fire: fell off a balcony—unsafe—old building. Mother and child—a son; child with compound fracture of thigh." This, the joint information of porter and house-surgeon, mingled together, and made a roar in Mr. O'Donnell's ears like the sound of the sea breaking on a shingly shore.

Only one sentence he understood perfectly—"Immediate amputation necessary." At this point he grew cool; he was the careful, cautious, successful surgeon in a moment.

"The child, you say?" he answered; "let me see him."

In the days of which I am writing, the two surgeons had to pass a staircase leading to the upper stories. On the lower step of this staircase, partially in shadow, Hertford O'Donnell beheld as he came forward, an old woman seated.

An old woman with streaming grey hair, with attenuated arms, with head bowed forward, with scanty clothing, with bare feet; who never looked up at their approach, but sat unnoticing, shaking her head and wringing her hands in an extremity of grief.

"Who is that?" asked Mr. O'Donnell, almost involuntarily.

"Who is what?" demanded his companion.

"That—that woman," was the reply.

"What woman?"

"There—are you blind?—seated on the bottom step of the staircase. What is she doing?" persisted Mr. O'Donnell.

"There is no woman near us," his companion answered, looking at the rising surgeon very much as though he suspected him of seeing double.

"No woman!" scoffed Hertford. "Do you expect me to disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes?" and he walked up to the figure, meaning to touch it.

But as he essayed to do so, the woman seemed to rise in the air and float away, with her arms stretched high up over her head, uttering such a wail of pain, and agony, and distress, as caused the Irishman's blood to curdle.

"My God! did you hear that?" he said to his companion

"What?" was the reply.

Then, although he knew the sound had fallen on deaf ears, he answered—

"The wail of the banshee! Some of my people are doomed!"

"I trust not," answered the house-surgeon.

With nerves utterly shaken, Mr. O'Donnell walked forward to the accident ward. There, with his face shaded from the light, lay his patient—a young boy, with a compound fracture of the thigh.

In that ward, in the face of actual pain or danger capable of relief, the surgeon had never known faltering nor fear; and now he carefully examined the injury, felt the pulse, inquired as to the treatment pursued, and ordered the sufferer to be carried to the operating room.

While he was looking out his instruments he heard the boy lying on the table murmur faintly—

"Tell her not to cry so—tell her not to cry."

"What is he talking about?" Hertford O'Donnell inquired.

"The nurse says he has been speaking about some woman crying ever since he came in—his mother, most likely," answered one of the attendants.

"He is delirious, then?" observed the surgeon.

"No, sir," pleaded the boy excitedly. "No; it is that woman—that woman with the grey hair. I saw her looking from the upper window before the balcony gave way. She has never left me since, and she won't be quiet, wringing her hands and crying."

"Can you see her now?" Hertford O'Donnell inquired, stepping to the side of the table. "Point out where she stands."

Then the lad stretched forth a feeble finger in the direction of the door, where clearly, as he had seen her seated on the stairs, the surgeon saw a woman standing—a woman with grey hair and scanty clothing, and upstretched arms and bare feet.

"A word with you, sir," O'Donnell said to the house surgeon, drawing him back from the table. "I cannot perform this operation: send for some other person. I am ill; I am incapable."

"But," pleaded the other, "there is no time to get anyone else. We sent for Mr. —— before we troubled you, but he was out of town, and all the rest of the surgeons live so far away. Mortification may set in at any moment, and——" then Hertford O'Donnell fell fainting on the floor.

How long he lay in that dead-like swoon I cannot say: but when he returned to consciousness, the principal physician of Guy's was standing beside him in the cold grey light of the Christmas morning.

"The boy?" murmured O'Donnell faintly.

"Now, my dear fellow, keep yourself quiet," was the reply.

"The boy?" he repeated irritably. "Who operated?"

"No one," Dr. —— answered. "It would have been useless cruelty. Mortification had set in, and——"

Hertford O'Donnell turned his face to the wall, and his friend could not see it.

"Do not distress yourself," went on the physician kindly. "Allington says he could not have survived the operation in any case. He was quite delirious from the first, raving about a woman with grey hair, and——"

"Yes, I know," Hertford O'Donnell interrupted; "and the boy had a mother, they told me, or I dreamt it."

"Yes; bruised and shaken, but not seriously injured."

"Has she blue eyes and fair hair—fair hair all rippling and wavy? Is she white as a lily, with just a faint flush of colour in her cheeks? Is she young, and trusting, and innocent? No; I am wandering. She must be nearly thirty now. Go, for God's sake, and tell me if you can find a woman that you could imagine having been as a girl such as I describe."

"Irish?" asked the doctor; and O'Donnell made a gesture of assent.

"It is she, then," was the reply; "a woman with the face of an angel."

"A woman who should have been my wife,' the surgeon answered; "whose child was my son."

"Lord help you!" ejaculated the doctor. Then Hertford O'Donnell raised himself from the sofa where they had laid him, and told his companion the story of his life—how there had been bitter feud between his people and her people—how they were divided by old animosities and

by difference of religion—how they had met by stealth, and exchanged rings and vows, all for nought—how his family had insulted hers, so that her father, wishful for her to marry a kinsman of his own, bore her off to a far-away land, and made her write him a letter of eternal farewell—how his own parents had kept all knowledge of the quarrel from him till she was utterly beyond his reach—how they had vowed to discard him unless he agreed to marry according to their wishes—how he left his home, and came to London, and pushed his fortune. All this Hertford O'Donnell repeated; and when he had finished, the bells were ringing for morning service — ringing loudly — ringing joyfully: "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

But there was little peace that morning for Hertford O'Donnell. He had to look on the face of his dead son, wherein he beheld, as though reflected, the face of the boy in his dream.

Stealthily he followed his friend, and beheld, with her eyes closed, her cheeks pale and pinched, her hair thinner, but still falling like a veil over her, the love of his youth, the only woman he had ever loved devotedly and unselfishly.

There is little space left here to tell of how the two met at last—of how the stone of the years seemed suddenly rolled away from the tomb of their past, and their youth arose and returned to them, even amid their tears.

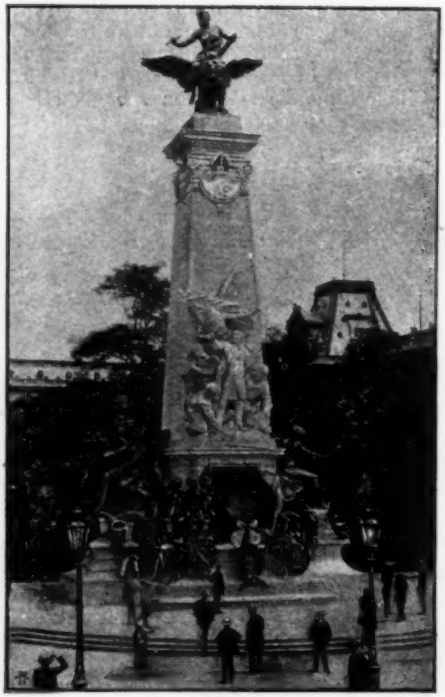
She had been true to him, through persecution, through contumely, through kindness, which was more trying; through shame, and grief, and poverty, she had been loyal to the lover of her youth; and before the new year dawned there came a letter from Calgillan, saying that the banshee had been heard there, and praying Hertford, if he was still alive, to let bygones be bygones, in consideration of the long years of estrangement—the anguish and remorse of his afflicted parents.



BEHELD, WITH HER EYES CLOSED, THE LOVE OF HIS YOUTH.

More than that, Hertford O'Donnell, if a reckless man, was an honourable one; and so, on the Christmas Day, when he was to have proposed for Miss Ingot, he went to that lady and told her how he had wooed and won in the years of his youth one who, after many days, was miraculously restored to him. And from the hour in which he took her into his confidence he never thought her either vulgar or foolish, but rather he paid homage to the woman who, when she had heard the whole tale repeated, said simply "Ask her to come to me till you claim her—and God bless you both."

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.



GAMBETTA'S COLUMN.

HERE I am, seated in my bedroom, overlooking a curious old Parisian courtyard, where the conventionalities are so little regarded that directly opposite to where I sit, an old lady is performing her toilet, while an old gentleman is shaving himself, both quite regardless of my presence. However, I must go back to the beginning, so that you, my readers, may be with me in spirit all through my travels.

We were two. One an elderly lady, returning to the East by easy stages across the Continent; the other, her nephew, acting as escort.

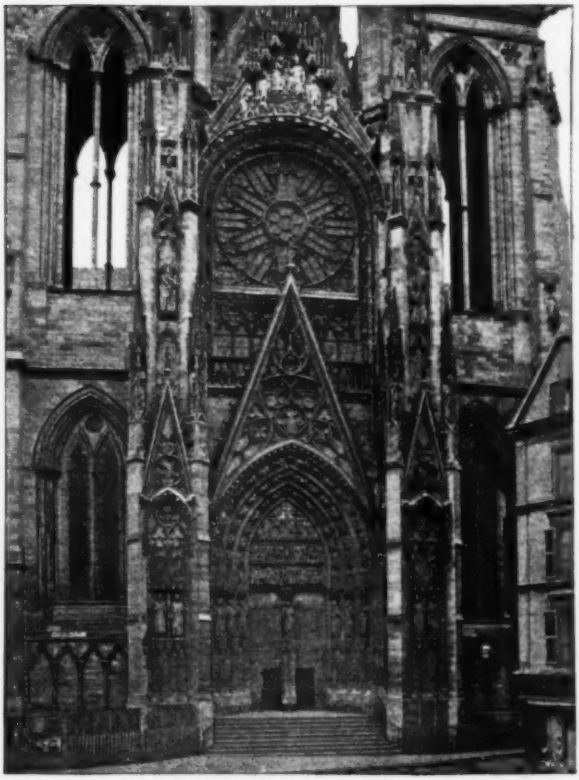
We left for Newhaven to catch the night-boat, leaving for Dieppe at 11 p.m.; and, after a delightfully smooth passage, arrived at Dieppe, 3.30 a.m., when, having interviewed the Custom officials, we crossed the road to L'Hotel D'Albion, where we were most comfortable.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we went down to see the bathing. This was very amusing. In the first place, all the machines were about one hundred yards away from the water, and the would-be bathers had to traverse the distance in their bathing costumes. As there was no beach, but only a stretch of round pebbles, it was not an altogether pleasant experience to get to the water. Men and women went in together, and bobbed up and down in perfect serenity. No one ventured out of his depth, and very few even attempted to swim. The great amusement of all was to form rings by holding each other's hands, and to bob up and down in a circle.

In the town we went into a beautiful old church—that of St. Jacques—a fine old edifice, with architecture of the 12th to 16th centuries, where we saw some good stained glass, the rose-window being especially beautiful. It was quite a large church for so small a town, and we noticed another close by. We were, however, obliged to cut short our investigation, and start for Rouen, which we reached in an hour.

Rouen, as everyone knows, is famous in history. It was originally a Roman town called Rotuma, and traces of the Roman occupation are still to be found. In the ninth century, Rollo, the Norseman, captured it. Wars raged round it during the

middle ages and ceased only on the restoration of the town to France by the English in 1449. Was it not here that Joan of Arc led her people to victory? Rouen is celebrated for its cathedral, its Joan of Arc reminiscences and its old clock. On our arrival at the railway station we had to pass out, and were immediately shut out, but as we wished to send a telegram to a friend in Paris we had to go round to the front, where we were carefully passed through under the guidance of a young damsel. Everything is done according to rule on the Continent, and everyone is exceedingly particular in the observance of the regulations. We very soon found our way to the cathedral, which is a most magnificent structure. It is a mass of beautiful carving, inside and out, and has two grand towers in front, of different styles, besides the lofty, well-proportioned one of cast iron, so well known. The architecture is from the 12th to the 15th centuries. The cathedral is four hundred and twenty-five feet long. The vista, as one stands at the end, is superb; the eye grows tired gazing at the lofty span of the arches, and the stained glass, in most cases, is very beautiful. Here again is a most exquisite rose-window. The side chapels, many of which are used as confessionals, are beautifully and, in many instances, lavishly adorned, while many contain tombs of the illustrious dead. Richard Cœur de Lion (our own Richard the First) lies buried in the choir. Another notable tomb is that of Louis de Brézé. The picture of the cathedral shows the chaste and exquisite carving better, far better, than I could possibly describe it.



ENTRANCE TO ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

JOAN OF ARC. There are two statues of Jeanne, one, in a square called "La Rue de la Pucelle d'Orleans," was erected in the early part of this century and represents Jeanne in womanly attire. The other, which is built outside the town, on a hill overlooking the Seine, is reached by a little mountain railway. It is a large, commanding pile, surmounted by a dome, under which stands the figure of Joan dressed in armour and bareheaded, with her hands bound as a prisoner. The site of this is most admirably chosen, as it can be seen for miles. After a most dainty dinner in the Hotel d'Angleterre, prettily situated, overlooking the river, we left, en route for Paris. When we left Rouen we experienced some of the discomforts of foreign travel. It was very warm, in fact hot; the carriage was narrow, though well cushioned, which, however, only added to the heat, and our fellow-passengers would not have the windows open. At the outset, I was standing on the platform finish-

ing my after-dinner cigar, and one of my to-be fellow-passengers impressed upon me that I must not smoke in the carriage. Considering I was travelling with ladies, and had not yet taken my seat, it was a little bit previous, as the Yankee would say. We could see our fellow-travellers were rather shy of us —we were three English (another gentleman had travelled with us as far as Paris) in high spirits, and they were bewildered by our merriment. The crowning stroke was when we were looking for our roll of photos. I suddenly, but quite innocently, seized a paper roll, exclaiming,



THE MADELINE.



STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC AT ROUEN.

"Here they are!" It was instantly snatched from me by my neighbour, who had been quietly solacing herself from a bottle, which was what I had grasped. I am sure they were relieved when we reached Paris safely. Arriving at Saint Lazare we found our friend, Monsieur D——, to whom we had wired from Rouen, waiting for us; and nothing, as it proved, could have been nicer than this dear old gentleman as a friend and guide (geed he would persist in calling it). He had a landau waiting for us, and showed us each place of interest as we drove past. The hotel he had chosen for us was just opposite his own house, in one of the most central and convenient situations for sightseeing. We were very comfortable, and during our stay we had much fun over our French conversations. After a wash and some supper, we retired, thoroughly worn out. We were up betimes next morning, and, after a cup

of coffee and some fruit, sallied forth, bent on sightseeing.

THE MADELINE.—This well-known, beautiful temple is little more than a century old, Louis XV. having laid the foundation stone in 1764; but it was finished by Napoleon, when Emperor, as the inscription shows: "L'Empereur Napoléon aux soldats de la grande armée." The building was ultimately finished in 1830, and cost £520,000. It is flanked by massive Corinthian columns, some sixty in number. The proportions are admirable, being 350 feet long, 140 feet wide and 100 high. The interior is altogether unlike a church: it is one grand hall, with three domes which admit the light. There are no aisles and no side chapels, in the ordinary sense. There are some noble statues—those over the altar being especially noticeable. One is a group representing Mary Magdalene being carried into Paradise by two angels. It is the work of Marochetti. After our breakfast we took a 'bus to Père la Chaise.



INTERIOR OF MADELINE.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.—It would take me hours to describe this place, and then we only saw but a part It is the largest and most renowned of all the cemeteries of Paris; it covers more than 100 acres. It is said that this cemetery contains more than 20,000 monuments, which have cost about £4,000,000. Along the central path are the tombs of some of the most illustrious Frenchmen. The usual form the monuments take is that of a small Greek temple, being, in fact, a chapel, containing an altar, on which are laid the offerings of friends and relations who come to pray there. Some are very beautifully decorated, having stained glass windows and marble altars, adorned with costly vases and wreaths and bouquets of flowers—innumerable wreaths made of beads and wire of every imaginable shape and colour: some violet and black, some pure white, some blue and white, some are simple wreaths of everlastings, violet, yellow or white, while others consist of hearts or circles of huge size, with long drooping sprays of flowers, mostly bells, made by threading beads on wire. Some of the graves were covered with glass houses, having a very unpleasing effect.

The most popular tomb is that of Abelard and Eloise. It is a kiosk-like erection, with two recumbent figures within—those of a monk and nun; and the inscription states that these two unhappy lovers are re-united in death. Their house still stands on the "Quai aux Fleurs." The most imposing monument is that of Thiers, erected by Miss Dosne. The initials, D. T., are on the carved iron doors. This is a temple quite as large as the mortuary chapel beside which it stands, and is capable of containing fifty people. As the monument is kept closed, I could not see the interior.

The most beautiful monuments, to my thinking, are one to Michelet, of pure white marble, with an angel inscribing one of his own sentences above his recumbent figure—"L'histoire est une eternité." This is in beautiful taste, as is also the one to Alfred Musset—a bust in marble, with a living (not sculptured) weeping willow tree, drooping over it and his own words on the stone:

> "Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai
> Plantez un saule au cimetière.
> J'aime son feuillage éploré;
> La pâleur m'en est douce et chère
> Et son ombre sera legère
> A la terre où je dormirai."

The monument of F. Worms de



THE OPERA HOUSE.

Romilly is also very noble. On a base of polished grey granite, rests on pillars of red granite, a canopy over a bed of blue flowers, which is always kept fresh, being renewed from time to time

The tombs of the Duc de Morny and Stern are in excellent taste, while that of Eugene Berge attracts attention from even the most unobservant. Visconté, the finisher of the Louvre, after whom one court is named, has a fitting monument. Rossini's is a chapel with very chaste decorations inside, and well kept. Behind Musset's tomb is a very interesting one of a child's recumbent figure in bronze, and the touching inscription, "Au ciel un ange de plus." Near these are to be seen those of Paul Baudry, Le Bas and Poinsots—all good. The monuments to literary men are all in good taste, being mostly busts; but there are many most pretentious ones which provoke a smile at the vanity of the survivors. Such, for instance, is a huge circular obelisk, like an immense sugar-loaf, to an individual of no extraordinary talents; while at its foot stands a simple monument to a great general. Among many other celebrities reposing here may be mentioned Balzac (author), Beaumarchais (composer), Bellini (composer), Cambacérès (Duke of Parma), Talma and Mdlle. Mars (great actor and actress), Cherubini (composer), Chopin (composer), Sydney Smith (a British Admiral, who defeated Napoleon I., Kellerman (whose memory they celebrated the other day in Paris), Corot (painter), Molière, Pradier (sculptor), Madame Rachel (tragedienne).

We saw two funerals while at Père la Chaise—the first being a grand one, with a guard of soldiers. The second was that of a child. All traffic stopped while these passed by; and there is a story told of Napoleon III., who, accompanied by the Czar, was returning with a splendid *retinue*, when he met a pauper funeral, and stopped

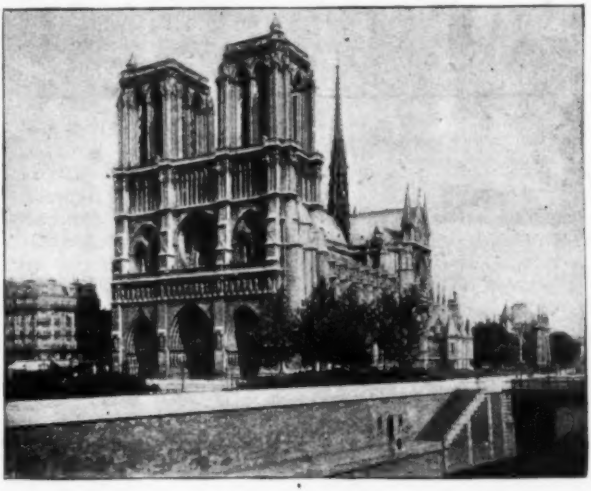


VENDÔME COLUMN.

his brilliant *cortège*, and remained uncovered till the coffin had passed. The French, like all Celts, make a great outward manifestation of respect and grief for the dead.

On All Souls' Day, or, as it is called, "Le Jour des Morts," Père la Chaise is crowded with throngs of relatives or admirers, who go to deposit their tokens of remembrance on the graves of their lost ones. The feeling is not unknown in England, as witness the demonstration in London and Hughenden on "Primrose Day."

The buildings and boulevards of Paris are delightful. Open spaces give one a good opportunity of seeing the noble structures to good advantage. The Boulevards are handsome, wide thoroughfares, lined with trees on each side under whose foliage the Parisian sits outside the numerous Cafés drinking his *absinthe* or sipping his *petit verre de Cognac*. Truly one half Paris seems to exist by feeding and catering for the other half.



NOTRE DAME.

The Opera is the finest house of amusement I ever saw. This building took thirteen years to build—true, the work was very often interrupted. It cost £150,000. It is most luxuriously and handsomely decorated. The grand staircase is formed with full arched arcades; the ceiling being covered with beautiful paintings. The ceiling of the Grand Foyer is ornamented by the hand of Baudry, and illustrates the infancy and growth of art.

The Colonne Vendôme stands in the Place of the same name; it consists of some 1,000 cannons, taken from the Russians and Austrians, melted down, and formed into a bronze column 142 feet high. The monument is of masonry encased in these bronze plates. A further interest in this column is in the fact that it was thrown down by the Commune, but fortunately was so little damaged that it was replaced again.

Next day I commenced by paying a visit to the Morgue, which is one of the sights of Paris. This is the place where all dead bodies found in the river are exposed for identification. Having seen this, *I* returned to our hotel and then *we* went to

NOTRE DAME.—We felt rather disappointed at first sight of the building, but on entering, our feeling was changed to admiration, for it is a most beautiful building, and kept clean, which is not usual. The double aisles give a very pleasing effect. On each side of the nave are eight chapels, dedicated to various saints, some now being used as confessionals, others as mere private chapels. All the chapels are beautifully painted and decorated, having pictures, carpets, reliquaries, and statues. There is a fine font.

The high altar is remarkable for its simplicity. At the back of the stalls are some curious bas-reliefs, painted in blue, red, green, and gold. These represent on one side various scenes from Our Lord's life, and on the other His several appearances after His resurrection. The stained glass is good, and there is here also a most exquisite rose window. By paying a small fee, we were admitted to see "the treasure," which consists of many sacred reliquaries, notably fragments of the Crown of Thorns, some of the wood and a nail of the Cross; also a most magnificent display of gold-

smith's work, in the shape of chalices, patens, crosses, pyxes, croziers, etc., nearly all being of gold and richly enamelled and inlaid with precious stones. One cross, standing about two feet high, had a star of diamonds radiating from the centre, which shone and sparkled gloriously.



ARC DU CARROUSAL.

We were also shown a series of sets of vestments, of either satin or velvet, embroidered in the most delicate manner. Of the beauty and value of these there could be no question. They were mostly the gift of Napoleon III. The most revered object in the whole collection is the blood-stained, bullet-torn soutane of Archbishop Affre, who was killed at the barricades in 1848, and to whom there is a beautiful marble monument in one of the side chapels near the choir. On it are written his lasts words—"May my blood be the last shed," and they were in a measure fulfilled. We determined we would go again and see this glorious collection, and yet, can you believe it, reader, just outside the choir we heard two ladies talking. One said to the other, "Oh, all these churches are alike;" and when a young girl, about seventeen or eighteen years old, came up, she began to run down Notre Dame, and say there was nothing to see. I, being full of what I had just been shown, told her of the treasures; her older companion turned to me and said, "I have been on the Continent four times." She knew all about "the treasures;" in fact, "she was sure she had seen them twice, they consisted of rings, etc" Now, there was not a ring in the whole collection. The outside of the building has a beautiful front; over the right and left portals is the Galerie des Rois There are twenty-eight niches, each with the statue of a king. Formerly saints were here, but in the Revolution the rebels, in their frenzy, taking the statues for those of the kings, destroyed them all. All along the sides, at various elevations, are grotesque gargoyles, representing fiends, who, endeavouring to enter the sacred fane to disturb the worshippers, have, on hearing the holy bells ring, been petrified.

After breakfast we went by boat to the Louvre, but before entering we crossed La Place du Carrousal.

This was one of the arches of triumph erected by Napoleon I. It is built on the model of the Arch of Severus at Rome. It was intended as a pedestal, on which was placed the celebrated and world-renowned Quadriga, or group of four horses, from the Cathedral of St. Mark, at Venice, which Napoleon brought back with him as a trophy of his campaign in Italy. On the downfall of the Empire the Quadriga was restored to the Venetians, and a replica of the same took its place. Here, also, stands Gambetta's monument, a very handsome structure.

We determined to see as much of the picture galleries of the Louvre as we could, and, therefore, made straight for them, passing through a hall—the Galerie d'Apollon—adorned with Gobelin tapestry, being pictures of warriors, kings and statesmen, that seemed to be painted, so perfect is the work. This hall was filled with cabinets containing the most lovely specimens of goldsmiths' work of the middle ages and later; and it was no wonder that those men sought the patronage of kings and princes, for no meaner men could afford to pay for such priceless works of art. There were vases of all



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

shapes and sizes, carved out of jade, porphyry, crystal, malachite and rubies; and exquisite little figures, sometimes with the body made of one single pearl, or other precious stone.

We spent hours in one gallery alone, seeing pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, Holbein, Titiens, Veronese, Murillo, and the Dutch and Venetian painters generally. I must not forget to mention, however, that here we saw the celebrated Venus of Milo. This is supposed to be one of the finest creations handed down to us by Greek art. The figure is mutilated, both arms being broken off. Having heard so much about this renowned statue, I must confess to a feeling of disappointment—possibly my bad taste. We retired early, as we wished to be up with the lark next morning to visit Les Halles, the markets of Paris. And what a sight they were. We saw fruit in endless piles: peaches, pears, apples, plums, grapes; and vegetables, such as would delight the heart of any vegetarian. Great heaps of lovely tomatoes, cauliflowers, carrots, endive, lettuce and what not; with flowers both sweet and pleasant to the eye—some were being made up into funeral wreaths and sent off on men's heads: such clusters of roses—red, white and pink—baskets of sweet-scented réseda, pyramids of asters—white, mauve and purple—with lilies, ferns, gladiolus, carnations, etc. In the fish market were curious objects: the hind legs of frogs carefully skinned and skewered, snails of



ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

two kinds crawling over their baskets (these are boiled and the shell filled with fine herbs, and are said to be delicious), scallops, cockles, crabs, lobsters (both boiled and alive in tanks), eels (dead and alive), crayfish, skates, soles, trout, salmon, turbot, mussels, limpits, gurnet, and a host more. We saw deer and all game birds in another part, but what we were most struck with was the thriving, comfortable appearance of the market people, mostly women — all looked well fed and nearly all neat. They wore, in many cases, close, white-frilled caps; very many had black lace with coloured velvet; some, gay handkerchiefs becomingly arranged; all had their hair neat and well dressed. The men all wore long blue blouses. The working classes here dress more sensibly than ours; very few of the women wear any head covering; all speak civilly to each other; every one is Monsieur or Madame, and, although the politeness may be only a veneer, it is more pleasant to hear than the British workman's oath. From the Halles we passed into one of the best churches, St. Eustache, which is built just beside them. This is one of the largest mediæval churches in Paris. It was in this church that the Feast of Reason was celebrated in 1793. There are several side chapels, dedicated to different saints, all beautifully decorated with frescoes and statuary. One in particular, the "Chappelle du Purgatoire," has a beautiful group in white marble, representing the scourging of our Saviour. As we were just in time, we remained through a service. The people, mostly market women, fresh from their toil and with their baskets on their arms, strolled in for a few minutes, said their prayers and departed.

In the afternoon we went to the CHAMPS ELYSÉES. This, as everybody knows, is a most magnificent promenade, extending from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. Standing on the Place and looking up the avenue, one sees the ARC DE TRIOMPHE. This was erected as a trophy to commemorate the great victories of Napoleon I. It stands in the centre—twelve fine avenues, or boulevards, designed by Baron Haussmann radiating from it. Looking down from the Arc, through the Champs Elysées, you see the PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. This is the finest square in the world: it is three hundred and ninety yards long and two hundred and thirty-five yards wide. In the centre stands the Luxor Obelisk, a companion to our Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. This was presented to Louis Philippe by Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. The expense of bringing it from Egypt and placing it in position was over £80,000.



HOTEL DE INVALIDES.

In the square are two fountains and eight large statues, representing the chief towns of France, viz.:—Lille, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Strasbourg, Lyons, Nantes, Rouen and Brest. Ever since 1871 the statue representing Strasbourg has been draped in mourning. In the revolution of 1792 the statue of Louis XV. was thrown down, melted and coined into copper monies. In 1793 King Louis XVI. was guillotined on the spot where the Luxor Oblelisk now stands; nearly three thousand other people suffered death at the same place. The Place has been occupied by foreign troops on three different occasions during the present century. In 1814 the allied troops, Russians and Prussians encamped here; again, 1815, after the Cent Jours, they again occupied the place. Later, in 1871, after the capitulation of Paris, the Germans bivouacked on the same ground.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

Looking in the opposite direction from the Arc de Triomphe one sees the garden of the Tuileries, the Place du Carrousal, and the Palace of the Louvre. Bordering all these on one side is the Rue de Rivoli, on the other flow the waters of the Seine.

Opposite, on the "Quai de l'Horloge," on the other side of the river, stands the "Palais de Justice," an immense pile of buildings. The building has been mostly rebuilt, as the greater part was destroyed by the incendiaries in the Commune.

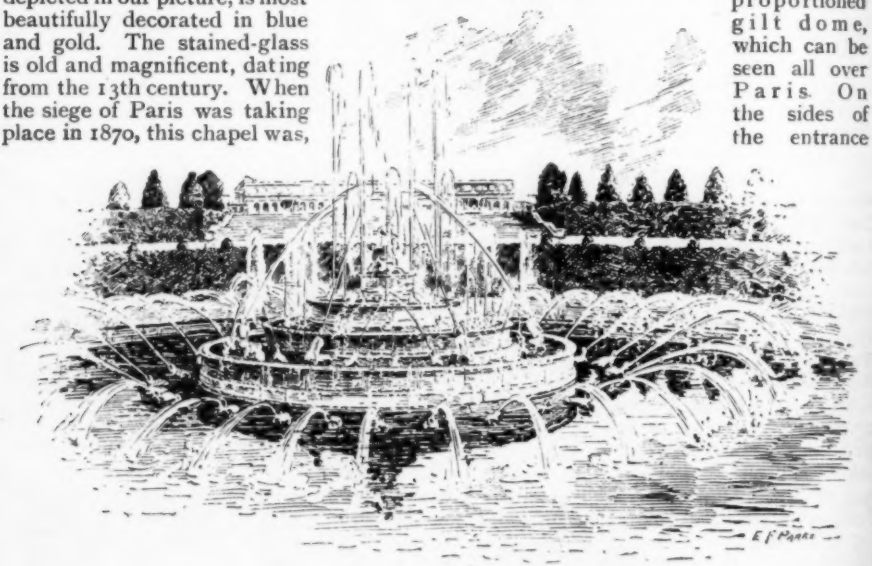
You will see two towers in the picture: the one on the right is completely modern; in it the Duc d'Orleans was imprisoned lately for entering France. The left tower has been restored; it contains the Conciergerie and the prison where poor Marie Antionette was incarcerated. At the side of the tower you will observe the old clock-tower, called the Tour de l'Horloge. In this tower stands an old clock, put up in 1370, and repaired but once, in 1853—at least, so we are told. It was from the belfry of this tower that the signal was given for the massacre of St. Bartholomew to begin. The church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois at once responded, and sounded the tocsin from across the water, and, without further warning or delay, the



SAINT CHAPPELLE.

dreadful murders began. As we were rambling about one day, we came unexpectedly upon the statue of Admiral Coligny, who perished in the massacre.

In the courtyard of the Palais de Justice stands Saint Chappelle. This is said to be the finest example of pure Gothic architecture extant. It was originally built in 1245, as a resting-place for the sacred relics since transferred to Notre Dame—more especially the portion of the Cross and of the Crown of Thorns; tradition tells us that they were sold by the King of Jerusalem for three million francs. There are two chapels, one above the other; the lower one, as depicted in our picture, is most beautifully decorated in blue and gold. The stained-glass is old and magnificent, dating from the 13th century. When the siege of Paris was taking place in 1870, this chapel was, so to speak, packed up with wood and earth, and was thus preserved.



FOUNTAINS AT VERSAILLES.

To-day was quite a red-letter day with us, from the beauty and grandeur of the buildings we saw. We began with the "Hotel des Invalides," and I have never experienced more solid pleasure than the sight afforded me by the tomb of Napoleon. In front of the hotel is a neatly-laid-out and well-kept garden, on the outskirts of which stand cannons from every European nation except the English. There are some from Africa and Asia as well. The front of the hotel, which is intended for old and disabled soldiers, like ours at Chelsea, has a most curious appearance, from the fact that the attic windows are built into stone suits of armour, with casque and plumes intact. You enter a spacious square, called the Court of Honour, round which are arranged various offices, such as the kitchen, dining-rooms, and museum. Passing through a long corridor, we reached the entrance to the tomb of Napoleon le Grand, which is none other than the outermost portion of the Church of St. Louis, and was built by Louis XIV. The tomb has been separated from the church by glass doors, so as to make a separate place of worship. It is circular, and is crowned with a finely-proportioned gilt dome, which can be seen all over Paris. On the sides of the entrance stand a statue of Charlemagne and of St. Louis, and entering by a moderate flight of steps, you find yourself in a hall, containing an open circular crypt, protected by a low marble wall, three feet in height. The subdued, awe-inspiring feeling is like nothing else I have ever experienced. Everything combines to make you feel that you are in the presence of the illustrious dead. On each side of the entrance is a chapel. In one reposes Jerome Bonaparte, and the body of Napoleon rested there temporarily. Here is a cenotaph to Plon Plon, but as the Republic refused to allow his interment in

the chapel, he rests in Italy. In the other chapel is the magnificent sarcophagus of Joseph Bonaparte. In two other archways lie Turenne and Vauban, while the remaining side chapels were intended to be the resting-places of Napoleon's wives, if fate had not intervened.

The High Altar is a very fine one, the steps to it being each of one solid piece of Carrara marble. The rest of the altar is of green Pyrenean marble, while the twisted columns which support the canopy over it are of dark green Alpine marble. I have left the tomb to the last, though, for a long time, I could look at nothing else. On a black and white pavement, surrounded by a laurel wreath (mosaic) stands a pedestal of dark green stone (polished granite, I believe), surmounted by a most exquisite sarcophagus of dark red pophyry. The shape of this sarcophagus is unlike any I have ever seen, having the ends carved like scrolls, with large flutings. On the pavement are inscribed Napoleon's chief victories. All round the arched wall which surrounds the tomb, stand twelve angels bearing palms, laurel wreaths, and swords. There are six stands of flags arranged at intervals between them. Far away above the tomb soars the noble dome with its frescoes; and lower down, its windows of stained glass throw a dim, religious light on the tomb beneath. The whole floor of the Chapel is inlaid with coloured marble. The doors which lead to the crypt are of bronze, made from three cannons captured at Austerlitz. They are guarded by two bronze figures, bearing the crown and orb. On either side is the tomb of Marshal Duroc and Bertrand.



GALLERIE DES GLACES AT VERSAILLES.



BED OF LOUIS XIV.

We went by train to Versailles, and for the sake of seeing the scenery, as well as for the novelty of the sensation, we rode on the top of the train. This would be an altogether delightful way of travelling if it were not for the smoke from the engine, which blackens one's face and clothes. There are seats arranged on top under a low awning, and, as can be imagined, the view you get is a great deal better than from the ordinary carriages below. The country near Versailles is very beautiful; we passed by Sévres, em-

bosomed in its woods, and saw the parks of Versailles and Marly extending far along the hills in the distance. Versailles itself is a lifeless town, full of soldiers, and it only exists at all through the crowds of visitors who go there in the summer and on Sundays. The palace is a huge pile of buildings surrounded by a paved court, round which stand gigantic statues of French heroes, the first on either side being Bayard and Du Gueselin. These statues once stood at the Place de la Concorde, but seem better placed here. From there being an open space all round the palace, the effect is unpleasing. The building looks cold and monotonous, and it lacks the attractiveness of Hampton Court, the front of which its front somewhat resembles. To see it properly would take days, but we were able to gather a very good idea of its grandeur and magnificence by an observant walk through its numerous rooms.

The "Grand Gallery" is, beyond all others, magnificent. Along one side are huge mirrors, and on the other seventeen large arched windows give a splendid view of the fountains and park in front. This palace and park cost £40,000,000 sterling—truly a most fabulous sum. It was here, in the war of 1870, that the King of Prussia established his head-quarters, and it was here he was proclaimed and crowned Emperor of Germany.

Louis XIV.'s bedchamber was very fascinating, for, besides the beautiful decorations on the walls and cornices, there is the lovely embroidery in gold on scarlet velvet; the embroidery is so rich that but little of the material is visible underneath. The coverlet was of beautiful point lace. It is said that twelve years were devoted to the labour of embroidering the bed and the furniture of this chamber, and I can well believe it, so perfect is the work. There are numerous clocks, of various periods, in the different rooms, and suites of furniture covered with tapestry. The great attraction of Versailles, however, is the park and waterworks, which are the finest in the world. All over, there are basins filled with statuary, and on the first Sunday of every month the fountains play, a sight which is not to be equalled anywhere, and which is witnessed by crowds of visitors.

The most beautiful are Latona's Fountain directly in front of the Palace, Apollo's Basin, and Neptune's Fountain. The statues within and surrounding these basins are by the best French artists. Louis XIV. soon tired of the magnificence of Versailles and built for himself another smaller palace at the Grand Trianon in the park. This he soon left for the chateau of Marly. Not far from the Grand Trianon stands "Le Petit Trianon," built for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The building of this to gratify the whim of the Queen was a fatal mistake, for the wars and extravagances of Louis XIV. and XV. had so impoverished the nation that they could no longer look on apathetically at the wastefulness of their rulers. As I looked around these magnificent halls, with their gorgeous decorations and frescoes, their marble staircases and splendid furniture, and then turned to the park, where trees were laid in regular alleys for miles, and everything spoke of unbridled luxury and self indulgence, I began to realise why there was so deep a hatred towards the nobility on the part of the lower classes. The French kings seemed to lavish all the wealth of the realm on themselves. On every side we saw portraits in splendid vestments of Louis XIV., or busts and portraits; and we know from history how extravagant were the infamous women who ruled the successive Courts.

(To be continued.)

Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 3.—THE LOST TREASURE.

"UNCLE TOM, you promised to tell us about the Spanish treasure you found, so come along and make yourself comfortable in this cosy chair, there's a dear."

Captain Holybone—or Uncle Tom, as the children called him—was always a welcome visitor at Silver Beach, as my sister Lucy's house at Westercombe was called; and regularly every Christmas he spent three or four weeks under her comfortable roof-tree.

At this festive season Uncle Tom was an institution in himself, and his absence would have been regarded by the youngsters as a far greater misfortune than even the non-appearance of the mystical Santa Claus; for was he not a perfect Santa Claus himself? and one, moreover, with whom they could play and romp, and who had a never-failing fund of anecdotes and stories with which he kept them spellbound through the long winter evenings.

"Yes, please, Uncle," shouted a chorus of voices from young and old; "tell us about the Spanish treasure."

"Very well, my dears," replied he; "let's all draw up round the fire and make ourselves snug."



WAS HE NOT A SANTA CLAUS HIMSELF?

This was the signal for a pulling and hauling of chairs and stools round the charmed crescent of firelit glow, as we all settled ourselves in anticipation for the coming story.

It was Christmas Eve, one of the regular old-fashioned Christmases which we often read about, but which so seldom comes up to the orthodox description. We had had snow on the ground for a couple of weeks past, and the frost which had followed now held the white covered earth in its icy clasp.

I usually spent my Christmas with my married sister, Lucy, and her family; and Captain Holybone, as I have just stated, always made one of the party.

Five o'clock tea had just been disposed of, and the warm, flickering light from the pine logs in the large, old-fashioned grate was voted by all present to be quite sufficient illumination, without having recourse to the lamps, until Uncle Tom had finished his story.

"So you want me to tell you about the Spanish wreck and its treasure trove," commenced Tom. "Let me see, it must be nearly fifty-five years ago now since the events happened. I was about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and had made one voyage

in the *Golden Gem* out and home to the West Indies and Honduras; the *Golden Gem* was schooner-rigged, and was a little bit of a thing of about two hundred and fifty tons burthen; she was owned by the captain, a Welshman named Thomas Thomas, and had made many voyages in the West Indian Trade. Captain Thomas was a good master, and looked after the welfare of his crew, which was a great rarity in those days. His men were well berthed, and had a plentiful supply of good plain food and wholesome water; the result was that all his hands remained with him, voyage after voyage; his orders were obeyed with alacrity, and the whole routine of the vessel was got through with a smoothness and absence of growling which made work a pleasure to all aboard.

On our second voyage we took out a general cargo from London to Santos, on the South American Coast; we had a fair average passage out, and it was the captain's intention, after he had discharged our cargo there, to run up to Honduras and load up a cargo of mahogany for home, as usual.

However, when we were discharging at Santos, he changed his mind, and instead of going for mahogany, we sailed to Rio Janeiro, and there loaded a lot of war material—guns, cannons, gunpowder, and other stuff for Valparaiso, for the Government of Chili; this was a longish voyage for the little *Gem*, but the Chili Government were anxious to get their ammunition round quickly, and offered such a tempting freight, that our captain could not resist the chance of making a big haul.

All went well, and in due course we arrived at our destination and discharged our cargo successfully. We learnt at Valparaiso that trouble was brewing between Chili and Peru and that hostilities might break out at any time; this, of course, accounted for the anxiety displayed for the war material we had brought round.

Captain Thomas had intended going to Callao, in Peru, for a cargo of guano for some port on our way home; but, with such a close prospect of war between the two countries, he concluded to give the idea up. We had been discharged some few days, and our captain was on the point of sailing in ballast, when a messenger from his agents came down to the schooner and asked him to go up to the office.

Night passed, and we saw nothing of our skipper till late next day, when he came on board with a stranger.

Of course we were all agog to know what was going on; every man of us felt a keen personal interest in the little craft and when the mate was sent for to join the captain and the stranger, we guessed something special was on.



WICKED LOOKING SNAGS SHOWED THEIR UGLY TEETH.

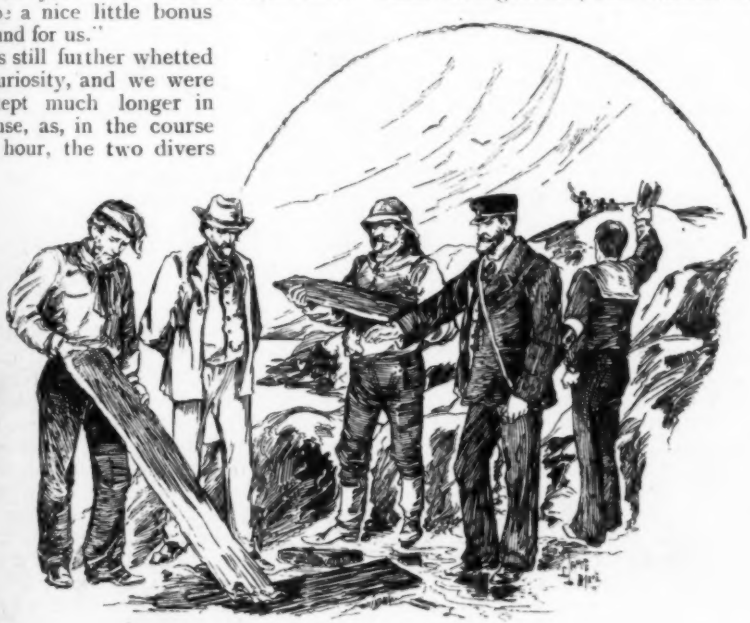
After awhile the mate came forward, and we all clustered round him to hear the news.

"Have any of you any experience of diving?" said he. "I mean," he continued, "going down below in diver's dress."

"Yes, sir," answered two of the men—Bob Green and Tom Swift. They had been employed in some harbour works in England, and knew all about the business.

"That's first-rate," replied the mate. "The captain is thinking of going on a little expedition where you will be of service; and if the job turns out a success, there will be a nice little bonus all round for us."

This still further whetted our curiosity, and we were not kept much longer in suspense, as, in the course of an hour, the two divers were called into the cabin and, after a short absence, returned to tell us all about the new venture.



GROUPED ROUND A MASS OF ROTTING TIMBERS.

It appeared that the stranger had chartered the schooner to sail for Ambrose Island, which was a little bit of an island about six hundred miles north-west of Valparaiso.

The stranger was a Spanish grandee, named Don Carlo de Astigara; and from what had transpired in the cabin, it seemed that a Spanish merchantman had, many years before, been wrecked on the island, and become a total loss, and none of her crew had ever been heard of. Of course, this in itself could not have been much of an inducement for the expedition he wished to make; the real bait which lured him on was the information which he the obtained, how I know not, that when ship was lost she had on board a very had large quantity of bullion and specie.

He evidently reposed much confidence in the rumour, as the hire of the *Gem*, and other incidental expenses, meant a pretty round sum, which, however, be paid up before sailing, without a murmur.

Two suits of diving dress were sent on board, with the accompanying pumps and other arrangements, and another experienced diver was engaged to superintend matters.

After we had got our supplies of fresh provisions on board, the anchor was weighed and we stood out to sea.

The Don accompanied us as a passenger. It was late in the afternoon when we sailed, as he was most anxious to keep the schooner's course secret from prying eyes ashore. For this reason very little canvas was set, and no hurry was made until darkness fell and obscured our position; then all was bustle and scurry, and it did not take us a great while to get all sail set, and, with a spanking stern

breeze we were, long before the first glint of daybreak, far out of sight of land.

The run up was soon accomplished, and by noon of the third day we were at anchor off the western side of the island. After making all snug aloft, we got a boat out, and Don Astigara, the captain, Harris, the diver, who we had shipped at Valparaiso, and four men, of whom I was one, started off for the shore. The island was surrounded by a belt of coral reef, which, in ordinary fine weather, did not make their whereabouts visible, as they lay quiet and treacherous under about a fathom or so of water.

But when the sea ran at all high, and the long rolling swell of the Pacific Ocean broke from its gentle mood, then the vicious, wicked-looking snags showed their ugly teeth, and as the mighty billows swept towards the shore, they were split and driven, and tossed, and churned by their lurking foe below, until they escaped, a mass of spume and lather, to cover the golden sand with an effervescing froth.

Now, however, the Pacific bore out the name of its baptism, and the gentle swell of its mighty bosom was not even ruffled. When we got ashore, we pulled the boat up, and then, under the captain's instructions, we separated and spread ourselves over the shore to hunt for any remains or signs of the lost Spaniard.

After a short time we heard a hail from the northern end of the island, and hurrying up, we found the captain and the others grouped round a mass of black and rotting timbers, which we immediately recognised as the debris of a wrecked vessel. This was evident proof that, at some time or another, a vessel of considerable size had been cast up at this spot. So far, however, there was nothing to guide us as to whether this was the wreck of the ship we were after. Don Astigara was satisfied that his quest was here, so after we had cast about for awhile, hunting for further evidence, we returned to our boat and went aboard.

It was then arranged that a camp should be set up on the island, and the Don, with the three divers and three other men, should prosecute their operations from land. This would leave the schooner free to put to sea in case of bad weather, and also allow diving operations to be commenced at once, by the aid of a boat on the inner side of the coral reef.

It was the opinion of the captain and most of us that the wrecked ship had been first cast on to the reef, and as she gradually broke up she had been carried over into the inner side of the reef and had there foundered, and eventually gone to pieces.

Next day we were busy getting the things ashore, and it took us till well on to noon before this was completed; then, while some of the men commenced rigging up a couple of tents, the boat was made ready, and Harris, the head diver, with his suit and necessaries, went off, with Captain Thomas and the Don, to make his first descent on the margin of the reef, opposite the remains of the wreck on shore.

I went in the boat with them, and can assure you I did not envy Harris when he got rigged up in his awkward suit of clothes, with his unwieldy looking metal helmet, with its great big staring glass eyes, he appeared like some uncanny, antediluvian monster. As soon as his figure-head was fastened on we had to start the air-pumps to keep him going, and a rope ladder having been hung over the side, he commenced his descent.

For some while we had no intimation from him, beyond his various calls for more or less air. After he had been down ten minutes, or perhaps a quarter of an hour, we received the call to pull up the rope, and when we got it to the surface we found the end made fast to a small, iron-clamped chest. The iron was all rusted and rotten, but the box itself was fairly preserved. We soon had it open, and had its contents out. They consisted chiefly of papers and books, but from their long immersion in the sea we could make nothing of them; they fell to pieces as we handled them—the ink had disappeared into lines of undecipherable stains. The books were little better, sodden as they were, but we hoped, when they were dried, something might be learnt from them. While we were examining these we received the call from Harris that he was coming up, so we started hauling in the slack of the air-line, and in a few minutes his monstrous headgear rose up alongside, as he climbed up the rope-ladder. We soon had his helmet off, and then, when he had rested a bit, we mustered round to hear his news. We had chosen our spot so fortunately that we had anchored right over the sunken

ship. From the short examination Harris had been able to make, he made out that some part of the bows and fore part of the ship had broken off, and she appeared to have pitched over the reef much as the captain had anticipated. The wreck had settled almost upright, but was much covered with sand and broken coral: she had evidently lain there for years.

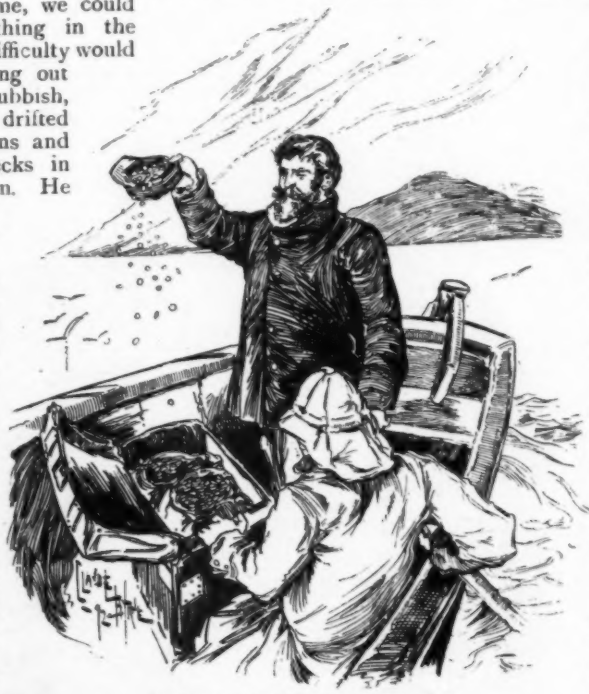
He had found the box jammed in the cabin gangway; he gave it as his opinion that, with time, we could get at everything in the wreck. The difficulty would be the clearing out the sand and rubbish, which had drifted into the cabins and below the decks in every direction. He had not been able to get into the cabins as the doors were so firmly held by the sand that he could not move them without force.

Don Astigara was much elated with this report, and it certainly looked as if the information he had obtained had more than a problematical basis of truth in it. We took the exact bearings of our anchorage ground, and then went ashore to make preparations for commencing hard work on the morrow.

We got another boat from the schooner, with shovels, crowbars and pickaxes for the divers to work with, and provisions and other necessaries for the camp.

Next morning we started at daylight to get our boats loaded for our first day's operations; and, after a good breakfast, we put off with the three divers. The boats were anchored, one on either beam of the wreck, so that two divers could work at once.

Everything being in readiness, down they went, and we all waited anxiously for the first intimation of their search. We could get some idea of their movements from the working of the air-lines, and presently we got the call to haul up, which we did, and found another iron-bound box. On breaking this open, out rolled a mass of golden doubloons and silver dollars. Then we sent up a shout of triumph which the men on shore and on the schooner took up and repeated again and again.



SHOWERED A STREAM OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The excitement in our little boat was intense, and Don Astigara, as he lifted up the precious coins in handfuls and let them pour through his fingers back into the box, was quite beside himself with joy.

Here was sufficient to repay him for all his outlay, without regard to what might still be found. We were still in the midst of our excitement when we noticed the other boat hauling in, and up came another similar chest; this was, as far as we could see, exactly identical with our own, and we waited in breathless suspense while it was being prised open. Then another hurra from them betokened the contents, and Captain Thomas, who was in the boat, held up his hat, from which he showered a stream of gold and silver. The Don could wait no longer for the divers below without hearing where the treasure was found; so we gave them the signal to come up, and as soon as they were released from their helmets, he commenced to ply them with questions. They had got into the main cabin, in which they found nothing of importance;

then, carefully examining the sides of the cabin, they had come on a door, differing from the other doors opening out of the cabin. It had been bolted and fastened so securely that they thought, and as it turned out thought correctly, that here was the strong room. By the aid of their crowbars they soon broke open the half rotten door, and found the place contained some dozen or more cases, large and small. Owing to the smallness of the entrance they had made, and the weight of the cases, they had much difficulty in getting out the two they had sent up. They were engaged in enlarging the doorway when we had signalled them to come up.

This was news indeed. What if all the boxes were filled with the precious metal? They would together contain an enormous amount of wealth. After a short spell of idleness, during which we refreshed the inner man, Bob Green and Harris again went down to work, and we sat anxious and expectant, waiting for their signal to haul in. The minutes seemed hours as the time passed slowly by, and when nearly half an hour had crawled its tedious length, and still no summons, we scarcely knew how to sit still. While we were discussing and guessing the reasons of the delay, both air-lines gave a sudden jerk, which was followed immediately by the signal, "An accident."

Then all was quiet for a few minutes, when the air-line from our man, Bob, began to move, and he signalled he was coming up. When he got to the surface he could scarcely get aboard, and we had to pull him in; then, hastily removing his face-piece, we waited full of anxiety for him to speak. He made no sign, however, but lay motionless in the bottom of the boat; quickly we unscrewed his helmet and poured some brandy down his throat; this pulled him round, and after a bit he told us his tale.

He and Harris had finished breaking open the door, and were lifting down one of the cases, when one of the lower boxes burst asunder, and the top boxes had fallen on them: he was thrown backwards, and fell through the doorway, while one of the chests had so jammed his legs against another that it was some minutes before he could get free. He found Harris pros-



THE TOP BOXES HAD FALLEN ON THEM.

trate in the corner near the door, with a couple of chests crushing his legs and thighs; he lifted one of the boxes off him, and then, finding himself growing faint, he hastened up as fast as he could.

The poor fellow was so prostrate that we could not ask him to go down again. Indeed, I do not think he could stand upright, much less bear the strain of working below; so Tom Switt, the other seaman, hastily donned his diving suit and went down to help poor Harris, if it were not too late.

All our joy was now turned to sorrow, and anxiety for our comrade, lying senseless, perhaps even dead, down in the depths of the sea, while we were powerless to aid him.

How eagerly we watched for a call from Tom. Presently it came—"All right." Surely some mistake. How could he mean all right? Before scarcely we had time to think, came the signal "Coming up." "He's taking his time," said one of the men, as a longer period than usual elapsed before we felt him on the ladder. Then we noticed the air-line which supplied Harris from the other boat slowly move and taughten in our direction, while the ladder up which Tom was climbing rocked and swayed "He's bringing him up," shouted Captain Thomas, as this thought flashed upon us all at the same instant.

The climbing man's progress was laboured and slow, as we could feel from the sway on the boat, and when his form appeared, with his burden in his arms, willing hands pulled them both into the boat.

I need scarcely say they were freed from their helmets as promptly as fingers could move, and we gave a shout of joy when we saw Harris open his eyes.



HIS TRUMPET IN HIS HAND.

Tom had found him exactly as Bob Green had described, and, using all his strength, managed to shift the remaining case which lay on him: then, hoisting him on his back, felt him move his arms, and signalled "all right." He carried him in his arms whilst mounting the ladder, and when Tom got to the top he was pretty well played out.

Harris was, after all, not seriously hurt; his legs were badly bruised, but no bones were broken. When he was knocked down his head came in contact with the woodwork of the cabin, and he lay stunned. Fortunately his air-tube was not damaged, or we should never have seen him alive again.

We knocked off diving for that day and returned to the camp to take a rest, and attend to our injured comrade. Next day, Tom and Bob got up the rest of the chests, which all contained bars and ingots of gold and silver, and specie. It was quite a little job, after we had repaired the damaged cases, to get them on board the schooner. There were eleven chests, all told, and they weighed just about two hundred pounds apiece.

About one-third of their contents was gold and the rest silver, and we calculated there was over £50,000 altogether.

We spent several more days searching the wreck for further treasure, but without success; evidently the strong room was the sole place in which it had been stowed. Our camp was now broken up, and the *Golden Gem* was put on her homeward course.

As we had plenty of provisions on board, our captain agreed with the Don to double Cape Horn, and sail direct for London, and they were now all anxiety to

get home quickly. Our captain's share of the treasure was to be ten per cent., besides the freight already paid, so he stood to make somewhere about five thousand pounds; the two mates were to receive five hundred apiece, and the men, of whom there were twelve, one hundred pounds each.

We were all in high glee, as may be supposed, and the Don's generosity, and what we would do with our shares when we got home to old England, were the topics of which we were never tired of discussing during the remainder of the voyage. The *Gem* being in ballast, and with a steady, westerly breeze, she showed her best speed and flew over the crested waves like a racing yacht. As we neared Terra del Fuego, that region of storms and fogs so feared by mariners, our friendly breeze gave place to squalls from pretty nearly all points of the compass, accompanied by bitter cold and storms of icy rain and sleet. It was many days before we finally beat round the dreaded cape and got clear of its rock-bound coast. During this period we had scarcely any time for sleep, so incessant were the calls for shortening sail or altering our course that we had to tumble into our bunks with our oilskins on for just what rest we could snatch, and ready at a moment's notice to rush on deck.

We had got well to the east of Cape Horn, after a terribly hard day's work, and I, with the rest of my watch, had gone below for an hour or two's rest. We had been asleep for perhaps a couple of hours, when we were roused by calls from the deck, and, hastily putting on our heavy sea boots, we rushed up.

"There she goes! there she goes!" we heard the men shouting; and, springing towards a group of our men who were gazing eagerly over the port taffrail, we peered astern in the direction they were pointing, and through the haze of sleet and rain we saw a full-rigged ship rapidly disappearing in the blackness of night.

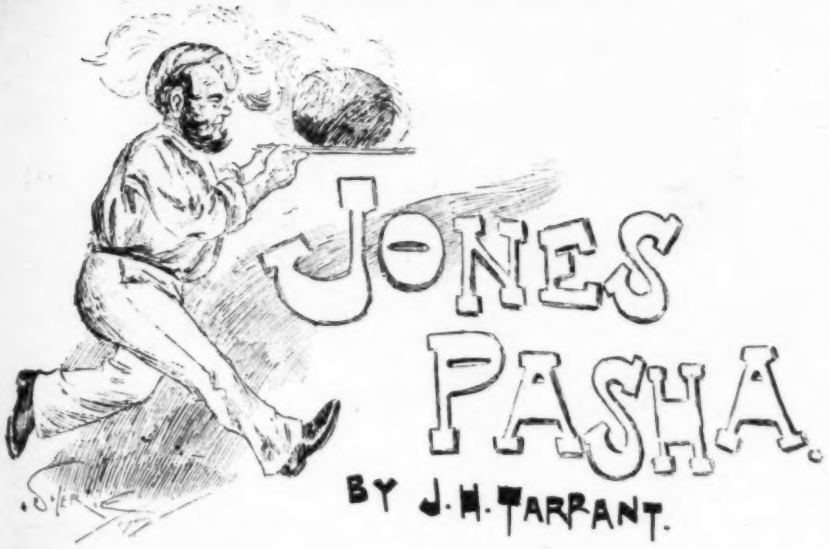
"What's the matter?" we anxiously asked, when the stranger had passed from our vision.

"Why, it's the Phantom Ship, the Flying Dutchman," one of the men replied. "Bob and me was in the bows keeping look-out, and straining our eyes into the pitchy blackness ahead, when I saw something on our port bows, and shouts to Bob to look. Then we saw it was a three-master coming dead on for us; we shouted to the mate what we seed; meanwhiles she still kept on her course, and we ran aft a bit, as she looked like cutting the schooner in two. Then she suddenly luffs a bit, an' almost raking our rigging with her yards, passed us, broadside to broadside; and as she went by we saw their officer on the poop, with his trumpet held waving at us in his hand, and his long hair floating out like seaweed astern. There were men about the deck, and they were all staring at us with eyes that looked like lumps of live charcoal, and there they stood, waving of their arms like so many cranky devils. It's the Phantom Ship, you may take your solemn oath on it, and means a warnin' of some kind to us."

Bob, when asked, backed up his mate's story, except that he wasn't quite so strong on the charcoal eyes. That a ship had run by us uncommonly closely was certain; but whether it was the Flying Dutchman or not I won't undertake to say. However, the warning did not lead to anything unpleasant, and in due time we made the English Channel and arrived in London safe and sound. The Don was as good as his word, and we all had our promised share of the Spaniard's lost treasure, some of us married and lived happy ever after.



THEY WERE ALL STARING AT US.



JONES PASHA.

BY J. H. TARRANT.

THE 25th of December, 1850, was a very remarkable time to the Caliph of Sarfarabad; not that he knew or cared anything about the festive season which the Western nations took such pains to celebrate, but from the simple fact that Latima, the bright-eyed, the pearl of the universe, had refused to admit him to her glorious presence that day. So, for want of better employment, he reclined in gloomy indolence, with a stern eye fixed on vacancy, inhaling the fragrant weed. In the midst of this unpleasant reverie, Haja, the chief of the eunuchs, rushed without ceremony into the apartment, and hurriedly prostrating himself before the Light of the World, exclaimed in mournful accents, "Alas! alas! that I should have to pour into my royal master's ears woeful tidings."



HE RECLINED IN GLOOMY INDOLENCE.

"Proceed, good Haja," said the Caliph, "and with the help of Allah, we will bow in submission."

"The unrivalled, the gorgeous, the moon-faced beauty, the ethereal houri, the——"

"Never mind, gentle eunuch, the details," interposed his sublimity; "come straight to the point, or else the bastinado will help you."

"Ruler of the world, your Latima is dead."

"It is fate, Haja," calmly rejoined the Caliph; "Mahomet wills it. Come, rise up, and tell me how it happened."

"The barbarian dog with the unpronounceable name, whom your highness raised from the dirt, and who came from a strange land called England (a country which I doubt exists at all, but if it does, must be a place of liars, for the marvellous tales he tells about a certain town called London defile the ears of your servants daily), this unclean dog, by the request of the gracious Latima, who had read several books relating to his country, and about a peculiar feast called



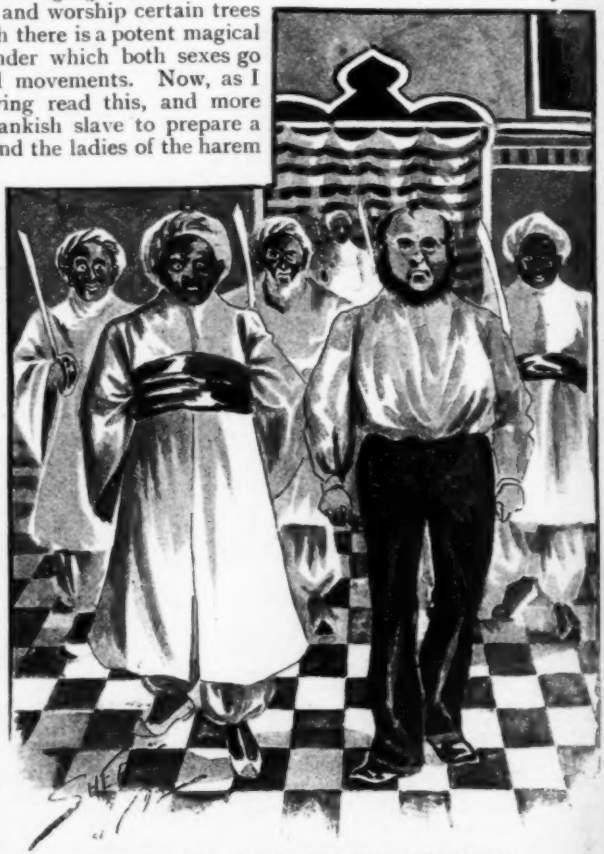
"YOUR LATIMA IS DEAD."

Christmas, when the infidels gorge themselves to repletion, and bow down and worship certain trees and herbs, amongst which there is a potent magical plant called mistletoe, under which both sexes go through various mystical movements. Now, as I said before, Latima, having read this, and more besides, requested the Frankish slave to prepare a peculiar dish for herself and the ladies of the harem to regale themselves upon; this consisted of a compound in the shape of a huge globe, the like of which I never beheld before; and when the pearl of loveliness had just tasted the first mouthful, she fell back and expired."

"By Allah! it is wonderful!" exclaimed the Caliph. "I will now take my morning bath, and attend the mosque; in the meantime, inform our Vizier of these facts, and let the Frank and the court physician be guarded, and on our return, let them grovel in the dust before us."

"On my head be it," replied Haja, as he salaamed and left the apartment.

A little explanation will not be out of place here. Samuel Jones, a ship's cook, had been wrecked in the Red Sea two years before the opening of this tale. After various vicissitudes, he found himself at length at Damascus; there he had the good fortune to get employment at his trade. Being very clever at the concoction of sauces, he at last attracted the notice of the Caliph of Sarfarabad, who placed him at the head of his kitchen, where he gave great satisfaction, as the Caliph was a bon vivant, notwithstanding the fact that he was, or pretended to be, a strict Mahommedan. Jones



JONES AND THE PHYSICIAN WERE MARCHED BEFORE HIM.



"HOLD, GLUTTON!" CRIED THE CALIPH.

was a shrewd fellow, and had mastered the language sufficiently to make himself readily understood; he had, moreover, managed to save several dozen of brandy and a small number of books. The favourite lady of the Caliph was extremely accomplished, and knew several languages, having been educated in Bulgaria by European masters, and by perseverance had mastered the English tongue to fairly understand reading that language; this she principally managed from the books belonging to Jones, which were smuggled to her apartments. Consequently she had a curiosity to partake of a Christmas pudding made by an Englishman. This had been done, with the direful result recorded above.

On the Caliph's return, Jones and the physician were straightway marched before him. The former was a stout, jovial man, of middle age, who rather seemed to enjoy the situation; the latter came forward trembling, believing his last hour had come, although he had done nothing towards helping the catastrophe. The pudding was placed on the ground in view of all, and each in turn gazed in great amazement at it. The monarch of all civilisaiton smoked stoically the while, revolving in his mind how to settle the difficulty. At last a happy thought struck him, for, beckoning his Vizier to approach, he commanded him to cut a slice and eat it. "For," he explained, "if our Vizier falls dead the parties are guilty; if not, they are innocent. By Allah, I have said; be it done."

The Grand Vizier in great trepidation came forward. After humbly prostrating himself, he commenced his dreadful task. Perspiring at every pore, the first mouthful was fearfully swallowed, then a second, third, fourth, and several after in quicker succession; each piece seemed to add zest to the other. Soon the slice was consumed, and great was the surprise of all to see the Vizier proceed to help himself on his own account to another piece.

"Hold, glutton!" cried the Caliph, who was now delighted at the rich aroma from the confection; "approach our throne and explain how it tastes."

"Shadow of Allah upon earth," said the Vizier, smacking his lips, "it is food good enough for the faithful to feast upon in Paradise."

Here Jones came to the front, and, prostrating himself in true Mussulman

fashion, said, "Your Vizier speaks well; I will now, with your leave, show you how it is eaten in England"

"Proceed, good Frank," rejoined the Caliph.

Jones here produced a bottle of brandy, and pouring it over the pudding, instantly set light to it; he then swallowed several mouthfuls, to the complete consternation of all present; then pouring the contents of another bottle into a golden cup, he presented it to the Vizier, who condescendingly imbibed some, pronouncing it far stronger and more invigorating than their national sherbet. Others took courage and tasted, and lauded its praises to the skies, till the Caliph followed suit. This mighty potentate took such a fancy to it, that he commanded his cook to produce some more later in the day, promising to "strew his path with gold." He then broke up the conference, ordering the physician to receive three hundred strokes.

"Dreadsovereign," howled the man of physic, "what for?"

"For not bringing our Latima to life again."

"But she was dead before I knew it; and how could your slave gain admittance to the harem? It is against the law of our prophet, and instant death if I approached the portals."

"It matters not to me the why or wherefore, I have said it," replied the Caliph, dismissing the subject.

As the king of kings was about to rise, Haja, for the second time that day, rushed in, exclaiming, this time in joyful accents, "My august lord and master of all, the gem of perfection, the resplendia——"

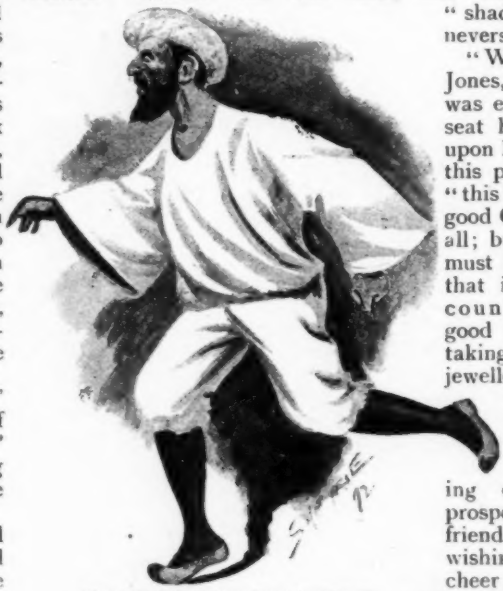
"Now look you, Haja, one word only," said the Caliph, frowning; "our ears are open."

"Latima has recovered, and is as well as ever?— 'twas but a swoon."

"It is fate!" ejaculated the physician; "I have escaped the bastinado. Allah is good, may he be glorified."

"Our slave speaks wisdom," added the Caliph, unconcernedly "let the nectar in the possession of the giaour be brought and laid at our feet shortly."

When the muezzins from the minarets called the faithful to prayers in the early morning, wild and weird were the doings then in operation in the royal palace. The pudding and brandy had been strictly investigated, and the Caliph was proclaiming Samuel Jones a full-blown pasha of three tails, exhorting him to embrace the true faith, and wishing that his "shadowsh would neversh be lessh."



HAJA, FOR THE SECOND TIME, RUSHED IN.

"Well," remarked Jones, as the Caliph was endeavouring to seat himself gravely upon his throne after this performance; "this has been a very good Christmas after all; but one thing I must not forget, and that is to wish my countrymen jolly good health," and taking the Caliph's jewelled cup, he faced in a north-westerly direction, and raising the glittering chalice, drank prosperity to all his friends in England, wishing the best of cheer and happiness to all at home.

"By Allahsh! itsh ish, hic! wellsh saidsh," gurgled the Grand Vizier as his senses left him. Then, clutching his royal master (who was staggering in vain attempts to find his throne) he, and the representative of the mighty Prophet, fell in great confusion upon the floor. There, entwined lovingly in each other's arms, their spirits were at once wafted, for a time, to that Mahommedan's paradise which is the Eldorado of all true believers.

And now, having seen our countryman duly honoured and raised to such a distinguished rank, we take the opportunity, while the two great and powerful personages are in the ecstatic state described above, of wishing them a hearty farewell.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."

AS I sit by a cosy fireside, the bright flames dancing as they are reflected in shining tiles and ruddy brass and copper, a feeling of devout thankfulness steals over me when I reflect that my own particular span of existence has been mercifully arranged for by an over-ruling Providence at the end of this nineteenth century, instead of at some earlier period in the World's History. For, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary by inveterate grumblers, I must maintain that, even the middle-class poor — who, perhaps, suffer silently more than those in a lower social scale—enjoy many comforts and luxuries that were undreamed of by their immediate ancestors.

I trust that I shall not lay myself open to the charge of egotism if I include in the illustrations a sketch of my *sanctum sanctorum*, where, from time to time, the pages are written which have been received with such kindly appreciation by the lady readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY. Very little of the wall space is visible, but what there is is covered with crimson Japanese leather, relieved by a scrolly pattern in gold. On the floor is an Axminster carpet, with deep border of Oriental design, and the pottery is blue Nankin. Personally, I prefer fitted furniture, but I know in many cases this cannot be purchased by those who have already various "household gods." I recommend it, however, whenever practicable, as it can frequently be passed on to another tenant, or an arrangement can be made with a landlord to take it over at the termination of a lease, while those owning the house they reside in will appreciate the many advantages it possesses. The bookcases afford sufficient accommodation for a private library; the writing-table is of



NOVEL SMOKING-CHAIR.

ample size and replete with contrivances for the neat arrangement of papers—which, alas! not having the bump of order, I do



MY SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

not always avail myself of. Rich, warm curtains of that useful material, plushette, help to render my shrine draught and sound proof, and shaded foliage, chrysanthemums and palms, have replaced the more delicate tinted fabrics and flowers upon which I feasted my eyes during the summer. In furnishing a room, the fireplace should receive considerable attention; for in a climate like our own that best of all ornaments, a fire, is a necessary, not a luxury, of life for at least nine months in the year; and that expressive couplet, written by Horace many centuries since:

"Let's melt the cold with ruddy glow from blazing logs."

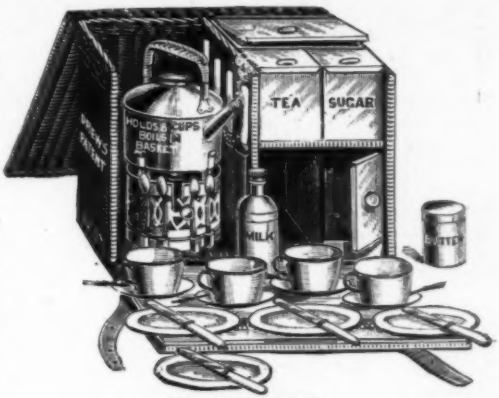
is no *façon de parler*. The grate and hearth are lined with deep-red tiles, and the fender and fire-irons are of hammered brass. American walnut is used for the mantlepiece and structural furniture, also for the small tables and chairs, the easy chairs being covered with crimson plushette to correspond with the draperies. I have described this apartment minutely, not because it professes to be a perfect or unique example of its kind, but rather that it may suggest to those about to furnish, an alternative to the dusty, unglazed book-shelves so often found in a room of this kind.

Of course, when expensive curtains may be indulged in, they should be of really good tapestry or damask, and as these are difficult to make, for they generally require lining, they should be left to the care of an upholsterer. But simple portières and window draperies, when made of serge or plushette, can be easily managed at home. The latter look well if edged with a woollen ball fringe of the same colour, or they may be hemmed and finished with a thick cord.

Most of us are now on the look out for suitable Christmas presents, and as the various requirements of the feminine sex are amply catered for (while for our lords and masters there seems to be a very meagre selection to choose from), I have given a sketch of a novel smoking-chair, which has recently been registered by a well-known firm of art furnishers, as I feel sure it will recommend itself as an appropriate gift to that most indulgent of all animals—MAN. This spring and hair-stuffed lounge has broad arms, which open box fashion, and these are divided into neat compartments for the reception of cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, matches, etc. On a movable bracket is a little stand for ash-tray and glass; and fixed to the back of the chair is a reading-lamp, which can be turned to any convenient angle.

Now that afternoon tea has become a national institution, dear to the heart of every Englishwoman, useful arrangements for supplying the same with the least possible expenditure of time and trouble are beginning to appear.

The little basket illustrated is intended for those semi-private functions which have so many attractions for the softer sex, who love to congregate round the bedroom fire, for a cosy chat, piquantly flavoured with a touch of scandal. It is also a most comfortable travelling companion, is not to be thought lightly of at races or picnics, and will materially assist in solving that most perplexing problem, "How to be happy, though single." Within small dimensions will be found the entire apparatus for making tea, so that one can indulge in the "cup that cheers," brewed from a favourite blend, and be absolutely independent of those strange concoctions which are sometimes offered, even in the best regulated families. The basket is so cleverly packed, that while tea is being made nothing need be removed from its place, and as the front is fitted as a tray, a table can be dispensed with, while the lid is so cunningly constructed with an ingenious arrangement of hinges, that it can be easily attached to the door of a railway carriage. When not in use it closes up and is carried by two straps going all round it, with a leather handle attached.



PORTABLE TEA BASKET.

Never has colour been so brilliantly beautiful or so marvellously reproduced in fabrics of all descriptions as at the present moment, and with all the novelties proceeding from the various looms, one cannot help but wonder what can possibly remain for them to produce in the not far distant future. As to winter dress materials, their name is legion. Sheeny camel-hair and highly-finished cloth, corduroy, woollen and silk tartans, reps, serges, tweeds and shot and striped goods are all patronised by the devoted subjects of Madame la Mode for morning wear, while brocades of richest texture, bengalines, velveteens, satins and soft silks are brought into requisition in the evening hours. Walking dresses are made a convenient length, so as to escape the ground, and are much trimmed with fur of various kinds. With them is often worn a Russian blouse, of the same material as the gown, and a little toque of velvet or cloth, edged with fur, for young girls; those past *la première jeunesse* preferring more matronly head-gear. Millinery is very attractive this season, and both hats and bonnets are made in such a variety of shapes and styles that the most exacting person can generally find something adapted to her particular features and taste. The 1830 period has many adherents, and the large felt bonnets, with sweeping plumes and rosettes, dispute favour with those no larger than a man's hand. Empire hats have been tried, but have been found wanting, most people selecting those shapes familiar to us in the pictures of Gainsborough and Reynolds, or the smart little Parisian *tricorne*.


RUSSIAN COSTUME

A sketch is given of a charming toque in royal purple velvet, with ostrich tips of a lighter shade, also of two hats of the newest designs. They both have the fashionable jam-pot crowns, but the brims and trimmings vary considerably. The large hat with strings is of brown velvet, and has a deep indenta-

tion in the front and is edged with feather trimming of a somewhat darker shade than the high, up-standing bows with which it is further embellished. The pointed felt hat, worn by the younger lady, is a good example of fashionable head gear. It is of soft grey felt, with bows of velvet ribbon of the same tint, and a cluster of feathers at the back.

The South Sea Seal, owing to the depredations of poachers, who kill large numbers annually, without restriction as to time or place, will soon be as rare as the Dodo; so to those who wish to add to their store of furs, with all due reverence, I would say, "this is the accepted hour." As I never preach what I do not practice (or hardly ever), I have just indulged myself with a new winter mantle, which I hope my readers will duly admire. It is a long cloak, lined with squirrel and edged with wolverine—the favourite fur of the season. For driving, it is invaluable; and it is also extremely useful for a theatre wrap, as the lightest and most delicate gown may be worn beneath it without the slightest detriment. When purchasing this delightful garment, I was shown a handsome seal coat, reaching to the feet, and cut in rather a novel fashion, with a full Watteau pleat, large sleeves and a high French collar. The lining was of rich shot brocade—a material much used for the insides of jackets and mantles of every description.

I must confess to a very womanly weakness for pretty footgear, and have to put a strong curb upon my desires in this direction when I start off on a voyage of discovery for the benefit of those members of the fair sex whose lives lay far from the madding crowd.

The very latest thing is a painted stocking in silk, or Lisle thread, with a floral design running up the front of the foot. An endless variety of patterns will suggest themselves to those who are clever with the brush, and a few pairs ornamented in this manner would form a very acceptable gift at the festive season.



BROWN VELVET HAT.



TOQUE OF PURPLE VELVET.



GREY FELT HAT.

The style of hairdressing has not much changed up to the present. The hair is still broadly waved and twisted into a careless knot, projecting from the centre of the head or nestling on the neck, with soft loose curls in front. With poke bonnets may come a revival of those side curls, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, or the huge loops of hair set on end and stiffened with bandoline; but let us hope for the best, and devoutly pray that such horrors are not in store for us.

Having had many enquiries for information respecting the remunerative pro-



NEW SEAL MANTLE.

fessions open to women, I propose for the next few months to devote a portion of each article to the different branches of women's work. The facts given will be drawn from the most reliable sources, so that those who are looking forward to joining the great army of bread-winners may form some idea of the obstacles with which they are likely to meet, and can thus decide which is the special work they are best adapted for. In this number a few hints will be given to those girls whose tastes lie in the direction of journalism, as it offers a pleasant and, on the whole a fairly well paid way of earning a livelihood.

My own experience and that of others teaches me that those who desire to join the Fourth Estate must possess certain marked characteristics, or their chance of success is remote indeed. The qualifications demanded are so many and so varied that any list professing to give them all would be certain to be incomplete, but among the most important may be mentioned physical strength, clearness of expression, a general education, business capacity, and the power of selection, so as to quickly see what will and what will not meet with the approval of the public: and to these may be added plain handwriting and punctuality. Some girls begin by sending short stories, articles, or paragraphs to those daily or weekly papers which they think they are most likely to suit; and the plan is a good one if the first success is systematically followed up, as by this means a lasting connection may be established. But though this course may have its advantages for a beginner, it is advisable that she should not trust to it alone, but should make a speciality of some subject which she knows better than all others, and strive to associate her name with it. This may be Furniture, Cookery, Hygiene, Dress, or anything else that is attractive to general readers, and to women in particular; but whatever it is, let her do her utmost and spare neither pains nor expense to thoroughly identify herself with it. Articles constantly appearing in various publications, signed with her name, are sure to attract public attention; and what is of much more importance, will sooner or later catch the eye of an editor, on the look out for new workers; when she stands a very good chance of being invited to undertake a certain department of his paper.



THE VERY LATEST THING.

While gradually feeling her way, she should not despise local newspapers and magazines as these make an excellent training ground for

literary aspirants, and much valuable knowledge of the *technique* of journalism may be obtained in this manner, and will prove of the greatest benefit to her when promoted to the more important London work. Many country papers already have a woman's page, and others are sure to follow suit; so a specimen article, based on the best model procurable, will sometimes suggest to the powers that be a new departure of an attractive nature to readers.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, in his delightful novel, "When a Man's Single" (which treats of the early struggles of a young journalist), mentions incidentally that the most likely articles to be accepted, if sent unsolicited, are those which refer to the common objects of every-day life. For instance, the hero, after many rebuffs, is overjoyed to find a short sketch on "The History of a Walking-stick," published and paid for by an enterprising editor. I am personally acquainted with one who adopted this hint, and who, at the beginning of her career, found a ready sale for illustrated articles on such subjects as "Bedsteads, Ancient and Modern," "Curious Chairs," "Domestic Spoons" (of a household, not a sentimental nature), and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now with regard to this matter of illustrating: pictorial Journalism is making such rapid strides, that those writing for the press should certainly cultivate any taste they may have for drawing, as they will find it of the greatest assistance if they require to take a sketch or tracing of any illustration, not to mention striking scenes that they may encounter at any moment and wish to transfer to the columns of their paper. A rough sketch, even, is better than nothing, and may be elaborated by the artist on the staff. Ladies' letters, fashion articles, and similar work are frequently embellished with small pictures obtained from electros or wood blocks lent by various drapery and millinery firms. There are also in London places where the use of these may be obtained for a small sum, and where there are thousands to select from, which have previously appeared in English, American, or Continental papers. From such a large stock one is often able to meet with a suitable example, but if not, special drawings and blocks are prepared at a moderate price. For newspaper purposes, sketches do not require that elaborate finish which they receive at an art school, and it is only necessary that the sketch should be clearly limned in ink, on a good white cardboard; the lines must be emphatic, and convey to the eye of the spectator, as much as a piece of delicate shading could do. As a rule, the fewer lines the better the illustration. High-class newspapers employ their own artists, who are paid at the rate of £250 to £300 a-year; but many others rely upon outside aid and pay liberally for those sketches which suit their requirements. Outside newspapers there is an immense field for illustrators, and one has only to think of the tons of pictorial literature annually distributed over the world, to realise how great are the opportunities for artists; but unless a woman has originality and a facility for drawing, she had better studiously avoid this branch of the profession, for the market is already overstocked with those who will never rise above the "pot-boiler" stage of art. *The Sporting and Dramatic News*, *Black and White*, *The Pictorial World*, and many others, give due consideration to work of this nature, sent on approval, if accompanied by stamps for its safe return. *The Daily Graphic* also affords good opportunities for those capable of praiseworthy work.

But to return to journalism proper, and magazine work. To make one's mark, it is absolutely necessary to reside in the mighty Babylon; but I most strongly advise no woman to leave the shelter of her own home, or to depend upon gaining a foothold or speedy appointment as soon as she comes to London, unless she has a private income, however small, or, at least, sufficient to tide over the expenses of living and dress for the first year. Not the least striking feature of modern journalism is the rapidity with which women have crowded into its ranks during the last ten years; and, though there is a strong feeling of good comradeship and a true and sincere desire to help others engaged in literary pursuits, there are many serious difficulties to contend with which are intensified, to an enormous degree, by want of capital.

If, however, this obstacle is removed, and a girl is determined to risk all and fight bravely for herself the Battle of Life, she should take up her abode in the Centre of the Universe, and devote her body and mind to this purpose. The initial step is to make herself as attractive as possible—for editors are but men, after all—and, armed with specimen articles which have

already appeared, to lay siege to publishers, editors, and others who have work at their command. It requires a stout heart for any woman, however sure of her own powers, to climb many hundreds of stairs and to force her way into the offices of strange men, whom, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, do not wish to be interrupted, and, if they had any choice in the matter, would much rather not see her. But disagreeable as this duty is, it must be done; for it is much more difficult to refuse a woman personally soliciting work than it is to write a formal letter declining it; and though there may be nothing to offer on that particular occasion, if special work is required in the future, she will not be forgotten.

A well-known journalist and editor, recently writing on this subject, said:

"The first thing I would like to impress upon women is, that they must not presume on their sex and imagine that, because they are *women*, therefore they have a right to a situation or an engagement whenever they choose to apply for it. All that you need expect, and all that you have a right to ask for, is a fair field and no favour, to prove that you can do the work you ask should be allotted to you. A woman who comes and expects to be excused anything because of her sex, lowers, by that excuse, the reputation and worth of women in journalism. An editor is like a builder; he has to build his house day by day, and with such good bricks as he can procure. If women supply him with only half-bricks instead of whole ones, he will either only pay them half wages or refuse to employ them at all. He cannot, out of chivalry or courtesy, or any other fine sentiments, build his house out of half-bricks, because the half-brick maker wears petticoats. If a woman cannot bear to be admonished as severely as a man, when she deserves it, she had better keep outside a newspaper office; the drawing-room or the boudoir is for her, not the great, real, rough work-a-day world. For the sake of all we hold dear, do not make fools of yourselves, and don't give the enemy occasion to blaspheme, by pointing to your work or your behaviour as conclusive reasons why they will never employ a woman on their staff again."

The moral of all this is, dear readers, do any work that comes to your hand to the very best of your ability; do not undersell men or each other (as they, perhaps, may be going through even a keener struggle than yourself); don't go about boasting that you can get plenty of work if your editor "is gone on you." The proprietors of a paper could not afford to allow their editor to "go" on the most beautiful woman in creation, if she made that an excuse for offering indifferent work. Besides, you may be quite sure that the business relations existing between you would put to flight any sentiments but those of business, *pur et simple*; and, above all, be loyal to your paper, through good and evil repute.

Write distinctly, on one side of the paper, leaving an inch-wide column for any necessary corrections. Sermon size is, perhaps, the most convenient. Write on the outside sheet the title and your name and address. The former should be repeated, with your name or *nom de plume*, at the commencement of the article. Avoid all fancy writing, as it looks amateurish and is apt to influence the editor against you. Tie all the sheets together, when finished, with pink tape, or use a small brass fastener, and let the whole, when finished, have as neat an appearance as possible. In sending off your MSS. *always* enclose a polite and business-like letter, and sufficient stamps for its safe return if not approved. When an article is accepted, and the proofs forwarded, make it an unfailing rule to return the same by the next post, as, by this simple precaution, you will at least earn the favour and goodwill of editors, who have suffered long, but not silently, at the hands of women; writers to whom punctuality, as a rule, is an unknown quantity.

The question of price is, of course, a wide one, and for special work special terms are made; but, as an approximate guide to occasional contributors, I append the following list, which will give a fair idea of what good work on the different magazines and papers will realise:

			£	s	d
The Queen and Field,	per Col.,	about	1	10	0
The Globe	,,	,,	1	1	0
Sporting and Dramatic	,,	,,	0	17	0
Land and Water	,,	,,	0	15	0
Solicitors' Journal	,,	,,	0	7	6
Court Journal	,,	,,	0	15	0
The Echo	,,	,,	1	1	0
Household Words	,,	,,	0	10	0
All the Year Round	,,	,,	0	10	6
The Lady	,,	,,	0	10	6
Chambers's Journal	,,	,,	0	7	6
The Housewife	per Page	,,	0	7	6
Cassell's Magazine	,,	,,	1	1	0
The Times	per Col.	,,	5	0	0



PHOTOGRAPH OF SCHOOLROOM DOOR, AT ETON COLLEGE.

(Showing names carved thereon, amongst others that of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.)

Young England at School.

"Floreat Etona."

ETON COLLEGE.

(Continued)

LAST month I mentioned the greater portion of the College buildings on the old foundation, with a few details concerning these ancient walls, leaving all reference to the interior of the College Hall and Upper Chapel for this issue.

Before, however, taking my readers into either of these, I must dwell a little longer on the Upper School and the adjoining room, once the Library, now the Headmaster's Room. In order, in some slight manner, to give an idea of the mass of most interesting names chipped by many of our past and present statesmen, etc., on the walls and doors, our special photographer, with the kind permission of Dr. Warre and the present Provost, Dr. Hornby, has been able to place before us a splendid photograph of the door I last month referred to as bearing the name of our present Prime Minister.

On this door, which leads to the Headmaster's Room, we have quite the Gladstone family, commencing with W. E. Gladstone—marked on our reproduction by **X**—and followed with H. N. Gladstone, J. P. Gladstone, H. J. Gladstone, J. E. Gladstone and H. S. Gladstone.

B. J. S. Coleridge reminds us of the schooldays of the Hon. Bernard J. S. Coleridge, M.P.

The Busts above the panelling represent eminent Etonians, erected during the present century. Statesmen are represented by Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord North, C. J. Fox, Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley and Lord Grey; Seamanship by Lord Howe; Law by Lord Camden and Lord Denman; Divinity by Bishop Pearson and Henry Hammond; Literature by Fielding, Gray, Porson and Hallam; but even these form a very small proportion of the great men that have spent their youthful days at Eton and left.

In the illustration given of a portion of the wall of the Upper School, there can be little doubt that the bold letters in "C. J. Fox" represent the handicraft of the statesman whose bust above forms one of the links of Eton's historic past. It is interesting also to notice the numerous well-known names which occur in this little portion of the panelling. The little "Wellesley," at the top is understood to have been cut by the late Duke of Wellington

Fox was indeed a most wayward pupil of Dr. Barnard.

The faults, by which his private life was marked, were attributed in a great measure to the injudicious manner in which he was treated when only a boy, by his father, the first Lord Holland.

When only fifteen years of age, he accompanied his parents to Paris, and was introduced to the dissipated society of that city. Returning to Eton, with all the ideas of a man of fashion, he only earned the ridicule of his fellow pupils, and received sound floggings from the Headmaster.

He soon came to his senses, and he afterwards developed into a great Latin scholar, gaining favour with Masters and schoolfellows. How he afterwards graduated at Oxford, was elected Member of Parliament at the age of nineteen, and subsequently led the House of Commons against William Pitt, forms an interesting portion of the history of England during the latter thirty years of the seventeenth century.

Fox died without issue and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A splendid monument in the Abbey, together with a bronze statue in Bloomsbury Square,

XUM

were raised to his memory by public subscription.

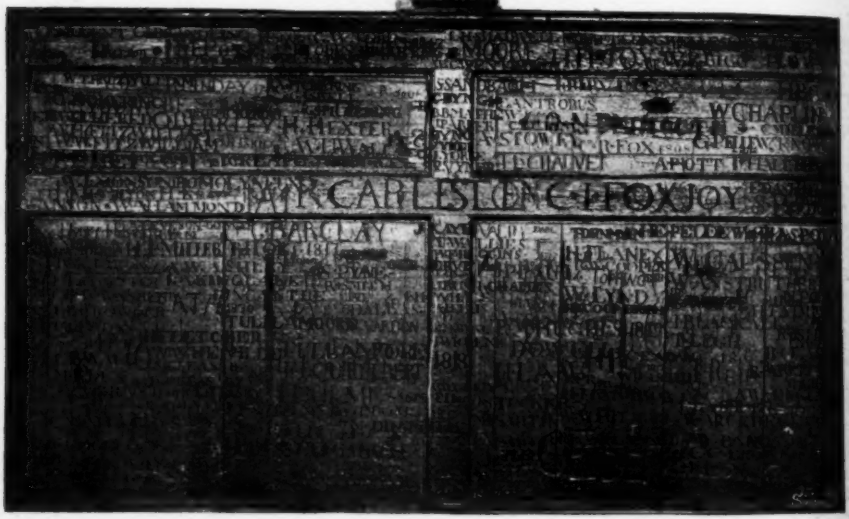
Turning the handle of the "Gladstonian" door, we enter the Library, or, as before mentioned, the Headmaster's room. No longer are the books stored here; but the spot may be well remembered by many Etonians, great and small.

This place is where the administration of flogging takes place, now only inflicted in extreme cases. The Headmaster alone is empowered to serve out this punishment, which, in these days, is much against the inclinations of Dr. Warre. Kneeling on the "Block,"



turned up as mysteriously as it disappeared, within the last few years, and, I am told, a grandson of Lord Waterford's was the first to make its acquaintance upon its arrival.

It may be noticed that the panelling at the back of the Headmaster's seat is covered with names, and cut in a uniform manner. All names there appearing are carved by a professional, and any boy seen using his knife is severely punished; if he wishes to have it cut when he leaves he has to pay to have it properly done.



BUST OF FOX AND NAMES CARVED ON PANEL.

the unfortunate boy is held by two junior collegers, a senior colleger handing the birch to the Headmaster. During the rebellion of 1783 the old block was destroyed and distributed amongst the boys concerned as tokens of sweet reminiscences of the past.

The block now used and appearing in our illustration on the left of the Headmaster's seat, has a somewhat amusing history. In 1836, the late Lord Waterford, with two of his companions, so the tale runs, succeeded in cleverly carrying this instrument of punishment away, and it was lost to the school for over fifty years; it, however,

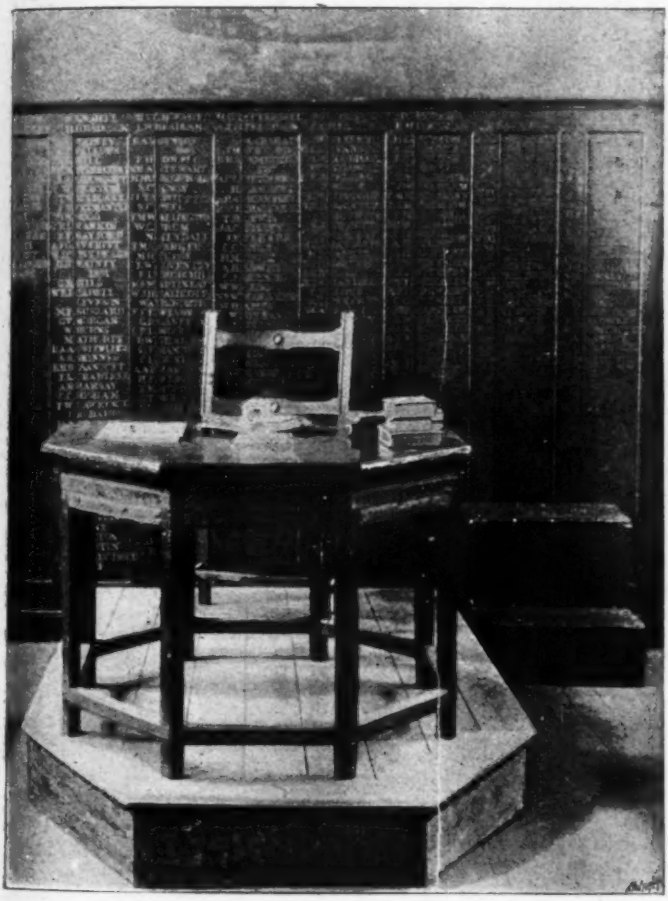
The College Hall is a venerable and much admired building, situated in the cloisters, the exterior of which we illustrated in our last issue. The walls are hung with splendid oil-paintings of many old and eminent Etonians. The screen at the further end of the hall was erected in 1858 by the late vice-provost, the Rev. John Wilder, M.A., and bears the arms of former provosts. The donor of this magnificent screen died in August last at Sulham, near Reading, at the age of ninety-one, regretted by all Etonians. The Rev. John Wilder was introduced to Her Majesty on the occasion of the

Jubilee, 1887, as forming a link with the past three generations. When a boy at Eton, he took part in the celebration of the Jubilee of King George III., in 1810.

The collegers in this hall are annually the recipients of a threepenny-bit, presented by the provost, which, in the olden days, was sufficient to buy half a sheep and admit of a change from beef, meal after meal.

At the end of the Christmas and Easter holidays, concerts are held in the hall, which can accommodate upwards of 400 persons.

Perhaps the most central feature of Eton College is the Upper Chapel, or, as it was formerly called, the Church. The original intention of this place of worship was that it should be a collegiate establishment like Westminster and Windsor —a "College of Sad Priests," so says the charters; the Provost and Fellows were the Dean and Canons, the school being an unimportant appendage. Magnificent as the chapel is now, the original designs of the founder intended that it should have been even more elegant. Unfortunately, the death of Henry VI., when the building was in progress, and the accession of Edward IV., who was completely of a different turn of mind to the founder as regards education, placed a stop to the completion of the Collegiate Church on his plans; but, thanks to the munificence of Waynfleet, the first Eton Headmaster and Second Provost, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, the building was re-commenced and finished as it now stands. From the heavy buttresses, it was evidently intended to construct a stone vaulted roof, but for this wood has been substituted; the ante-chapel, a clever architectural design, especially when viewed from the West, was substituted for the enormous nave originally designed. In the ante-chapel is a marble statue of Henry VI. by Bacon, a fine monument of Provost Goodall by Weeks, and a stone in memory of Sir Henry Wotton, with a remarkable inscription expressing his abhorrence to religious disputation. On



HEADMASTER'S DESK AND STOOL OF REPENTANCE.



UPPER CHAPEL, SHOWING ORGAN.

the walls of the ante-chapel is a beautifully-designed panel, commemorative of the Etonian officers who lost their lives in the Crimea. The name of each brave officer is here written on the numerous illuminated shields. Before the Chapel was renovated (over fifty years ago), the screen stood several feet further eastward, supported by most handsome pillars of oak.

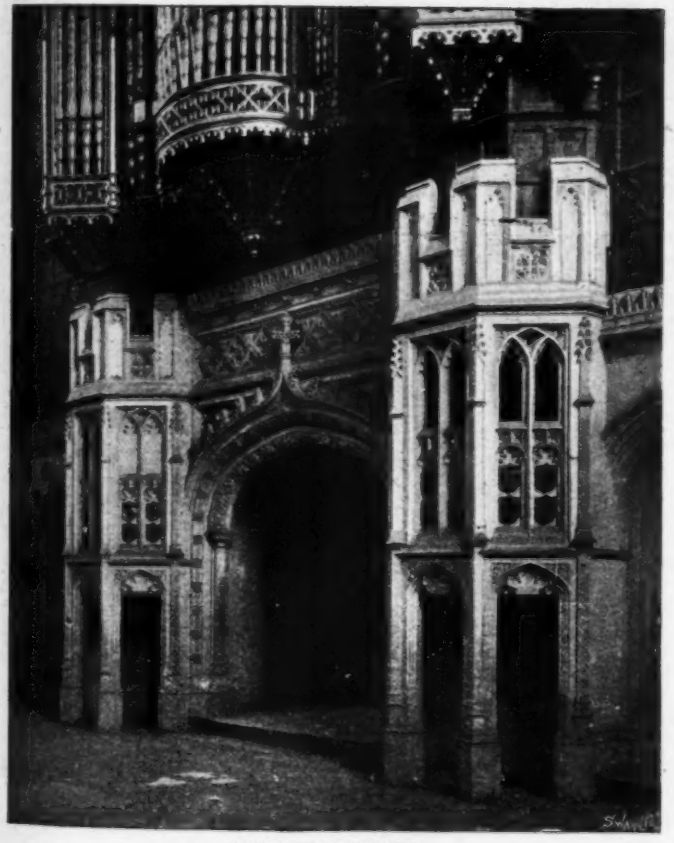
The present screen is of solid stone, designed by the late Mr. Street, and stands as a memorial to Etonians who fell in the Zulu war, Afghan war, and the Boer war. The old stalls, reredos and organ loft were cleared away and sold on Datchet Green.

The organ case, designed by Mr. Pearson, is, I should imagine, one of the finest in the country—the east front displaying the large open diapason pipes, close upon forty feet high.

Near the east end is the little chantry of Provost Lupton, while on the south side is a fitting monument to such a master of education as the late Provost Hawtrey. Close to the altar is a splendid marble monument of Thomas Murray, provost, whose connection with Eton has indeed confused many, as he cannot be traced as having been either an Etonian or Kingsman. He had held the office of secretary to Henry, Prince of Wales, brother to Charles I., and had held the reins of provost for only fourteen months; some old records stating he never went to Eton previous to the day of his burial.



LOWER SCHOOL



ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL

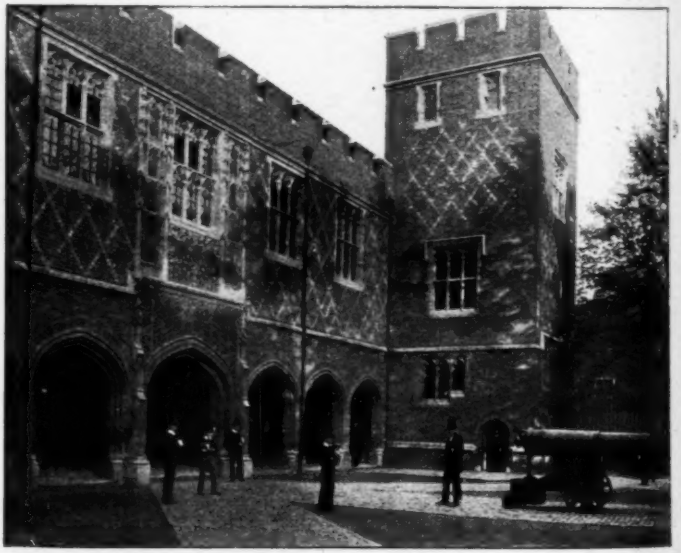
Prior to 1868, the boys all attended service in Chapel at eleven and three on Sundays and holydays, but since that date a reform in the Eton Calendar has been instituted, and a short service at 9.25 a.m. has taken the place of the casual week-day services. The Chapel for some time has been unable to accommodate the whole of the Eton scholars,



THE MUSEUM.

so that the younger boys, or those in the lower divisions, about four hundred, now worship in the Lower Chapel, which forms part of the "Queen's Schools," down Keate's Lane, an addition to the College only completed about a couple of years.

The memorial stone of these new and magnificent buildings was laid by Her Majesty in 1889, and the statue of our Queen at the entrance gate was unveiled by the ex-Empress of Germany. The School museum forms a most interesting portion of these schools, containing, as it does, a valuable collection of curiosities.



NEW SCHOOLS, SHOWING THE SEBASTOPOL GUN.

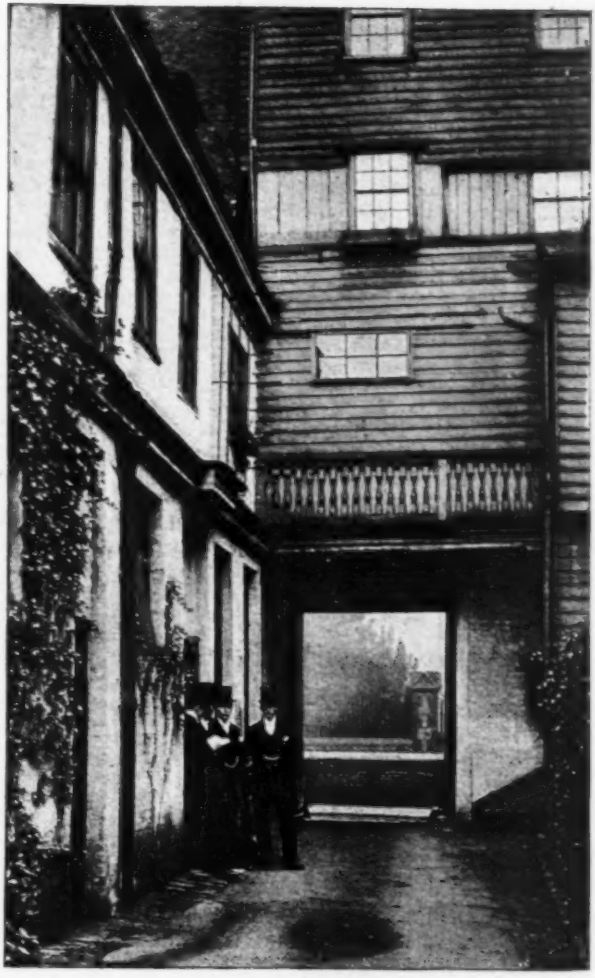
On the opposite side of Keate's

Lane, facing the entrance to these schools, are the Laboratory, Racquet Courts and Science Schools. Returning towards the College down Keate's Lane, we pass, on our left, at the corner of the road leading to Dorney, the old red-brick house, now occupied by Mr. Ainger, the former residence of the famous master, Keate. At the end of this ancient lane, which winds irregularly to the west end of the chapel, are the great windows of the ante-chapel, peeping through the tall limes, making this point of view one of the most characteristic in Eton.

The New Schools are situated at the back of the Headmaster's house, and opposite the entrance to "Weston's Yard" (which illustrated my last month's article), at the junction of the Slough Road.

They have now been in existence twenty-two years, and contain an observatory and ordinary schoolrooms. A Russian gun from Sebastopol faces you as you enter the gates.

Last month I also made reference to the "Eton Society," and must, therefore, ask the indulgence of my readers while I dive a little further into its history.



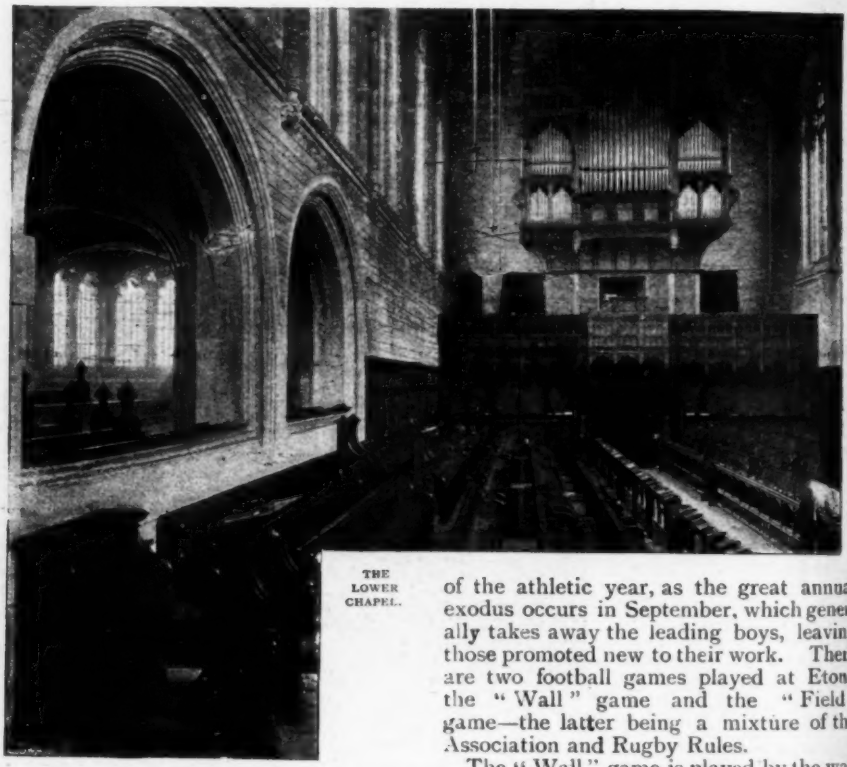
THE ETON SOCIETY CLUB HOUSE.

The Eton Society is more familiarly known by the name of "Pop," the origin of the name being still a matter of uncertainty. Some declare that the discussions were like ginger-beer "pop;" others that the name was given to indicate the popularity of its members; while the more likely theories derive the name from the Latin "popina," or the English lollypop, which is most likely to have been appropriated to the Society in the days when their headquarters were located over Mrs. Hatton's sweetstuff shop, and where, once-a-week, the members met to breakfast together. The present headquarters of the distinguished little club is now in Charlie Wise's yard, a few yards from the commencement of Keate's Lane, opposite the west end of chapel.

The further end of the yard, from which our view was taken, shows the room of the Society, which occupies the first floor of the building on the left, with a little group of its members standing at the door. This institution, of which Etonians are indeed proud, and to become one of the

members of which is the ambition of most boys, was founded by Charles Fox Townshend, whose bust, at the far end of the room, reminds all associated with the Society of the young man of great promise, who died when only twenty-two years of age, while a candidate for the representation of the University of Cambridge in Parliament.

Even prior to the foundation of "Pop," there were several smaller debating societies formed, but each lasted a very short space of time, and even the "Pop" once or twice had narrow escapes of falling through; but it is gratifying to find it to-day as flourishing as ever; its walls are covered with pictures of Etonians, including our present Prime Minister, and other men of note and fame, who have, from time to time, honoured the snug little corner with their presence.



THE LOWER CHAPEL.

Athletics at Eton.

Every boy at Eton, except those excused by the doctor, plays football: out door games being, as at Harrow, compulsory; and many "old boys" look back with pleasure upon the days of their youth, and the open-air exercise they obtained at Eton. We here illustrate the archway at the end of Weston's Yard, the main entrance to the playing-fields, with a group of merry young athletes, all eager to kick the leather.

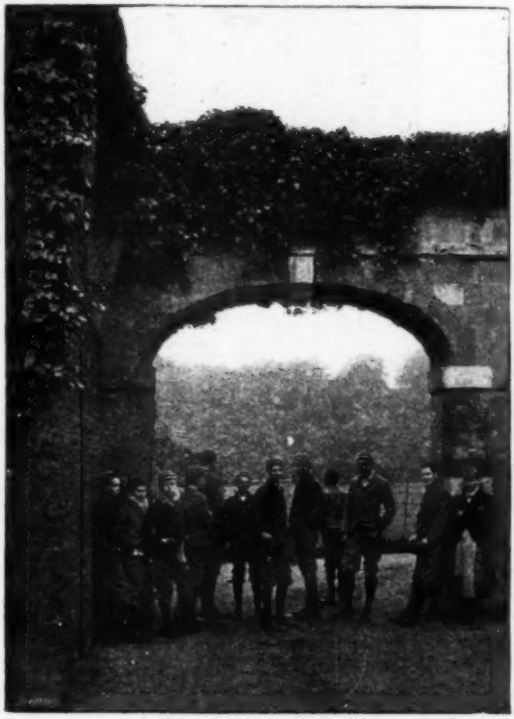
The beginning of the football season may be almost styled the commencement of the athletic year, as the great annual exodus occurs in September, which generally takes away the leading boys, leaving those promoted new to their work. There are two football games played at Eton: the "Wall" game and the "Field" game—the latter being a mixture of the Association and Rugby Rules.

The "Wall" game is played by the wall immediately on the left, through the arch mentioned above, which forms a boundary for the Slough Road. The game is as mysterious as it is intricate, and the onlooker would wonder whatever was going on. The great match of the year is played on St. Andrews Day—Collegers *v.* Oppidans, a contest looked forward to by all in the school with the utmost interest, as this match alone serves to keep the game alive.

The wall is about 120 yards long, and

the chief object of the game seems to be for either side to get the ball over the mark, called calx (lines drawn about twenty yards from either end). When this is achieved the style of the play entirely alters.

One of the players gave me a description, as follows: The defending force try and get the ball out backwards, and give their behind a kick out, while their opponents' "getter" tries to get the ball up from the ground, and close to the wall with one leg, and touch it when facing the door or tree. This done, he calls "Got it," and a "shy" is given. He then throws at the door or tree, as the case may be, and if he succeeds in hitting it he registers a goal. This mode seems somewhat similar to the Rugby Rules in getting "tries;" but in the "Wall" game no number of shies equal a goal.



ENTRANCE TO PLAYING-FIELDS.

The "Field" game is played by almost every boy, and a match is generally contested once a-week between the school "field" eleven and outside teams—old Etonians at Universities, Sandhurst, Guards, Old Etonians and Masters, etc. Picked players have matches twice a-week; the rest of the school playing in "house games." These games take place either between 12.30 and 1.30 on any day, or after 4 on half-holidays.

The chief interest of the field football season centres in the competition for the House Challenge Cup, which is played from the first week in November to the last week of the half.

Even boys who belong to houses with the smallest possible chance of winning, display the greatest enthusiasm, in order that they may win their house-colours, presented to each boy left in the final round; and the higher the teams get in the competition the more colours they get, of which, I can assure my readers, each recipient is extremely proud. The game is played eleven a-side, as in Association; but is very often played with an additional two or three a-side, which does not, in any way, detract from the proper method of playing

In the Easter half "fives" is the recognised game, but even with the fifty courts they have now at their disposal, they are unable to find sufficient room for more than two hundred to play at once The best men play every day, and frequently twice a-day, so that a great number become onlookers, or devote their attention to the Beagles, called the Eton College Hunt, which provides quite one hundred and fifty boys with healthy amusement, seeing they have a run out generally three times a-week; while others join in the paper chases, and in practising for the School and House Sports.

The Easter holidays over, all Etonians rejoice at the approaching Summer half, and the joyful events contained in it. The 4th of June, Henley Regatta, the match with Winchester, the Eton *v.* Harrow Match at Lords, House Cricket and House Fours, and last, but not least, the Volunteer Camp.

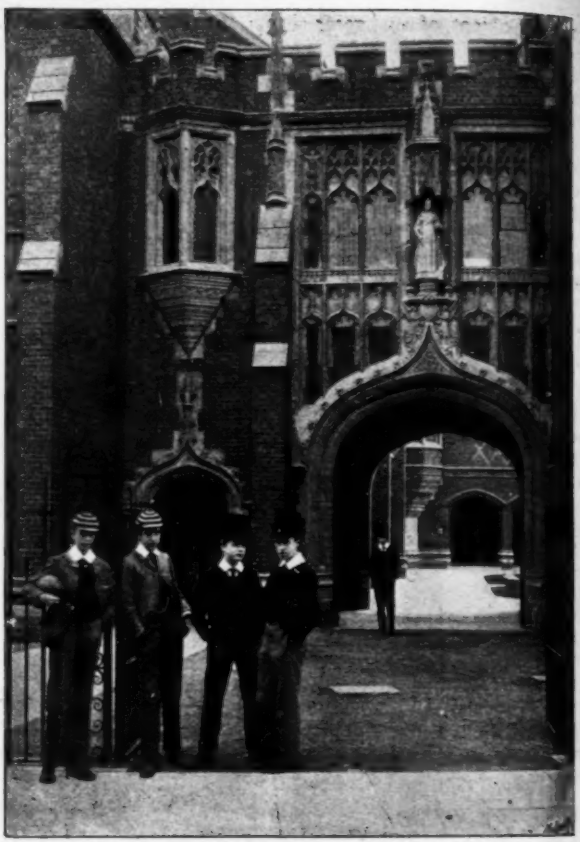
Each boy, before he goes on the river, or becomes what is termed a "wet-bob,"

has to show the masters that he is able to swim by going through a thorough test, so as to insure his safety in case of accident.

Returning to the playing-fields, which constitute six separate grounds —Upper Club, Lower Club, Upper Sixpenny, Sixpenny, Jordan, and Mesopotamia.

The First and Second School Games and Middle Club lay claim to Upper Club. It is no uncommon thing to see over a dozen games of cricket going on at one time, providing several hundred boys with good sport, while dozens are punishing the leather at the nets.

When the weather permits of bathing, the strain upon the playing-fields is somewhat relieved by the charm Cuckoo Weir and Upper Hope have for those interested in aquatics.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GATE, WITH STATUE OF ELIZABETH.

Eton Cricket has received many advantages from the careful tuition of proper play by Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, who has been the means of sending from Eton many shining lights in the cricketing world. Two professional cricketers are constantly employed to coach the boys in the game; but, though the cricket has of late greatly improved, their representative team was hardly a match for Harrow at their annual meeting at Lord's last season.

Dr. Warre is particularly watchful over the rowing, and has in the past imparted correct style and training to the eights which battle for the college at Henley. Then, again, there are the races amongst the boys, the House fours claiming a considerable share of the interest on the river.

It would be almost unfair for me to omit the Rifle Corps in connection with the College, which forms a separate battalion—the fourth Volunteer Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and is upwards of three hundred strong, their battalion-drills having a time set apart every Monday morning, during the summer half, and an annual inspection at the end of the term. A few happy days are spent in camp by a detachment, at the beginning of the summer vacation; and during Autumn and Spring; there are about six field-days, when they engage with other School Corps or regulars in outpost work, skirmishing, attack and defence. The range is close at hand, which affords shooting all the year, and it may be well said that the greatest interest is taken by all ranks in the Eton Riflemen.

One of the ancient Eton customs, the Montem, now abolished, was observed with great rejoicings and many curious observances. The earliest mention of Montem is in 1561, and since the abolition,

in 1847, of this old triennial festival, with its interesting associations and its reputed evils, the 4th of June has yearly risen in importance as a gathering-day of all old Etonians.

Montem was celebrated in a like manner to our Lord Mayor's Show-day; but we find that the day on which Montem was celebrated was followed by a Montem-rest-day, and often preceded by another holiday, which might be termed Preparation-day.

One of the great features of the ceremony took place at Salt Hill, a small mound near Slough. This was the asking of alms from the visitors, or, as it was then called, "Salt, salt," by the young tax-gatherers, meaning, "Give us salt (money);" and by this mode an average of £1,000 was raised each Montem towards defraying the expenses of the festival, the balance afterwards being handed over to the Captain of Montem to assist him in his university career. The Captain of Montem was generally the senior colleger. The kings, queens and nobility of the land came from far and near to attend this great Eton spectacle. The boys were dressed in all manner of fancy costumes, hired from costumiers in London. George III. and Queen Charlotte have, on several occasions, given fifty guineas apiece, and even double this figure has most willingly been given to Montem. During the brighter years of the reign of George III. he attended almost every celebration, and subsequently Montem has been graced with the presence of George IV., William IV. and our most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

The procession started immediately after the calling of absence in the quadrangle by marching round the school-yard twice, afterwards forming up in Weston's yard, where the ensign waved the great emblazoned flag, a performance requiring many rehearsals. This done, the corporals would draw their swords and cut the staves of the polemen asunder. The procession then proceeded in one long line to Salt Hill, by way of the playing-fields, closely followed by the visitors, and accompanied by several regimental bands.

On arriving at Salt Hill, the ensign waved the flag for the second time, at the top of the mount, which ended the ceremony.



THE KITCHEN.

There were many happy gatherings in connection with Montem far too numerous for me to enlarge upon, such as the dinners at the local inns—the "Windmill" and the "Castle"—and the Captain's dinner to the fifth and sixth forms.

The Great Western Railway Company, when opening the line to Slough, brought down such a number of people to the Montem of 1841 that the great festival was becoming a serious evil, and, in many ways, most antagonistic to the studies during the Montem half. Provost Hodgson, Dr. Hawtrey, Headmaster, and Mr. Okes, the Lower master, agreed to work hard for the total abolition of Montem, and eventually received the sanction of

the Queen on the 7th of January, 1847, through her constitutional adviser, Lord John Russell.

The abolition of Montem was not received kindly by many, and great trouble was at first threatened by the anti-reformers.

Dr. Hawtrey, whose desire it was to act justly to all parties, presented the boy who would have been Captain of Montem with £200 out of his own pocket, and gave a dinner a few days after Whitsun-Tuesday to those who would have taken part in the procession.

Among the literature on the Eton Montem are the following stanzas—

"Farewell to thee, Montem! They say 'tis the last,
But I will not believe it till three years are past;
And then, if I find that dear Montem is gone,
I'll go to Salt Hill and keep Montem alone."

There are several songs peculiar to Etonians, one of which I give below; and in concluding these scrambled notes on Eton, our proud and historic seat of learning, I join in the refrain, "Floreat Etona."

CARMEN ETONENSE.

Solo—Sonent voces omnium
liliorum florem,
digna prosequentium
laude Fundatorem!
Benefacti memores
concinamus, qualis
in alumnos indoles
fuerit regalis.
Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Stet domus Collegii
disciplinæ sedes,
donec amnis regii
unda lambet ædes!
Crescat diligentia
studium Musarum!
crescat cum scientia
cultus litterarum!
Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Nostra sint primordia
cum virtute pudor,
fides et concordia,
æmulusque sudor!
Jungat unus filios
amor erga Matrem!
cum magistris pueros
ut cum fratre fratrem!
Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Obsequamur regibus,
modo jungant reges
libertatem legibus,
libertati leges!
Lege sic solutior
leges amet certas,
sic parendo tutior
nostra stet libertas!
Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Justam ludus vindicet
cum labore partem!
dulce fœdus societ
cum Minerva Martem!
Sive causa gloriæ
pila, sive remus,
una laus victoriæ—
Matrem exornemus!
Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Chorus—Mores Etonensibus
traditos colamus!
traditos parentibus
posteris tradamus!
Posterique posteris,
quotquot ibunt menses,
tradant idem seculis
carmen Etonenses.
Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken specially for this Magazine by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, from whom photographic prints can be obtained.

IN THE CALVARY CHAPEL:

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

By CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

I.

DON LUDOVICO DE LA ROSA was the last male representative of an old Spanish family which had once been famous and powerful in Andalusia. He was a noble *de quatro costados*, that is to say his parents, grandparents, and great grand-parents had all belonged to the privileged class, and his father's family boasted of seven "hats," showing seven titles by inheritance to grandeeship. In former days in Spain, females could inherit titles and estates, and the consequence was a vast accumulation of property by a few families. The De la Rosas had thus owned fabulous wealth; but, like other great families, they had been ruined by the system they did their utmost to maintain. Pride of birth begat haughty contempt for work of any kind, and bred indolence and extravagance in each succeeding generation. They mis-managed and neglected their estates, and ultimately were ruined. So it came to pass that Don Ludovico was poor, and his pride and vanity had met with so many rebuffs that at length he determined to retire altogether into private life, and withdraw to a small estate at Paradas, some fifty or sixty miles from Seville, only making brief and rare visits to that city, that his daughter might not grow up in utter ignorance of the world and all its ways.

It had been the sorrow of Don Ludovico's life that he had no son, to perpetuate the barren honours which he himself enjoyed. His wife he had loved passionately, and when she died in childbirth, he almost hated the baby girl who had cost her mother her life. But as the years went by, little Dolores laughed her way into her father's heart, and at seventeen was really fascinating; not beautiful, indeed, but richly endowed with the vivacity and charm which make all Andalusian women so attractive that beauty is scarcely required.

Over one man, Dolores' charm had exercised a potent spell. James Talbot was a young Englishman of considerable wealth and many accomplishments. Of a roving disposition, he had travelled throughout Europe, and at the time of this story was in Seville, whence he intended to sail down the Guadalquiver to Cadiz, and after crossing to Tangier, make his way to Algiers, and thence into the East. He had brought with him letters of introduction to several families of position, and among them one to Don



DOLORES EXERCISED A POTENT SPELL.

Ludovico de la Rosa, to whom he soon attached himself on terms of intimacy. A hundred years ago the conventionalities of Spanish society were full of contradictions. Restrictions upon married women there were practically none, whilst unmarried girls were subject to much supervision and restraint. So it was that at first James Talbot found few opportunities of cultivating his friendship with Dolores. Don Ludovico saw that he was attracted by the girl, and although he liked him well enough as a pleasant chance acquaintance, was not altogether inclined to accept him as a son-in-law. He therefore warned the elderly duenna, who played the part of chaperon to Dolores, not to encourage Talbot, nor in any way connive at his advances. Thus the young fellow found that although he was sure of a cordial welcome if he joined the ladies in the Alameda of Seville, or dropped in casually at noon to pay a visit, yet Donna Herrera would exercise increasing vigilance, and never did the good creature allow herself to indulge in a little siesta, however hot the day, when Talbot came to see them in their home.



BOLDLY ASKED FOR DOLORES' HAND.

But Talbot saw that in Dolores were united all the qualities he thought his wife ought to possess. Accomplished she was not, nor even well-educated, as we understand the phrase now; yet such was her natural vivacity, her warmth of heart, and generous sympathy, that her slightest action showed interest, and her conversation was almost brilliant. True Andalusians never are coquettes, and Dolores was, above all things, unaffected; but Talbot could not fail to note the flush that tinged her cheeks when he drew near, the light that came into her eyes as they fell upon him, nor the drooping of the long dark lashes when her hand just rested in his, as he rose to say farewell.

So when one day Don Ludovico told him that they meant to leave Seville and return to Paradas, Talbot took heart of grace, and boldly asked for Dolores de la Rosa's hand in marriage.

"I am an English gentleman, señor, and a good Catholic. I love your daughter, and I dare to say that I can win her love. Give her to me, and hers shall be a happy life."

The old man looked at him, and his eyes were less stern than was their wont.

"You do my daughter too much honour, señor. Were you a Spaniard, and a Hidalgo too, as my daughter's husband must be, I would consent; but as it is, my answer must be 'No.'"

"Your answer should be 'Yes,' señor. Perhaps I speak too bluntly, but Englishmen have not the art to clothe their meaning over courteously, and my plain words are pleading for my happiness. You would not have me grant that Englishmen are less good men than Spaniards, and as for blood, if we have no Hidalguia, our laws of caste are yet no empty forms, and by them I stand acquitted."

"Mixed marriages are seldom happy," said Don Ludovico sententiously; "I cast no reflections on your blood, but Englishmen should wed with Englishwomen."

"What of our Queen Mary of blessed memory?"

Don Ludovico smiled.

"Does not your zeal outrun your reasoning? Her marriage with our Philip, was brought about for reasons of state alone, and no one can say that it was happy."

"And yet my instance argues for me too," replied Talbot; "why should you urge your daughter to marry only a Spaniard and a Hidalgo, but for very similar reasons of state? Pardon me, señor, but you must admit that too much inter-marriage is fraught with evil. Here in Spain you are already learning the ill-effects of it. I will not mince my words. I am a proper husband for your daughter. With noble blood in my veins, I am her

equal; with no small estate, I am able to maintain her; and with an untarnished reputation and clean hands and heart, I offer her an honourable love. What would you more?"

"What more can you say?"

"This," cried Talbot, almost fiercely, "Donna Dolores loves me!"

"How, señor?" said Don Ludovico coldly. "My daughter loves no man save her father."

"Donna Dolores loves me," repeated Talbot doggedly. "I do not say she knows it; but I am a man, and I love her, and I am not mistaken. Give your consent to my suit, and I will guarantee the rest. Your daughter's happiness is very dear to you. Be her father first, and a Spanish Hidalgo afterwards. Be just enough to admit that I am a proper claimant for her hand, and I stake my life that I will win her heart."

Again Don Ludovico smiled, but rather sadly.

"I was born a hundred years too soon," he said. "Señor, I like your spirit, and I believe you are an upright man. Will you be good to my darling?"

Talbot's voice shook.

"I will love and cherish her, as you did her mother. Nay! let me finish. We are not a race given to putting our emotions into words, but this I swear: I will be a true and loyal lover and husband to her, a faithful counsellor, as the Saints give me grace, a gentle master, and a constant friend. God do so to me, and more also, if I do not make her happiness my aim and object for this world and the next."

Don Ludovico was moved by Talbot's earnestness. He liked this young Englishman, and knew that he meant all he said. Moreover there is a Spanish proverb which says that money makes the man complete, and although he was in earnest when he objected to Dolores marrying a man of different nationality from herself, yet he was conscious that her prospects of forming an alliance with a rich Hidalgo were but scanty. They had dropped too much out of society for her to meet many men of that class. The early death of his wife had not embittered him, but Dolores had naturally lost thereby most of the opportunities of social intercourse which gentlewomen usually enjoyed. At Paradas, their life was solitary, unbroken by visits from the outside world, and local society there was none. After some hesitation, therefore, he bowed low to Talbot, and with much formality, thanked him for his offer to Dolores.

"I will acquaint her with what you have said, but on one point I must be explicit. My daughter must be permitted to decide for herself. I will inform her that you have craved permission of me to pay her your addresses, and I will not attempt to influence her either way. If she be disposed to listen to you, you shall have all the facilities which our etiquette allows, and the result shall depend upon you. But if not then my answer shall be final, and with our departure from Seville, this episode in your life must terminate. Am I clearly understood?"

"Entirely, señor; I desire nothing more, and my heart assures me that Dolores will hearken to my suit."

"You speak confidently."

"I am confident."

Then Talbot bowed, and with a light heart, went away.

II.

THINGS turned out just as Talbot had hoped and expected. Dolores was too ingenuous to be able to conceal from her father's watchful eyes her vast delight at the tidings which he brought her, and he loved her too well to let her know that this marriage was not according to his fondest wishes. And so Don Ludovico, with all the dignity of an ambassador to the Court of Love, returned to Talbot, and gave his formal consent to the betrothal. He even went further than his word, and as the stiff ceremonial of fashionable life in Seville was irksome to the ardent Englishman, and oppressive to Dolores, whose spontaneous nature rebelled against the thousand checks to the frank intercourse she hoped to enjoy with her betrothed, he gave commands for the small establishment to move to Paradas, and invited Talbot to accompany them.

Once there, away from all the world, he gave play to his liberal ideas, and permitted the lovers to associate with each other to an extent unusual then, although we should think little of it now. For at that period, no unmarried girl would have dared to sit alone with any man, though the doors to every room were made of glass, and always left wide open. To take a man's arm, or even shake his hand,

was a thing but rarely done, and in many ways the customs of the time were hard and narrow. But Don Ludovico knew that Dolores and James Talbot might both be trusted; and moreover, Spanish women when once married were free agents, able to come and go as they pleased and sit for hours alone with any man they chose. So here in Paradas, he gave them every opportunity to learn each other's heart, and if Donna Herrera was with them more than they wholly liked, still she proved a very obliging duenna under these altered circumstances, taking siestas of inordinate duration; while, out of doors, she would find herself fatigued surprisingly early in the day, and let them wander alone about the gardens to their full content

Don Ludovico's house at Paradas, like most others in Andalusia, was built round the four sides of an open square, or patio, was only one-storied, and had a gallery running round the inside of the court, forming a balcony to all the first-floor rooms, and a shady verandah to all on the ground floor. In summer, only the downstairs rooms were used, and an awning was stretched over the patio level with the roof, thus forming a large and airy tent.

Here James Talbot passed many happy days. Stretched out at full length in the patio, in the centre of which a fountain rose and fell, surrounded by brilliant flowers in pots, he would talk and laugh with Dolores as she sat by him, sometimes singing softly to her guitar and sometimes toying idly with her fan. How often afterwards did he recall the picture!



SINGING SOFTLY TO HER GUITAR.

Dolores in her black silk petticoat, or *basquina*, the black mantilla arranged as only a Spaniard can arrange that simple piece of lace, with a bunch of roses and myrtle where it was crossed upon her breast, and the big fan, black on one side, on the other scarlet, waving, waving, waving! When she grew animated, how rapidly she opened and closed its folds! and to see her eyes laughing just above it, or her little teeth gleaming as she smiled and then hastened to screen her mirth behind it! He could picture her again standing by the half-opened shutters of the cool dark room, with the light, subdued by the awning, falling on her, and he could see the fan twirling doubtfully between her white fingers until she caught sight of him, when it fluttered to cheer him up, and slowly waved to call him. Surely she was Queen of the Fairies, and that fan was her magic wand!

Dolores loved him devotedly—passionately. She would lean against him with her face turned up to his, and look into his eyes as if to read his soul. She would bend over him as he lay at her feet, and stroke his hair as he talked to her. She spoke English fluently, with the prettiest accent imaginable, but she thought in Spanish, and her little running comments on all he said were quaint and full of charm.

Outside the gardens lay an open plain, parched by the glaring sun; but when they could summon up sufficient energy to cross this desert, they would wander into the dense woods of ilex, which are so common in Spain, and which

at that time extended from Paradas to Olbera.

Two days before that fixed for the wedding, Talbot and Dolores had crossed the plain and were roaming through the forest. The cool shade was delicious after their hot walk, and after a desultory ramble, they sat down to rest. Just opposite them stood a rude stone cross marking the spot where some traveller had fallen by the hands of robbers. It was covered with trailing honeysuckle, and flanked by myrtles in bloom, while all around was a wealth of wildflowers that made the spot inexpressibly beautiful. Talbot had no fear in bringing his darling to these woods, for although robbers were common enough in Spain and Olbera was a notoriously rough, uncivilised neighbourhood, yet the De la Rosas were well known, and if by chance some strange braggadocio had crossed their path—well, Talbot was a brave man, well armed, and he had no doubt as to the upshot.

Dolores' eyes were fixed upon the cross.

"I wonder whose resting-place that is? Perhaps he was an Englishman, and loved some fair-haired girl in England."

"More probably he loved some dark-haired girl in Spain," said Talbot. "I fancy some of your old nobility near Olbera thought very little of disposing of an unwelcome suitor in that fashion."

Dolores shivered a little.

"It does look sad," she said; "whoever the girl was, and of course there must have been one who loved him, she would have liked to know the end, and these crosses tell of sudden death and broken hearts at home. See, I will put some flowers on that grave for her."

And deftly she made a little wreath of myrtle and cystus, twisting in the growing lengths of honeysuckle to hold it to the cross."



THEY FOUND HER DEAD.

"Listen, dear," she went on; "when we are married, I shall go home with you to England, but if I die, will you bring me back to Spain? I would like to lie at Paradas, where we have been so happy, and have myrtle growing over me like this poor wanderer."

"Gloomy thoughts, darling," answered Talbot lightly; "you must not talk about dying yet, though for your sake I hope I shall be the one left behind. The day after to-morrow, Dolores!"

"Yes, the day after to-morrow!" she repeated dreamily; "you *will* be good to me, darling?"

The tears seemed so very near the top that Talbot drew her towards him and kissed her tenderly. Presently she said:

"This cross reminds me. To-morrow night I want to pass in the church just outside Paradas; you know the crucifix in the Calvary Chapel? I have always loved that face of the Christ, ever since I was such a little girl, and I want to be quite alone with it the night before I am married."

Talbot thought a moment.

"I can see no real objection," he said, "but you had better ask Don Ludovico first. After all you will be quite safe, and the nights are not very cold."

"Safe?" said Dolores; "who would hurt me there? That church has been sanctuary for many a desperate man, and surely I cannot come to harm beneath the very feet of the dear Christ!"

"I will not say you nay, dear heart," he promised; "let us go home now, and you can tell your father all about it. Of course he will consent."

They lingered just a minute more; and if when they reached the outskirts of the wood Dolores' face was flushed, who shall blame Talbot for kissing those lips which, after all, were his and which he loved so dearly?

Che sara sara. Don Ludovico gave his daughter leave to spend that last night as she desired, only making a private stipulation with Talbot that he should mount guard outside the church unknown to Dolores.

So that night and the next day came and went, and in the evening he took her to the Calvary Chapel, knelt by her side one moment before the pitying Christ, and left her in the sanctuary.

And there at break of day they found her dead!

III.

It was Donna Herrera who found her, and she hurried back to the house to get help, if it should be any avail. Talbot saw her, but felt no alarm until a group of men-servants rushed towards the church, led by Don Ludovico, while behind came several maids, too awe-stricken to weep. He joined them at the door and in the dim light cast by the swung lamp in the chapel he saw Dolores lying on the floor, and the pathetic face of the Christ looking down upon her. Without a word he ran forward, and guessed the truth before he touched her. As he raised her, her little head fell back against his arm; and the mantilla slipping, showed two sharply defined bruises—one on each side of the fair white neck. Then he laid her down again, and as he did so saw her neck was broken. White as death, himself, he stood up and looked at Don Ludovico, who knelt by her side, gazing into the quiet face.

"What does it all mean, Don Ludovico?"

His voice was hoarse, and Don Ludovico, turning, rose from his knees:

"I know nothing. Let us hear Donna Herrera."

And Donna Herrera told in a nervous whisper how she had promised Dolores to come for her at daybreak to make the final preparations for the marriage, and how, as she swung back the church door, she had seen Dolores lying on her face before the crucifix; how she had hurried forward, thinking the girl had swooned, and how as she tried to turn her the dead weight frightened her and she ran back for aid. That was all she knew.

"And you, señor?" said Don Ludovico to Talbot.

Talbot had nothing to add. He had said good-night outside the church and she had kissed him; he went in with her and knelt by her side a few moments, and after leaving her had passed the night outside. The light through the stained window had been steady, and no one but Donna Herrera had gone in; he had refrained from doing so, because Dolores did not know he meant to watch, and he feared the noise of the opening door might alarm her.

"You have not slept?" asked Don Ludovico.

"I was on guard, señor," replied Talbot sternly, and the father was satisfied.

Then Don Ludovico stooped and laid his hand upon his daughter's heart. Oh, the agony of suspense during that brief interval! But he sighed and drew the mantilla gently over the shapely head, bidding the men fetch a mattress from the house.

"My heart is broken, too," he said to Talbot; "but this is no time to weigh our griefs. Promise me to find the solution of this mystery. My daughter, who was to have been your bride to-day, has met a violent death. Dead, señor; our Delores is dead!"

Talbot moved the mantilla aside.

"Don Ludovico, I do not wish to hurt you more than I can help, but look at this bruise—and this. Christ have pity on her! See, her neck is broken."

Then he drew himself up, and turned to the sobbing group.

"Listen, Don Ludovico; Donna Herrera, and all of you, listen! As I stand now in this church, where I was to have been married to-day to that dear lady, I swear before God, and before you all, that I will not rest until this secret is revealed. I will find out who dealt that foul blow, and he shall answer here to you for the deed done this night. And then—" but his voice failed him, and he knelt before the crucifix. Presently he went on in a lower tone, although every word fell distinctly upon his hearers' ears:—

"Dear Lord, whose eyes have seen all that has passed in Thy Sanctuary, in pity hear me; nay! if I may but find the coward who dealt this blow, help me to be content, knowing that Thou wilt repay. Help me to find him! Help me to bear this! Help me! Help me! Help me!"

Utterly broken down he knelt sobbing by Dolores, while Don Ludovico wiped his eyes in silence.

The sound of men's feet outside roused them, and it was with a sense of relief at having something definite to do that they stood apart while the mattress was laid down; then, when they had placed the body on it and covered it reverently with a thin silk blanket, they carried Dolores home. A few days afterwards they laid her, in all her marriage garments, in the little cemetery at Paradas, and there she sleeps in sunny Spain as she had wished, and the myrtles grow above her.

Talbot was like a man asleep. For weeks he rode all over the neighbourhood, trying to find some clue to unravel the mystery; he made a list of all the men employed about the place, and compelled each one to account for every hour of that night. In vain; he knew it would be in vain. After he had closed the door, no one, save Donna Herrera, had gone into the church, no one but she had left it; of that he was quite sure. Don Ludovico, Donna Herrera, the servants, and himself were the only living creatures in the place. Then one day a thought struck him, and he asked Don Ludovico to send for the priest who served the church.

"Señor," he said, "our quest has hitherto been fruitless, but I swore to find out how my darling met her death, and by God's help I will; I am going to pass to-night in the Calvary Chapel, before that crucifix, and if prayers are ever answered I feel mine will be now. I will pray to Christ, before whose image that murder was committed, and perhaps He will show me some way to account for it. I wish you and Don Ludovico to keep watch outside, not for my protection, but to satisfy yourselves that no one is about. If supernatural powers are at work, this holy priest will be able to contend with them; and if I am to meet the same death Dolores met, I am content to join her so easily and so soon."

So it was arranged, and at the same hour Talbot entered the church and closed the door, while Don Ludovico and the priest paced the turf outside. Talbot looked round him with a curious sensation. In front of the great crucifix a lamp was burning, but all the rest of the church was in darkness. He knelt down as he had done on the former occasion, and then rising, made a careful search from end to end of the building to satisfy himself that he was alone; this done, he sat down on a bench, and resting his elbows on his knees, he hid his face in his hands. Long and anxiously he pondered, mentally recalling every face he had seen at Paradas, trying to discover some motive for the crime. The effort was useless as ever, and he sighed and looked round again. In the dead silence his imagination grew more keen, and the drama was being played out before him. That was where Dolores had knelt, and the murderer must have crept up behind her. What weapon could he have used? Not a cord, for the bruise did not encircle the neck. How was it done? Then suddenly a fiercer



DON LUDOVICO AND THE PRIEST PACED THE TURF.

temper seized him, and, throwing himself prone on the floor before the crucifix, he prayed rapidly aloud. In his exaltation the prayer rushed from his lips and he scarce knew what he was saying until he heard the articulated words. He prayed for vengeance, speedy and complete, and the pitying Christ hung motionless from the cross, with the light falling on the sweet face and showing the wounded side.

Presently his state of frenzy passed, and he shuddered and felt cold. It must have been two hours since he shut himself in, and now a more restful feeling stole over him. He thought of Dolores, and how she loved him; of the days in the Patio; and their walks in the ilex

woods; of her pity for the murdered traveller, who lay under the wayside cross; and of the wreath of flowers she wove for the sake of the girl who had loved him. Tender-hearted Dolores! and to die as she did! Then, kneeling upright before the crucifix, he prayed again; not for vengeance this time, but for patience and strength to endure, for grace to keep alive the better impulses which Dolores had awakened in his heart, for help to bear himself like a man in his affliction, and for the eternal repose of her soul. He prayed again, in yet another mood, for wisdom to unravel the mystery of her death, and for additional grace to make a supreme renunciation of revenge, leaving the issue of the discovery to God. And then he laid his hands upon the pierced feet of the Christ, and, looking up, prayed more intensely still.

His heart seemed to stop, and his eyes were rivetted to the face of the image above him. There was no change in the pathetic expression upon the Saviour's face, but surely the figure had moved? The hands were slowly leaving the arms of the Cross, and from the waist the body was bending towards him. Talbot could not stir—could only gaze in dread and wonder. It was no dream. The figure was leaning over him, moving so slowly and noiselessly that had it not been for the shifting of the light, the change of position would have been imperceptible. Talbot was fascinated and paralysed by the marvel of it, and lost all account of time. But at last the face was almost touching his, and the hands had crept towards him as if to clasp him by each shoulder. Then, with a hysterical sob, Talbot threw himself backwards on the floor, and the heavy wooden hands sprang suddenly together with a click, and so stayed locked. One moment more, and Talbot's neck would have been caught between them. He turned sick and faint, gave one long look at the quiet figure bending from the Cross with hands outstretched as if pleading to him to come, and then he swooned. How long he was unconscious he never knew, but when his senses returned to him again he rose cold and stiff and looked upon the sacred image. It was in its original position, the hands and feet nailed to the Cross, the head drooping upon the breast, and the light from the lamp falling full upon it, showing the wounded side, and the eternal look of sweet mournfulness upon the well-known face.



TALBOT THREW HIMSELF BACKWARDS.

Talbot drew a deep breath, and after a pause went into the open air.

IV.

Don Ludovico and the priest had all this time been walking slowly round the church. Devout Catholics, living in a country where religion was probably the most marked feature of the national character, and in an age when the truth of miracles was scarcely challenged, both men hoped, and even expected, that Talbot's fervour would meet with its reward, and that if no actual miracle were worked, at least some divine inspiration might be granted him, by the aid of which he would unravel the mystery of his beloved's death. So when they saw him standing by the door, and the look of horror in his face, with one accord they hurried up and asked him what had happened.

"How do you know that anything has happened?" he asked slowly, and speaking with obvious difficulty.

"Your face betrays it," said Don Ludovico.

"You have had an answer to your prayers, my son," put in the priest, "and assuredly such a conspicuous mark of heavenly favour will not be lightly disregarded by so good a son of the true Church. Nay, perhaps my words convey more than my meaning; but in anywise to conceal an act of grace, even through modesty, is not a fitting form of gratitude, when the report thereof might so far advance the honour of the Church."

"Specious words!" said Talbot harshly; and the priest drew himself up, while Don Ludovico stared.

"Specious words!" he repeated. "Be frank, and say at once your curiosity is piqued. I have always been a good Catholic as I have known how, but I tell you plainly that what I have seen to-night is well-nigh sufficient to move the best Catholic that ever lived to curse the Church to which he has belonged, and rather denounce it as a school of foul treachery and demoniacal cruelty, founded by Satan to lead erring men to Hades!"

The priest crossed himself in horror at the blasphemy; but Don Ludovico knew that Talbot must have been profoundly moved before he would have spoken so, and he said quietly:

"Tell your story, whatever it may be. The priest spoke truly. You have had an answer, and it concerns me as the father of that poor girl. And you," he added, turning to the priest, "may rest assured that this gentleman, in what he said, spoke hotly, feeling strongly. No one will be readier to own his fault, and by confession obtain absolution from the holy priest whose calmer judgment his warm speech has shocked."

The priest bowed, as if to say he knew how to grant absolution when the fitting moment came, but his eyes reverted to the Englishman.

"Señor," said Talbot, "I swore to find Dolores' murderer. I have done so. Call your people, and before you all I will tell my story. Then if the priest can justify his order, I will crave his pardon, and the pardon of the Church for what I said just now."

And with that the priest had to be content, for Don Ludovico walked quickly towards the village, and Talbot sat down upon the felled trunk of a tree, and, resting his chin on his hand, gazed moodily on the ground.

It was more than half-an-hour before Don Ludovico re-appeared, accompanied by a number of servants and peasants, one of whom went into the church, and began to ring the bell. The priest joined them, and Talbot sitting outside could hear his voice, and occasionally a louder murmur as the others joined in the prayers. He waited until no more villagers came, and then, entering the church, walked up to the Calvary Chapel, and faced the little congregation. Without crossing himself, or kneeling at all before the crucifix, he began to speak in a hushed voice, so that the people had to listen intently to catch his words.

"No long speech is needed," he began, "for no one here is ignorant of the tragedy of which this chapel was the scene. I was betrothed, with her father's consent, to Donna Dolores de la Rosa. She expressed a wish to spend the night before her marriage in prayer before this image of the Saviour, and no one saying her nay, I brought her to the church, and leaving her alone, stood sentinel outside to see no harm from mortal hand befell her. Here, in the morning, Donna Herrera found her dead. No one was in the church when I left Dolores there, and during the night no one went in. That I knew and told you. Yet Donna Dolores lay there dead, and that not from natural causes. Her little neck was broken, and on the white throat, where my kisses had fallen only a few hours before, were two cruel bruises. Here in the sanctuary she was murdered, before the figure of the Christ. Who did the deed?"

He paused, and presently his voice rang louder through the building.

"Sir Priest, the Church you call it your dearest privilege to serve has some strange passages in its history. The men who gave their lives to testify to their faith, your Church has canonized and prays to as saints. You speak in horror of the pagans who shed their blood, and even in their ignorance find nothing to palliate their guilt. And yet this Church, which claims to have the one true light, has wittingly taken thousands of innocent lives, shed oceans of innocent blood, and drawn down upon it the wrath of a pitying merciful God. I *will* speak, Father! excommunication and cursing shall not

silence me now! Deeds of shameful cruelty were done by holy prelates here in Spain, the very thought of which still makes men's blood boil within them, and clenches their hands in angry desire for revenge. Religion, as they called it—a loving longing, forsooth, to save men's souls whatever might happen to their bodies, devised the secret atrocities in which the Holy Office revelled, and now, when thanks be to God the Inquisition is no more, we have a relic of it, which with my own hands I will destroy, unless brute force prevents me.

"Last night I came to pray here as my darling did, though not, indeed, in the same sweet spirit. I prayed that I might find the murderer, and send him to answer at the bar of God for his mean and cowardly crime. I prayed, and by degrees my temper changed. Hours must have passed, and at length I prayed that, if in God's good will, I were showed the murderer, I might have grace to yield the vengeance I had claimed as mine, and leave it to Him to whom vengeance belongs. Then I had an answer."

A strange sigh passed from the listening throng, and the silence grew deeper.

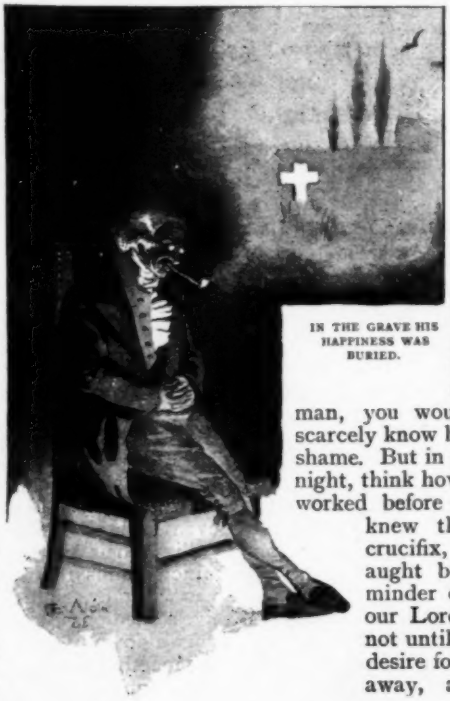
"Come here," said Talbot hoarsely to the priest. "As I prayed in quieter mood, but still as fervently, I laid my hands upon the feet of the Christ before me. This was my answer."

He knelt down, and again the marvel was enacted. Slowly the figure bent with outstretched arms, ever drawing closer and closer, until Talbot once more threw himself backwards, and the wooden hands sprang together with that horrid click, and so remained. Then he rose.

"Señor, the hands that broke your daughter's neck are there. Break them off and burn them! The power that took your daughter's life is the Holy Church she loved, and that figure, before which she bowed in innocent faith, was the means by which her spirit was wrested from her body. And may the soul of the man whose horrible ingenuity devised that foul instrument of torture, and the souls of all who sanctioned its use, burn in agony for ever—amen! amen!"

Then he turned away, and his sobs shook him from head to foot. An angry murmur rose from the peasants, who were crowding forward and would have seized the figure, but the priest interposed.

"Don Ludovico, take the Englishman away, and listen, you people, to what I have to say. It is not for me to pass judgment on his words. I am a man first and a priest afterwards, and had our situations been reversed, I might have spoken as he did, being distraught with grief. I am no lover of the Inquisition, but I am not called upon to question or defend the policy of the Church in times of difficulty and danger. But as your priest, I forbid a single man of you to lay sacrilegious hands upon the blessed image of our Lord. Again I tell you, Don Ludovico, take the Englishman away!"



IN THE GRAVE HIS HAPPINESS WAS BURIED.

As he spoke, the figure slowly resumed its old position, and the priest went on in gentler tones:

"My children, your hearts were hot within you just now, and, carried away by the frenzied words of that distracted man, you would have done you scarcely know how much of sin and shame. But in your quiet homes tonight, think how a miracle has been worked before you. None of us knew the history of this crucifix, or regarded it as aught but a perpetual reminder of the sufferings of our Lord. And yet it was not until the first passionate desire for revenge had passed away, and Señor Talbot

prayed in a more Christian spirit, that he laid his hands in supplication on the wounded feet of the Christ and was given an answer to his earnest entreaty. He prayed that if in God's good will he learned the means by which that innocent maiden met her death, he might have grace to leave the rest to God. Now that the mystery of the tragedy is solved, and solved assuredly by special direction from above, help him to perform his vow, and leave the issue of what you have seen to-day to the Holy Church to whom this sacred image belongs, and who has a heart to love and power to bless all whom she knows to be her true and pious sons."

Then he blessed and dismissed them, and soon was left alone.

It was many weeks before Talbot recovered from the illness into which he had been thrown by the shock of Dolores' death and the discovery of its cause. When he next visited the church, the Calvary Chapel was empty.

Beyond the fact that the crucifix had been removed by order of the Archbishop of Seville, Don Ludovico had no information to give him, and Talbot, abandoning all idea of tracing its after history, returned to England, and never again set foot in Paradas.

But in the grave where Dolores de la Rosa lies his happiness was buried, and next his heart he ever carried a tiny spray of the myrtle that blooms above her, in memory of the Andalusian maiden whom he loved and mourned.



THE DOCTOR'S TREAT.

By F. MABIAM WILLFORD.



HERE are some trivial things which occur in one's life which make lasting impressions; and what I am about to relate may be considered by some to be very trivial indeed, yet it has made a lasting, if not an everlasting, impression on the minds of all who witnessed and had a share in its effects.

We were stationed in the Punjab and enjoying the usual sultry weather. Most of the Polo players of the regiment were away on leave, but we could just manage to muster enough to get up a couple of games a week to enliven the hot weather.

I remember it had been a boiling hot day, and we had just finished a fairly good game and were sitting in a melting state round the 'peg' table revelling in iced drinks, when our worthy Doctor came strolling across the polo-ground looking as cool as an iceberg. Although he was a man of large proportions — anyone could see that he fed well and did credit to his feeding—he moved about so quietly and took everything so easily, that he was never seen flourishing his handkerchief over his face and neck in the hottest of weather like most men of his build, and, indeed, by men of much lighter build. Some of the youngsters said it made them feel a few degrees cooler to look at him, but on the other hand some of us grumbled and even felt angry with him for never getting, or, at least, never looking hot. On one occasion, when we were all growling at the heat—it being 97 in the dining-room —he quietly remarked, "I noticed that my thermometer only registered 51 when I left the house to come to the mess." Of course at this assertion everybody laughed and jeered at him; so he said: "Well, I am willing to back my word by a dozen of Simpkin that it will not register over 50 after dinner. He was asked if his thermometer was accurate, and he replied that he would allow it to be tested by the one in the mess and if it differed one degree he would stand Simpkin round. The seniors knew the Doctor very well and were cautious, but some of the juniors took him up. As soon as dinner was over we all went to the Doctor's bungalow and he produced his thermometer—it registered exactly 42: he kept it in his ice-box. Of course we were all sold and for a long time it was rather a sore joke to hear the Doctor say "Well, I am fully persuaded that the best way to keep your house cool is to keep the thermometer in the ice-box."

He was a bachelor, and ran our mess, and we never had occasion to grumble about the way he fed us, for he considered eating one of the most important things in life, and taught us almost to think the same. We became celebrated for our good table, and felt proud of our new president in consequence. Certainly we did grumble sometimes, and pretty loudly, when we saw our mess bills; but no amount of fault-finding would induce him to cut down his prices—nay, some of us had a suspicion that it caused him to increase them occasionally, by way of paying us off for our ingratitude. It was his delight to tell us we had a good mess fund.

When he joined us on the polo-ground he at once called for a peg, and one of the youngsters suggested that as he looked so cool he would not require ice in his drink.

"My boy," the Doctor replied, "I do not care for ice in my pegs because it makes the soda flat, and, consequently, to a great extent, spoils the drinks; but I

must support the mess and take ice. You, however, shall be punished for your selfish suggestion by not sharing in the treat I have for dinner this evening."

Now, I have said that, under the able catering of our Doctor, we had all, young and old, become imbibed with his ideas about food and eating, so we at once asked what he had in store for us.

"Come over to the mess," he said; "I am going to see it opened before going to dress for dinner."



A SERVANT APPEARED, CARRYING A LARGE JAR.

In due course we all wandered over to the mess, and threw ourselves into the easy-chairs, in the verandah. In a few moments a servant appeared, carrying a large jar of Stilton cheese. At first we laughed at the "great treat," but soon began to take an interest in the opening of the cheese, for even our exceptionally-particular and energetic mess president had failed for some weeks to get us any decent cheese.

Under the direction of the Doctor, the chipping at the cement went steadily and carefully on, and, sitting around, we began discussing the probabilities of its turning out good, bad, or indifferent, under the trying climate into which it had entered.

The Doctor swore it would be beautiful, for it had come straight out from home; and although it would need seasoning, it would not be so bad to be going on with.

The lid had been well cemented down, and the chipping and our talk were going on, when suddenly we were startled by a report like a gun bursting, followed by what appeared to be a shower of rain over us. There was a startled silence for a second, and then it was broken by a wonderful chorus of "Ohs!" "Ughs!" "By Jove!" "Great Scot!" "Well I'm ——!" and a general stampede from the verandah, every fellow trying to hold his nose. Most of us ran for about twenty yards, and then released our noses, but only to grab them



WE WERE STARTLED BY A REPORT.

again, and run as if we were running for life. I had run for fifty yards before I realised that I could not escape the terrible smell unless I took off my coat and cap. I threw them from me, and found that even then I could not escape, for my breeches were liberally sprinkled with liquid, rotten cheese. I looked at the others, and saw them throwing away caps and coats, and one trying to struggle out of his sweater.

I now looked for the Doctor, and, to my astonishment, he was still in the verandah with his handkerchief to his nose, and looking down with a mournful expression at the empty jar. The cheese having turned bad, it had only waited until the cement was fairly broken to blow off the lid and fly up to the ceiling of the verandah, and, in descending, sprinkle us all, and pervade the atmosphere for yards round with "the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril."

I know the odour emitted by the musk rat, and I have read about the American skunk and Brazilian tiririca; but I don't think any one of them can equal, and certainly not surpass, the odour of that rotten stilton.

At varying distances, from thirty to fifty yards, began a wordy attack on the Doctor, to which he only replied by saying:

"Come here, if you have anything to say."

He seemed to be fascinated by the jar, and we congregated at a safe distance and



A GENERAL STAMPEDE.

watched him. He bent down to look into the jar, when some one remarked:

"Well, I'm blowed, if the old idiot isn't putting his head into it!"

"By Jove," said another; "I believe he is trying to collect some of it for dinner!"

In a few moments he appeared satisfied with the examination, for, giving the jar a kick, he moved away with a very sad expression on his face.

"That's it: stir up your ill-smelling compound—keep it lively!" shouted one of the boys; but the Doctor took no notice of the remark, and went quietly home.

Having seen the end, we went to tub and dress, and get rid of the horrible odour.

When we got back to dinner the unsavoury perfume was positively sickening, and pervaded the whole mess. When the Doctor arrived he



WHEN THE DOCTOR ARRIVED HE RECEIVED TERRIBLE ABUSE.

received terrible abuse, but he calmly replied:

"Oh, that will do—that will do. It is all over now, except paying for it."

"What!" shouted one of the youngsters; "you surely don't mean to charge us for this beastly perfume?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply; "for I think you all got about equal shares of the cheese—all except the Colonel: he lost his share by his absence."

While this wordy warfare was going on the Colonel came in and sniffing about he asked, "What the mischief is wrong with the place?" and someone said "Oh, it is some new treat the Doctor has got for dinner, sir. He says the taste is better than the smell." The Colonel, turning to the Doctor, said "Am I to understand that this evil odour is coming from some dish the cook has prepared for dinner? for if so for heaven's sake countermand the order, and let the dish go with the stable litter; why there is enteric fever in this stench."

The Doctor explained what had happened and the Colonel testily said, "Well, the next time you have anything of the kind to open, take it into the middle of the parade ground; at least don't open it within a quarter of a mile of the mess."

Very few made a good dinner that evening, all being more or less overcome by the all-prevailing and overpowering presence of rotten cheese; and all vowed they would not pay for that dinner, much less for the jar of stilton; in fact, it was the opinion of all that the Doctor should have the expense of dinner and cheese for causing such a terribly inflictive smell.

Next morning the Doctor received several parcels, and he need not open them to know their contents; their smell was sufficient to indicate that they contained the liquid-cheese-besprinkled garments of their disgusted owners, who could not believe that any amount of dhobi whacking could ever make them wearable again; so they were sent as presents to the Doctor, and the owners fondly hoped they had seen and smelt the last of them.

Each, however, was to see his garments again, for the Doctor left mess early after dinner that night, and saw that all the garments were returned to their respective owner's bungalows; he went even further, for he carefully placed the impregnated garments under pillows and sheets, or cunningly threaded them in the nawar of the beds or stuffed them into pillows.



NEXT MORNING THE DOCTOR RECEIVED SEVERAL PARCELS.

Another fellow shared my bungalow, and, as usual, I went into his room for our final smoke and chat before turning in, when we at once recognised the now familiar smell.

"Well, I'm hanged if that beastly smell is not here still," said my comrade.

We went into my room, and there also was the all-pervading presence; and feeling sure we could not sleep in our rooms, we had our beds taken outside.

We got into our sleeping garments and turned in.

Within a couple of seconds I knew we had not escaped yet, and within a

couple more I heard the other fellow saying "Well, I'm blest if that beastly sawbones has not put my impregnated bags into my bed; by Jove, I'll be even with him for this!"

I sprang off my bed and jerked away the sheets and saw my coat in the nawar, and my cap was in my pillow.

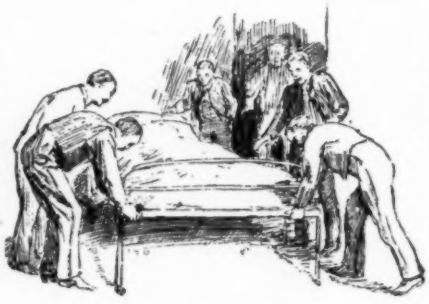
We knew, of course, that the other fellows had sent their garments to the pill man, so we decided to go and see how they had fared, and were not surprised to find them all fuming, if not swearing, at the Doctor's trick.

I think it was only natural that we thought of going to spoil the joker's sleep by a mild "drawing," so of course we went.

We approached the bungalow carefully and looked through the chinks—yes, there he was, fast asleep. It was decided that we should all go quietly into the room and get round the bed, and lift it up as high as we could, then suddenly drop it: this, with the weight of its occupant, would break off the legs and give the Doctor a good bump on the floor.

We went in without awakening him, and, as if to suit our plans, he had drawn the corner of a sheet over his face to keep off the mosquitoes. We grasped the bed and raised it, and were just wondering how light it was, when we all gave a yell and let go. Yes, the cute old medico had expected us, and, from past experience, knew what was likely to happen, and had put wires connected with his powerful battery on all the places where we were likely to get hold, and at the proper time gave us a frightful shock.

In a moment we had recovered, and were kicking the dummy about and playing the mischief generally with the things in his room; but he was also prepared for this, for we saw a puff of smoke run along the mantel board and immediately a perfume so pungent and suffocating pervaded the room that not one of us could stand it, and we all fled, coughing and sneezing with such violence that we nearly dislocated our necks.



WE GRASPED THE BED.

We heard the Doctor laughing, and when we looked back we saw him sitting on a bed on the verandah roof; having, as we learnt afterwards, watched us through the window at the top of his room, and worked his infernal machine from there at the proper time. He calmly advised us to go to bed lest our colds should get worse, and said he would give us something to cure our coughs next day.

I must admit we were cowed, for we did not know what else he had prepared, so we decided to clear off and pay him out some other time.

I am sorry to say that opportunity never came, for before we got a chance he went into civil employ.

We were all very sorry to lose him, but he and our Colonel had been so long together that, when the latter's command was up, the Doctor thought the regiment so changed that he allowed extra salary to tempt him away into civil work.

He promised to pay us a visit to give us our revenge, and although he has been to see us twice we could not play practical jokes on our guest; so we are still nursing our revengeful feelings without much hope of ever gratifying them, and probably with a lessening desire to do so.

Football.

By C. BENNETT.

In my last article I gave four of the principal Association teams: West Bromwich Albion, winners of the Association Challenge Cup; Preston North End, runners up in the League competition; Aston Villa and Notts Forest. To these I this month add Sunderland, last year's Champions of the League, and Notts County, together with a quartette of Rugby teams, which I think my readers will agree represents a very good proportion of the best strength of our Metropolis, and from which a fifteen could be picked that would give any combination throughout the Kingdom a very good game.

The present season has opened importantly with clubs attached to the Rugby Union, as the rules which have governed this game for the past twenty years have undergone a thorough revision. So great has been the development of the game, that from time to time the Old Code has been subjected to changes, but even to the end of last season it was found necessary to completely revise it throughout. One of the chief changes is the appointment of a referee, who has absolute power, performing the duties of the late umpires.

Several sections of the old rules have either been altered or further restrictions been added, which we consider will greatly assist in rectifying many disputed points; but as the season is only now young, it can hardly be expected that they should at once work in apple-pie order. Mr. W. Cail, Northumberland County, and President of the Rugby Football Union this season, was in a great measure instrumental in the setting up of the new code, and whom each Rugby player doubtless appreciates for his untiring energy in serving the Union for many years past. Mr. Cail is an ex-amateur of the Tyne.

A League amongst the chief clubs in Yorkshire has been instituted, which has led to much strife between the Yorkshire Committee and the Rugby Union, the latter refusing to acknowledge the scheme by passing the following resolution:—"That the Committee refuse to sanction the proposal before them for the formation of an Alliance in Yorkshire, and a League in Lancashire."

After numerous meetings the Yorkshire Committee decided to start a League competition with ten of their best clubs, but upon selection trouble seems already at their door by leaving out such an important combination as Leeds.

With these alterations Rugby Football will be watched this season with perhaps more eagerness than in previous years.

Unlike 1890-91, last year wound up triumphantly for English Footballers, as in all three of the international contests, they not only gained decisive victories on each occasion, but seeing that not one point was scored against them, they very naturally consider they have great cause for rejoicing.

The England and Wales match was played at Blackheath, January 2nd, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, and though his countrymen were defeated by three goals and one try to nil, they were by no means disgraced, as the result might imply, as the Welshmen played a good game, but were defeated as stated. England has played nine matches with Wales, of which England has won seven, lost one and drawn one.

There have been nineteen contests with Scotland, resulting as follows:—England, eight wins, Scotland, four and seven drawn. Last season's match was played at Edinburgh, March 5th, when England managed to scramble home victorious by a goal to nothing.

Sixteen matches have been played with Ireland, England having fourteen to her credit, Ireland one (in 1887), and one drawn.

At Manchester, February 6th, England won by one goal and a try, to nothing.

BLACKHEATH FOOTBALL TEAM.



A. SPURLING. (Back). W. B. THOMPSON (Forward). E. BONHAM-CARTER (Forward). G. F. SCOTT (Forward). F. A. HAMMOND (Forward). D. G. DAVIES (Forward). H. B. PALMER (Forward).
A. E. STODDART (Three-quarter back). A. ALLPORT (Forward). W. P. CARPMAEL (Captain, Forward). P. CHRISTOPHERSON (Three-quarter back). G. H. COTTERILL (Forward).
G. C. HUBBARD (Three-quarter back). H. MARSHALL (Half-back). R. F. C. DE WINTON (Half-back). W. COPE (Forward).

This season England will meet Wales at Cardiff in January, Ireland in February, at Dublin, and Scotland at Leeds in March.

The absence of professionalism, which is so characteristic in the Rugby game, enables several of our best clubs to devote part of their gate money to deserving charities, and as Yorkshire devoted £2,120 to charities in their County, they evinced steps worth copying by many of our other institutions.

In America the old International and Richmond Captain, F. R. Adams, who holds the post of President of the American Rugby Union, has worked hard on the other side of the "herring pond" to establish the old game, and it is gratifying to note that his labours have not been lost, the game is now making great strides, and with the assistance of the famous Somersetshire footballer, A. A. Michell, as Hon. Sec., it is more than probable we shall have a visit from our American Cousins later on.

The list of membership includes many of our past celebrities who would be heartily welcomed by many of their old friends, and it is more than probable that their ranks may be strengthened by N. E. Beiber, the Middlesex Wanderers' Captain, who, a month ago departed for New York with the best wishes from all his associates.

Last season a club was started in Shepherds Bush, called the "Wormholt," Football Club, A. Sloper, Captain, W. C. Bell, Hon. Sec.; they commenced on

decidedly new lines, and out of their book might be taken a leaf by some of our more important clubs.

The Wormholts have instituted a series of lectures on the game, and it is compulsory that each member should attend. Success has evidently been the outcome, as may been seen by the fact that their season's results were almost a record for a new club with a fairly strong list of fixtures.

Coming now to our groups illustrating this article, we place BLACKHEATH first, one of the strongest clubs in the kingdom, of which London is justly proud.

The fixture list of the Blackheath is a very strong one, including as it does the best clubs throughout the country, and out of their twenty-one engagements last season they lost only three.

For the past few years the ancient prestige of this grand Rugby Organization has been fully upheld, mainly by the great efforts of W. P. Carpmael, the present Captain, who has worked unceasingly for the welfare of the Heathens, and his greatest ambition, either on or off the field, is to keep his club in the position it now occupies—"one of the shining lights in Rugby Football."

Mr. Carpmael first developed as a footballer at Christ's College, Finchley, about twelve years ago, the school team being at that time prominent in the football world.

Prior to joining the Blackheath, Carpmael was a member of the Clapham Rovers, and played in the Blackheath team for the first time in 1887.

At Cambridge Carpmael played for Jesus College and gained his blue in 1885.

Our group is, perhaps, a representation of the finest team they can place in the field, and with the assistance, through the present season, of J. H. C. Fagan, three-quarter back, J. Hammond and G. L.

LONDON SCOTTISH TEAM.



F. BROWN (Forward). J. D. MACDONALD (Forward). R. S. HUNTER (Forward). J. G. PATERSON (Forward). R. G. MACMILLAN (Forward, Captain).

T. B. RIDDELL (Forward). J. A. ROBERTSON (Forward). D. G. ANDERSON (Half-back). N. F. HENDERSON (Forward).

K. A. MC NIVEN (Full-back). F. J. L. OGILVY (Forward). G. C. LINDSAY (Three-quarter back). F. G. ANDERSON (Forward). R. F. EASTERBROOK (Half-back). C. J. N. FLEMING (Three-quarter back).

J. C. CAMERON (Forward). G. F. CAMPBELL (Three-quarter back).

THE HARLEQUINS TEAM.



S. B. PREECH (Forward). G. PIMBURY (Forward). H. P. SURTEES (Forward). H. C. CRUSOE. F. DE W. LUSHINGTON (Forward).
C. WILSON (Half back). C. L. MC NAB (Three-quarter back). N. L. GARRET (Forward). J. H. KEMPSON (Forward). REV. J. C. WILSON (Forward). W. F. SURTEES (Three-quarter back).
A. E. EARNSHAW (Three-quarter back). F. C. BREE-FRINK (Forward). R. W. HUNT (Forward). A. A. SURTEES (Forward). A. B. CIPRIANI (Captain, Half-back). F. D. HANNEN (Back).

Jeffery, forwards, the Blackheath Club promises to place a strong team in the field for all their engagements.

A. E. Stoddart has proved himself one of the finest athletes of the present day. He won his cap in 1885 when he played against Ireland and Wales. During 1886 he represented England against Scotland, and Ireland, and in 1890 he also played International against Wales.

P. Christopherson is an exceedingly fine three-quarter back; in that position he represented England against Scotland in 1891, but it is feared will not be available for regular play this season.

Each match on the Rectory field calls a good crowd of lovers of the old game, but perhaps the annual contest with the London Scottish creates the most interest—old opponents, and always a well contested game. Their last match was played January 9th, when Campbell dropped a goal for the Scotsmen, the only point scored in the game. Richmond, Bradford, Newport and Harlequins, attract a deal of attention when opposed to Blackheath, and anyone paying a visit to the ground of the favourite Kentish club will be well repaid if he chooses any of these contests.

The LONDON SCOTTISH are now in their fourteenth season.

The club started in 1878, but made no gushing show at the onset; it, however, gradually strengthened by the valuable aid of smart and promising players, until we now find it one of the strongest Rugby organizations in the Metropolis, and little behind the best in the country. W. E. MacLagan, who joined the Scottish in 1880, worked hard to raise the reputation of the club, and to him a great share of the praise is due for the high position the London Scottish to-day holds in the football world. Mr. MacLagan, though

retired from active participation, greatly interests himself in the club affairs, and enjoys to cheer his old comrades when engaged on their grounds, the Old Deer Park, Richmond, the old field of their yearly opponents, the Richmond Football Club, who took head-quarters at the Athletic Grounds three years ago.

R. G. MacMillan captains the team this year, he was one of the best forwards in the Scottish Team, England *v.* Scotland contest, last year. G. F. Campbell, three-quarter back, also played prominently last year for Scotland. Campbell is an exceptionally brilliant player and has many points in his play peculiar to himself, and well worth copying. F. J. W. Goodhue also played last year for Scotland, and in previous years Scotland has called upon the London Scottish to produce G. C. Lindsay (Captain last year) and D. G. Anderson to battle against England for the Land o' Cakes.

Like Blackheath, the London Scottish have a good list of fixtures and most successful tours up North during the football season. Last season they played eighteen matches—won thirteen, lost three, and drew two.

MIDDLESEX WANDERERS.



E. G. FINCH (Hon. Treasurer). E. ELKIN (Forward.) A. L. SAUNDERS (Forward). C. H. MULLINS (Forward). T. D. BELL (Forward). W. E. NEWBIGGING (Forward). C. H. NICHOLSON (Forward).
T. W. P. STOREY (Forward). T. F. D. MILLER (Vice-Capt., Three-quarter back). H. E. BIEBER (Capt., Forward). C. A. HOOPER (Hon. Sec., Three-quarter back). J. C. ORR (Half-back).
O. FIELD (Forward). A. ROTHERHAM (Half-back). C. D. MOGGRIDGE (Three-quarter back). E. FIELD (Full-back).

The HARLEQUINS can date back as far as 1860, and thus lay claim to be one of the oldest clubs in the South of England. The commencement, like that of the Scottish, was not altogether smooth, but upon re-construction in 1865 they brightened up, and fortune began to smile upon them. From this date to the present they have played regularly, until they can now boast of over two hundred and fifty members, and frequently turning out four teams a week.

In the early days, W. A. Smith worked hard for the club, and the success of the Harlequins is mainly due to his secretaryship.

The second team, in 1880, included such grand players as A. E. Stoddart and G. L. Jeffery; 1888 saw the Harlequins with three teams and a Captain well chosen in A. A. Surtees, who has retired this year in favour of A. B. Cipriani. H. C. Crusoe was last season Hon. Secretary to the club, but business having called him to Buenos Ayres, the Harlequins sustained a great loss, and the secretarial duties now fall upon Mr. H. P. Surtees.

Our group of the MIDDLESEX WANDERERS is, perhaps, the best team they will be able to place in the field, seeing that N. E. Beiber, their captain, has left for New York, as stated in our opening paragraphs. He has been greatly proud of his club and worked incessantly to further its interests, but in many instances has been unable to get his best players up to the scratch, as many of them, belonging to other combinations, have from time to time been unable to turn up owing to perhaps more urgent calls from their 'varsity or other engagements. The team here represented includes three of last season's light blues: T. W. P. Storey captained the Cambridge fifteen, while A. Rotherham and T. C. Orr, half-backs, rendered valuable assistance at the inter-'varsity contest.

The result of their sixteen matches last season was: seven won, eight lost, one drawn.

The footballers playing Association Rules are now full of enthusiasm, and from the outlook it seems not at all improbable that England will repeat the doses shared out by our representative teams, and for the third time of asking, win all three international contests.

The fixture with Ireland will, as usual, be played in February, Wales in March, and Scotland in April, the latter decided in London, and, together with the final of the Association Cup, we may expect to have a lively time of it in London this season.

SUNDERLAND ASSOCIATION TEAM.



T. PORTEOUS (Right back). H. WILSON (Right half-back). J. E. DOIG (Goal). J. DALTON (Centre half). W. GIBSON (Left half-back). J. MURREY (Left back). T. NORRIS (Referee).
S. TYZACK (Hon. Treasurer). J. HANNAH (Outside right). D. HANNAH (Inside right). J. CAMPBELL (Centre). J. MILLER (Inside left). J. SCOTT (Outside left). TOM WATSON (Secretary).

The League will this season, as during previous years, command considerable attraction, and we are pleased to see the Tynesiders again making such a bold struggle for the top of the list. The SUNDERLAND CLUB took the honours of this competition last season by a majority of five points, having won twenty-one matches and only met with five reverses, scoring ninety-three goals against thirty-six; they also made a bold bid for the English Cup, but were unlucky in having so many hard fights in succession in the competition proper just at the last, when things seemed long odds in their favour.

In our minds, which will be endorsed by thousands of our readers and judges of individual play, the Sunderland team was undoubtedly the team of last season, which makes it the more gratifying to see them again this season standing out so prominently.

In the English Association Cup competition they succeeded in reaching the semi-final, but were beaten at Sheffield by the Aston Villa, before a crowd of upwards of twenty-five thousand people.

The club has many wealthy men who not only invest their money to further the sport, but individually work hard to make their team a match for all comers, notably Messrs. Thompsons, Tyzack, Marr, etc.; of these we have Mr. Tyzack in the Sunderland Group, which was taken on the Bramwell Lane Grounds, Sheffield. The club is provided with every comfort, viz., magnificent club-house, with billiard-tables, bath rooms, etc., and every inducement is made to secure amusements for the players at home, without strolling abroad.

In Tom Watson, the club have a hard-working Secretary, whom they are lucky in possessing. Tom's name is well known throughout the whole football world, and there is no greater favourite than the Sunderland Secretary.

Tom Watson is the divisional representative for Sunderland, and, in committee of the Football Association, his arguments for and against are listened to with the greatest interest. His services as a member of the council is calculated to have considerably advanced the Association and the game generally.

J. E. Doig, goal keeper, twenty-seven years of age, hails from Arbroath. He represented Scotland two seasons at the international contests with Ireland. T. Porteous, Captain, is an Englishman born but hails from Kilmarnock; he plays right-back, and in that position represented England against Wales two seasons ago. Donald R. Gow is an excellent young player, his age now twenty-four; but when only nineteen, he led the Scotch Team against England. Gow formerly played for Glasgow Rangers and plays left-back. John Oliver, reserve-back, is more familiarly known by the name of "Dowk." He is the only local player in the team, but has rendered good service to his club, and has twice played for North *v.* South.

W. Gibson, left half-back, comes from Cambuslang. He is one of the oldest members of the team, and a most sterling player.

J. Campbell, centre forward, was originally one of the famous Renton team, when they won the Scottish Cup, and was then only seventeen years of age. He is undoubtedly one of the best centre forwards in either England or Scotland at the present day, and many would say the writer is drawing it very mild, as he should be placed first on the list and second to none.

As regards his position with the Sunderland team it is quite sufficient to quote Tom Watson's own words: "The Sunderland forwards without Campbell are like a ship without a rudder, while his judgment, unselfish play, and grand shooting are features of the Sunderland play. There is no greater favourite with the public."

D. Hannah, like Campbell, also comes from Renton; he is a wonderfully good-tempered fellow, a hardy player, and capital inside-right or left forward. J. Miller is the goal getter of the team; he played for Annbank, a village team in Ayrshire, who last season held the Ayrshire Cup. Miller is now only twenty-one years of age, and since his connection with the Sunderland the young Ayrshire miner has wonderfully improved. J. Scott, brother to A. Scott, of Notts Forest, comes from a noted athletic family. He hails from Coatbridge, in Lanarkshire, and plays outside left for Sunderland; Scott centres most beautifully, he is a good shot at goal, very fast, and his corner kicks are most reliable and seldom known to go behind. Like two of his brothers, who are prominent players for the Drumpellier Cricket Club, Scott is a first-class hand with the bat.

NOTTS COUNTY ASSOCIATION TEAM.



H. KIRK (Trainer). C. BRAMLEY (Right half-back). D. CALDERHEAD (Centre half-back). G. TOONE (Goal). J. HENDRY (Left full-back). A. SHELTON (Left half-back). C. GILBERT (Linesman).

T. MACLEAN (Right full-back). J. BURNS (Outside right). T. MACINNES (Outside right). JAS. OSWALD (Centre). H. WALKERDINE (Inside right). H. B. DAFT (Outside right).

So far, in the League, Sunderland have played eight matches, resulting as follows: seven won, one drawn; thirty-eight goals scored, against eight.

NOTTS COUNTY have, indeed, fallen away considerably since their appearance in the final tie for the Association Cup at the Oval, 1890–91, when Blackburn Rovers beat them by three goals to nothing, a match well within the memories of all frequenters of the Surrey County Cricket Ground at the English Football Cup finals.

The Notts County Football Club is under the same management as the Notts County Cricket, and have a portion of the Trent Bridge Ground allotted to them, with the same Secretary, T. Browne, to manage their affairs.

Jas. Oswald is a capital centre forward and a good Captain; his little upset with Drummond, Preston North End, was a little unpleasant and unfortunate for his team during the latter part of the season, but let us hope they are now jolly good friends.

H. B. Daft is a son of the old veteran cricketer, and has, during the past season, been figuring conspicuously in the cricket-field for Notts County. He is a good forward and generally plays outside right.

G. Toone is a quick and clever goal-keeper, he twice kept England's goal last season at the international contests with Scotland and Wales.

R. Shelton, who played for England against Wales, 1889–91, is a good half-back, and reliable in that position.

The Notts County Club was established in 1863 by a few gentlemen who used to play in the Recreation Grounds on Monday afternoons. After contenting themselves with their neighbouring rivals, the club thirteen years ago came into greater prominence, and it was a jubilation day when Notts County beat the all-conquering Aston Villa by a goal; from that day Notts came into big repute.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

By FLORENCE M. FULTON.



O your want to know the most terrible experience it has been my lot to undergo during my whole life. Well, I'll tell you; and I can only say I wouldn't wish my greatest enemy to endure a worse one. It was a miserable night in the drear depth of winter, with a week's trodden snow—not untrodden, such as the poet sings of—covering the damp earth, when the chill of the very snow itself seemed to be eating into one's bones, and the hail was beating against the windows in such a furious fashion that one could fancy it wanted to come in and warm itself. For days I had been suffering from toothache, which malady, we have on Shakespeare's authority, cannot be endured patiently, even by a philosopher—how much less, then, by an ordinary human being? This particular night I had been so utterly worn out with the curse of sleeplessness and pain combined that I had actually snatched a few hours' sleep from jealous, sluggardly Morpheus, which cruel god had so long denied me participation in his gifts—beloved of all.

However, about midnight the old wretch aforesaid went off to comfort some one else, and every nerve in every tooth in my poor head began to rage like so many demons, till, what with the pain and the dash of the hailstones outside and the chill of the cruel snow, I had answered a most decided negative to W. H. Mallock's vexed question of "Is life worth living?" Suddenly I remembered there was a little phial of laudanum in the cellarette in the dining-room, so I leapt out of bed with the intention of getting it. Ugh! ugh! In my feverishness I "o'er-leapt the bound," so to speak, right on to the surrounding parqueterie. Oh, but it was cold! With my wretched teeth (how I wished I hadn't any, or, at least, that they were movable, like Easter



YOU WANT TO KNOW THE MOST TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

and other festivals!) chattering, till they seemed to make as much noise as the maddening "bones" of



SUFFERING FROM TOOTHACHE.

the niggers when one is seeking quiet (and not finding it) at the seaside, I hastily donned an old-fashioned wadded dressing-gown, with a hood attached to the back, and my warmest slippers; and, leaving my happy husband sleeping more soundly than all the seven sleepers rolled into one, I cautiously opened the bedroom door and prepared to descend. The black cavern of the staircase yawned in front of me; ghostly forms seemed to rise up from it and greet me with ghastly grins; and the icy draughts, rushing along the corridors of the old house, seemed like the flapping of the wings of loathsome creatures of the night; while the chill wind, whistling through all the nooks and crannies, made me think of the spirits of murderers shrieking and fighting to escape from their noisome graves. Silly and morbid, you say? I daresay it was; but you must remember my nerves (of which, I think, I've more than my share) were quite unstrung by the many nights of sleeplessness and agony I had endured. Why didn't I ask my husband to get the laudanum for me? Well, poor fellow! he had just come off a long journey and had a busy day before him, and I thought it would be the height of selfishness to wake him from his heavy, dreamless sleep, though he, good soul! would gladly have been wakened to do anything for me. Sh—sh! what was that? I thought, with my very heart's blood curdling, and each hair on my head seeming to stand up like electric wires—that's what they felt like. I gave a little gasp of relief as I remembered it was but a bare branch tapping, in a ghostly manner, at the staircase window. I went on, taking my drooping courage in both hands; but, oh! if I had only been warned by the awful fear around me, and had turned back to the comfort of my husband's arms, what harrowing pain of the mind I had been spared. I crept down the stairs — one, two, three; then almost screamed aloud with abject fear. Pah! it was only a big night-moth that had flown angrily against my poor aching face. Four, five, six: should I *never* reach the bottom? I closed my eyes resolutely, and got down the rest of the stairs with a brave little



I FELT LIKE A DEAD WOMAN.

run, gently opened the dining-room door, went in, and felt for the matches on a little corner table—still with my eyes shut—and *felt instead a hand of flesh and blood!* I made no sound—I felt like a dead woman, and still could almost count the drops of blood as they receded from my heart—I opened my eyes mechanically, still with my hand on that other awful, mysterious hand. God of Mercy! *What was it that I saw?* I found myself gazing, in such fascination as does the helpless victim at the cruel serpent, into the ghastly, corpse-like face of a living man, from which had fled for ever the lovely, divine light of reason. The fierce eyes, set like lights in the cavernous face, never wavered as they glared wolfishly into mine from beneath the long, wiry shock of iron-grey hair. This awful figure stretched out its long, claw-like hand, and locked the door behind me. Then he led me—I following, noiselessly, in a trance, with every sense stunned, even the pain had fled—to a chair by the dining-table, on which he had lit two of the candles in the candelabra, then, drawing up another chair, sat down facing me. There was grim silence in the room, the flickering candles throwing dancing shadows on the oak panels—like puppets dancing at a funeral, I thought, as sense gradually returned to me. Outside, the hail was beating with redoubled fury, as if it were rejoicing over the poor soul within, who was suffering more than any agonies of death—suffering the agony of living, uncontrollable fear, wondering, with returning reason, how long it would take to die—beseeching God not to make it *too* long for human endurance. I remember how I gazed at the simpering little lovers on the Dresden candelabra, discovering, for the first time, that the grin on the girl's face savoured of cruelty—no doubt she was rejoicing that at last the silly lad was in her power, helpless to get away, just as *I*—— For the first time I felt alive, and a moan of anguish escaped my parched lips as I covered my face with my hands. This sound, torn from my heart, was the signal for the Horror to break the silence, and he leant forward, saying, in a voice that seemed to come from a tomb, so hollow, and hungry, and full of death was it:—

"So you have come, at last! At last! my sweetest sweet, after all these years—these long, long years. And now I have got you all to my own self—*all alone*—no one to come between us! My own, at last! my white Lily!"

He stretched out his bony hand and stroked my face, and as I started back, he pulled me to him, picking up something that was concealed under a paper on the table; and, to my added horror, I saw it was a carving-knife, which he must have got out of the sideboard drawer before I came into the room. Again he spoke:

"Do you see this pretty, bright thing, sweet Lily? Not half so pretty as you, nor as bright as your eyes, that pierced and pierced and bored and bored until they made holes in my poor soft heart—but *'twill serve.*"

He gave a frightful laugh, "Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth," then went on:

"Oh, yes, 'twill serve—good old Shakespeare said that—do you remember him? He used to stay a lot with us at the Hall, or was it—oh, yes, I remember—*he* didn't stay with us, but we got up a little play of his—let me see. Do you remember, you were standing in the moonlight, upon the terrace, and the nightingales were singing, and all the flowers were serving God with their best? Do you know I've never seen or heard God since those days? *you* killed Him for me, and *I'm* going to kill *you* for Him! Oh, yes! as the Psalmist said, 'twill serve."

As the maniac said this, he doubled up a fold of my dressing-gown and, with one swoop of the awful knife, cut the thick material right through. Ah, heavens! how I shuddered, and as I did so, a little more life seemed to come into my veins and my poor bewildered brain, and calling together all my energies, I tried to think of some way out of this awful death-trap. I half opened my mouth.

"Ah, no, you don't, dear pet," said the fiendish voice; "I want to have you to myself for a time and *for all time*—one little sound, and look! Why, you'll be in the Land of Love in *no* time. 'And will she not come again?' No, no, she is dead—ha-ha-ha!—you'll make a pretty corpse! Go to thy death-bed. She never will come again. God ha' mercy on her soul. Ha-ha-ha!" he chuckled, in demoniac glee, while all the time my brain was working. Could I, oh, could I get the knife from his busy hand?

"But now, fairest Lily, you must come and pet me like you used to do when I was tired—come! hop on my knee, like

the little bird you are, and tell me why you left me all alone."

The devilish creature forced me on to his knee, while I shuddered with sickly repulsion as he did so. Would death or the dawn never come?

"Oh, to think of my dear husband lying so near while I, his little wife and sweetheart, was going through such agony of mind as, thank the gracious God, not many human creatures are called upon to endure! Oh, Harry! Harry! my husband! To think we can't even say good-bye before I go down into the abyss of death!"

Here I pulled myself together, for I knew it was all up with me if I lost consciousness; and still the tormenting, cruel voice went on:

"Now, kiss me."

I did so, and wondered I didn't die then; the bitterness of death was over me. Then, all at once, in a fury, he shook me till my teeth chattered in my head; for the touch of a woman's lips seemed to have made the madman more mad than ever.

"Curse you! with your deceitful kisses and dainty ways. May the devil grind your black heart to powder—aye, to *gunpowder*"—here he laughed sardonically—"so that what's left of you can kill the *little* devils down below! I never knew a good woman yet—ah, yes: my mother! when I was a little chap. 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child.' Oh, mother, mother!"

For the first time a wave of pity passed over me as the poor maniac leant his head on my shoulder and gave a gurgling sob, as a faint ray of light seemed to break on the dead, dark brain, and a memory of happy days, when the poor wretch was yet a man, seemed to awaken in the dull mind. For a moment I forgot the horrors that encompassed me round about, and remembered only that here was a suffering human creature in whom there was yet a tiny spark of that which divides the man from the brute; and, with tears in my eyes, wrung from me by the agony of the poor soul before me, I laid my hand on his worn forehead, and for a time was rewarded by the gentle mood that came over him, and I moved on to the chair near me.

"Oh, Lily, was it all a mistake? You *did* love me, after all, didn't you, my little sweetheart? I've looked for you all these years. Oh, dear love! these black, sluggish years. Am I in heaven now? Oh, rest—rest at last!"

He closed his eyes—how thankful I was to lose for one instant the wolfish glare—and lay back in his chair. Now, I thought, was my chance at last; and I cautiously reached out my quivering hand for the awful, gleaming knife. I had my hand on the handle when that other pitiless hand imprisoned mine as if in a vice. A sob rose in my throat as I thought how near escape had been, and now—and now——All that was divine in the thing before me had fled, and left only the brute.



I CAUTIOUSLY REACHED OUT MY HAND.

"Not so sharp, little one, or you'll cut yourself," he said, in absolutely fiendish glee and with a cunning leer—such a look as Satan himself might have worn as he gazed on sleeping Eve; "and *I* want that job! What nice red blood will come out of those pretty white hands! Oh, I can count the drops—drip! drip! drip! Did the little mousie think she had only to touch me with those scraps of velvety whiteness to have me in her power again, like she used, curse her—like she used? You crushed me, and now it's *my* turn!"

"*Ting*" went the little ormolu clock on the mantelshelf as the little ivory cupid twanged the tiny golden lyre—a wedding present only a year ago. Surely this poor soul, sitting here in helpless anguish, was not the happy girl that had laughed so merrily at the ridiculously fat cupid, and had said

she would have to put some clothing on it before our local Mrs. Grundy called. *A year ago*—nay, fifty years ago, and I was as good as dead.

"One o'clock," said the maniac; "well, you shall live till *two!*"

I almost smiled at this, for I felt I *could* not live an hour. I could have implored him to kill me now; but we cling so fast to dear life that we will not lose one infinitessimal second of it. For a ghastly quarter of an hour there was no sound in that death-room but the heavy breathing of the torturer and the fluttering gasps of the tortured. "*Ting*" said the little harp, dash and rattle went the angry hail, while the hateful, shadowy puppets in the dim corners danced ever faster and faster, and the inane little Dresden pair simpered and simpered, till the girl's little round, pink face seemed to lose its silly prettiness and took a hard, avenging look; and I thought to myself, with my brain almost reeling, that the dimpled hand, hid in the folds of the pink-and-blue dress, held a little dagger to hurl at the love-sick boy. I turned my eyes away with a creepy shudder and looked at the sideboard, and as I did so an inspiration seized me that made my heart leap till it almost choked me. *The laudanum—if I could but get it and pour some of it into a glass of wine and make him drink it!*

This despairing hope burnt like fire in my veins, and I racked my brains trying to devise a plan to get to the sideboard, which verily was like an oasis in a desert. I had need to have this hope to sustain me, for there was worse to come yet—oh, much, much worse!

"Well, Lily, dove," he began afresh, "we must not waste time, for I've a lot to tell you, and time's getting short. I know a jolly game. I play it when I'm all by myself—*with the devil*—in that dark room of mine. The game's Hades. I think I'm sitting before that big fire down there—eh, won't it be nice this cold night, my pure Lily? and you'll be nearer it than I am, for you're wickeder than I am—you killed me years ago, when I hadn't harmed you; then that killed my mother—gentle Jesus! gentle Jesus! grant a little child a place—then you killed God. Well, well, it doesn't matter. Oh! how it blazes! All sorts go in—he-he-he, there's a big one; it must be a bishop, at the least—then murderers and deceitful women—like you, you know—can't you hear them scream and yell? Isn't it a fine game?"

All this time the fiend was looking at the candles and forcing me to do the same, while those mincing little imps were laughing at us, and I could hardly keep from fainting. To keep from doing so I gnashed my teeth together to make them ache, hoping that physical pain would keep my mind from falling asleep. Suddenly a little worm dropped off a plant on the table, and began to crawl over the white cloth towards me. At this that awful creature laughed ecstatically, saying, "That's right; this way, Johnnie. You've come for her soon enough. You must wait half-an-hour. See, Lily, pet, hundreds of great fat ones will soon be *crawly, crawly, cree-py, cree-py*, all over your white body. But even *they* won't touch your black heart—*that'll* do for the black imps below."



THE FIEND WAS LOOKING AT THE CANDLES.

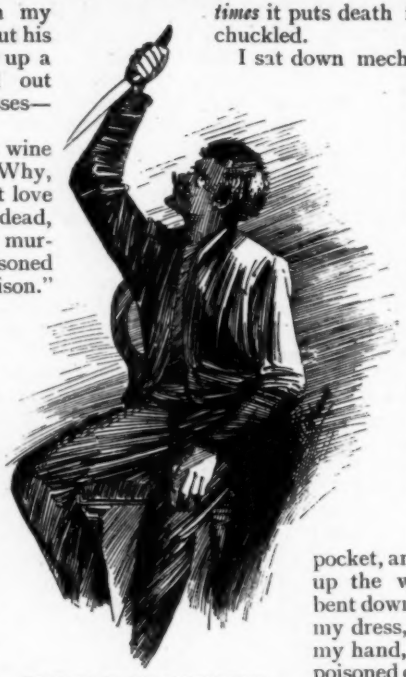
"*Ting, ting*," rang out the harp, jubilantly.

I *must* act soon if I would do it at all.

I thank God that at that moment He put it into the man's mind to help me,

though unwittingly, in my design. He stretched out his witch-like hand, picked up a decanter, and poured out some port in two glasses—one for each of us.

"Why, is this all the wine you've got, sweetheart? Why, there's not enough to put love into our hearts again—dead, dead love, killed and murdered, with your poisoned kisses! Poison—aye, poison." This he said thoughtfully. Then, all at once, broke out eagerly, "Go get some more wine, girl; quick, quick!"



HE PICKED UP THE CARVING-KNIFE.

With utter thankfulness and growing hope in my poor tortured heart I rose hastily to my feet, and went to the sideboard, and bending down, got out a bottle of wine and the *small vial of laudanum*. As I lifted my head I happened to look into the panel of mirror in the back of the sideboard, and saw the murderer pouring the contents of a small bottle, which he had taken out of his pocket, into *my* glass of wine. Even in that awful moment, when I knew that he meant to poison me, I thought, "What a blessing it was that Uncle George gave us a sideboard with a glass back, though I *do* hate them so, and wanted to change it." Even with this new threatened horror on the top of all the others, I felt more myself than I had done all the time, and with the great necessity of the hour, felt all my wits returning. I walked steadily back to the table, and put down the bottle of wine, having put the laudanum in the pocket of my gown. It was to be war to the death between us, I thought grimly.

"Be quick, be quick, and sit down and drink your wine—every drop. You're so white, my Lily, and there's nothing like wine, the nectar of the gods." (I must have been getting hysterical, for I gave a little laugh as I remembered how my dear, merry brother Willie used to speak of the "necktie" of the gods.) "Nothing like it to put life into one, only *sometimes* it puts death into one, he-he-he," he chuckled.

I sat down mechanically, and he gave me the deadly glass, which I took in my right hand, he taking the bottle of wine from the table. There was no corkscrew, so he picked up the carving-knife and knocked the head off the bottle with it, saying merrily as he did so, "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham! Oh, see, sweet, it's gone all over your gown—why, it's just like horrid black blood—like that in your heart, white Lily."

The maniac took a handkerchief from his pocket, and while he was sopping up the wine from the cloth I bent down, ostensibly to examine my dress, still with the glass in my hand, and hastily poured the poisoned contents on to the thick wadded gown, then lifted up my head with the glass to my lips. He looked round with millions of devils leaping in his staring eyes, and said hoarsely, "Every drop, dear—and are you warm? You'll soon be cold enough, *I* can tell you—but then, after you're cold, you'll be hotter than ever you were in all your life. Why, you'll make a bigger blaze than that fat old bishop we watched. Upon my soul, if that early worm hasn't begun on you—see! Isn't it a nice, fat, slimy little thing?"

My very soul shuddered as I found the little creature writhing up my arm. I shook it off as though it had been an asp, while the Horror chuckled below his breath. I saw no way yet of getting him to take the laudanum.

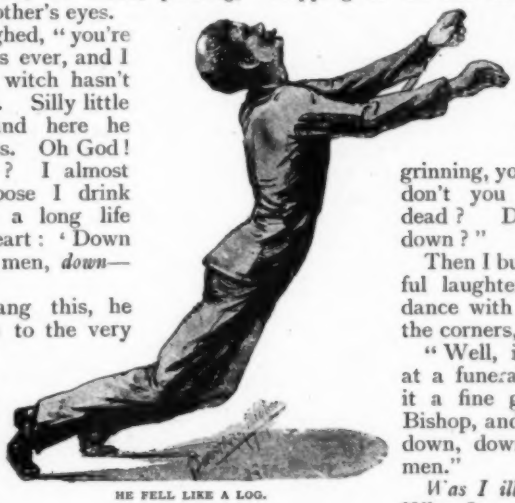
Ting, ting, ting, went the cruel little Cupid—fifteen minutes more and I should be food for worms indeed, unless I could stay the murderer's hand in time. As he heard the clock chime he turned his head round, and then actually got up to look at it.

"Oh, God, I thank Thee!" I breathed from my almost dying heart, as I leant forward and poured every drop out of the little bottle into his glass.

"So, so," said the madman. "Here's a little angel playing a funeral march over you already. Ting, ting, *boom*, little pet—that's the last she'll hear of you!"

As he was still looking at the little clock, I picked up the bloodthirsty-looking knife, thinking to put it out of his sight; but, unfortunately, it knocked against a glass, and as it made the ringing sound I thought my last knell had tolled. My fearful companion turned round like a whirlwind; but I stuck to the knife, and, facing him like a wounded creature at bay, held it behind me. My resolute bearing put him off his guard for a moment, and he did nothing, and, for how many terrible seconds I know not, we stood, panting, glaring into each other's eyes.

"Why," he laughed, "you're as full of spirit as ever, and I declare the little witch hasn't given up hope yet. Silly little bird! Well"—and here he picked up his glass. Oh God! will he drink it? I almost screamed—"Suppose I drink long life to you: a long life together, sweetheart: 'Down among the dead men, *down—down.*'"



HE FELL LIKE A LOG.

As he half sang this, he drained the glass to the very dregs, then leapt on me like a hound that has tasted blood! He dragged at my poor hands, and I, with all the power in my body, hurled the knife at the sideboard, shattering the mirror with a loud crash. Was it fancy, or did I hear sounds in the house, and thundering knocks on the hall door? Was salvation coming at last, and would it be just too late? In such a fearful state was I by this time, that I lost all control of myself, and screamed like a soul in purgatory, while all the time the fiend was dragging at me, while he cursed till my blood ran cold in my half-dead body. Then, all at once, he saw the gleaming blade of the knife, and ran towards it with a yell of delight; but he seemed to be getting stupefied, and as he ran, his foot caught on the rug, and he fell like a log, cursing and cursing as must the very devils themselves. He tried to rise—once, twice, thrice, each time dragging himself after me, as I ran screaming from him. But nature was exhausted, and I, too, fell prone, conscious, but unable to move a limb — and oh! merciful heavens! he had the knife, and was touching me. He drew the blade lightly across my hand—see, there is the old scar yet!—gloating over the blood as it fell, and speaking in a husky, dreamy voice:

"My sweet, stained Lily, mine—*down—down—down.*" Then he went into a stupor.

That's all I remember; but Harry told me afterwards, that when, at last, they broke open the heavy door, he saw a ghastly woman (poor me) with blood all over her, racing round the room, only stopping to hit out blindly at the little Dresden figures, and saying in a hoarse voice (as if I'd lived in a tomb for years, Harry said): "Can't you stop grinning, you little demons—don't you know we're all dead? Down — down — down?"

Then I burst out into frightful laughter, and began to dance with the shadows in the corners, and said:

"Well, if you *will* dance at a funeral, so will I—isn't it a fine game? Come on Bishop, and play with me—down, down among the dead men."

Was I ill? Well, rather! Why, I nearly died of brain fever—that's how my hair is in all these crazy little curls. I had to have it all shaved off. It was very strange, but in all my delirium I never mentioned the poor maniac, but only raved of the little figures on the candelabra and the dancing shadows on the walls. I suppose it was with having gazed so long and fixedly on the inane little faces—poor little things! They had to be thrown away, and to this day, I've never been able to bear anything like them in the house, and never dare sit in the gloaming, because of the shadows round about. My poor little fat Cupid, too, had to be given away. So it no more vexes the eyes of the British Matron.

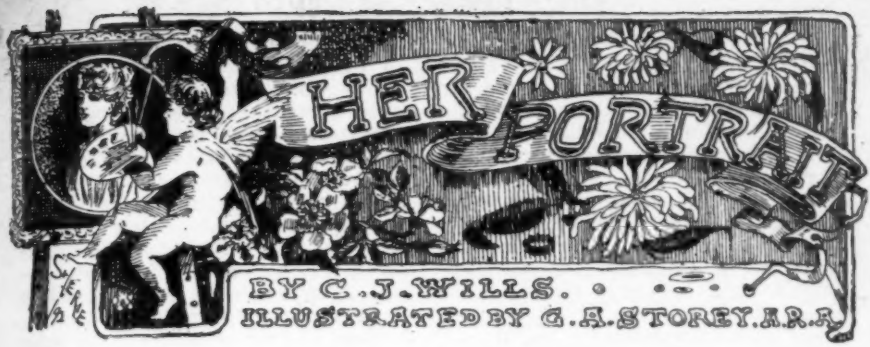
Did the madman die? Well, no; not then. I didn't kill the poor wretch, after

all. I had been right when I thought I heard someone hammering on the front door; that and the crash of the mirror had at long last awakened my somnolent husband; for it was the police, and the keepers from the asylum some miles distant, who had been scouring the country and who heard my screams even before Harry did The maniac had escaped with awful cunning, and had actually managed to steal some poison from the doctor's laboratory. Of course, there must have been gross carelessness on someone's part; but, true to human nature, each official laid the blame at another one's door. The man must have been hidden in one of the many closets in our old house for hours, and then have waited till all was quiet to creep up to the dining-room. He lived for some weeks in an imbecile state, the paroxysms of awful madness not visiting him again; but before I was myself again—such a wan, shadowy, nervous self!—the poor wretch was at rest, speaking at the last very gently of his adored Lily and the mother of his childhood's days; and he fell into his last sleep saying—"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child."

Surely the poor dark brain would see the light at last!

We never rightly heard his story, only that he had worshipped a woman for years, and had won for her, through himself, name and fame, only to be deceived by her at the last. His faith in her had been greater than his faith in God; and as the stronger faith was killed, so did the weaker one die with it; and, with his hopes in this world, he had thrown away those of the next, living such a life for years that at last the strong brain had given way. How didn't *mine* give way? Well, Harry says it clearly proves that I am what he has always maintained I am—one of the strongest-minded women he knows. Of course, he uses the term as all men do—that is, in a *derogatory* and depreciating sense; but, as I tell him, it's a dispensation of Providence that at least *one* of us has a mind. Toothache? No; I've never had it from that day to this; but if ever I have, *Harry* can go for the laudanum!





CHAPTER XVIII.

WALTER'S ORDEAL.

THE two young people, who had practically become lovers during the ten days that were passed in the painting of Phillida's portrait, had no secrets from each other. In the first place, neither of them had anything to be ashamed of: they were as poor as a pair of church-mice, but neither was afraid of poverty; they met very infrequently after that last sitting. The first occasion on which they had a real opportunity of speaking was at the Academy soirée. That tremendous function was at its height; the strawberries and cream had all been swallowed; there was a block on the staircase leading to the subterranean inferno where the refreshments are served, and the inferno itself very much resembled the Black Hole of Calcutta; those that were out, couldn't get in, those that were in, couldn't get out. Young Cacklebury ungratefully remarked that the fête was "like a Witch's Sabbath of artist's wives and daughters. They come on foot," the wretch said, "and in cabs and omnibuses; and the greater number of them are withered and wild in their attire; they all know each other, and hate each other. And they know a great deal more than you do about the pictures, and talk of nothing else, and if one of the spectacled ones gets hold of you, she sticks to you like a leech; and you have to look at all her brother's or father's or husband's works, and they don't let you off a single one," and so on and so on.

And Walter Croft had lain in wait near the door, and had watched each batch of visitors as they entered and were announced to the President, for Phillida had told him in a dainty little note, which he was never tired of reading and re-reading, and kissing as though it had been a



TOLD HIM IN A DAINTY LITTLE NOTE.

holy relic, that she and Miss Sandown would be present; and at last, at about half-past eleven, Miss Sandown and her protégée made their appearance, and the old lady introduced Phillida to the President, who said something nice about her portrait; and Mr. William Bland R.A., who was standing just behind Sir Frederick, marched them off to do the civil thing; and Miss Sandown, who had a great many acquaintances, had quite enough to do to answer all their kind enquiries about her health. Just then Walter made his appearance, and the old lady was very gracious.

"Do you mind taking care of Phillida, Mr. Croft?" she said, "the crush is something tremendous."

Strange to say, Walter didn't mind in the least, being of an obliging nature, and in five minutes the pair had got separated from Mr. Bland and Miss Sandown; and already Walter Croft's young blood began to boil with jealous rage, for people with one accord, turned round to stare at the beautiful girl upon his arm, not because, as he innocently supposed, she was the lovely original of No. 937, but simply because she was beautiful and they were human. And the women glared at her with their long-handled glasses, just as though she had been one of the works of art upon the walls (not that anybody looked at the pictures; people went to stare at society in its hideous nakedness, and not to look at the pictures). And as for the men, they nudged each other and approved of Phillida silently: and a good many of them envied Walter. And then they met the great Mrs. Charnelhouse in a well-cut gown of amber satin, on her little husband's arm; and Mrs. Charnelhouse nodded cheerfully and shook hands with them both over her husband's head.

"You're a very lucky fellow, Master Walter," she said, and there was a world of meaning in her tone and a twinkle in her eye as she spoke the words. And just as Mr. Charnelhouse was going to make himself agreeable to Phillida, he was seized upon by Henry Marshall Clang; and of course Charnelhouse had to be civil to Henry because Henry was a lady, a "pal." Henry Marshall Clang is merely the *nom de guerre* of a talented authoress, who writes those clever naval novels. And of course they had a great deal to say to each other, principally about American copyright, the Society of Authors, and the iniquities of the British publisher. And Henry Marshall Clang, who is almost as fine a woman as our friend Mrs. Charnelhouse, having found a couple of vacant seats, she and Mrs. Charnelhouse at once took possession of them; and little Mr. Charnelhouse, who stood at her side, gave you the idea, as you looked at him across the room through the crowd, of a small mechanical figure that was sitting on Henry Marshall Clang's knee. It's very hard to make a formal proposal in a great crowd; but somehow or other Walter felt that his hour had come, and he screwed up his courage to the sticking point. Just as he had done so, they came to a half-opened door, which led into the Council Room.



MR. AND MRS. CHARNELHOUSE.

"I wonder what room this is?" asked Phillida innocently. Then the pair looked into the room, which seemed to be a large and handsome dining-room, and which had a picture of Her Majesty upon its walls.

"It would be a good thing to get in here for a minute, and so escape the heat and the crowd," said Walter.

Then the two young people sauntered into the room, and began to admire the portrait of George the Third.

"Miss Fane," said Walter, plunging at once *in medias res*, "I may not have another opportunity of speaking to you

alone, and I must speak to you. We have known each other for a long time, Miss Fane. What I've got to say can be no secret to you, Phillida. I want to tell you, dear, that I love you; and I want to ask you if you think you can ever like me, Phillida?"

"Oh, Mr. Croft," said Phillida, "Miss Sandown will be so angry when she misses us."

"Won't you give me an answer, Phillida?" he said. Won't you tell me if there is any hope for me? With your love, dear, I should be the happiest fellow alive; without it, I shall be the most miserable of men. I've nothing to offer you except an honest love, dear; but if you will give me leave to hope, there's nothing that I should not aspire to, there's nothing I might not attain."

"Walter," said the girl, with an honest blush, "you know I love you."

"And you'll wait for me, Phillida? You won't mind waiting till I can make a little home for you? Oh, Phillida," he went on without pausing, for the girl's happy eyes had answered him, "words can't express the love I bear you, or my gratitude at my great good fortune."

Then, for fully five minutes, the conversation became absolutely incoherent and uninteresting. And then something that Walter did made Phillida blush very much indeed, for he kissed her on the cheek, and she, being a young woman of ill-regulated mind, did not resent it.

And so Miss Sandown's companion plighted her troth; and then Common Prudence stepped in, and the little blind god, Cupid, had to take a back seat for a moment.

"Walter," said Phillida, "I'm afraid Miss Sandown will be very angry."

"Let's go and look for her," said Walter, tucking little Miss Fane's arm under his and squeezing it vigorously.

They found the old lady at last, who declared that she was "tired of being squeezed to death by a parcel of nobodies."

And then Walter was permitted to escort the two ladies to their carriage; and as he bade them good-night, he remarked with great solemnity to Miss Sandown, "May I have the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow afternoon, madam?"

"Delighted to see you at half-past five," Miss Sandown had replied. "Oh, my dear," cried Miss Sandown as the carriage drove off, "he's coming to ask me for the five-and-twenty guineas, and I ought to have sent him a cheque long ago, and I had forgotten all about it." But it wasn't to ask Miss Sandown for his five-and-twenty guineas that caused Walter Croft to be anxious to call on her.

Young Croft kept his appointment with Miss Sandown; she listened to what he had to say in astonishment and horror, and what she said to Walter Croft didn't reassure him the least little bit.

"I'm afraid you're a very foolish young man," she said; "and I'm quite sure you can't care for Phillida in the least. Miss Fane is a lady by birth, sir, and with me she has everything the heart can desire. And what have you to offer her, Mr. Croft? Nothing, I take it, but the privilege of sharing your poverty. It's selfish, Mr. Croft, very selfish."

"We are both of us very poor, I know," began Walter, in the apologetic tone of a small boy who, having robbed an orchard, has been detected red-handed.

"It's nothing of the sort, Mr. Croft," said Miss Sandown angrily; "Phillida is rich."

Walter stared at her in astonishment.

"I mean what I say, Mr. Croft; she is rich; she is rich in beauty, she comes of a good family, people admire her very much, and she can marry whom she pleases."

"Yes, I suppose having no father or mother she can marry whom she pleases," replied Walter defiantly, affecting to misunderstand her.

"That isn't what I mean, sir, you very well know," cried Miss Sandown. "What I do mean is that she is so rich in beauty that she has but to throw the handkerchief; and you have no right to take advantage of the girl's inexperience and cajole her into a long engagement; for, of course, it must be a long engagement."

"I shouldn't think of suggesting that, Miss Sandown: I don't believe in long engagements."

"You've no right to stand between her and fortune," said Miss Sandown. "Why, only the other day she might have made a most brilliant marriage, had she chosen—a marriage that would have satisfied even me—and she refused the man; and he was a nice man, too, and a man with a title, a man of most suitable age—and why?"

XUM

"I suppose because she didn't care for him," said Walter.

"Girls in society, Mr. Croft," replied Miss Sandown, with lofty scorn, "don't refuse a man in that position because they don't care for him. When they refuse such a man, it means that they look higher."

At this Walter shrugged his shoulders.

Then Miss Sandown, who was an artful old woman, instantly changed her tactics.

"And you love her very much, Mr. Croft," she said. "Of course you do, or you wouldn't want to marry a girl without a penny in the world. Don't you think, sir, if you love her so, that you've no right to drag her down once more to poverty? Don't you think that if this love you say you bear her is a genuine love, that you should think a little of her and less of yourself? Don't you think that an honourable man would rather have bitten his tongue off," said Miss Sandown, who was losing her temper, "than have asked the child to ruin her brilliant prospects for his sake? I wonder which loves Phillida most, you or I? I'll tell you a thing, Mr. Croft, that I have never told a soul yet. I had intended to provide for Phillida had she either continued to live with me, or should she make a marriage that I approved of, in fact it was my intention to leave her my fortune, for I love her, Mr. Croft, as though she were my own little sister. Now you know this you will surely release her."

"It is for her to choose between your money and my love, madam," replied the young man simply. "I love her far too well to injure her."

"Mr. Croft," said "Old George," "if I have said anything rude or unkind, I ask you to forgive me. I'll take you at your word; and I'll not play you false. I have no right to control the girl's actions and I'll not attempt to persuade her: she is, as you not too delicately hinted, her own mistress. Let her decide between us. Let her choose. What do you say, Mr. Croft?"

"Let it be as you wish, Miss Sandown," said Walter stiffly.

"Will you kindly ring the bell, Mr. Croft?" said the old lady, who was trembling with excitement.

Young Croft did as he was bid, and a footman answered the summons.

"Williams," said Miss Sandown, "ask Miss Fane to come down, and tell her that Mr. Croft is here."

Phillida didn't keep them waiting long. When she entered the room there was a happy smile upon her face as she shook hands with her lover and welcomed him; but when she turned to her kind friend, Miss Sandown, she saw that the old lady's eyes were full of tears, and that she was trembling with suppressed excitement.



'DEAR, KIND OLD FRIEND," SAID PHILLIDA.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Sandown," she said, and then she blushed.

"My dear," said "Old George," "this gentleman has come here to-day to tell me that you and he are in some way pledged to each other. There was no reason why he should tell me this, except because he is a man of honour. Phillida, I can't approve of such a match. I have had a long ex-

perience of the world, my dear; and my experience teaches me that imprudent marriages invariably end in misery; and if there is a thing that is worse than an imprudent marriage, it's a long engagement. I've done my best to make you happy here, Phillida; if I have not succeeded it has not been my fault. And now I have something to tell you, child. I am very fond of you, Phillida; as you know, I love you very dearly: it had always been my intention to provide for you, my dear, and when I died," and here the old lady's voice trembled. "If we hadn't quarrelled, Phillida, and I didn't think we should quarrel, I should have left you my money. I don't think that you are fitted to be a poor man's wife, Phillida; I don't think that you are the sort of girl to be happy if you had to pinch and screw and starve. Hear me out, child," she said, seeing that the girl was about to speak. "If you will only forget this foolish love affair of yours; if you will only let things be as they were before this gentleman came here, you shall be to me as a daughter; and you sha'n't be subject to my whims and fancies, Phillida, for I'll send for my lawyer, and he shall tie everything up to come to you at my death, my dear; your future shall be assured, and if you choose to marry someone in your own rank of life, Phillida, I should offer no objection, I should be only too happy to see you make a brilliant marriage, child. I have said all I have to say, Mr. Croft, let her choose between us."



MISS SANDOWN IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

"Dear, kind old friend," said Phillida, kneeling down at the old lady's feet and taking her hands, "I don't ask you to forgive me now. Your great kindness has given you a right to my obedience; but, dear, I have promised Walter, and I daren't go from my word; I dare not break my promise to the man I love. Don't think unkindly of me, dear Miss Sandown, because I do what my heart and conscience tell me is the right thing to do. I pledged my word to Walter, for better or for worse, and if you love me, Miss Sandown, you'll try to forgive us."

Then the old lady rose, and so did Phillida.

"Miss Fane," she said coldly, "you're fickle and you're foolish. This ill-assorted marriage, young people, that you're bent upon; this wicked folly, for it is nothing else, will bring its own punishment, be you sure of that. You are your own mistress, Phillida, and wilful people will have their way."

"Phillida," said Walter, with an effort, "I have no right to hold you to your word. When I asked you to be my wife, I thought you were a penniless orphan girl; and I had nothing to offer you but the love of an honest man. I shouldn't be an honest man if I were ready to drag you from wealth down to poverty.

"Walter," said the girl simply, taking his hand, "I shall never regret the promise I have made to you; and, believe me, dear, I love you none the less because I know that, though you may be poor, you are an honourable gentleman."

And so Phillida chose. Some people would say that her conduct could only be

explained by the fact of her being a romantic little fool.

CHAPTER XIX.

FICKLE FORTUNE SMILES AT LAST.

WHAT an opportunity there would have been for the author if our heroine had married Lord Mortlake; the wedding might have been described in the well-known style of Cacklebury, and, of course, it would have taken place from Miss Sandown's house, and there would have been a brave show of wedding presents, and how well Phillida would have looked in—— But Cacklebury knows more about that sort of thing than I do. And what a happy fellow Lord Mortlake would have been, and that wedding would have been a tremendous function, and half the good-looking young women at the church would have envied Miss Fane her great good luck, and would have been glad to have given their shell-like ears to have been standing in the fortunate white satin shoes of Lord Mortlake's blushing bride. Signor Troppo would have played the wedding march, as a matter of course and a bishop would assuredly have officiated. But there was no such great good fortune in store for our little heroine. The only thoroughly respectable thing about Phillida's wedding was that she was married by special licence, for Walter declared that they must take advantage of the fine weather for their honeymoon, and so, of course, they couldn't afford to wait. Mr. Charnelhouse, at whose residence the wedding breakfast was given, had agreed that—



"If it were done
Then 't were well it were
done quickly,"

L'ENVOI.

as he not too gracefully put it, and his wife, Gloriana, was of the same opinion. John Milner acted as best man, and a whole host of young fellows from the Chiaroscuro Society, attended in a body, to do honour to the comrade whom they all declared had now got the ball at his foot. But the curate officiated; and there were only two bridesmaids, who wore the pretty dress of the Grey Cloak School, namely, Miss Ethel Fane and her little sister Pops: the two children looked pictures of health and happiness, and did the old charity of Edmundsbury the greatest credit. Of all Phillida's friends and acquaintances in the great world, not one graced that humble wedding by their presence. Yes, there was one, though; but she came secretly and all unknown to bride and bridegroom. Poor Miss Sandown, hidden by the red damask curtains of the organ loft, was present. She had declined to forgive Phillida: this was the one crumpled rose leaf to the girl's perfect happiness. But the old lady was there, and she wept and sobbed through the whole of the ceremony. And when the wedding was over, and the pew-opener came to clear the church, she found the poor lady upon her knees in the organ-loft in silent prayer. And I think that as she fervently prayed for the bride's happiness, she had forgiven Phillida in her hard old worldly heart.

Let us take leave of Phillida and her husband, hoping they will be happy.

It was just two years after the wedding, six months after their little boy was born, when the two young people, who had breakfasted early, for Walter was a hard worker and liked to make the most of the morning light, heard the loud rat-tat of the postman. When their little maid brought in a long blue envelope with its formal direction in a legal hand, she presented it to her master.

"It's a queer-looking letter," said Walter, "and it's addressed to you, Phillida."

"You had better read it, dear," replied his wife; "it looks like a business letter."

This was what Walter Croft read:—

"*Re.* John Fane, Esq., deceased.

"Madam,—It is my painful duty to announce to you the decease of the late Mr. John Fane, of Fane's Court. As you are probably aware, you and your sisters are his only living relatives. My late client died intestate, his intention being that, as he expressed it, his money should go to the family with Fane's Court."

"What does the letter mean, Walter?" said Phillida. "I don't understand it."

"It means, dear, that you and your sisters have come into your own again; that Fane's Court will belong to you three girls, and that you'll have five-and-twenty thousand pounds apiece to make ducks and drakes of. That's what the letter means, Phillida."

"Are you sure, Walter—quite, quite sure?"

"Well, unless the whole thing's a cruel hoax, it seems plain enough."

And then Walter ran out in hot haste to the nearest newsagent's, and he came back with *The Times;* and in the obituary column, sure enough, was the announcement of the death of John Fane, Esq., of Fane's Court.

The thing was no hoax. The king was dead, that is all, and the reign of Phillida and her two little co-heiresses had commenced.

"The children ought to hear of it at once," cried Phillida.

"Well, they arrive at Grosvenor Square by lunch time, so if we get over there by three we can tell them the good news."

"We ought to take the boy, Walter," said Phillida, with great solemnity.

"Oh, hang it, dear," replied the young husband, "he's but a baby, you can't communicate the news to him."

"But his godmother will never forgive us, Walter, if we don't take him; and we ought to be *very* careful not to offend Miss Sandown, for his sake."

"Well, as she's the child's godmother, I suppose he must go. But, do you know, Phillida, I don't think we could offend 'Old George' even if we tried. Why, she's called me Walter ever since the christening."

Then young Mrs. Croft suddenly raised a warning hand and commanded silence; she assumed the attitude of the traditional Scotch girl, who is said to have first heard the distant sound of the pipes at the Relief of Lucknow. "Walter," she cried, "that's baby!" and then she rushed from the room.

It is easily seen from the above conversation that old Miss Sandown, unlike Lady Byron, did not remain "Cruel, unforgiving ever."

Ethel Fane, though she was only a girl, fully appreciated the sudden change in her position; but that wealthy young spinster, Miss Dorothy Fane, when she heard the great good news, burst into floods of tears.

"I don't want to be a great lady," cried the child; "and I don't want to leave the school, and dear Miss Mounsey and the girls, and have to go and live in a great home of my own," and then she roared lustily.

"Pops," said Phillida, with a smile, "be a brave girl and try to bear it, for baby's sake."

Then John Milner Croft, aged six months, was danced high in air. He managed to bear his change of fortune. John Milner Croft merely tried to swallow his fist and smiled blandly.

THE END.

LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Strange People.

WITH all my hopes shattered, I determined to settle down to my present life, and employ my energies in making such improvements in my surroundings as were possible.

After much persuasion, Ettuawa lent me the captured wagon, on condition that I did not go with it. So Gumtu and a few others went down to the nearest trading station, taking gold, ivory and skins, to barter for things we wanted. They were absent for many months. Our excitement can more easily be imagined than described when we heard that the wagon had at last been sighted, and how rich we felt when we received our new possessions. A large company of us rode out to meet and welcome them home. Much to my annoyance, Quanza reappeared about this time. At first he apparently took little notice of me; when we met he greeted me, though coldly, with a certain amount of respect. So I foolishly believed the old animosity had died.

One day, on returning home, I was about to quench my thirst with some water standing in a bucket kept for that purpose, when Cara rushed suddenly in and dashed the wooden cup out of my hand with such violence that it fell broken on the hard floor. I was somewhat distressed at the loss, for it was my favourite cup, and I had spent many hours over its carving. Without waiting to give any explanation of this strange behaviour, Cara vanished as suddenly as she had come, but soon returned with a curious-looking herb, and began vigorously stirring it in the water that remained in the bucket. From milky white, it turned to blood red, and then almost black, and gave out a curious smell.

"This has been poisoned by Quanza," Cara said. "I have been away all day, and took care no water was left in the hut, as I intended to be back before your return. I have found the same thing occur before, but I feared to tell you; moreover, I thought it would impress Quanza with the idea that you were a great medicine man, and that poison had no power to kill you."

"He is too great a fraud himself," I replied, "to be taken in like that." Cara told me this time he had tried the most deadly of all the known poisons. We agreed to say nothing about it at present, as I should be absent for some months. I had persuaded Ettuawa to let me go up country elephant hunting, as large herds had lately been reported at no great distance, and it was feared they might soon make a raid on our fields, eating and trampling down all our young crops. Gumtu and a few picked men were to accompany me. The wagon was lent us to carry our mealie meal—from which we made a kind of unleavened bread—our blankets and ammunition. Our guns kept us in meat, and excellent indeed some of the game is, especially the oriby; it is more tender than the best Welsh mutton, though its want of fat might be an objection to some people. Then we had the sable antelope, the see-sebe, the hartebeeste, all of the deer tribe, and last, but by no means least, the wild hog. We were not always fortunate in obtaining deer meat; they require much patience in stalking; so, when we happened on a good day's sport, we cut up what meat was left into thin strips, which when dried is called biltong, and is kept in stock for emergencies.

Frequently our meals consisted of an



CARA DASHED THE CUP FROM MY HAND

odd mixture of birds, biltong, and odds and ends, all cooked together in a big iron pail; and, to avoid all ill-feeling, we each ran our spear or assegai into the stew in turn, and had to be content with what it brought forth. The result was more varied than toothsome, and I shudder to think of the horrors I must have at times eaten, for nothing came amiss to the hands of the appointed cook: all had to be fed somehow, and quantity was more studied than quality by the hungry hunters.

Ettuawa and some of his chief councillors came a day or two's journey with us. We then parted with every feeling of harmony and friendship, the kindly old chief bidding his men to guard and protect me as they would one of his sons.

We were away a little over three months, but were not very successful, only securing a few tusks, the elephants having trekked further up country; so our wanderings were much further extended than at first we contemplated. Unfortunately, just as we found ourselves on the spoor of

what we hoped would prove a good herd, we fell in with a large party of hostile natives. My men showed such fear of them, that they refused to continue the chase. They declared that their guns killed without smoke or sound by just being pointed at them. They told me many other marvellous tales about these people, and aroused my curiosity to such a pitch that I determined, if possible, to visit their camp.

So, without consulting or informing the others, Gumtu and I started off, and, as we were but two, the strangers received us without any show of hostility.

Their chief spoke a somewhat similar dialect to my natives, and gave me clearly to understand that we were hunting over what they considered their ground; and that, unless we departed at once, they would fight us. As we were ten to about a hundred of them, fighting was out of the question. I asked them a few questions, which, native-like, they parried by questioning me. A native never gives a straight answer if he can help it; consequently I found out nothing more than I had gleaned already.

On rising to depart I noticed the chiefs consulting together; and, thinking they were brewing some mischief, I deliberately waited, as any show of fear would have tended to stimulate any evil designs. Presently, to my surprise, one approached me, and said that they had a big chief with them who had been badly hurt by an elephant, and they would like me to visit him, and see if I could in any way alleviate his sufferings.

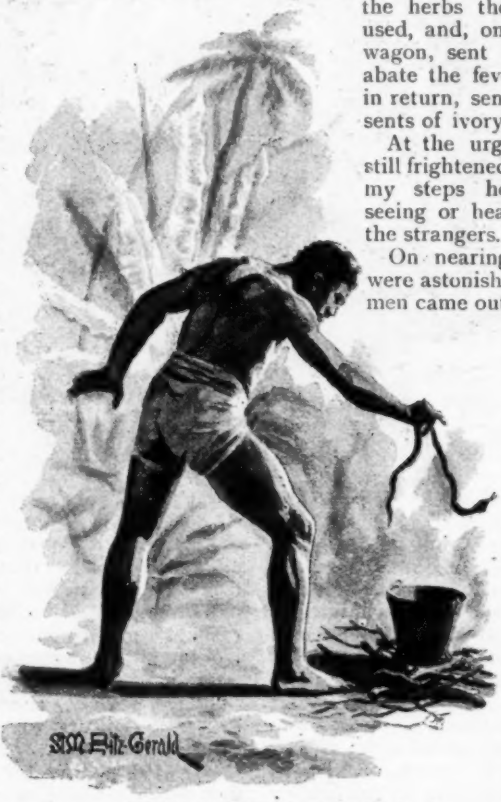
On receiving my consent, I was, much to Gumtu's disgust and alarm, as he feared it was only a deep-laid scheme to separate us, conducted alone for some distance over the plain to a large, solitary rock or cave.

On a couch, composed of dried grass, covered by a huge leopard's skin, testifying that he was of royal birth, lay a young man, who, I at once saw, though of a dark complexion, was no Zulu or Kaffir. I longed to ask who he was, and how he came there, suspecting he might be a prisoner, like myself, but feared to do so, thinking that, under the circumstances, discretion was the better part of valour.

I was horrified at the dreadful state of his wound—his arm being ripped from shoulder to wrist. After drawing the flesh together, and binding it up, I gave instructions that it was to be kept cool with the herbs they had previously used, and, on my return to the wagon, sent some medicine to abate the fever, for which they, in return, sent me valuable presents of ivory and gold.

At the urgent request of my still frightened followers, I turned my steps homewards without seeing or hearing any more of the strangers.

On nearing the village, we were astonished that none of the men came out to meet us. Each man looked anxiously in the direction of his own kraal, fearing the village had, perhaps, during our absence, been attacked, burned, and looted. But no; all appeared the same as on our departure. The sleek cattle were quietly and peaceably grazing in the valley below. We could even discern the women moving about from hut to hut, at their usual avocations. Still,



NOTHING CAME AMISS TO THE COOK.

no sound of greeting reached our ears; consequently we fell into a silent depression, well knowing the neglect of so ancient a custom boded no good to any of us.

CHAPTER VII.

ACCUSED OF DRYING UP THE FOUNTAIN.

My long absence had been seized on by Quanza, the witch-doctor, to work again on the credulity of the people to my detriment. He told them he had returned because he saw in a dream that I was bringing new misfortunes upon them, and that I had only brought the rain before to save my own life; but at the same time I had avenged myself by killing several of their people by the fire-god; and that I intended destroying the rest slowly by drying up the fountain that had supplied the wants of their people for many generations.

He was far too cunning to wish to disturb their belief in my powers, but persuaded them I used them harmfully rather than for their good. This fountain, or spring, of water had been gradually yielding less and less, and Quanza took his cue from this.

I felt there was little hope for me this time. It was not likely the fountain would re-open, even if rain came; so, bidding Cara leave me to my reflections, I set to work to finish this letter which I had begun, hoping Gumtu, who had already done so much for me, would find some means of getting it down country, and off to England, so that those at home might know of my recent life and death. When I had finished I retired to rest, though not to sleep, for I knew Quanza would not leave me long to contemplate my fate.

As I lay, tossing to and fro, the water question troubled me greatly. The fact was that, ever since that heavy thunder-storm, there had been something amiss with the spring. Before I left we had been troubled about it, and had often dug it out, and banked up the sides. During the violence of the storm, the foundation-rock must have been disturbed, consequently, as the water rose it leaked away or found some fresh outlet.

I felt sure if the spring had disappeared it must have arisen elsewhere. At last I recollected the wet condition of my old hut, and how it had remained the same ever since the storm. How the walls had given way, and remained a mass of wet mud.

I had it. That was where the spring had opened. I remembered the sound of rushing waters that was always in my ears, until Ettuawa had me removed to my present quarters. Then I fell into a peaceful sleep, meaning to visit the place at dawn of day.

When I awoke, the sun was just tipping the far-off hills. On opening my door I found myself confronted by armed warriors, with a message from the chief, saying, I was wanted at the council.

When I arrived, all were expectantly awaiting me. The court, or council chamber, consisted of a square clearing in the bush, planted thickly round with aloes, then all bright with their gorgeous red flowers, and relieved by the background of dark forest trees.

The chief sat on the stump of a tree, arrayed in his royal kaross of leopard-skins, surrounded by his headmen. On either side stood his warriors, armed with shields and assegais.

I was to be honoured by a trial; and the reason of all this ceremony was, that they thought I had learned from their



NOXDA WENT ON TO SAY—



I ADDRESSED THE PEOPLE.

enemies how to use the magic gun, or, at least, how to protect myself from its evil eye; and, if so, I was to be spared until I had instructed them; and Quanza, with all his arts, had been unable to turn Ettuawa from that decision.

My advance was made in deep silence, the chief bowing me to a seat on his right hand.

Then Quanza arose, and dilated on all the evils that had happened since my arrival, declaring that I was the cause of every misfortune. He made me out a monster of iniquity: so impressive and convincing seemed his arguments, that I no longer wondered that the people were influenced by his eloquence.

Then one of the chief headmen came forward, and my astonishment was great when, instead of speaking against me, he extolled my virtues as extravagantly as Quanza had my supposed evils. I heard with surprise all the marvels I had accomplished: how I had saved his son, who was at the point of death from a snake bite. I remembered I had cut the place out directly he was bitten, and so prevented the poison from getting into his blood. Then he recounted many things of a similar nature, that I had forgotten. The visit to the white men of the mountains had a new light thrown on it: the people were told that even the magic gun could not kill me, though, as I marched into their camp, they had all been pointed in my direction; but I had destroyed their power and discovered it for their benefit, so that henceforth they would be able to eat up their enemies and become a great and powerful nation.

At this my heart went down with a thump, for I had not even seen the guns, and I knew I should soon be called upon to make my defence. What could I say? for though I believed they were worked by electricity, I could not explain it so that they could understand. Neither did I comprehend why they were called the white men; except for the wounded man, all those I had seen were as black as themselves.

Nonda, my counsel, went on to say that I had a good reason for stopping the fountain, and that, if I wished, I could produce a stronger and better one, as, perhaps, the water of the old one had become bad by the Big Snake passing over it when they were sleeping, and then to drink of it, as they all knew, would be death, and to save them I had caused it to dry up.

I plainly understood that he was trying his utmost to help me out of my difficulty. At a sign from Ettuawa I arose and addressed the people, reminding them that they had brought me to dwell amongst them against my will, but that I had always tried to do them good; that I was in no way accountable for their misfortunes, and I suffered equally with them. Also that my meeting with the white men of the mountains was purely accidental; that I had a dim idea of what the magic of their guns consisted, and might be able to find it out; but, so far, the meeting had done the tribe no harm, but rather good, as they had received valuable presents of ivory for the small service I had rendered them. With respect to the fountain, if they permitted me a few days' grace I would produce a better spring than the last. (I had to say this, to give myself time; I could not be sure, as I had not seen the hut for months, but it was my only hope.) Before resuming my seat, I looked at the faces around me, but little can be gleaned from the countenance of

these children of nature unless they wish you to do so. They were evidently undecided, and wished to consider the matter, leaving me consequently in an uncomfortable state of suspense.

Quanza bounded forwards, fearing, after all, I should escape his vengeance; and, recounting all the imaginary wonders he had accomplished, demanded that I should be delivered into his keeping for the three days, which were considered long enough for me to point out where the new spring was to be found. This proposition met with general approval, and Ettuawa was unwillingly obliged to give his consent, making the condition that if the spring was not found, as I said, then, and not till then, I should die in front of all the people. He was evidently afraid Quanza would like to do away with me on his own account. While I was being bound I managed to have a few words with Gumtu, telling him to dig out the old hut, as there, if anywhere, was the spring—to dig deep, and start the work at once. He nodded his head, and was off like the wind.



BOUND ME TO A TREE.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUANZA KILLED.

UNDER Quanza's orders I was at once marched off to a projecting rock, standing boldly out from the mountain side. There they bound me to a tree at the edge of the precipice; and I shuddered as I glanced down into its fathomless depths.

Cara came each night, and bore me company, detailing the village gossip as she prepared my supper, and in that way I was informed of Gumtu's progress. He had to proceed with great caution, to prevent Quanza's suspicions being aroused, and so giving him the chance of frustrating the work.

On the third morning Quanza and a dozen warriors appeared. A hammock, made of "reims," was then fixed to an overhanging branch of the tree to which I was fastened, being so arranged that it could be drawn up and down clear of the ground. After Quanza had tried the effect many times to his apparent satisfaction, my fastenings were cut, and I was forcibly placed therein, and then let down over the precipice about a couple of yards. There I hung, spinning round and round, like a joint of meat when it is roasting.

Spring or no spring, Quanza determined I should not again escape him, and was anxiously awaiting the king's orders, as it was only by obedience that he would regain the people's confidence. Though they fear and thoroughly believe in their witch-doctors, their loyalty to their chiefs is above everything. He is their king and father. It is but rarely a chief abuses their confidence or breaks the laws of the land himself; consequently, he is respected by his people, who will uphold his dignity and decision to the death. Of course, there are men like Quanza, who give way to their passions, in all communities.

I was becoming giddy with the continual rotation, when I was aroused by distant shouts, getting more distinct every moment, until I clearly distinguished the words: "The fountain—the fountain! the lost spring of our fathers!" My hearing faculties had been so deeply engaged that I had taken no note of the proceedings near at hand, until I received a violent shock.

On looking up to discover the cause, I observed Quanza, with an expression of baffled fury, hatchet in hand, trying to sever the overhanging branch on which I hung, from its parent stem. The warriors had done their utmost to restrain him, and, finding he could get no help from them, he had sprung into the tree, where they dared not follow him, lest their weight should cause the result he was trying his best to effect.

A few more strokes, and the deed would be accomplished. But my thoughts of self were merged in anxiety for another, as I watched, in breathless fear, Gumtu

crawling on behind Quanza, who, to elude him, brought the hatchet down with such force that both were overbalanced. One fearful yell was heard, echoing from hill to hill; then all was silent.

The fastenings of the hammock giving way, recalled me to my own danger—slowly, but surely I was on the move, until, with a jerk, the reim slipped into the notch made by Quanza. I had been sliding towards the root of the tree, and, had I not stopped, should soon have been in comparative safety; but now I was in a worse fix than before.

Cautiously I got out of the spinning hammock, and drew myself up by the reim to the branch, which, during this process, was giving ominous creaks at the strain put upon it. I had scarcely reached it when, with a crash, it fell to the depths below, leaving me hanging to the broken stump. Presently a reim was thrown, catching me round the waist. It was only just in time. As I fell I managed to clutch the rocky edge of the precipice, but could do no more than hold on. My lower limbs seemed powerless; my strength was utterly exhausted by all I had gone through; so there I hung, until my arms seemed parting from their sockets. Suddenly my wrists were grasped just when I felt I could hang on no longer. My relief was so great, that, instead of gaining more strength, the little I had hitherto quite forsook me, and I hung a dead weight on my rescuer's hands.



HANGING TO THE BROKEN STUMP.

I desired him to let me go, fearing I should drag him over also. He gave one deep, despairing grunt, and then, with a desperate effort, pulled me forcibly up on to my chest, when I was able to help myself by creeping on all-fours to a place of safety, where, to my sorrow, I discovered my deliverer, Barliso, was the more hurt of the two, the nail of his big toe having been pressed back into the flesh, from the way he had dug his foot in the ground. Some days after I was obliged to cut it out, to save his foot from festering. Yet, with wonderful control over his feelings, he never uttered a sound of complaint then or after. That one cry of despair was caused by his fear of not being able to save me, rather than on his own account.

After receiving Ettuawa's congratulations on my delivery—for the old man was genuinely glad—I was informed that Gumtu was alive, though much hurt; he having fallen backwards into the tree. On search being made in the precipice for Quanza's remains, a few picked bones was all that could be found.

The day ended, as all Kaffir rejoicings do, with a huge feast. The meat a native then consumes is enormous. After such a gorge they will live contendedly enough on mealies until the next feast. Of course, the oftener they occur the better, to their liking.

All went most happily now for some months. The new fountain proved a great improvement on the old one, and being in the centre of the village, would be of great advantage in time of war. It is called by my Kaffir name to this day.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Gossip.

Referring to the Football Competition announced in my last month's notes, several readers have written me as to whether any preference will be given to Competitors who send their post cards in earlier than the closing date mentioned. No advantage will be gained by so doing; in fact, it will be a disadvantage, as changes will occur in the position of the teams every week, and of course those who keep their postcards open till the last day of the Competition, will naturally have the decisions of the latest matches to guide them in their selections. Competitors will please note that they can only send one postcard, and that the conditions given in the November number must be strictly adhered to.

* * *

I expect to re-commence the publication of songs and music in our next issue (January), and have already arranged for contributions from several eminent composers. It is intended to make this feature a leading one in the magazine, and no pains will be spared in the selection; so that, in the near future, I hope the LUDGATE will be held in much estimation by all lovers of Euterpe.

* * *

The proprietors of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY have decided to show their desire to promote this endeavour in a practical way. To this end they will present *One Hundred Guineas* to the composer of the best song or piece of secular music, and *Twenty-five Guineas* to the composer of the best hymn or piece of sacred music, published during the year 1893 in the LUDGATE.

* * *

The above honorarium will be in addition to the amount paid for each piece published, and the decision as to which composer shall be entitled to receive the award will be left to the vote of our readers. This vote will be taken after the expiration of the next twelve months, and prizes will be given amongst the readers who take part in the voting. The details of voting need not be given in extenso at this early date, but they will be of the simplest character.

* * *

Composers who are desirous of submitting their works, should send them in addressed to the editor with a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection.

* * *

In deference to the wishes of many lady correspondents, I have increased the space devoted to "Whispers from the Woman's World," and in future this article will occupy a more prominent position than hitherto; the appreciation it has secured justifies this extension, and with the extra scope at her command, the authoress promises to make it still more interesting and up to date.

The sterner sex as a rule, fight shy of articles devoted to women's subjects, but "Whispers" appears to be an exception, for I have heard many encomiums from men who usually pooh pooh such matters.

* * *

As these notes are particularly devoted to the doings of the LUDGATE, I think I may be justified in referring to a very important factor in the production of our magazine. For some time past, owing to the increasing sales, the printers have found their capabilities taxed to the utmost, and now that the size has been practically doubled, the work has necessitated the laying down of further machinery to cope with the production.

* * *

When I say that nearly twenty tons of paper are used every month to print the LUDGATE, it will be seen that the task of printing is no light one.

The new machines, which, by the way,

will cost some thousands of pounds, are specially built for printing this magazine, and combine all the latest improvements which the fertile mind of man can suggest for the most perfect production of the highest class of illustrated journalism.

This new departure will enable the magazine to be brought to the highest point of perfection in this department, and greatly enhance its intrinsic value.

* * *

I have received quite a number of suggestions as to the puzzle pages referred to last month, and I thank those who have so kindly written me. Many friends were good enough to submit various enigmas, but, I am sorry to say, I cannot see my way to utilising them, as to do so would place them at some advantage with other competitors. In this matter I shall have to rely on my own resources, so that all may fare alike in the solutions.

* * *

I propose to award as prizes to the various winners a selection of nicely-bound three-volume novels; these will, doubtless, be acceptable to all.

The first set of puzzles will appear next month, and the solution and winners will be given in the month following the close of each series.

* * *

The illustration of the Schoolroom Door at Eton, facing the commencement of this month's article on the College, is a very happy hit of our photographer. It contains quite a host of names, cut by the owners thereof, of boys who have since made themselves famous. W. E. Gladstone (our present Premier) can be observed cut in the woodwork about the centre of the illustration, and it will be noticed that the last two letters of his name are carved much smaller than the preceding letters, which was necessary to enable the carver to get the name in. A mounted photograph of this door was forwarded to The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P., who was good enough to acknowledge its receipt with thanks.

* * *

THE LUDGATE MONTHLY can be obtained from any of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Railway Bookstalls throughout the Kingdom. All back numbers are in print and can be obtained to order.

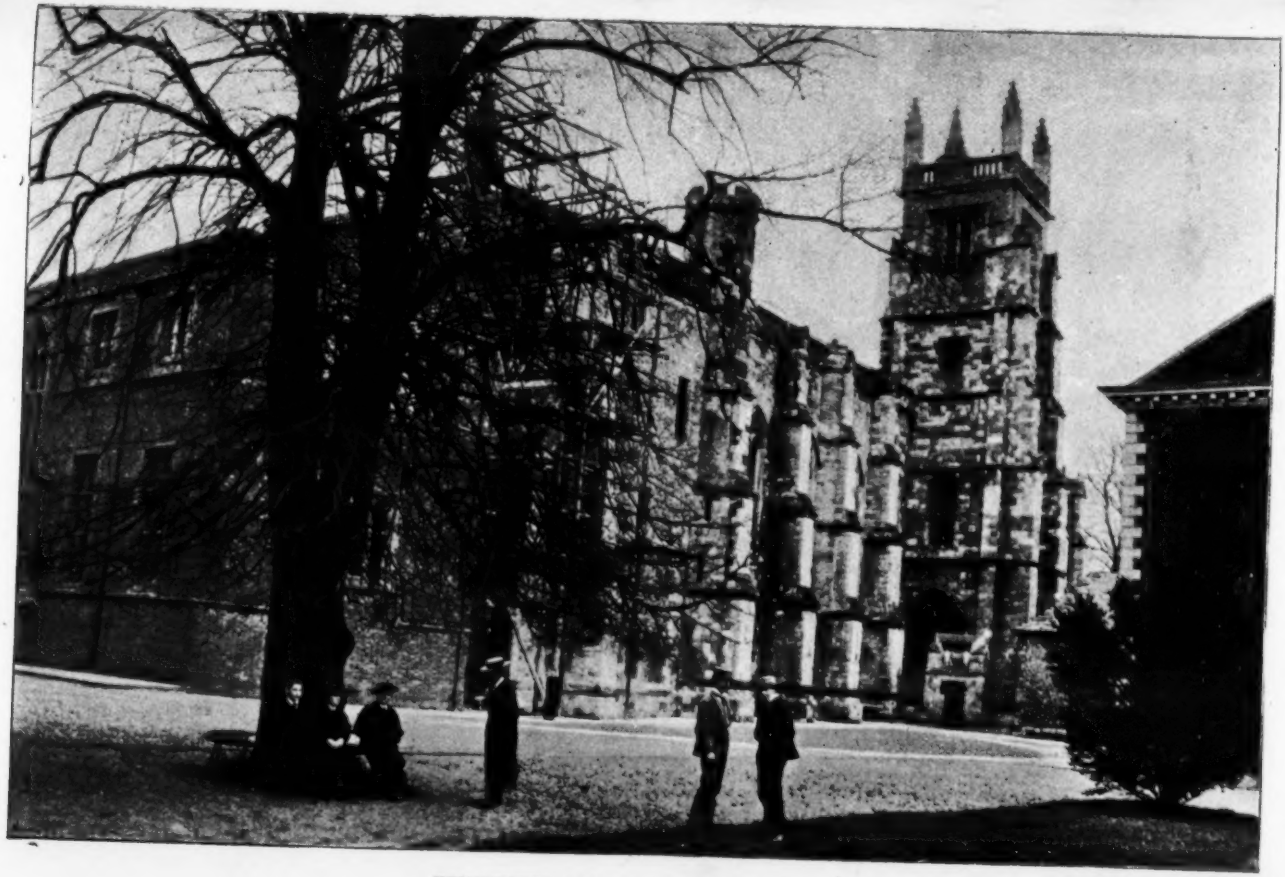
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The serial story, "Her Portrait," comes to a conclusion in this number, and the question arises whether it is advisable and expedient to publish another serial, or confine our fiction to short stories only. Occasionally it is necessary to run a story through two or three issues, as is the case with "Lost in Africa;" but what I am referring now more particularly to are tales of the length of "Her Portrait."

Now that the magazine is so much enlarged, I am personally inclined to think a good serial is an attraction and is appreciated by the many. However, I am open to conviction on the point, and a postcard from readers who will kindly favour me with their opinion, for or against, will much help me in coming to a decision.

* * *

In closing my notes for this month, I take the opportunity of wishing you all a very happy Christmas.



WINCHESTER COLLEGE, CHAPEL AND HALL.

Young England at School.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

IT IS now five hundred and thirteen years ago since William of Wykeham obtained the royal licence and papal bull for the foundation of his college of St. Mary Winton in Oxford, more familiarly known as the New College. Seven years later, in the Spring of 1387, he laid at Winchester the foundation stone of our first public school, which was completed after six years, and occupied by the new society—consisting of a warden and ten fellows, three chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers; seventy scholars, with a head-master and usher.

Their duties and privileges are minutely set forth in the statutes drawn up by the founder to the praise of God and the Blessed Virgin and the increase of Divine service and good learning.

The greater part of Wykeham's buildings are little changed, and those who love fine ancient architecture cannot help but admire Winchester College, in itself full of interest, the pride of all Wykehamists, the happy possessors of the famous name of the munificent founder. William of Wykeham was born in the small village of Wykeham in Hampshire (1324). He built several castles for Edward III. "On which account the Lord King enriched him with many good and fat benefits, making him soon afterwards Keeper of the Privy Seal." Numerous important offices did he hold until he became Bishop of Winchester (1366) and devoted forty years of his episcopate in governing a large diocese, renovating the nave of his Cathedral, building new colleges and Winchester College, and twice holding the office of Chancellor.

In some respects the original order has been strangely little changed; in one particular instance the founder seems to have been in advance of his times, for the prefectorial system, the institution of which has recently been ascribed to Dr. Arnold, the famous head-master of Rugby, is specifically set forth in the original statute: "In each of the lower chambers let there be at least three scholars of good character, more advanced than the rest in age, discretion and knowledge, who may superintend their chamber fellows in their studies, and oversee them diligently, and may, from time to time, certify and inform the warden, sub-warden and head-master respectively, of their behaviour, conversation and progress in study."

When Henry VI. took from Winchester William Wayneflete, then head-master, and half the scholars, to form the nucleus of his new foundation at Eton, they brought their prefects with them, a carefully-organised body. Eton has, however, little left of the system transplanted from Winchester; but, according to Mr. Adams's "Wykehamica," "this idea is of Wykeham's devising, and," he writes, "the experience of five hundred years has borne overwhelming testimony to the value of the prefectorial system." If there has been any one instrument in the hand of a school-master, by which he may keep in check the evils inevitable in every large school, it has been this. If there has been any one regulation that has taught the elder boys discipline, manliness, self-reliance and a sense of individual responsibility, and has abated the hardships of a junior's life, it has been this enactment of the founder of Winchester College.

Wykeham's statutes set forth that scholars are to be chosen by a body, called the Chamber, consisting of the wardens of New College and Winchester, two fellows of New College, the sub-warden and head-master of Winchester. The minimum and maximum ages are to be eight and twelve; needy poor instructed in reading, plain song and grammar; that preference should be given to his own kin, and after them to candidates with residential qualifications.

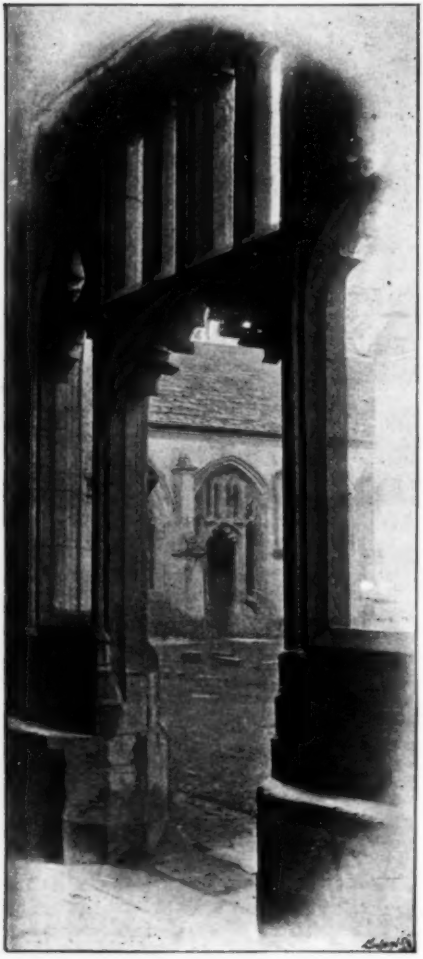
Founders' kin had the privilege of being allowed to remain till their twenty-fifth year, others only being allowed to remain to their eighteenth year, with the exception of those whose names were on the roll for New College, who remained another year in expectation of a vacancy occurring; once admitted there, they became fellows in due course, claiming their degrees of the

XUM

University without undergoing any examination.

The statutes also provide for the instruction of sons of noblemen within the college, and we now find close upon four hundred boys receiving education at the earliest seat of England's learning.

Winchester is a noble city in Hampshire, sixty-six and a half miles S.W. of London by rail, standing at the foot and on the slope of a hill, that rises westward from the right bank of the Itchen. The ancient High Street, with narrow thoroughfares, branching off at right angles, ascends for about three quarters



DOORWAY IN CLOISTERS.



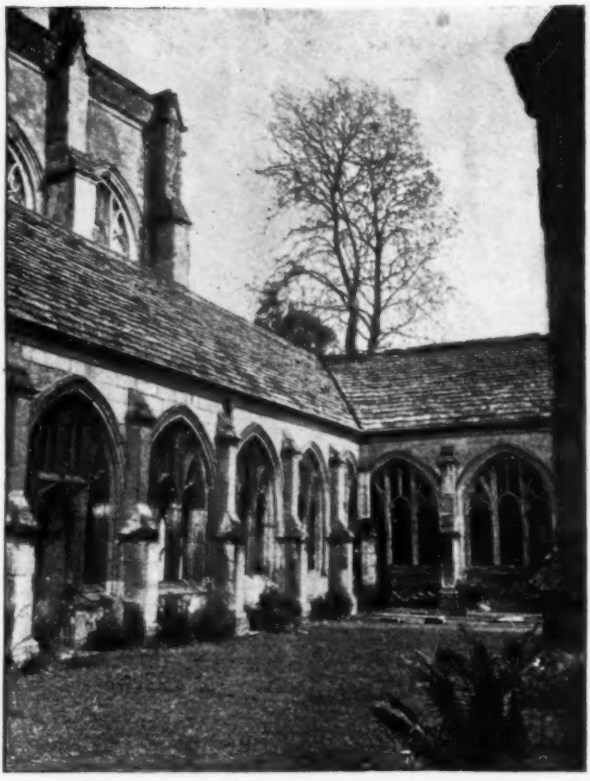
THE CLOISTERS.

of a mile towards the castle hill, round or on which, and in the level valley by the waterside, most of the ancient buildings of Winchester are situated. The Cathedral is, indeed, magnificent, though the external view might be said to present a somewhat sombre aspect; but the interior cannot possibly be surpassed—the long-drawn nave (1394–1410), its bossy roof, upborne by massive piers; the choir and sanctuary (1320–50), over whose lace-like reredos the Eastern window glows with its pristine hues; and the graceful presbytery (1202) contrasting with an ornate Lady Chapel (1470–1524).

With the exception of the relics of kings and saints gathered by Fox into six gilded coffers, few traces remain of Birinus' Church (648), and the cathedral dedicated to St. Swithin by Bishop Athelwold (980); but to Walkelin's structure (1079–93) belongs Rufus's tomb, removed to the Lady Chapel (1868), while the late monuments include the following Wykehamists:—Langton, Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete, Fox and Gardiner.

When I arrived at Winchester my first difficulty was to pick upon the most convenient hotel, within easy access of the college, but a thought happened to cross my mind, as I looked upon the different vehicles from the hotels, to confer with a jolly-faced burly railway porter, for assistance: "Can you direct me to a hotel in close proximity to the college?"

"Why, sir, there is only one hotel in Winchester to suit you, and that's 'The Royal,'" directing me to the Royal Hotel 'bus waiting outside. Thanking the porter, I entered the 'bus and was soon driven to St. Peter's Street, a narrow street off the High Street, and was ushered into the presence of the proprietor, Mr. Spriggs, whose jovial smile told me I should be made comfortable.



CORNER OF CLOISTERS, SHOWING GRAVEYARD OF WYKEHAMISTS WHO HAVE DIED IN COLLEGE.

The Royal Hotel has no great pretensions outwardly, but it is vastly more important indoors. Yes, I had just hit upon the right spot, for it is here where the old Wykehamists stay when they visit the scenes of their youth, and my host, who is very popular with all Wykehamists, past and present, constituted himself my adviser and instructor, for which I now return my best thanks.

The Wykehamists were indeed pleased with the idea of having the college thoroughly illustrated, in a like manner that has characterised our previous reproductions, and lent themselves most willingly to the wishes of our artist, but the kindness extended to him did not stop here, for the warden, the head-master, the Rev. William Andrewes Fearon, D.D., and the second master, the Rev. George Richardson, M.A., gave me every assistance and also invaluable suggestions as to our illustrations.

Winchester College has seen numerous changes since its foundation by the noble and pious William of Wykeham, both in school discipline and school appointments. It, however, still retains the founder's general plan—two main quadrangles, gateway and chapel towers (the latter rebuilt 1863), a chapel (comparing most favourably with Eton externally, though lacking the beauty inside), hall, and cloisters, 132 feet square.

To review Winchester and deal with its past history would fill volumes. I must content myself with a dip into the past, and hope the few scraps picked up from the present young men in College will be as interesting to recount as it was for me to listen to.

"You should have a picture of Middle Gate," said one Wykehamist; a sentiment two or three corroborated at once. Middle Gate has many recollections of the past, amongst the most important being the spot where the whole Wyke-



MIDDLE GATE.

hamical body met the visitors from New College, Oxford, on the Tuesday of election week, the prefect of Hall (one of the senior boys) addressing them in a Latin oration called "Ad Portas."

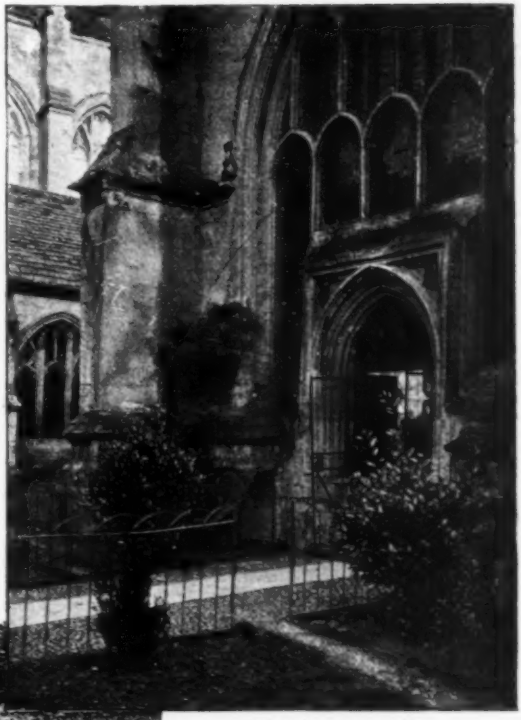
Of course the election days were indeed great days, and Latin orations were given to the praises of Wykeham and "Elizabeth and Jacob." The mode of election was somewhat peculiar. The candidates for admission to College, humorously called "candlesticks," were summoned to the election chamber, and a mere reading of some piece of a Latin author of his own selection and the singing of the words "All people that on earth do dwell," were sufficient to pass him. At this visit of the great men from New College, the old, curious custom of "Scrutiny" was gone through, when the seven senior and seven junior Wykehamists were summoned before the "Chamber" and asked if they had any complaints to make against the condition of things in College. Passing through the Chamber Court, two water-taps attracted my attention; enquiring their use, I was informed that in days not long ago these taps were the only provision for the washing in College, summer and winter. The walls above show signs of there having been at one time some kind of roof. "Now we have plenty of water laid on in every chamber (which would, even as recently as fifty years ago, have



BREWHOUSE AND WARDEN'S STABLES

been a luxury)," remarked my chatty little group of most interested Wykehamists. A very pressing invitation was given me by my newly-made young friends to take tea with them in "Fifth," or "Fifth Shop," one of their chambers, and a right royal welcome I received.

To see all these young men busying themselves in preparing a most appetising "5 o'clock" quite took me back to my school-days, and I felt one of themselves and as happy as a "sand-boy." A large open hearth occupies a great portion of the room, and it is round this corner they gather and enjoy themselves, during these cold months, over the cheerful blaze and the crackling of the faggots. By careful economy of their allowance of faggots during the summer, they are able to lay in a good store for winter. I should perhaps



ENTRANCE TO CHANTRY.



CARRYING UP DINNER.

mention that all Wykehamists are called "men," and all reference to them as "boys" is incorrect and offending when applied.

In College the men lived in chambers on the ground floor of Central Court, more suitably named "Chamber Court." By the addition of the original school into "Seventh" Chamber the number increased to seven, but now only one remains on the ground floor, the others having been appropriated to wash-houses and store-rooms

The Hall, where the scholars have their meals at five tables, is almost as the founder left it, and denotes the abundance of architectural knowledge possessed by the ever memorable Wykeham. In 1356 Wykeham built Queenborough Castle, Isle of Sheppy, but the greatest proof of his architectural powers was his rebuilding of Windsor Castle.

When William of Wykeham was raised to the See of Winchester, 1366, and twelve months later created Lord High Chancellor, Froissart remarked: "In those days there reigned in England a priest called William of Wykeham, who was so much in favour with the king that everything was done by him, and nothing done without him."

With few exceptions, the interior of the chapel was, in a great measure, spoiled when modern taste stepped in during 1874, although the window at the east end is very fine. Thurbern (the second warden) added a chantry, approached by two arches in the south side, over which the College Tower was erected, 1480, but rebuilt, 1861 (in memory of the two wardens, Williams and Barter).

The Cloisters, which, as I have previously stated, are exceptionally grand, were built by Wykeham and contain impressive brass and stone memorials. "The north-east corner of the Cloisters," as may be noticed from the grave-stones in the illustration, is the only place where young Wykehamists are buried who should happen to pass from this world while at college.

The illustration showing the College Brewhouse denotes the old custom of brewing their own ales, as was the old practice at Eton; but at Winchester we still find the brewer bringing out his cask and serving out to each Wykehamist his allowance of college beer. The men of Winchester are proud of college ales; I fancy I can hear, as I write, echoing through the chambers the two verses that form their song as they sip their ale, "Here's a Health":

Here's a health to all good lasses,
Merrily, merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.

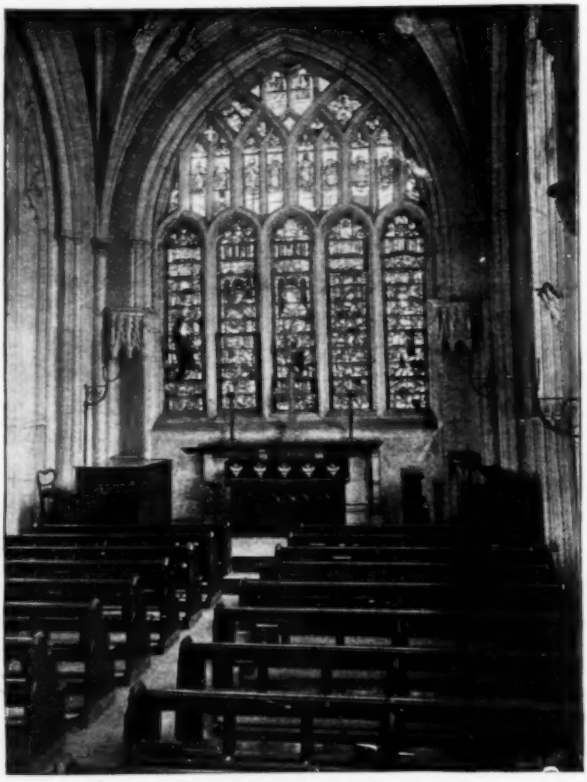
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found,

or the famous "Beer Song" which has been sung by Wykehamists of all ages:

BEER SONG.

Now let us all, both great and small,
With voice both loud and clear,
Right merrily sing, live Billy our King,
For 'bating the tax upon beer.

For I likes my drop of good beer,
For I likes my drop of good beer,
So whene'er I goes out, I carries about,
My little pint bottle of beer.



THE CHANTRY.

In the days of Dr. Joseph Warton and Dr. Gabell, head-masters of Winchester, things were indeed lively at College.

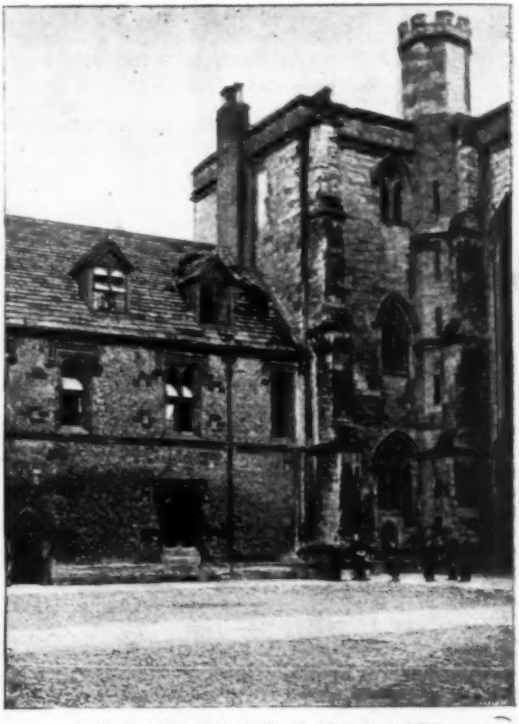
Warton appears to have been a kindly-disposed master, but the latter part of his reign was anything but a bed of roses, as the rebellion of 1793 greatly marred his last years; and, though he was weak and incapable of ruling through so great and troublesome a period, his resignation was received



"SCHOOL."

with expressions of great regret. Prior to 1793 the scholars showed signs of insubordination, but it was not until that year that the climax was reached and the keys taken from the porter. The Wykehamists took control of the place by barricading the College against the authorities, and provided provisions for a regular siege. The red flag of liberty was displayed; and, taking up the stones from Chamber Court to "Middle Gate Tower," and furnishing themselves with sticks, swords and guns, they proclaimed that only upon an amnesty being granted would they yield. Twenty-nine scholars were sent away from College, including Bishop Mant and Lord Seaton, and the vacancy owing to the resignation of Warton was filled by Dr. Goddard.

Under the new head-mastership the troubles seemed to quiet, and such famous men as Lord Cranworth, Lord Eversley, Sir W. Erle and Thomas Arnold were then amongst Goddard's pupils. 1818 saw an outbreak of another rebellion, when Dr. Gabell had succeeded Goddard, in which one hundred and thirty commoners joined the scholars in defying the authorities. The Tower over the Middle Gate was again the scene of great excitement: draughts of beer, ghost stories and sentry duty being kept up through the night, considerably assisted to infuriate the young rebels. Threats of imprisonment had no avail, and it was only when they were told to go home for a fortnight that they were trapped, and secured by soldiers, the ringleaders were expelled, and order restored.



CHAMBER COURT—THE MECCA OF ALL WYKEHAMISTS.

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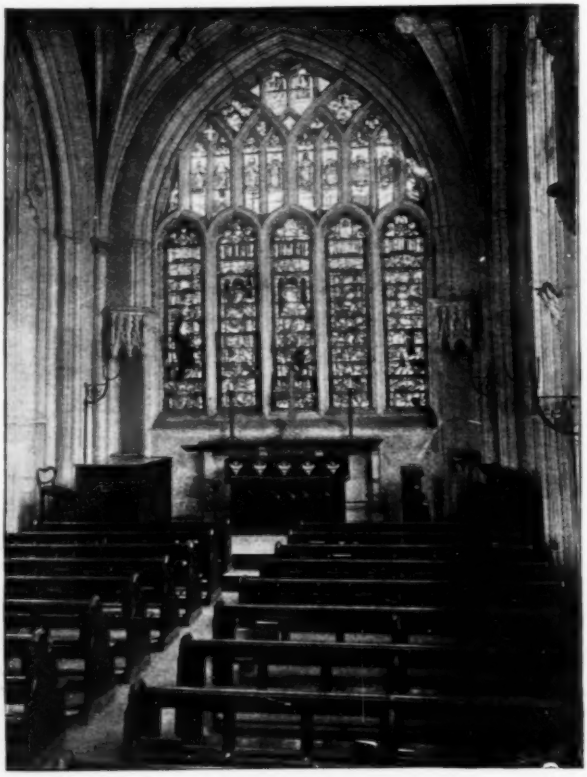
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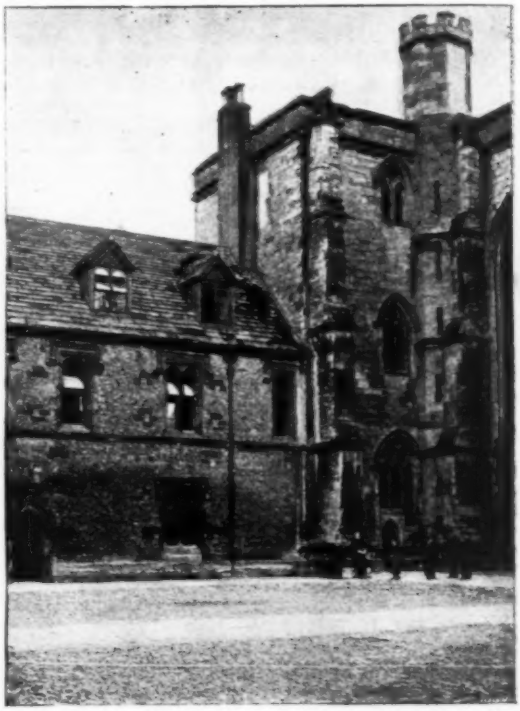
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CHAMBER COURT—THE MECCA OF ALL WYKEHAMISTS.

These troubles and trials are all of the past now. Winchester College seems to be synonymous with "unity," and the warden, head-master and second master are on most amicable terms with the men entrusted to their care.



HEAD-MASTER'S AND WARDENS' CHAIRS.

Winchester in the time of Charles II. was enjoying many Royal favours. Houses and barracks were built, and at that time came a long-esteemed warden to the college in John Nicholas. Amongst Nicholas' many munificent gifts now standing memorials to his name, are "School," towards the building of which he contributed half its cost, and the Warden's House, which he completed entirely at his own cost.

Though the tutors' houses at Winchester are not built on the same model, they are all more or less alike in their general appearance, giving a marked distinction to the system at Eton or Harrow. Instead of separate rooms, Wykehamists sleep usually some five or six in a room, sometimes more, the rooms being kept closed when the pupils are in the Hall, where the men during the greater part of the day study, while the prefect is responsible for order. The Hall is most peculiarly arranged, with numerous boxes around its sides, similar to the dressing boxes of a swimming-bath; these are called "toys," and in them the student sits and prepares his lessons and writes tasks. As I was shown round this important portion of the College, the centre of remembrances of all Wykehamists, I could not help admiring the principle, as each occupant of a toy can concentrate his thoughts upon his work without the interruption of his fellow-student, as when sitting side by side on a form at the same desk.

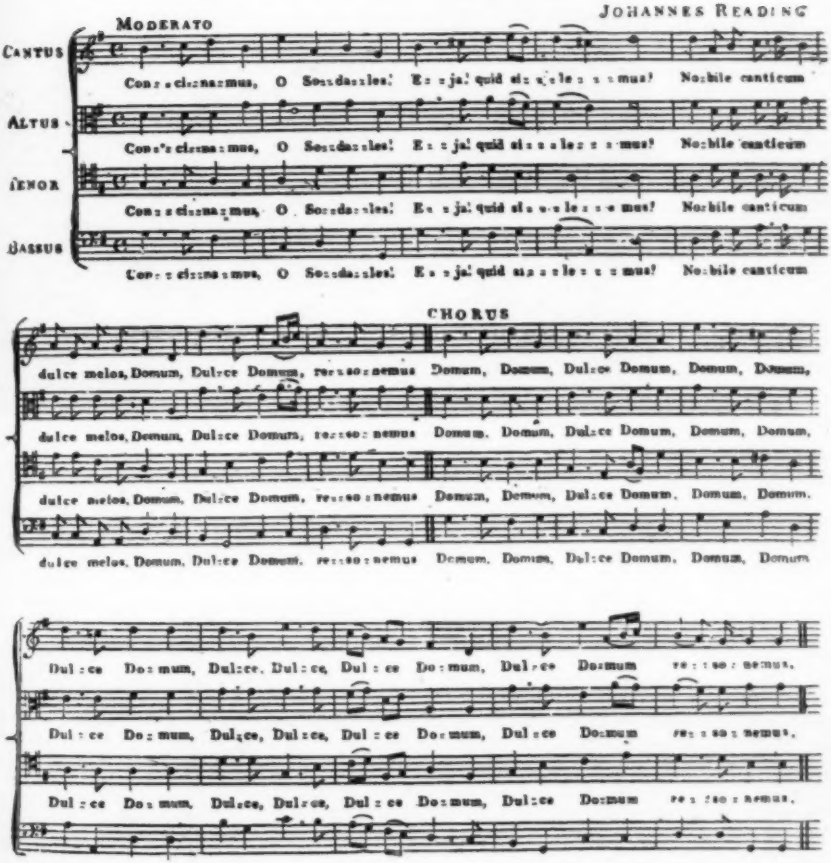
After passing between "School" and the buttresses of "Hall," we are confronted with a long line of red brick, known as the Sanatorium, or "Sick House," in front of which are the gymnasium, racquet court, fives court and class rooms. The Sick House is a charming place, and I was



"FIFTH."

DULCE DOMUM.

JOHANNES READING



Appropinquat, ecce, felix
Hora gaudiorum:
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum
Chorus—Domum, etc.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa,
Mitte pensa, dura,
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mittito cura.
Chorus—Domum, etc.

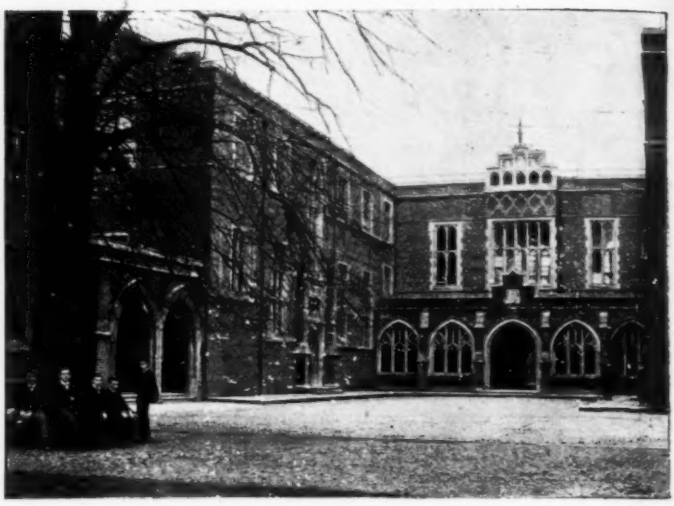
Concinamus ad penates,
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Chorus—Domum, etc.

Ridet annus, prata rident;
Nosque rideamus:
Jam repetit domum
Daulias advena;
Nosque domum repetamus.
Chorus—Domum, etc.

Heus! Rogere, fer caballos
Eja, nunc eamus:
Limem amabile,
Matris et oscula
Sauviter et repetamus.
Chorus—Domum, etc.

informed that its model, when exhibited at the Healtheries Exhibition, was much admired and obtained a medal.

Like other schools, I, of course, expected to find the "oldest of all" well up to the times in athletics, and was not disappointed. They have beautiful grounds in "Meads" and in "New Field," where football is played to a great extent in winter and cricket in summer, of the highest order.



FLINT COURT AND CLASS ROOMS.

The origin of the game of football as played at Winchester College is somewhat obscure, and during its existence has changed considerably, but one peculiarity has always been associated with it from the first, and that is, the game is always played in an enclosed space. Previous to the introduction of gas-pipes and netting, which now enclose the ground, the juniors used to line the ground so as to keep the ball in play. Despite its being entirely different to any other game, it is not without its advantages when considered as a school game, as it requires more energy expended on it than either Rugby or Association, and consequently the time of a game rarely exceeds an hour and is more frequently of forty-five to fifty minutes' duration. Again, the ground is smaller than required for other rules, and thus, more games can be played at the one time and more men actively engaged.



CHAMBER COURT CONDUIT.

The great matches of the year are those between the different divisions of the school, which are College, Commoners and Houses.

The first week of November these divisions play each other (three games) with fifteen a side, and in the first week in December they renew their rivalry with six a side.

The game is



A "SNAP-SHOT" IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

dribbling is allowed, and each player is expected to kick as hard as he possibly can; the winning points of the game are goals scored by forcing the ball over the opponents' goal.

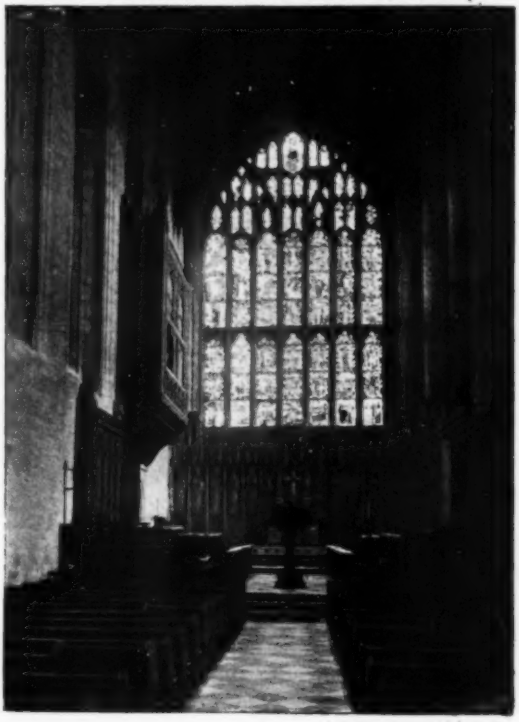
Tuesday and Thursday still remain half-holidays, and Saints' days are observed by "leave out," when a great number of Wykehamists take the advantage of leaving Winchester for the day. The visitor to Winchester will notice that the students do not frequent the streets and tart shops as at Eton or Harrow. This may, perhaps, be owing to a little more licence they enjoy in College and the improved fare provided.

The Wykehamist of to-day has indeed, a happy lot compared with his predecessors, who, we are told, less than a couple of centuries ago, "had nothing for breakfast, bread and cheese for luncheon, nothing for dinner, except the customary allowance of bread and beer.

The pancakes on Shrove Tuesday and the goose on Michaelmas-

almost as intricate to the uninitiated as the "wall game" at Eton. It starts with a "hot," which corresponds to a scrimmage.

These hots with fifteen a side have, on occasions, been known to last as long as twenty-five minutes; but, by a rule of some two years' standing, no hot may last more than one minute, which has the effect of making the game much faster. The senior game is called "Canvas," the middle game "Middle Game Canvas," and the junior, "Junior Game Canvas." Another peculiarity of the Winchester game is that no



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

day were great luxuries. Each goose was cut up to satisfy the cravings of five scholars, and no sooner had the servant placed the portions on the table than in went the forks of the anxious and hungry, scrambling for the best pieces and as the tale goes, on more than one occasion has the weapon entered the hand of the poor servant, in mistake for a piece of the breast.

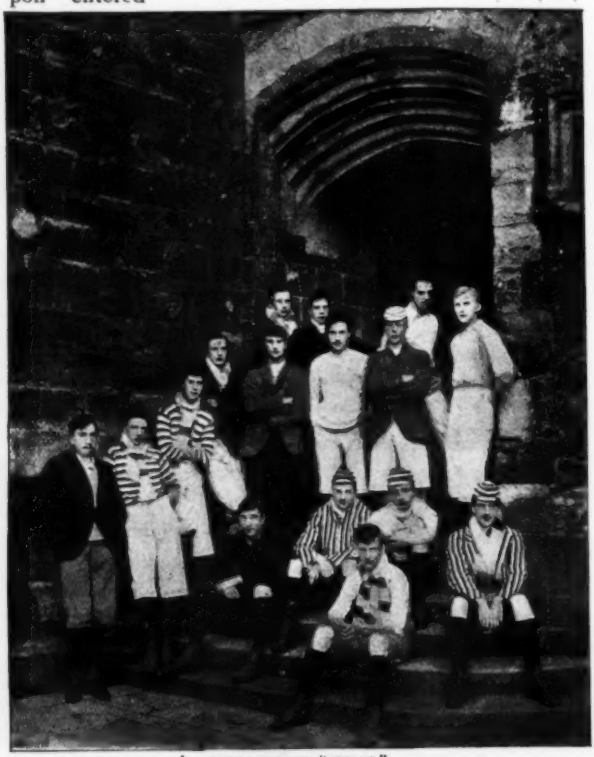


W. E. EMERSON
(2ND CAPTAIN OF HOUSES).
P. SCOONES (CAPT. OF COLLEGE). W. H. J. WILKINSON (2ND CAPT. OF COLLEGE). A. E. BLAKE (CAPT. OF COMMONERS).
K. WIGRAM (2ND CAPT. OF COMMONERS). T. LEESE (CAPT. OF HOUSES).

The average cost of a colleger is about the same as at Eton, £50 per annum, while the maintenance of a commoner costs over £150 per annum.

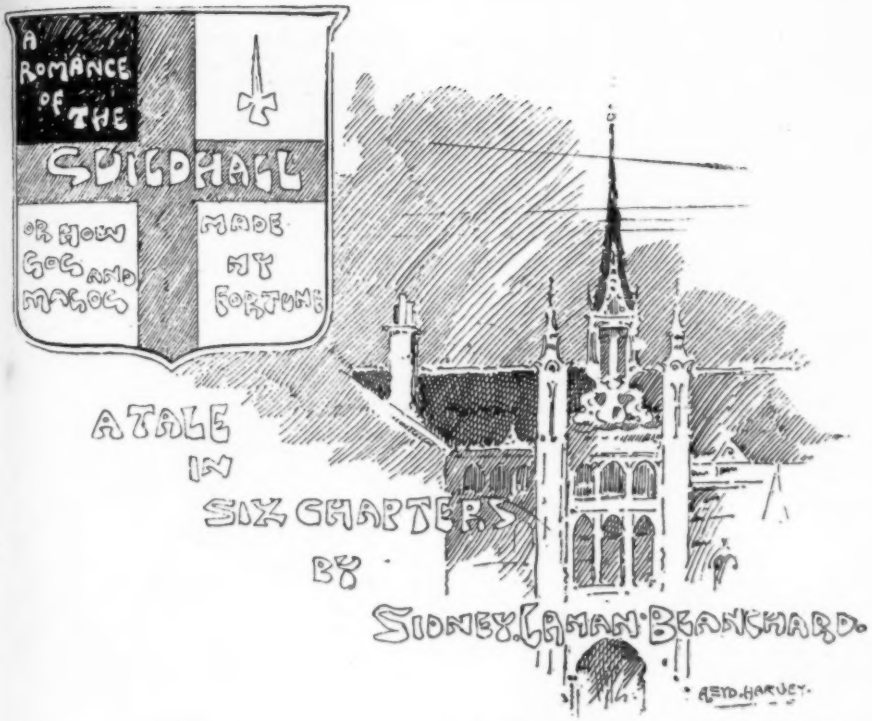
At the time of my visit the Christmas holidays were closely approaching, and the greatest of Winchester refrains, "Dulce Domum," was to be heard on every side. "Home, sweet home," how the words carry me back to my youth! and while Christmas will be a thing of the past ere these few notes are published, I may be in time to wish my many new friends a very happy new year.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.



READY FOR THE "MEADS."

Our illustrations are from photographs taken specially for this Magazine by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, from whom photographic prints can be obtained.



CHAPTER I.

"I BEG tumara pardon, sir; mais voulez vous tell me how they call themselves—ces sahibs en haut?"

This curious and curiously-expressed question was addressed to me by a lady and two children — the lady being the spokesman, if she will allow me to call her so, the children asking only with their eyes.

The lady was a little brunette, apparently French; though there was, as you have seen, a suspicion of Hindustani in her speech. She had bright eyes, and a still brighter bonnet—the one being a decided black, and the other a decided pink. But the eye, if the less gaudy of the two, beamed with an animation and vivacity that a bonnet must be very fashionable indeed to possess. She had a neat little figure, and just the kind of costume in which you might expect to see it; that is to say, her dress, considerable in colour, gave you the idea, in its style, of having met the *mode* half-way and exaggerated its effects from shadows cast before in milliners' magazines. The two children were minor versions of their apparent parent, the one expressed in male, the other in female form, and both looking as much like the dolls you see in the Burlington Arcade as mere children can ever hope to look. In the background was a very diminutive servant-maid, who had the children in charge.

I was walking in the Guildhall of the City of London when the question was addressed to me, arrayed in my robes as a barrister-at-law, with the intention of presently taking my place in Court, and making the most I could of a case in which I was engaged in the after-term sittings at Nisi Prius. They were the after-sittings of Easter Term, as I have good reason to remember; but never mind the year.

Strangers appear to consider themselves privileged to ask barristers any questions they please in the precincts of the Courts, whether at Westminster or Guildhall; so I was not surprised at an inquiry which, I afterwards remembered, might have been

more appropriately addressed to the beadle. But I was so occupied with my own thoughts—such pleasant thoughts! as I will tell you presently—at the time, that I scarcely remembered where I was. And when the lady alluded to some persons whom she strangely called *sahibs* as being *en haut*, I looked up to the groined roof, half expecting to see some athletic gentlemen in spangles disporting themselves upon a *trapèze*.

But a merry look from the lady brought me *en rapport* with actualities; and I now saw that she pointed with an indexed glove, of French make, and evidently containing fingers, to those commanding figures of the giants, Gog and Magog, which illustrate the western end of the Hall.

I am always affable to strangers, especially if they be ladies, and are choice as to eyes and bonnets; so I answered the inquiry in neat and appropriate terms. That is to say, as I had no time to enter into the complicated question concerned—which took the late Mr. Hone fifteen years to investigate—I contented myself by stating that the statues in question represented two early kings of Britain—King Arthur and King Lear.

The lady expressed her thanks in only one of the languages which she had, with apparent inadvertence, employed in her question. It was Hindustani. But she merely said, "Bohut salaam," and that seemed to come accidentally; for she added immediately afterwards, in a French accent, as before, "Thank you very much, sir." I thought that she gave me a kind of inquiring look of recognition, and I half fancied that I had seen her before; but I was occupied, as you have heard, with my own thoughts, and did not care to divert them from a pleasant channel; so I let the lady pass on.

CHAPTER II.

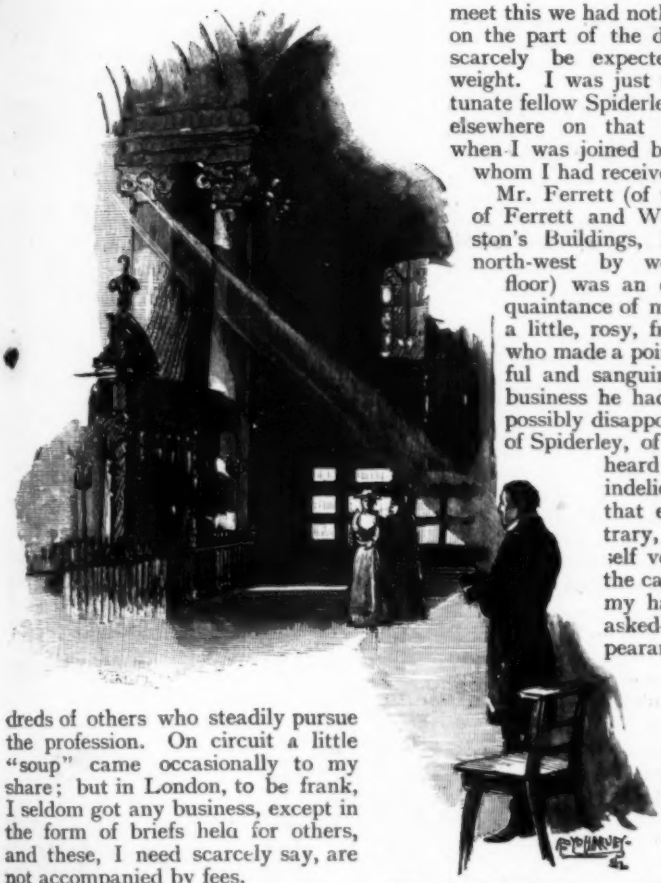
The fact is, I was occupied with another lady at the time, and a very different being. I had met her but once, and how our meeting happened was this: I had left Court earlier than usual on the previous day, and on my way westward happened to turn into St. Paul's Cathedral, whose interior I had not seen for many years: being a London man, of course I knew little or nothing of its principal "lions," which are found so attractive to foreigners and provincials. There was no service being performed, and I was contemplating the monument to Wellington, which I had never before seen, when the person in question approached. She was accompanied by an elderly lady. But never mind the elderly lady; I saw only herself. She passed me; and as she moved before my gaze I was irresistibly reminded of Burke's description of "the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles;" and I thought that there had "never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision." Lamartine has described her eyes, in those of the Dauphiness, by comparing them to the skies of the North and the waters of the Danube; and Heinrich Heine pictured them even better, when he wrote of "that deep eternal blue which is never seen in animated beings, and very seldom in flowers." Those were the eyes of the lady whose presence graced the grandeur of the cathedral. Her hair was in colour like yellow sands, and massed about her head in waving clusters. Her features were small and delicate, and expressed by a succession of proud yet soft curves. Her presence recalled to me at once a line of Hafiz, which has been rendered into English as

> "More stately than the cypress, and far fairer than the pearl;"

and its chief charm was in its floating, unconscious grace. She gave me the general idea of a swan, as she swam, rather than walked, past the sculptured glories, suggesting sunny banks on either side, rather than cold stone and marble, and willows touching the waters.

I turned instinctively when she had passed, and saw that she had dropped her glove. I quickly captured the prize; it was warm from her hand, whose delicate form it retained. I hesitated a moment—dared I keep it? An instinct, not altogether associated with the restitution of treasure-trove, impelled me to a right course of action. I hurried back, returned the lost property, and received my reward. It was contained only in a smile, and the words, "Thank you very much," but it made me rich for the time; and I was still revelling in my opulence as I walked about the Guildhall on the following morning.

It was little more than a farce, my regular attendance in Court; for briefs were rare birds with me, in common with hun-



CONTEMPLATING THE MONUMENT TO WELLINGTON.

dreds of others who steadily pursue the profession. On circuit a little "soup" came occasionally to my share; but in London, to be frank, I seldom got any business, except in the form of briefs held for others, and these, I need scarcely say, are not accompanied by fees.

An opportunity now, however, occurred to distinguish myself. I was junior in the case which was presently coming on, and my leader, Mr. Spiderley, Q.C., came to me while I was lingering in the Hall, and made the announcement that a prior retainer would compel his attendance elsewhere, and that he must leave the case entirely in my hands.

It was the defence of an action for breach of promise of marriage—very simple, as Spiderley remarked; but he did not add, as he had done previously in consultation, that it was almost a forlorn hope for our client, and was not difficult simply because there was little or no material on our side to make it so.

The case of the plaintiff, on the other hand, was supported by evidence of a direct documentary character; and to meet this we had nothing but an assertion on the part of the defendant that could scarcely be expected to carry much weight. I was just thinking what a fortunate fellow Spiderley was to be engaged elsewhere on that particular morning, when I was joined by the attorney from whom I had received my instructions.

Mr. Ferrett (of the well-known firm of Ferrett and Weasel, 795, Palmerston's Buildings, Bishopsgate Street, north-west by west staircase, third floor) was an old professional acquaintance of mine. He was, also, a little, rosy, frank-mannered man, who made a point of taking a cheerful and sanguine view of whatever business he had in hand. He was possibly disappointed at the retreat of Spiderley, of which he had just heard; but he made no indelicate manifestation to that effect. On the contrary, he expressed himself very glad to find that the case had been left in my hands; and then he asked—with a little appearance of anxiety—what I thought I could do with it.

The question was not easy to answer—in a satisfactory manner. But facts were not to be ignored; and I frankly stated my impression that we were not strong enough to demolish the position of the other side, supposing it to be as declared.

"There is only one chance," I added: "if our client is a very pretty girl, and we can make an interesting exhibition of her in Court, something may be done, if only in mitigation of damages, which, by the way, are laid at a preposterous sum."

Ten thousand pounds was the modest amount claimed by the disappointed swain as compensation for the loss of the lady's hand. A very complimentary estimate, as it seemed to me, taking, of course, only an abstract view of my client.

"It is a high figure," replied Mr. Ferrett; "I have never known so high a figure before in a case of the kind; but

the young lady, as I have just learned from personal enquiry, will inherit a fortune of almost that amount per annum upon coming of age.

This was a very awkward fact. In the interest of my client, I should have preferred that she had been as poor as a church mouse. If she were only a humble dependent reduced to go out as a governess or in some wretched position of the kind—a clever counsel like myself might have done something for her; but how could one expect a jury to render common justice to a great heiress?

"Yes, we are weak there," said Mr. Ferrett musingly, and quite aware of what was passing through my mind; "but as regards the other point, it is in our favour; she is a very handsome young lady, and will be certain to take with the Court; and, as you have seen, we must put her in the box, for there is no other witness. I came to tell you, by the way, that the defendant desires an interview with her counsel before the case comes on. I said you would see her here; shall I bring her presently?

I assented, not unwilling to hear a little more of the case, now that I was responsible for its conduct; and in a few minutes Mr. Ferrett reappeared, accompanied by two ladies.

One was middle-aged; tall and imposing in appearance; handsome, aquiline and aristocratic. In her array of black velvet and black lace, she looked the ideal of a dowager duchess.

The other was quite young. I dare not in the cause of accuracy say how she was dressed; but I know this: her hair was like the yellow sands; her eyes were comparable only to the skies of the North and the waters of the Danube; her features were expressed by a succession of proud yet soft curves; her movements were those of a swan—or, if she seemed to move upon the earth, it was with the walk by which the "Queen of Love is known." Here in the Guildhall, under the shadow of that pair of illustrious brothers whom they call Gog and Magog, my imagination irresistibly pictured her progressing between grassy banks with willows weeping into the waters.

Need I say that it was the lady of the Cathedral?

I had been too long at the Bar to blush; five or six years of the profession saves one from that kind of display. But I must have looked most unprofessionally confused, for I saw Mr. Ferrett regarding me with an air of surprise. However, he introduced me in due form:

"Lady Lorraine, Miss Lorraine—Mr. Pendragon."

The elder lady gave me a cold, business bow; the younger bent her swan-neck with a more gracious inclination, and I thought, from an involuntary glance, that she remembered our meeting on the previous day. I felt more unprofessional than ever, but tried not to look so, as I listened to her explanation of the main points of her case.



IT WAS THE LADY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER III.

THE circumstances which had given rise to the action were certainly curious; and I will detail them, with some particulars which did not reach me until afterwards, without following the narrative of my fair client.

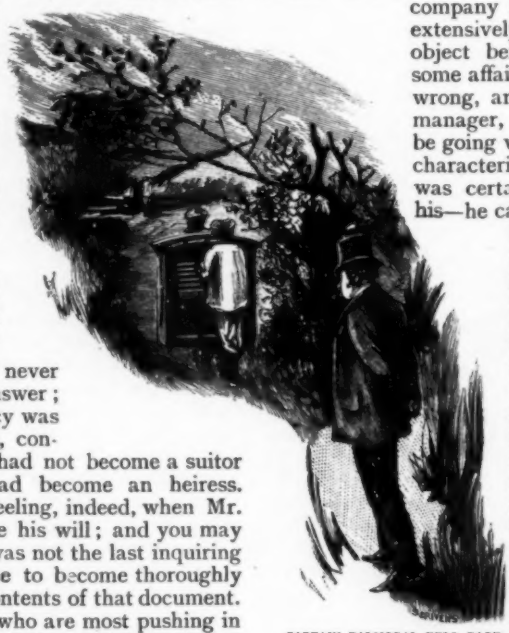
Bertha Lorraine belonged to one of those Indian families – Anglo-Indian, of course — whose names are synonyms for wealth and power in the East. Those of her relatives who had not risen, or were not rising, to high positions in one or other of the services, had become

merchant princes ; and that in times when the pagoda tree yielded far richer fruit than in these days of dead-levelling, when commercial prosperity by no means comes naturally, and even the highest officials are obliged to do their duty with vexatious deference to the monster called Public Opinion. Bertha had been educated in Europe—at Bath, and subsequently in Paris. During this time, while her parents were absent in India, she was under the care of her uncle, a wealthy merchant, who more than once occupied the office of Lord Mayor. The splendid administration of Sir John Lorraine will be always remembered with pride in the City ; and it was during his second reign at the Mansion House that Bertha, after being duly presented at St. James's, made her entrance into society, and presided in the municipal halls as officiating Lady Mayoress. For her uncle was a bachelor, and not a little proud, as you may suppose, in having so fair an associate in his honours. Bertha's success was very great ; and I believe that even in those early days she might have married anybody she pleased. But before the end of her first season, when she was only eighteen, her mother returned to lay claim to her ; and the close of the year found her with that lady at Calcutta, where her father joined them from up country. Major-General Sir Gilbert Lorraine was one of the old school of Indian officers. He had been home only twice during his term of service, and had last beheld his daughter when she was but a child. He was proud to see her looking so lovely in the first bloom of her womanhood, but had little time to indulge his delight. A wretched Hill war broke out ; a command devolved upon him ; and he went upon a rather inglorious expedition—as the result proved—after having sent his wife and daughter to Darjeeling, in the Neilgherry Hills. He never returned to meet them there, as he had fondly hoped to do. He fell a victim to a fever, which was the worst enemy the force had to encounter. He was not a rich man when he died. He had never enjoyed leisure to nurse his savings, nor, indeed, to know exactly how he stood with his agents. But, between his own means and the provision made by government, his family were not ill-provided for. The latter consideration, however, was of very little importance ; for, during their stay at Darjeeling, Lady and Miss Lorraine met with a cousin of the General's, who threw all these advantages into the shade. Mr. Mangosteen was probably the last of the old race of Indian "nabobs." He was reported to be of enormous wealth, and nobody knew how he could possibly leave it, as he had no direct ties. He simplified matters by leaving it all to Bertha, whose lovable qualities, besides her grace and beauty, had produced upon him perhaps the pleasantest impression—apart from seeing his money accumulate—that he had ever received in his life. He died soon afterwards, and Bertha found herself the mistress, not of such a fortune as the nabob was reputed to possess, but of a modest little competence amounting to between seven and eight thousand a year. It was, of course, left in trust until she became of age ; at which happy period for heiresses she had arrived a few months before becoming my client, her property being now entirely at her own disposition.

A beautiful girl in India, who is not quite a pauper—and even, indeed, though she may not have a rupee of her own—is sure to be surrounded by admirers ; Bertha, you may be sure, had her share of them before the expedition to Darjeeling and the modest bequest of Mr. Mangosteen ; for Indians—to do them justice—are seldom mercenary in their matrimonial views. Having usually enough for themselves, and being settled in a career which gives an assurance for the future, they seldom introduce the adventurer spirit into their alliances, and marry their own loves at their leisure in a most commendable manner. So it was that there were plenty of lords of high degree—represented by judges, commissioners, generals and so forth—who would cheerfully have taken Bertha to be their bride at first sight ; and as for the smaller people—represented by the ever-marriageable subaltern—they may be taken for granted, *sans dire*, and equally *sans succès*. Not that Bertha would have been particular to a shade as regarded either rank or fortune ; but she was a girl who, whether rich or poor, was resolved to marry her own love, or not marry at all.

So the judges and the commissioners and the generals, and even the ever-marriageable subalterns, who offered, got their *jewabs* in double-quick time. This was while Bertha had merely the little

pecuniary advantages which she might be supposed to derive from her father. After her elevation to the rank of an heiress, you may be sure that her admirers did not fall off; and then came suspicions as to motives, which made her hesitate still more. Certain it is that she never found any man in India who pleased her sufficiently to make her marry him; and she was so little of a coquette—all women are perhaps a little, but I sit corrected if I am wrong—that nobody accused her, in his bitterest abasement, of having deceived him. The utmost they could say against her was that she was cold; and coldness must surely be a privileged communication when a lady rejects lovers—though after all, it may have been only her swan-like manner that suggested the idea.



CAPTAIN BALMORAL FELL BACK.

There was only one man with whom she had any difficulty. Captain Charles Balmoral never would take an answer; and his persistency was the less tolerable, considering that he had not become a suitor until the lady had become an heiress. He was at Darjeeling, indeed, when Mr. Mangosteen made his will; and you may be sure that his was not the last inquiring mind in the place to become thoroughly informed of the contents of that document. Like many men who are most pushing in matrimonial speculations, Balmoral was by no means what would be considered an eligible party himself. Very pretentious people objected to him on the ground that he was only the son of a bootmaker in Cheapside; but it was his personal character that was really against him. He had retired from the service under questionable circumstances; there were whispers, indeed, of certain pecuniary transactions having caused a pressure on the part of authority. His failing had always been for speculation; and once relieved from restraint, he gave himself up to it unreservedly. He was in nearly every new Company, and had shares in many an old one; he made a great deal of money, and he lost a great deal. Nobody quite knew how he stood financially; he might be rich or he might be poor, but he could always command capital—whether his own or somebody else's—for any fresh venture which offered the alternative of an enormous fortune or a petition in bankruptcy. He managed somehow to avoid disastrous failure; but his schemes were by no means uniformly associated with success.

At the time of his first meeting with Lady and Miss Lorraine, Captain Balmoral was on a mission from a tea company in which he was extensively concerned; the object being to set right some affairs that were going wrong, and to manage the manager, who appeared to be going wrong also. With characteristic courtesy—this was certainly a quality of his—he called upon the two ladies as soon as they arrived; made himself very attentive and very useful; and contrived to place them under considerable obligations of a social kind. Without his assistance, indeed, they would have found themselves far less pleasantly placed than they were as regarded their house, their servants, and their horses. He was free and familiar enough—a little too much so sometimes in public—but he seemed thoroughly earnest and sincere, and was the reverse of the kind of man who is called a "lady-killer." His appearance would have acquitted him of any such pretensions, even had he been a very young man, which he was certainly not; he was most unromantically rubicund in face, and positively pursy in figure; and although careful enough in costume, never appeared dressed for effect. A thoroughly good-natured frankness seemed at the bottom of his character, and, backed up by his wonderful way of making himself useful, not only caused him to be popular

in some circles, but gained for him toleration in others, where a man of his anomalous reputation would be usually tabooed.

It was shortly before the death of Mr. Mangosteen that Captain Balmoral made Miss Lorraine an offer of his hand. Lady Lorraine and her daughter were proceeding one evening at sunset, in their *jan pans*, to keep a dinner engagement on the side of the hill opposite to that on which their house was situated. The road round the mountain—in some places natural, in others formed by art—was ascending, so that progress was necessarily slow; and here and there the path was so narrow that the two palanquins could not proceed abreast. In an exigency of this kind Lady Lorraine's bearers took the advance, leaving those of Miss Lorraine to follow. It was during a temporary separation from her mother that Bertha was joined by Captain Balmoral, who was proceeding the same way on foot. In a careless manner, as it seemed at first, he walked by the side of the conveyance, chatting upon indifferent subjects; but presently his demeanour towards the fair occupant completely changed, and after a little prefacing, he fairly launched into an expression of the state of his affections, concluding with a declaration in due form.

Bertha was so astounded that she was scarcely able to reply. When sufficiently composed to make the announcement, she expressed, in the most decided terms at her command, her absolute refusal of the offer; and she did not omit to convey to him her extreme surprise that it should have been made. She then entreated him as a gentleman to leave her; and, as a demonstration on her own part, drew the curtains of the *jan pan* as closely as they could be drawn.

Captain Balmoral seemed by no means abashed; he had even the courage to say something about "hoping" and "the future;" then, raising his hat, he wished her good-evening, and fell back, leaving the lady to proceed unmolested on her way.

Lady Lorraine's indignation, upon learning Balmoral's audacity, was greater even than that of Bertha; and on the following day the elder lady wrote the suitor a very decided note, forbidding him to address her daughter again upon that or any other subject.

But Balmoral was not easy to put down. He continued to salute the ladies in public places in the most friendly manner; and more than once, when he found them alone, made an attempt to enter into conversation. But Lady Lorraine cut him short with a contempt which could not be ignored; while Bertha always looked studiously in another direction. His obtrusive conduct would have driven them from the station, where they were detained only by the last illness of Mr. Mangosteen. The death of Sir Gilbert soon followed; then the widow, with her daughter, proceeded to Calcutta, and eventually to England.

They had been home something more than two years, and Bertha had just seen her twenty-first birthday, when notice was received of the action, "Balmoral *v.* Lorraine," for breach of promise of marriage.

CHAPTER IV.

I DID not, as I have intimated, obtain all these particulars during the interview with my client; but I learned enough to know that there was some foul play on the other side, though of what nature I could not then divine. The case, if made out, was an awkward one to deal with; for the declaration alleged that the promise was made in the defendant's handwriting, and this we could meet only by the plea, supported by no other evidence than that of the defendant herself, that she had never made any promise of the kind, in writing or otherwise.

Under all circumstances—seeing the difficulty of disproving the authenticity of any plausible document which might be produced, in a handwriting which, if it were a forgery, would necessarily be made to resemble that of the supposed writer—I strongly advised Miss Lorraine to give her consent to the matter being settled, if possible, out of Court. A sum very far short of the damages claimed would probably be sufficient for a compromise, and the family would be saved the pain of public proceedings.

But, in coming to this conclusion, I had not considered the character of my client, who, in very decided terms, declared against any concession which would amount to even an implied admission of her liability.

As I looked into her beautiful eyes, alive with indignant fire, I could not choose but feel a sympathy far stronger than would be dictated by mere professional instinct

or doubt that she was the victim of a cruel machination.

"Nothing," she said, emphatically, "shall induce me to compromise with the man. He threatens me, and he shall justify his threat, or be brought to shame."

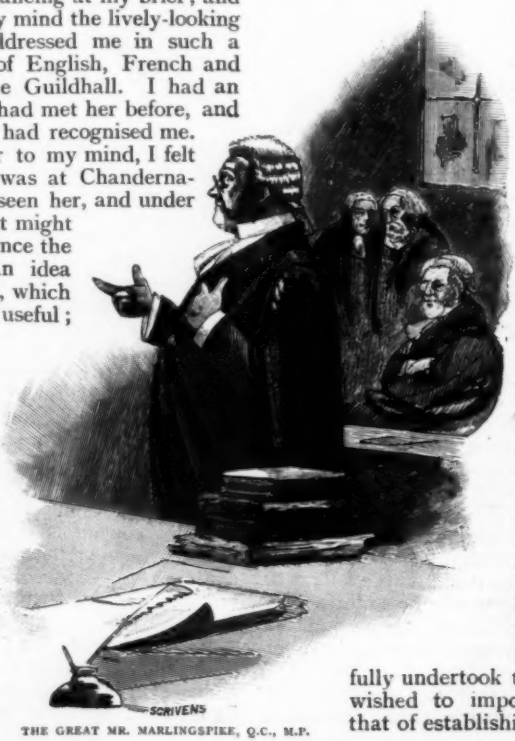
Lady Lorraine, though deeply indignant with the persecutor of her daughter, was greatly inclined to take my advice, as the most prudent step; but nothing could overcome the determination of the younger lady to let things take their course, and confide in the justice of her case.

I did not think it necessary to enter into such particulars to the ladies; but I may here add that the plaintiff was not unknown to me. I had, indeed, during the previous year, considerable acquaintance with him in Calcutta, whither I had gone with a view, which I did not carry out, to practise at the local Bar. I had seen a great deal of him during a short visit to the French settlement at Chandernagore, and I believed myself justified in considering him a thoroughly unscrupulous and unprincipled man. I had remembered his name upon first glancing at my brief; and then came into my mind the lively-looking lady who had addressed me in such a curious mixture of English, French and Hindustani, in the Guildhall. I had an impression that I had met her before, and I fancied that she had recognised me. Upon recalling her to my mind, I felt convinced that it was at Chandernagore that I had seen her, and under circumstances that might considerably influence the present case. An idea struck me, in fact, which might be made useful; and so entirely unprofessional were my feelings towards my beautiful client, that I was prepared to go to any extent beyond my brief, and make use of every private means at my command which could advance her cause.

I did not, as I have said, communicate my idea — which, after all, was founded only on suspicion—to either Lady or Miss Lorraine; but once satisfied that the case must come into Court, I determined to make use of any resources at my command to win it

The more I saw of my beautiful client, standing there with her swan-like neck (the neck, I found by this time, assisted immensely the floating grace of her movements), her hair like the yellow sand, and the clear depths of her blue eyes—the more I looked upon her and thought of her, the more determined did I become to gain her the verdict, or perish in the attempt. It was possible only to perish professionally; but I would have welcomed a stronger penalty than that for possible failure; and I could not refrain from noting how, as I suppose my personal sympathy became manifest, her confidence in me seemed to increase; so much so that, in the course of the quarter of an hour that our interview endured, we found ourselves, unconsciously upon both sides, on the most friendly terms.

We separated eventually to take our places in Court; and it was not without some misgiving that I waited for our case to be called. "Balmoral *v.* Lorraine" was not the first on the list. There were a couple of others of a most trumpery character, it seemed to me, which occupied the time until nearly one o'clock. Meanwhile I had taken an opportunity to have a talk with Mr. Ferrett in reference to my particular view of our course of action, and had thoroughly imbued him with my ideas. He gratefully undertook the task which I wished to impose upon him—that of establishing a communica-



THE GREAT MR. MARLINGSPIKE, Q.C., M.P.

tion with the young lady in the pink bonnet, who had asked me about Gog and Magog; for I felt sure she was to be a witness for the plaintiff, and it was not consistent with my position as an advocate on the other side that I should hold any communication with her. As for Mr. Ferrett, he was not particular, and entered into my views like a man—and an attorney.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE said that we all separated to come into Court; but Lady and Miss Lorraine, I was pleased to see, took their seats—or rather the seats of some juniors of the Bar, who gallantly gave them up—on the same bench with myself, thus establishing easy communication. Mr. Ferrett had his proper place in front; but he did not settle himself until he had seen the mysterious lady in the pink bonnet safely seated at the solicitors' table, having left her maid and children elsewhere. Captain Balmoral was at the same table, but he sat apart, accompanied solely by his solicitor.

The great Mr. Marlinspike, Q.C., M.P., was counsel for the plaintiff, and had, of course, a more imposing position than myself—in the inner bar—where he assumed his place just before the case was called. His junior, Mr. Nuff, was immediately behind him, on the same bench as myself. Mr. Nuff, who opened the case, had never been known to address a Superior Court before, and was so nervous that, in the witness-box, he would have incurred the presumption of perjury. He said three times as much as was necessary, and seemed considerably relieved when he sat down to find that he was considered merely a matter of course. Then came Mr. Marlinspike, Q.C., M.P., who introduced the real business before the Court.

Mr. Marlinspike, with his usual air of force and severity, commenced with some impressive remarks concerning the evil consequences which too often ensue, in an erroneous state of society, from the wreck of a manly heart which has trusted too fondly, and the mischief effected by fascinating women of a coquettish turn of mind; and then he entered into what he called the facts of the case on the part of the plaintiff.

Accepting the lucid and circumstantial statement of the learned counsel, the inevitable impression would be that Captain Balmoral was a guileless swain who had fallen into the meshes of a designing woman, had trusted, been betrayed, and was now breaking his heart in consequence. The version given of the offer which he made at Darjeeling was that the lady had given him every indication of encouragement on that occasion, had elected to "ask mamma," and had sent him an acceptance of his suit in writing on the following day. Her refusal, more than two years afterwards, to carry out her engagement should be visited, the counsel considered, with exemplary damages, and more especially as facts pointed to the strong probability that the lady's intentions had changed in consequence of her succession to a fortune which, he had it on his brief, amounted to more than twenty-thousand pounds a-year. He did not add, by the way, that Captain Balmoral was well aware of her position as an heiress when he made the proposal. Before sitting down, Mr. Marlinspike reminded the jury that he was a member of the Legislature—he always gave this reminder upon one ground or another—and that seeing, as he frequently did, the inadequate satisfaction rendered by juries to plaintiffs in actions of this kind, he should take it into grave consideration whether the law should not be made more stringent on their behalf. At the same time, he was convinced that the independent and high-minded gentlemen whom he had the honour of addressing would not fail to render a full measure of justice, etc.

The letter containing the promise of marriage was put in and read. It was couched as follows:

"Darjeeling, May—, 18—.

"DEAREST CHARLES,—I was so agitated at your avowal yesterday, though I had been long prepared for it, that my lips refused to utter what my heart dictated. You say you will be mine; I answer that I will be yours for ever and for ever. "BERTHA."

When this document was read, Miss Lorraine turned to me, a deadly paleness in her face, and said, "I did, indeed, write that letter; but——" She became so agitated as to be unable to proceed; and Lady Lorraine, fearing the consequences of excitement, hurried her daughter out of Court.

My own position was not a little perplexing. Could it be true that I had been deceived in so important a matter as this? or worse, that I had been deceived in one whom——but I could not allow myself to pursue the personal question, my business was with the case.

The first witness called for the plaintiff was the plaintiff himself. Captain Charles Balmoral gave his evidence with coolness, and it seemed to me clearness also, in confirmation of his counsel's statement. With regard to the letter, he affirmed that it had been received by him on the date which it bore, the day after his personal interview with Miss Lorraine on the road. It had been delivered to him by the writer's own maid, Sophie Ducrot. He produced a note addressed to him on one occasion by Miss Lorraine, thanking him for the trouble he had taken in procuring a horse for her; and he showed the Court that the handwriting was the same. He added that he had seen Miss Lorraine frequently since the engagement, and that she had never told him of having changed her intention. He was unable, in consequence of his business engagements, to accompnay her and Lady Lorraine on their sudden departure for Calcutta, after her accession to the property; and it was only in consequence of letters since received from the elder lady, repudiating any promise on her daughter's behalf, that, after the lapse of more than two years, he determined to bring the action.



I WENT TO THE CARRIAGE.

The defendant's case, as contained in my brief, was that no letter of the kind alleged was ever written by her to the plaintiff; and this she was prepared to support on oath. But how could I deny the authenticity of the letter, after the communication just made? However, remembering certain habits of Charles Balmoral's which were well known to his friends, I took the opportunity for cross-examination to ask the witness whether he had not, in India and elsewhere, evinced very great facility in imitating the handwriting of other persons, alluding especially to a hoax in which he had been known to assist. He looked confused at the reminder, especially as coming from one who he was aware was not questioning at random; and with some want of tact declined to answer. The Court, however—as I could not profess to have a direct object, derived from my instructions, in putting the question—did not compel him to be explicit upon the point. I then tried to make him admit that the defendant's demeanour towards him ever since the interview took place was inconsistent with the writing of the letter alleged; but this he stoutly denied. He had never met with any rebuff, he said, until long after the ladies had left Darjeeling.

My cross-examination thus was a failure; and I confess that I felt considerable embarrassment in grappling with the difficulties of the case. All I could do for the present was to wait and watch.

The next witness called was Sophie Ducrot, whom I was quite prepared to see in the person of my friend in the pink bonnet. She was, as I had remembered after meeting her in the Hall, a *Chandernagorienne*, with a little of the native blood, which she ignored, being more French than the French themselves in her toilet and manner. She knew a little English, and a great deal of Hindustani; for the rest, "she spoke the French of Chandernagore," which is not quite the French of Paris, as you may suppose. As she insisted on using the Gallic language on this occasion, it was necessary to take her evidence through an interpreter. However, she had not much to say; and what she had was provokingly to the point. She de-

posed that she was residing with Miss Lorraine as her *dame de compagnie*—which was her way of describing the office of lady's-maid—during the period referred to at Darjeeling. Captain Balmoral was very attentive to Miss Lorraine, and everybody thought he would make her an offer of marriage. She gathered, from what she heard pass between Lady Lorraine and her daughter one morning, that he had proposed on the previous evening; and that she was soon after asked to take a letter to his house. She did so, and the letter was the one produced. She could identify it outside by a peculiarity of the folding, in the absence of a separate envelope; and she could also identify the contents, as she happened to read them at the time; adding, in explanation, that Captain Balmoral, who was in his drawing-room when she delivered the letter to him, retired to an adjacent apartment, as if to hide his emotion. He dropped the letter on the floor in going, and Mademoiselle took advantage of the opportunity to see what it contained.

There was some laughter at the naïve way in which the witness confessed this little frailty, but there was no shaking her testimony; and when I asked her if Miss Lorraine had not refused to see Captain Balmoral after her alleged acceptance of him, Mademoiselle answered boldly, "not at all; and that everybody knew of the engagement."

My cross-examination was again unfortunate; and I was greatly relieved when, the plaintiff's case having thus come to a conclusion, the Court adjourned for half-an-hour for refreshment.

CHAPTER VI.

Our case had clearly broken down entirely, unless my idea, to which I referred some time back, should be found to have borne fruit through the agency of Mr. Ferrett. I took, as you know, more than a professional interest in it; for my lovely client had bound me as a man is bound only once in his life. But professional instincts are strong; and I confess that the thoughts uppermost in my mind concerned the course I was to take when the Court reassembled. Of Miss Lorraine's deception, in its personal aspect, I dared not think; but her communication to me was most important as regarded business; and all the hope I had to cling to was contained in the little word "but," with which she had broken off before leaving the Court.

I went once more into the hall, where I found Ferrett, who, as well as my witnesses, Lady and Miss Lorraine, had forsaken me during the latter part of the proceedings in Court. I saw him under the statues of Gog and Magog, talking to his confidential clerk, a sharp fellow, who might possibly have done justice to my idea outside, while I was conducting forlorn cross-examinations in Court.

"I may have something to tell you presently," said Mr. Ferrett, answering my enquiring look with a significant glance of his eye; "but meanwhile will you see Miss Lorraine?—she is in her carriage outside with my lady. She wishes to put you right upon an important point."

I went to the carriage immediately. Miss Lorraine had been much shaken by the shock received in Court. She was still proudly indignant, but had scarcely strength to sustain the manifestation.

"I placed you in a very awkward position, I fear," said she, with a keen appreciation of my professional responsibility. "I should have told you nothing, or all. It is true that I did write the letter; but"—Ah, that but! I thought—"but it was not written in my name, nor to Captain Balmoral. My old maid, Sophie Ducrot—who seems to be in this conspiracy against me, for I caught a glimpse of her as I rose to leave the Court—Sophie Ducrot had a lover, she told me; a young engineer on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships—Charles something, I forget what else she called him; but he had the same baptismal name as Captain Balmoral. She told me that he was the best man in the world," here Miss Lorraine smiled, "and loved her with all sincerity. He had offered her marriage; she knew not how to reply to him on the spot, as her English was deficient, and still less, for the same reason, was she able to write to him. She besought me, with French impulsiveness, to dictate a letter for her; and I willingly wrote the draft, for her to copy, of the foolish letter read in Court to-day. It has been turned against me, it seems, and adapted to another purpose—my signature imitated, and a false direction added—but I am as innocent of

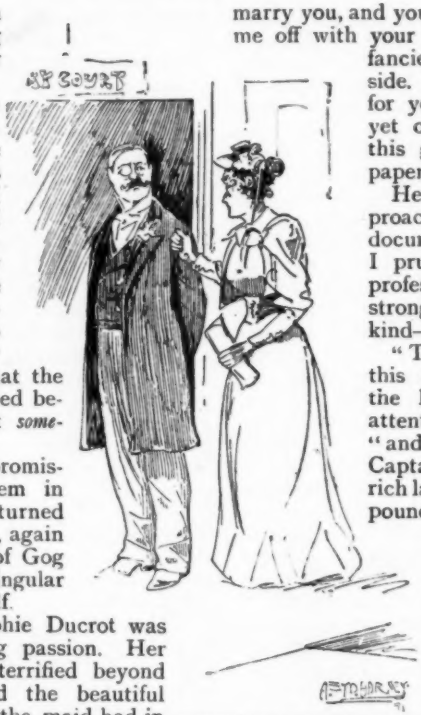
writing it to the man who is persecuting me as you are, or mamma."

I could have fallen upon the swan-neck as I heard these words, to express my gratitude; and I must confess that I never felt more unprofessional in my life. But the sense of duty happily conquered; that is to say, I was keenly alive to the fact that the case would be resumed before long, and that *something must be done.*

I left the ladies, promising to send for them in proper time, and returned to the Hall. There, again under the shadow of Gog and Magog, a singular scene presented itself.

Mademoiselle Sophie Ducrot was there, in a towering passion. Her maid was looking terrified beyond all description, and the beautiful boy and girl whom the maid had in charge were howling in sympathy. But, stranger sight than all, Captain Balmoral was standing by, positively pale with agitation; and you may guess the horrible appearance that he presented, when I remind you that pallor upon a bloated face is as ghastly as when seen upon a negro. And it was against Captain Balmoral that Mademoiselle Ducrot was letting loose the vials of her wrath. She spoke with the mingling of French, English, and Hindustani, which seemed to form her natural language; but reduced to English, her words amounted to this:

"Monster! you have deceived me! Was it for this that I consented to help you to get your ten thousand pounds?—you, who have brought this action against my old mistress—my old friend, I mean—through the letter I gave you, which I got written for me, having said that it was for that other Charles; for I dared not say that you were the man who loved me. Was it for this, I say, that I made the sacrifice I did? I know all now. You brought your action to make the rich lady marry you, and you were prepared to cast me off with your English law, that you fancied you had on your side. But I will be too much for you. The case is not yet over, and I appeal to this gentleman, with these papers——"



MONSTER! YOU HAVE DECEIVED ME!

Here Mademoiselle approached me with some documents in her hand; but I prudently referred her—professional instincts are strong in a situation of the kind—to Mr. Ferrett.

"Then I will appeal to this gentleman," continued the lady, transferring her attentions to the attorney; "and he will see that this Captain cannot marry the rich lady whose ten thousand pounds I was to help him to get, for *he is already married to me.*"

This was the exact situation which was the subject of my idea; and it seems that my hint to Mr. Ferrett had not been given in vain. His clerk had made acquaintance with the maid during her mistress's absence in Court, and, by a succession of small attentions which culminated in cherries and brandy, had led her almost to an admission of Mademoiselle's proper position; and, a good ground of suspicion being established, he had expedited the crisis by a slight misrepresentation of the British law, which, according to him, would have the power of compelling the specific performance of a contract of marriage apart from the granting of compensation. The clerk inflamed the maid, the maid inflamed the mistress, and the result was what we saw. It was exactly what Mr. Ferrett intended that it should be, with my suspicions to guide him; and my suspicions were founded upon the fact that I had seen Mademoiselle about with Captain Balmoral in Chandernagore, had heard her always described as his wife, and had a right, therefore, to consider her, *primâ facie*, in that relation.

During the burst of upbraiding on the part of the impassioned *Chandernagorienne*, Captain Balmoral disappeared, and he

was seen nowhere near the Court that day. By the time the case of "Balmoral *v.* Lorraine" was resumed, Mr. Ferrett was able to place in my hands certain papers, which not only proved the fact that the plaintiff was married, but proved the identity of the wife present in Court.

It was with great satisfaction that, as counsel for the defence, I was now able to point to all these particulars, with their natural consequence—that a married man cannot bring an action for breach of promise of marriage. And so carefully had Mademoiselle Ducrot borne her proofs about her—for she was one of that anomalous class of persons who always expect to be deceived by men—that the evidence was considered conclusive as far as the present Court was concerned, and the judge directed a nonsuit forthwith.

I have since learned that Captain Balmoral had, while at Darjeeling trying for the mistress, simply fallen into the meshes of the maid. He had been intrigued into a marriage which he did not think legal at the time, but which Mademoiselle Ducrot took care should answer all the requirements. I believe the pair have since come together again; but they have been disappointed of their ten thousand pounds, and have, besides, had a narrow escape of a prosecution for perjury; for, of course, Miss Lorraine did not wish to take the initiative, and was content with a public apology and retractation, which Captain Balmoral had to give in due form.

For myself, the case had brought nothing but good fortune. From that day forward business poured in upon me in a most remarkable manner. It is difficult to understand the motives of attorneys; but for one reason or another several of them seemed to have been seized with a sudden belief in my abilities. The cases in which I was first retained were usually more or less connected with the Corporation of London; and from what I have since heard, I am inclined to believe that interest was made for me by a lady through Sir John Lorraine, who was still alive and potential, although he had "passed the chair." I had no difficulty in discovering the identity of the lady, and renewing my acquaintance. The result was most fortunate. I was married to my lovely client in less than six months after the memorable trial. There is no need for many particulars, but I may mention that she is more swan-like than ever, and that I live in a state of thorough enchantment. Ill-natured people may say that Bertha married me through gratitude, because I released her from the persecution of Balmoral. But you, who have read my story, know how little was due to *my* action in the matter, and how much more I was aided by what we are accustomed to call accident—the happy chance that brought Sophie Ducrot to me with her absurd inquiry about *ces sahibs*, the worthy Gog and Magog, whom I shall always regard with gratitude as the instruments of my good fortune. It is not every day that a man marries an ex-lady-mayoress, not much past her majority, with so many advantages to confer with her charming self.



I WAS MARRIED TO MY LOVELY CLIENT.

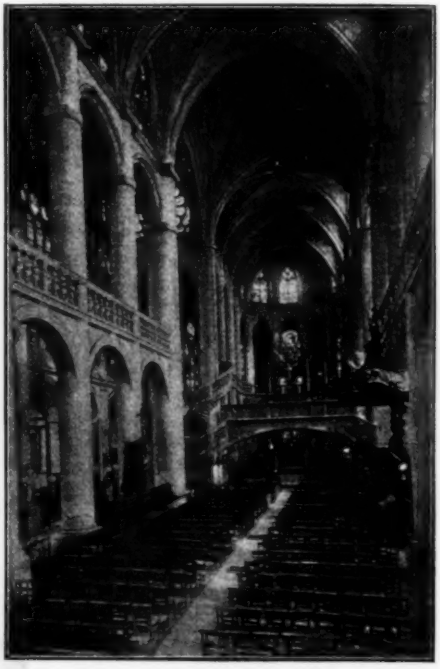
A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

(Continued.)

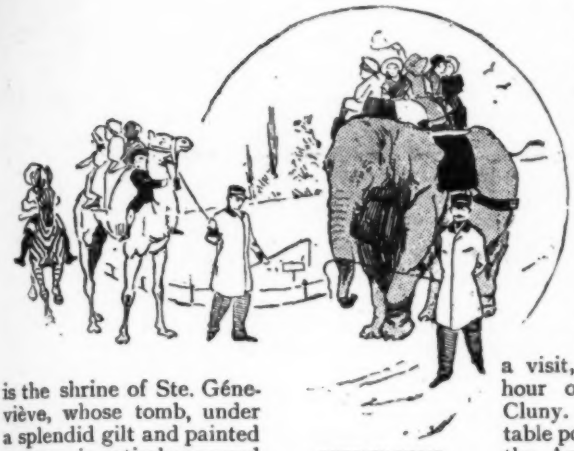
THE Pantheon (the resting-place of the greatest heroes of France) was unfortunately closed, in preparation for the grand centenary fête.

The outside is like Des Invalides, but larger, a domed Grecian temple; indeed, this style is to be met with frequently in Paris. The French love to pose as the successors to the old Romans: their principal buildings are copies; they have eagles for their standards, and Louis XIV. is actually in one statue represented as a Roman. I was much amused to hear that the statue at Versailles which does duty for Martius Curtius was originally intended for the Grand Monarque, but on his not liking it, a few flames were added round the horse, and hey presto! behold a noble Roman. Finding the Pantheon closed, we entered a church close by; one which happened to be one of the most beautiful and interesting in Paris—that of St. Etienne du Mont. The outside is most singular: there is a large door like the entrance to a Roman building, and this is surrounded by different styles of architecture, there being a tower on one side, the corners of which vary, one being square and the other rounded; there are also buttresses, both solid and flying, and all over the front sculptures and ornaments are stuck on till the church looks like the curious old furniture of the Middle Ages, decorated according to the whim of the moment.

It is a very old building, dating back to 1121, but it was almost entirely rebuilt in the 16th century. It contains the wonder-working shrine of Ste. Géneviève, the patron saint (female) of Paris, to whom the Pantheon was originally dedicated by Louis XV. Both these buildings stand in the Quartier Latin, the place where the students most do congregate. As a lively illustration of the want of faith of our modern times, was a crippled woman with crutches, who sat at the door of St. Etienne; begging, and yet before the shrine of Ste. Géneviève lay the crutches of those who had been healed by faith in her powers. The interior is not only particularly beautiful, but also uncommon. The pillars are Norman, as are also the arches; but the strange feature is the rood screen, which is an arch of stone, built across the entrance to the choir in such a way as to permit of the altar being seen distinctly. Round the pillars twine two staircases of open work in stone, which enable the priest and choir to reach a gallery which is built all round the choir from pillar to pillar. This is most curious. At one end



ST. ETIENNE CHURCH.



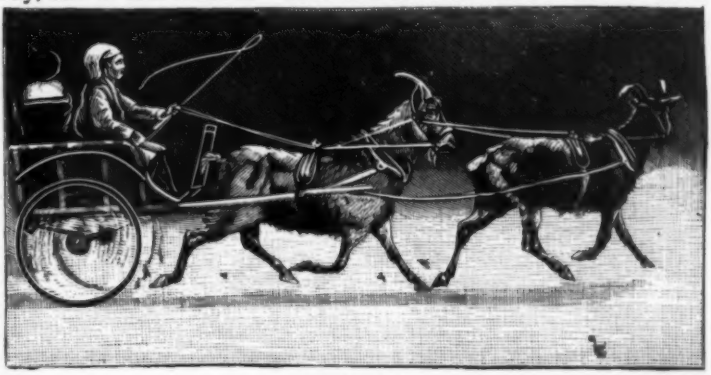
CHILDREN RIDING.

is the shrine of Ste. Geneviève, whose tomb, under a splendid gilt and painted canopy, is entirely covered with open metal work, gilt also.

One afternoon (Sunday) we went to the "Jardin d'Acclimation," a very favourite Sunday resort of the Parisians. We passed through the Bois de Boulogne, where the people were enjoying themselves, all quiet and happy. Further on we drove past Longchamps where a race meeting was in full swing. The great sight of the gardens is not the animals, but the children for whose amusement solely the parents go there. It was interesting to watch them riding on the elephants, zebras and camels, or in carts drawn by three llamas, or a giraffe, or an ostrich, or goats.

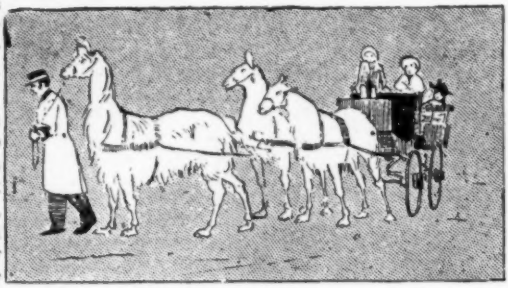
The elderly people seemed to enjoy it as much as the youngsters. A considerable source of revenue is obtained by the animals in this way, and it also tends to keep them in good health. The fee of admission, which is one franc on ordinary days, is reduced to half-a-franc on Sundays, and the gardens are thronged. The seals, with their peculiar cry, and their habit of diving off the rocks, attracted a great deal of attention. I must not forget to mention the toy train which brought us from the Jardin to the road. The rails are little more than a foot apart, and over these, small, light covered carriages containing eight people are drawn by horses or mules. The sensation while passing rapidly through the woods was a very novel and pleasant one and seemed to be enjoyed by all.

Another place worthy of a visit, and where I spent a happy hour or two, is the Museum of Cluny. In its grounds stand veritable portions of the palace of Julian, the Apostate, dating back to 300 A.D. It was afterwards the residence of the Merovingian and Carlovingian Kings, and later still of the Benedictine Monks of Cluny, who rescued what remained of the ruins from destruction and built a mansion there which they lent to the Kings of France. Mary Tudor, wife of Louis XII., was the first royal person to live here. It is a purely Gothic building of the fourteenth century. Adjoining the building are "Les Thermes," the baths, the size of which showed us that they must have been erected for a personage of considerable importance. The largest room is $65 \times 37 \times 59$ feet, so it is easily imagined what size they are. For many centuries a garden stood above it. The baths were much despoiled before they passed into the hands of the monks, and much of the stone of which they were built was removed to be used in other



GOAT TANDEM.

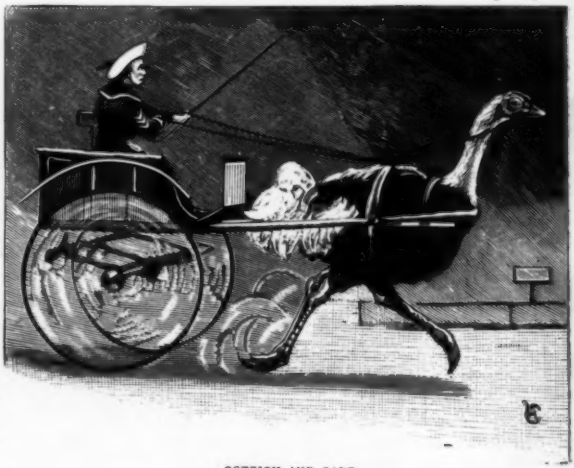
buildings. Despite the spoliation they are still in very good preservation.



LLAMAS.

The Museum consists of two floors, the rooms are for the most part low and dark, excepting those in which the pottery and embroidery are displayed. There is here gathered together a most valuable collection of antique carvings in oak, that would delight the heart of any judge; delicate embroideries, tapestry, lace-work, exquisite specimens of the blacksmith's art in wrought metals, carvings in ivory, specimens of the pottery of the Middle Ages and down to the eighteenth century, gathered together from Rhodes, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland and France. The Moorish pottery has a peculiarly lustrous enamel, such as I have noticed in some of our Indian pottery of the present day. There was some of the old Delf ware, with which we are so familiar in our cottages here in England. There was one small room entirely devoted to objects connected with the Jewish ritual, and here I saw scrolls in Hebrew, beautifully written and ornamented This room contained many gifts from Baroness Rothschild. Old-fashioned musical instruments, some of which had belonged to Mary Tudor, some guitars, beautifully inlaid with ivory and pearl The collection of shoes from all countries is very interesting; every conceivable material is used: wood (delicately carved), straw, leather, silk, of every variety of shape and size Some of the heels were at the least six inches high, and the weight of the Jack-boots must have tired the wearers. We returned, satisfied with Paris, and spent a long time talking to our landlady. She was a most amusing and interesting old lady and delighted in extracting information from us. She persisted that I should have been born a Frenchman, I was too frivolous for an Englishman, and I believe she nicknamed me "*L'homme qui rit.*" I should like much to say something about that everlasting *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* one sees painted up everywhere, over every building, sacred or profane, but discretion forbids it; suffice to say that I fancy the French do not yet understand *Liberté* as we do, *Egalité* there never will be: there is and there ever will be a great gulf between the rich and poor, and however much they or we may strive to bridge it over with *Fraternité*, still, we may rest assured that neither you, my readers, or I will ever see it; nor do I think at heart would we really wish it.

Before leaving Paris I must describe a very beautiful tower, not far from Notre Dame, called the tower of St. Jacques.

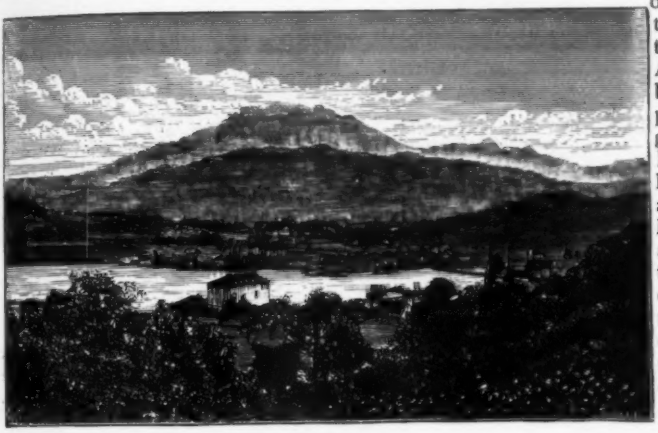


OSTRICH AND CART.

It originally formed the belfry of a church which was destroyed in the Revolution, and the tower was actually sold to a private individual whose heirs resold it to the nation, and the tower was then completely restored, while the ruins of the church were removed. It is a beautiful example of Gothic architecture and has

been restored most lovingly and carefully.

We left Paris en route for the South early one morning and as we travelled towards Switzerland we noticed how much the flat country looked like the plains of India, and the resemblance was increased by the fields not being enclosed by hedges or fences, by the little round stacks of corn and hay and the use of oxen in the fields. The French agriculturists have a very ugly way of pruning their trees which are planted close together. All the lower branches are cut off, and the tree shoots up, lanky and thin and with a very ugly appearance, reminding one, especially in the case of poplars, of the painted wooden trees of our childhood. The carriages are not comfortable, and clouds of coal-dust and smoke enter them, making travelling very unpleasant. En route we were joined by a gentleman from South Africa, who also was sightseeing. We broke our journey at Lucerne for the night and we were greeted on our arrival by a terrific thunderstorm, the frequent and vivid flashes of the lightning and the sonorous claps of thunder, echoing and re-echoing through the hills and ultimately dying faintly away in a gentle murmur, was grand and awe inspiring.



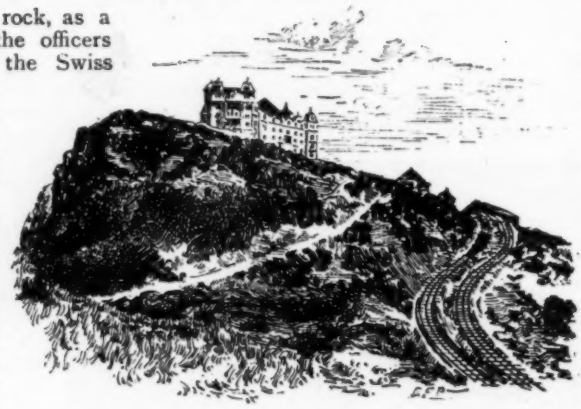
LUCERNE.

We were out early next morning and had a stroll along the lake. The scenery was of surpassing beauty: the placid waters of the lake deep blue in colour, on one side, Pilatus on the other; the Rigi, the snowy-capped Alps of Engleberg, before you, formed a picture not to be forgotten. The river Reuss flows from the lake, the water surges along with torrent-like speed; over it are four bridges, one, the Kapellbücke, is covered, and on the roof is painted some one hundred and fifty scenes from the lives of two Patron Saints of Lucerne, viz., St. Mauntrus and St. Leodegar; another bridge, the Mühlen-Brücke, has painted on it the well known "Dance of Death." The Hofkirche is, although very ancient, of no architectural beauty. The front is flanked by two towers, which are square and terminated by tall pyramidal spires The interior is more pleasing, the stained glass being good, while in the choir are some old handsomely-carved stalls. Our next visit was to the celebrated "Lion of Lucerne," a splendid statue by the Norwegian sculptor, Thorwaldsen; it is carved



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

on the solid rock, as a memorial of the officers and men of the Swiss Guard who fell while defending the Tuileries against the mob in the beginning of the French Revolution. It was executed in 1821. The lion, wounded to death, pierced by a broken spear, lies partly across a shield bearing the French *fleur de lis*. The rock is overhung by trees and creepers, while below is a deep, dark pool—I give the Latin inscription:

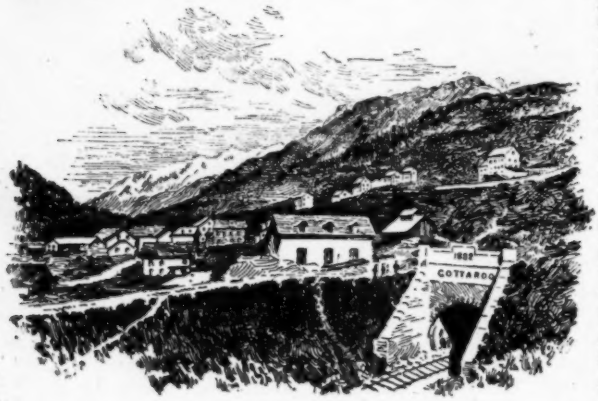


THE RIGI, SHOWING RAILWAY.

"Helvetiorum fidei ac virtute. Die X. Aug. II. et III. Sept., 1792. Haec sunt nomina corum, qui ne sacramenti fidem fallerent, fortissime pugnantes occiderunt. Duces xxvi. Solerte amicorum cura cladi superfuerunt Duces xvi."

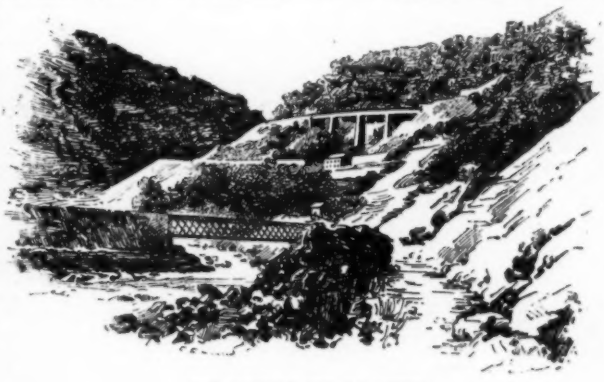
Close by this is some of Nature's work, now called the Gletscher-garten, done long ago in the glacial period, before man's existence. This was a series of circular holes, some exceedingly large, one, indeed, being nearly thirty feet wide and as many deep, scooped out by the action of whirlpools and the friction of huge boulders, which, rounded and smooth, now lie at the bottom of the holes they served to make. Many excursions can be made on the lake by means of commodious and handsome steamers. At Lucerne we met with the only instance of incivility on the part of hotel authorities. A bill of considerable length, and very tall charges, was presented, and on my paying in coupons (Gaze's), the manager of the hotel was most insolent because he had to reduce his most exorbitant charges. This was at the Lucernerhof, an hotel to be avoided, if you are not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods.

The Rigi rises up in its solitary grandeur nearly 4,500 feet above Lucerne, or 6,000 feet above the sea level. There are two ways of ascending the Rigi—one from Vitznau, the other from Arth. We chose the latter: the railway is a little but powerful toy one, worked on the cog system. We passed along the scene of the great Goldam landslip, where a huge slice of the mountain was hurled down some 3,000 feet into the vale below, destroying four villages and their inhabitants, and finally plunging into the lake and causing the water to rise some eighty feet. Further on we came upon a small monastery and hospice, kept by the Capuchin monks: here also is a small chapel, that of Our Lady of the Snow (Maria Zumschnee), much favoured by pilgrims. The panorama, as we passed along, baffles description. In the summer the hotels on the Rigi are crowded towards evening. At sunset all are drawn to the summit by one common object,



ENTRANCE TO ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

Early in the morning, in fact, about half-an-hour before sunrise, a great blowing of horns commences, and everyone again is about, all crowding to see the sun rise; first, a faint streak, which slowly pales the brightness of the stars, and heralds the dawn of day. This gradually changes to a golden hue; each separate peak is tipped with red; the mists and shadows lift or evaporate; the lakes, then the towns and villages, then the hamlets dotted about, slowly appear; all is at first cold and damp, until, at length, old Sol bursts, in all his grandeur, from behind the peaks, and floods the beautiful panorama with warmth and light. There are probably few who have witnessed this whose thoughts do not insensibly turn in silent praise and adoration toward the Creator of the light that rules the day and gives life and warmth to all mankind, to all Nature.



THE RAILWAY'S WINDING ASCENT.

Pilatus is still higher, being some 1,000 feet more. From Pilatus one sees the Jungfrau and Wetterhörn. This mountain is the weather-cock, or I should say the barometer, of the district. An old muse has it:

"If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day;
If his collar he puts on, you may venture on your way;
But if his sword he wields, at home you'd better stay."

Tradition says that Pontius Pilate fled here from Galilee, and, through remorse, drowned himself in the lake.

From Lucerne we entered upon Alpine scenery proper, and we turned from one side to the other as mountain torrent, waterfall, lake, grass-clothed slope or wooded mountain claimed our attention.

Travelling from Lucerne to Bellenzona (on the Italian frontier) we passed over the celebrated St. Gothard Railway, which was opened some ten years ago after having occupied ten years in construction. It took about £10,000,000 to finish the work, about £65,000 per mile—no light undertaking. The scenery is not equal to that of the Himalayas, but it is, notwithstanding that, very lovely, and the houses and villages, with their rude churches, look very picturesque dotted about the mountains. The whole place was wonderfully green, but there was very little life, animal or human, to be seen. In some parts we skirted the borders of lakes or passed over streams; at others we rushed through plantations of chestnut, walnut, vines, and fields of Indian corn. The tunnels were numerous and most wonderful, some forming a loop; there are over six of these. The St. Gothard tunnel was the longest, and we were twenty minutes going through it. A great deal of our pleasure was marred by the vexatious way in which the guard interfered with us, refusing to allow us to stand on the platform of the train. At Lucerne I tipped a porter thirty centimes (three pence), he complained that it was not enough (all English are legitimate prey); half jokingly I took one penny back, whereupon the porter got most insolent and abusive, so I took the other twopence back as well. It was a dear threepence for me. When I returned to Lucerne to depart south, he (the bad-tempered porter) put an official on to me to excess my luggage I refused. I had only a large Gladstone bag, but on my arrival at Chiasso I was met by a bevy of officials—some half-dozen. They refused to pass my bag, or even examine it, until it had been weighed and excessed some four or five francs. Revenge is sweet, so thinks the Swiss railway porter. A young Anglican clergyman had some twenty odd cigars; they wanted five francs duty; as they were Continetal ones they were not worth it, so he decided to leave them behind and destroyed them.

R



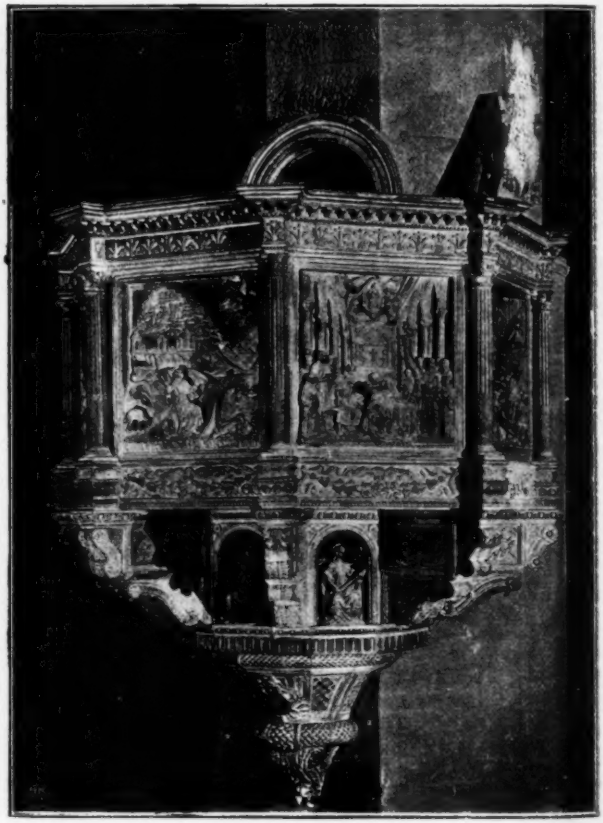
LAKE OF COMO.

He, in a mild way, was very wroth. I suggested that a good solid English swear would relieve his pent-up feelings. I fancy he thought a great many bad words in those few minutes.

We halted at Como, the birthplace of Pliny the younger, and Volta, from whom the voltaic battery is named.

The Lake of Como is one of the most beautiful of all the Italian lakes; it is some thirty miles long and is over a mile in depth in some places. The Milanese nobles and aristocracy frequent it in the season, and many and beautiful are the villas and gardens scattered about the banks, which are clothed with walnut, chestnut and olive trees. There is a very fine church of white marble, indeed it is considered one of the finest in Northern Italy. It has three circular chapels. I admired the church exceedingly, the particular construction being calculated to throw everything into clear relief, but our artist companion found much fault with it. Adjoining the church is the Rothaus, or town-hall, built of varicoloured stones. There is also another very quaint church, that of San Crocefisso, dating back to the 17th century.

This has a very rude appearance outside, as, indeed, most of the old buildings have, from the fact that they were built of stone embedded in



PULPIT IN MILAN CATHEDRAL

mortar, and afterwards covered with cement. As much of the outer cement has worn away, the rough stonework appears.

After breakfast we went in one of the lake steamers to Bellaggio, the most beautiful town on the lake, and had a fine view of the mountain slopes.

We left later on for Milan, passing through Monza, where, in the cathedral of that town, is the celebrated "Iron Crown" of the kings of Lombardy. This crown is said to contain a nail from the Cross.

We arrived at Milan too late for sight-seeing. Next morning, however, we were up betimes and off to the Cathedral. After thoroughly inspecting it, I felt that if we had seen nothing else but this we should have been amply rewarded for all our fatigue and toil. It is most superb, the third largest in Europe, and so beautifully ornamented on the outside that it would take days to study the statues of saints, martyrs and bishops, and the carvings in bas-relief of the chief events in biblical history. There are over 2,000 statues on the exterior, and 98 gothic pinnacles. The whole edifice is of white marble, the floor being of coloured marbles inlaid. Beside the front door within, stand two lofty monolithic pillars of granite, and the eye is at once arrested by the great height of the roof, and the massiveness of the pillars. The roof is beautifully painted in imitation of open carved work in stone, and so perfectly is this done that I was completely deceived. It was only after a second inspection, when the light was stronger, that we found out our mistake. We inspected the crypt, and, by paying five francs, were admitted to see the chapel and body of



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

San Carlo Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop in the 16th century. The chapel is entirely surrounded by pillars and cornices of solid silver, and the spaces between the pillars are hung with curtains of cloth of gold. Over the altar are the sacred remains of the saint. The outer coffin is of silver, richly chased, and the inner one is of glass, through which can be clearly seen the body of the saint, dressed in his robes and wearing two magnificent rings. Over his head is suspended a small crown of gold and jewels, the work of Benevenuto Cellini, and the gift of the Elector of Bavaria; while in the

middle of the coffin hangs a magnificent cross of emeralds and brilliants presented by Maria Theresa. Threaded on chains and hanging all round the coffin are valuable rings, given from time to time by the faithful. Of particular interest to us was a small gold crucifix, offered by the late Cardinal Wiseman; and here also Cardinal Manning celebrated a mass when passing through to the Sacred College at Rome. All round the chapel were paintings representing the most interesting passages in the Saint's life. We also saw the crucifix which he carried with him when he went forth barefooted to minister to the plague-stricken people of Milan.

The grandeur of this glorious Cathedral beggars description—it is perfect in every detail; the interior is imposing and yet simple, the stained glass is of a high order, and the numerous statues well executed. One of St. Bartholomew, flayed alive and having his skin draped around him as a mantle, proved very fascinating, and is, I believe, a perfect one from an anatomical point of view.

The exterior, which looks white and fresh, is a mass of the most elaborate ornamentation; statues of martyrs at the stake—virgins, bishops, saints, all are perfect, and those that are on pinnacles stand forth independently in a very bold and effective manner. We climbed to the tops of the slender towers which surmount the dome, a distance of 494 steps, and obtained a fine view of Milan, with the Alps and



STATUE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Apennines in the distance. The Cathedral stands in a square, which is illuminated at night by electric light, so that the glorious building is at all times to be seen. One drawback, however, there is, and that is the large doors of the Cathedral—these are poor, dirty and badly kept, and covered by advertisements.

In this square is the "Galleria Vittore Emanuele," a magnificent cruciform-shaped arcade of great breadth and height, adorned in the middle by four frescoes and twenty-four statues of noted Italians.

It is a splendid building, the finest of its kind in Europe, and it is sad to think that the architect, G. Mengoni, lost his life by falling from the portal. There are very fine shops and cafés along its whole extent; it is brilliantly lit up at night and is a favourite promenade of the Milanese. We next visited the church of Sta Maria della Grazie, a massive but not otherwise attractive building, which derives an interest from the fact of its having been the church of the monastery in the refectory of which Leonardo da Vinci painted his famous "Last Supper." The fresco is a good deal injured by time and want of care, but still suffices to show how perfect the work must have been when first done. From this we went to the church of St. Ambrose, founded in the 4th century, the one in which he (Ambrose) refused admission to Theodosius, after he returned from the massacre of Thessalonica. It is built on the ruins of an old temple of Bacchus, some of the materials of which are incorporated in the present building, notably four granite or porphyry (I don't remember which) pillars, which support the canopy which rises before the choir. In the centre of the church stand two pillars—on one a serpent, on the other a cross; these are symbolical of the Old and New Testament. I forgot to mention that the font in the Cathedral is of porphyry, and was originally the sarcophagus of St. Dionysius.

It is in this town that the famous La Scala Opera House stands. In the square or Piazza of the same name stands a fine statue of Leonardo da Vinci, erected early in the 16th century. The acoustic properties of the opera house are perfect and said to be second to none. It is here that the first productions of most of our best operas have been performed. Here it is that Verdi's "Falstaff" will be shortly produced. The prices for seats on these "first nights" rise to fabulous amounts, indeed so much as £25 has been given for one stall.

(To be continued.)





A Mother's Photo

By G. Fenn Challis.
Illustrated by Ernest F. Sherie

In a distant Country village,
Far from London toil and strain:
Lived a Mother and her daughter,
Bright and happy were the twain:
May was like a gleam of sunshine,
To the poor there far and wide;
Loved was this sweet village lassie,
All around the Country side.

To that village in the springtime,
Came a gentleman from Town;
Saw this fresh flower of the woodland,
Dressed in simple Country gown;
Said he, "there are gold and jewels,
Satin dresses, parties, life."
May believed; she went to Town to
Be a lady and his wife.

Months flew by, the anxious Mother
Came to London, news to glean,
There to hear the old old story,
How, deserted May had been:
In a shelter built for outcasts,
Where her child was known to call,
As a message to the lost one—
Pinned her photo to the wall.

To that shelter came a woman,
Donned in soiled and tattered gown:
None would recognize the beauty:
Who had come to London Town.
Clutching at the wall to help her.
By her Mother's photo stops:
At the sight the pent up tears burst.
And upon her knees she drops.

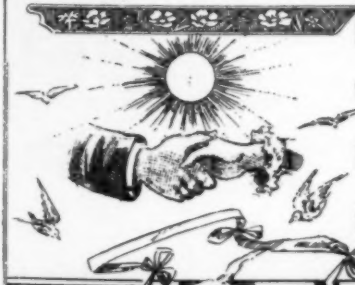




Then she left that house forever.
But two people bar the way:
He, who hastens to a carriage.
With a lady from the play:
She had loved and been forsaken.
He had married, now they meet!
Husband, Wife, repentant outcast
In the dreary London street.



There the poor girl stood a moment.
Then she faced the blinding sleet
Left the lurid lights of London.
Left the crowded London street.
To that far off Country village.
Turned her steps: the tempest o'er
Welcomed back, and n'er upbraided.
Safe with home and love once more.



Life consists of many volumes.
And we all play many parts:
We should find some pages blotted.
Could we read each others hearts.
If to some the sun shines seldom:
And the past is blurred and black.
Let's extend the hand of friendship.
We may bring the sunshine back!.

Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 4.—THE PIRATES' RETREAT.



WISH, swish, lapped the water against the side of my bunk, as the tiny wavelets rippled along the counter of our little vessel. I had just woke up from a snooze, and lay quietly blinking my eyes, preparatory to turning out to go on deck. We were becalmed and for several days our sails had vainly wooed the wished-for breeze as we drifted idly along under a cloudless sky.

We were trading in the China Seas, voyaging between ports on the China coast between Shanghai and Hong Kong and various parts of the Malay peninsula. Our cargo, this voyage, consisted chiefly of general merchandise, such as cotton goods, ironware and other English manufactures, which we had loaded up at Hong Kong and were to discharge at Singapore, Penang and one or two other Malay ports.

I was roused from my lethargic condition by a hail from old Sam, the bo'sun, who, as he came lumbering somewhat heavily down the companion, shouted out :—

"Mr. Holybone, below there, sir."

"Aye, aye, what is it?"

"The Cap'en would like you to step up on deck, at once."

Jumping off my bunk, I was with Sam almost as soon as he got into the cabin.

"Anything wrong?" I asked as, pulling on my jacket, I prepared to go up.

"Not as I knows of, sir, but Cap'en Russell's been pesky restless for some little while; p'raps it's this calm, but he can't alter that, anyhow; I don't know as it's anything else."

Old Sam was a character in his way, although we all called him *old* Sam, he was not more than fifty years of age, and, except that his hair was nearly white, he might have easily passed for a man ten years his junior; he was a big fellow, big in every way. He stood just six feet in his socks and was as upright as the proverbial dart; his girth of chest was enormous—I do not think I ever saw a man of such muscular development. Sam was just the man one would like to have by one's side when any danger was near. As a friend and ally he was the beau ideal, but as a foe—well you will hear later on of his capabilities in this respect.

When I got on deck, I found the Captain walking up and down the poop; his hands were clasped behind his back, a favourite position of his; and as I drew near, I could see from his puckered brow and the absorbed expression of his face that there was something more than the calm that troubled him.

As he caught sight of me he came to anchor and, turning round, put his arm through mine, and together we paced the deck.

"I sent for you, Holybone," he began, "because I have a presentiment that we shall have trouble before long. You know I have been sailing in these seas for many years now, so that my experience is not of yesterday. Well, the danger I fear is not of wind and sea, as your glance around suggests might be my meaning; it arises from quite a different

source. To come to the point, my fear is that if this calm holds much longer and we continue drifting as we are now doing, we may fall into the hands of some of the cut-throat pirates that infest this coast. Before we left Hong Kong I heard rumours that the vermin were about in larger force than usual, but I didn't pay much attention to the matter, except that I told Sam to see that our armoury was in fighting trim, and ordered an extra supply of powder and bullets to be shipped along with the vessel's stores."

"But why," I remarked, "should you look for such an attack hereabouts? There's not a sail in sight, and if we cannot make headway, neither can these pirates."



OLD SAM.

"That's just where it is, my lad, as you say, we haven't enough wind to move an inch; but these villains, when the wind fails, can use their oars, or sweeps, as they term them, and in their sharp-built dhows they can come down like a flight of vultures, once they scent their prey. No, if we could get a capful of wind, we should likely enough see nothing of them; anyhow, we could look after ourselves. Now, we are perfectly helpless, so far as manœuvring the *Nancy* goes, and every hour takes us nearer to the Borneo coast. We calculated our position yesterday as about fifty miles nor'-west of Labuan Isles, didn't we?"

"Yes, about that, reckoning our drift."

"Then to day we are some ten miles nearer the coast, and to-morrow night we shall be a further twelve or fifteen miles closer, if the current still carries us as at present, which it will do, and the following morning we shall be in sight of land; then we shall be spotted, if any of these cut-throats are about. I don't like the lay of things at all—we can only prepare ourselves, and be ready to give any suspicious characters a warm welcome."

"I hope it won't come to that, Captain," I answered; "but we will, at any rate, have the arms looked to. Shall I call the men aft and tell them what we think?"

"May as well," he replied; "they will then keep a sharper look out, and be ready for emergencies. Call Sam here and let us hear what he thinks; he's been trading with me in these seas for many years and perhaps can help us."

So Sam came aft and Captain Russell explained his views to him, as he had to me. Sam heard it all in silence; then, turning to the Captain, said: "If we keep out of sight of land, Cap'en, I take it we might stand a chance." Captain Russell nodded his head by way of reply. "Then why not have out one of the boats and tow the *Nancy* off the land? If the current only sets in ten or twelve knots in the twenty-four hours, the boat, I think, would hold her against that; it would be a bit of work, but the men can do it in spells."

"Bravo Sam, the very idea," the Captain remarked. "Go and tell the men, and we will start at once. Old Sam's got his head screwed on right," he continued, as Sam left us; "if we can only keep out of sight for a couple of days we may steer clear of the varmints yet."

The result of Sam's confabulation with the men was soon evident in the preparations that were made to lower the jolly-boat, and, in half an hour's time, we had the boat out and a rope made fast to the *Nancy's* bows, and slowly but surely her course shorewards was

arrested. We were twelve men all told, besides the Captain, so we divided into three watches of four men each and each gang took four hours' spell at the towing. By this means we got eight hours' rest between each turn in the boat, and, to our great satisfaction, found that we more than counteracted the set of the current. We had been towing for thirty-six hours and all the time the sky and sea maintained their calm unruffled appearance; not a cloud was visible in the azure vaults above, not a breath of wind stirred the glassy waters around us. It was eight o'clock on the second evening when I took my place in the boat for my four hours' pull; Sam was with me, having taken the place of one of the men who was sick from a slight touch of sunstroke; we had pulled for about two hours, when we noticed signs of a change in the weather. Clouds were slowly crawling up the southern horizon, first feathery misty white, then gradually thickening, darker and darker. No wind was yet apparent to us below, yet we felt that our labours were nearly done and Sam and I were just considering the advisability of knocking off work and getting on board. The night had now become quite overcast, and we could barely see the loom of the *Nancy* against the darkening sky. We had stayed our rowing for a few seconds when one of the men in a hoarse whisper said "What's that?" Straining our ears and eyes, we waited; then there came the sound wiss, wiss, which our trained ears immediately detected as the play of oars as they skimmed the water's surface. "There she goes," said Sam, whose watchful eye first sighted the long dark shadow of the moving boat as she passed close under the bows of the *Nancy*.—"My God!" he shouted, "it's the pirates!" and, leaping up in the boat, he roared again and again, "*Nancy*, ahoy, *Nancy*, ahoy!" An answering shout from the watch on board told that he was heard; then we had to look after ourselves, for another boat came broadside on to us, and the flash of steel, as several of the villains slashed at us, showed that they meant business; our man rowing bow and the one next him were disabled at the first onslaught, but Sam and myself were not touched. The two boats were now locked together, the pirates' standing some two feet higher than ours. We had our cutlasses with us and, grasping mine, I prepared to sell my life as dearly as I could. Sam disdained his cutlass for the time, but, seizing his oar near the blade and using it as a quarter staff or club, he sprang into the stern of the pirates' craft, and then, with the most indomitable pluck it has ever been my lot to see, he, one man against a dozen or more, commenced the onslaught. Truly, as Captain Russell had said, old Sam had his head on right—he had chosen the best weapon he could have found for his purpose and judged his ground, or rather position, so accurately that he had all the enemy in front of him. Then, without giving them time to pause, at them he went, his heavy oar swung by an arm of which Hercules would have been proud, knocked the yelling, murderous crew over like ninepins; one of his victims who fell nearest to him was only partially disabled and, lifting up his wicked-looking kriss, or knife, made a stab at him; but Sam was too quick for the scamp, as, catching the point of the kriss in the blade of his oar, he grasped his assailant by the neck in his mighty right hand and literally broke his neck as he bent him double. All this, which takes some minutes to recount, occupied but a few



LITERALLY BROKE HIS NECK.

seconds; and till now I had stood still in our boat, spell-bound at the mighty prowess of my shipmate. There were still three of the pirates in the bow of their craft, and realising that I had left all the fighting to Sam. I sprang on board to take my share in the remainder of the fight. "Come away!" shouted he; "your cutlass is no good in this game; they'll knife you in a trice; this is the tickler for 'em;" and, rushing past, with one sweep of his oar he knocked two of them into the sea; the other nigger thought discretion the better part of valour and dived over after his stricken comrades, leaving Sam master of the situation. "Now, then, back into the boat," said he, "and let's get on board the *Nancy;*" and, springing into our craft, we pulled for our vessel. The fight was still in full swing round the vessel, judging from the shouts and firing of pistols and muskets which we heard. We eased rowing as we came near and crept cautiously along, waiting for a favourable moment to run alongside. Our position now was most risky: we stood the chance of being fired on from our fellows, as they would not be able to distinguish us in the dark from the enemy; and if we ran into another boatload of pirates we could scarcely hope to get off so fortunately a second time. "We had better get as close as we can without attracting the notice of the Malays, then, if we can find a quiet spot, run in and call to our men to cover us whilst we clamber up," said my companion. "That's all right, if we get near without being seen," I replied, "but if we are discovered, then we shall have to fight for it; there's no other way out of it that I can see, so let's get on. I will pull; Sam, you get forward to guide my movements." With this I got under weigh as quietly as I could. Fortune favoured us again, and we managed to get almost close under the *Nancy's* side without being seen. "*Nancy*, ahoy!" called Sam in a low voice. "Hullo there," came the reply, as a dark form showed above the bulwarks, "is that Mr. Holybone and the boat?" "Yes," returned Sam; "two of us are wounded or worse; throw us a rope and then get a ladder and we'll bring our wounded up; look sharp, lad." A rope was thrown down at once and we made fast the boat to it. We now had the means of escape, as we could swarm up the rope easily before the pirates could get at us if they came round. The fight appeared to have ceased, as we could now hear no signs of a conflict. In a minute or less the sailor appeared and the rope-ladder came down. "Now, Sam, you take one of the poor fellows and I'll carry the other;" picking up one of the men as if he were an infant, Sam went up the ladder and I followed immediately.



A FAVOURITE POSITION OF HIS.

Sam had just got to the bulwarks and I was about half-way up when the man above called out, "look out, they're close to you," and glancing down I saw a boat just under my feet. Hurrying upwards as rapidly as I could, I was almost within reach of the rail when I received a terrible blow on the back of my neck. "Help!" I cried, and I felt a grasp clutch my shoulder and then I remembered no more.

When I came to I was lying in the stern of one of the Malay dhows, bound hand and foot; my head throbbed as if a thousand hammers were beating at it. Morning was just breaking and I could see the pirates were rowing leisurely along. Being at the bottom of the boat, I was unable to discern our whereabouts or the position of my vessel. Then I became again unconscious. I was brought to my senses by the sudden jolt of the dhow as she ran aground, then two of the crew lifted me up and carried me ashore. There was no sign of a village or habitation of any sort in view; the shingly beach ran gently up, gradually merging into a dense undergrowth of bushes and small trees.

Presently fires were lighted and some rice and vegetables were brought from the boat and boiled up into a stiff doughy-looking mess. My bonds were now severed and a share of the stuff was given to me. My throat and mouth were parched with thirst, so, making a sign of drinking, I was at once supplied with some water which was the most luscious

draught I ever remember drinking; then I set to on the rice and made quite a respectable meal off what, a few minutes before, I had turned from with disgust.

We left this spot in the dhow just before daybreak next morning. I remained still unbound, but there was no chance of escape so I took my seat in the stern, where their leader motioned me to place myself. The dhow now took her course northwards along the coast, the crew rowing steadily for about a couple of hours; the coast line here commenced to get more broken and rugged and presently I noticed, about a quarter of a mile ahead, what appeared to be a river or narrow bay running into the land. We went up this little gulf for a hundred yards or so, when I was surprised to find the narrow stream broaden out into a wide lake, or rather lagoon. Here the crew ceased pulling and most of them lay down in the boat to rest. We remained thus for some considerable time and I began to wonder what was to be the next move; finally I came to the conclusion that we were waiting for the other dhows to come along. Here, perhaps, I may give a description of my captors. There were fifteen of them altogether and fine muscular-looking villains they looked; they were dressed in various-coloured cotton shirts and turkish trousers—large baggy-looking garments, reaching just below the knee—naked legs and feet, and most of them wore turbans of cotton or twill bound round their heads. Gaudy sashes encircled their waists, in which were thrust their krisses and knives, whilst one or two had pistols as well.

The lagoon on which we now lay was surrounded on the land side by a dense and gloomy-looking forest of giant trees, whilst towards the sea, a line of rugged rocks shut out the entire view, a bend in the gulf cutting off the passage by which we had entered. After dozing thus for perhaps an hour, the leader of the band aroused his men and then, to my dismay, commenced to tie my hands behind my back—resistance was of course futile—then a bandage was put round my eyes and I was laid down in the stern of the dhow. The boat now was gently rowed along for a short while, then the click of the oars ceased; the way on the dhow, however, still continued, accompanied by a strange pattering sound and a still sharper up and down movement. Easing my position a little by turning over on my side, I found my hands were but very loosely tied, and after a bit I slipped them free of the lashings; cautiously and quietly I brought my underneath arm up to my face without attracting attention, then gently lifting the bandage over my eyes, I peeped forth.

Was I blind; or what had come over me? I could not see; I felt my eyes; yes, they were free of the covering, then a glimmering of sight returned; we were in the dark, or almost so; there was just the faintest suspicion of gloaming, which, as my vision got accustomed to the darkness, showed me that we were in a kind of tunnel, and the pattering noise I had noticed was occasioned by the crew, who were lying on their backs in the dhow and propelling their craft forward by walking along the ceiling of the cavern like so many long-legged flies. The top of the tunnel appeared to be less than a foot above the gunwale of the boat and every now and then a slight rasping and scraping told that she was grazing the sides. We had progressed in this fashion for nearly half an hour, when, raising my head, I could distinguish in the far-off distance a little speck of white light, which slowly but surely grew brighter and larger. This I took to be our exit, and as soon as the reflection of light began to increase, I returned to my prostrate position and replaced my hands in their binding as well as I could. In due time the oars began to work again and I knew we were through the cutting. Presently my bandage and fastenings were removed and I sat up.

I feigned less astonishment than I really felt. I had expected to find myself on a river of some kind, having its passage to the sea through the canal just traversed, but instead, we were gently pulling on the broad bosom of a huge inland lake, the further shore of which appeared several miles away. To our right, in which direction the boat was moving, there arose a town of houses, rising terrace upon terrace from the shore of the lake: the almost universal colour of these buildings was a dazzling snowy white, relieved here and there by a gilt cupola or minaret.

The lake was dotted over with boats of various sizes, some with lateen sails, others propelled by oars: and as we neared the landing place, many came along to meet us. I had traded sufficiently long in the East to partially understand the language spoken by these people and, from what I could make out, I was regarded as some-

what of a prodigy. It afterwards became clear to me that I had been mistaken for Sam, and his deeds of valour were being placed to my credit. The man who had dived overboard before the final onslaught of Sam, had been rescued by this dhow which had captured me, and he was relating the mighty deeds which I was supposed to have accomplished.

I did not quite relish this case of mistaken identity, as I feared when they got me safely ashore I might have to pay with my life for the notoriety I had gained.

As the narrator progressed with his story, which he embellished and coloured, as I found out later, by his powerful and vivid imagination, I could almost imagine his listeners' requests to "draw it mild," although, at the same time, there was no hiding the looks of astonishment and in some cases of awe with which they gazed at me. When we had landed at the town quay, I was placed in the centre of my captors and marched up the sloping street to a large stone building, which I afterwards ascertained to be the residence of their Prince, or Sultan. Here I was placed in a small square cell, lighted by an iron-barred embrasure, where I was left to my reflections. The window of my prison overlooked the lake and the panorama stretching out from below my feet was a scene of beauty and ever-changing movement. Picture, if you can, this lovely lake glistening under the glowing rays of an Eastern sun and set like a jewel in the bosom of foliage of a primeval forest, the gigantic trees of which massed themselves in one unbroken series as far as the eye could reach, whilst over the surface of the water tiny specks of shadow showed, by the glittering flash, as of molten silver, where a boat's oars dipped and twinkled in the quiet water.



I WAS PLACED IN THE CENTRE OF MY CAPTORS.

I was startled from my reverie by the entrance of a stranger into my cell; and as I gazed at the intruder his face broadened into a pleasant smile, to which was added a certain amount of comicality, as if he considered the situation rather a joke than otherwise. I could feel the muscles of my face gradually responding to his contagious humour; and so we stood, without a word having passed, grinning at one another.

He broke the silence after a minute or two with the remark "Well, mate, you don't seem much cut up."

For a moment my surprise at hearing my native tongue held me spell-bound. Beyond the smiling countenance of my visitor, there was nothing to indicate to an ordinary observer that he was not a native born and bred. In fact, so far as my present knowledge went, he appeared to be a Malay of more than ordinary importance, if any reliance could be placed on the rich and sumptuous manner in which he was arrayed.

When I recovered myself, I stepped forward with outstretched hand and was met by a hearty grasp which dispelled all my perplexity.

"So you're Sampson, are you? Do you know what they are saying about you?" he went on.

"I can pretty well guess," I replied; "but they are a little mixed, I fancy."

"A little mixed?" remarked the gorgeous stranger; "well, so I should consider. Why, they say you attacked them with an enormous club, as big as a boat's mast, and knocked the whole batch

of them over in the twinkling of a bee's eyelid."

"What concerns me most just at this moment, my friend, if such I may call you," said I, "is, first of all, what they are going to do with me, and secondly, what they are going to give me to eat; for, except for some rice sop this morning, I have not tasted food since yesterday afternoon."

"Of course, how stupid of me not to have thought of it." And, making for the door, he shouted out some orders, and then returning, informed me that a good, substantial meal would be sent me shortly. "As to what their intentions are regarding you, I have not yet heard, as the Sultan is away hunting for a few days, but I've no doubt we shall put things straight for you when he returns. I should have gone as well, only I strained a muscle in my right arm a few days ago and it was still a little painful. Fortunate, perhaps, that I remained."



GRINNING AT ONE ANOTHER.

My refreshment now appeared, and whilst discussing it my visitor gave me an outline of his history since his residence in this far-off land. Of the many strange things he related to me at this and during other conversations we had, I need only relate here the briefest details.

David Frost, for that was his name, was an English sailor; his ship had been wrecked about ten years ago off the northern coast of Borneo, and, as far as he knew, he was the sole survivor of the whole crew. He had been cast up on the shore more dead than alive and a party of Malays under the Sultan had discovered him lying unconscious on the beach. When he came to he accompanied his captors during the remainder of their hunting expedition and was fortunate enough to save the Sultan himself from death, or, at any rate, severe injury, from the attack of a tiger; he thus secured the prince's favour and was appointed to a position in the palace; he had mastered the language and had now become a power in the land of his adoption.

With such a friend at court my qualms as to my future fate vanished; and next day when I heard that the Sultan had returned I was all anxiety to learn his decision.

Towards evening, David Frost came to my cell and desired me to follow him into the Sultan's presence. He said that I had nothing to fear and that probably I should be set at liberty after the interview, at which he was to act as interpreter. All went well, and the prince, after a few questions as to how I fell into the hands of his people, allowed me my liberty within his dominions; but if I attempted to escape from the country the penalty would be death.

I thought I had got out of my dilemma exceedingly well; and for several months, under the jovial good-fellowship of my countryman, Frost, I passed my time in hunting, fishing and exploring the province of my captivity. But I was meant for a seafaring life, and after a while these land pleasures ceased to have any attraction for me, and I commenced to ponder on the chance of escape. From thoughts I proceeded to deeds, and after much deliberation I came to the conclusion that if I could secure a light boat I might find my way back through the tunnel and then coast down to Sarawak, which was a civilised port; the distance was several hundred miles, but I did not count the risk of the open sea, if I could get clear off. I now began to get provisions ready for my voyage; I secured, at various times, small quantities of rice cakes and tapioca biscuits, besides a couple of hams, which we obtained from wild hogs killed in our hunting expeditions. These I placed in an old canoe and hid, during a fishing excursion, in the long rushes near the mouth of the tunnel. Then, one night when Frost was away with the Sultan visiting another village, I stole out and filled a small cask, which I

had hidden away, with water and, taking my boat which I used for fishing, I started on my voyage of escape. It took me two hours to get to the canoe where my provisions were stored, and after getting them aboard, I towed the canoe out into the centre of the lake and overturned it, and threw near it the rice-straw hat I usually wore, so that my pursuers, when they hunted for me, might think I had capsized and been drowned. I now started for the rocky tunnel and proceeded to get through it the same way I had seen the Malays. For a short time I managed to get along fairly well, but the unaccustomed position soon began to tell on me and I had to knock off repeatedly and used my hands to crawl along the roof. Having no help to guide the boat, she was continually running against the sides of the cavern, and frequently her bow would catch in some crevice and come to a dead stop. Everything comes to himwho waits, they say; but the end of that tunnel I thought would never come. At last, however, when I was nearly giving the job up through utter weariness, I saw the little hole at the end; this spurred me on to fresh exertions and presently I emerged into the open air, thanking God that this part of my journey was accomplished.



USED MY HANDS TO CRAWL ALONG.

The invigorating midnight air fanned my heated cheeks with a delicious coolness and put new strength into my weary body. After a draught of water and a munch at a biscuit, I started to row across the lagoon and then into the open sea. The early morning was now drawing on, and I felt that I must not spare my exertions till I had put many a mile between my enemies and myself; so, plodding along with even but strong strokes, I drew away mile by mile. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and what little breeze there was blew in my favour. When day began to break I glanced anxiously around to see if any craft was in sight, but nothing was visible; then my eyes turned towards the shore. I determined if I could find a safe landing-place where I could hide my boat, that my better plan would be to lay to during the day and recommence my voyage in the evening. Pulling along, scanning the coast for a likely spot, I had proceeded, as I reckoned, nearly twenty miles from the lagoon, when the first glint of the rising sun broke over the water. I must get into shore now, or some of the Malays prowling along the coast would spot me, so, ceasing rowing for a moment I turned round to take a view ahead, when about two or three miles out to sea there appeared the white sails of a full-rigged ship; her canvas hung in lifeless folds, gleaming with snowy whiteness as they caught the rays of the brilliant sunbeams.

This was unexpected joy indeed; unless a breeze got up I could fetch her in an hour and my perils would be ended, so, heading my craft for her, I went steadily ahead and without further adventure soon got within hail. As I drew alongside, one of the officers interrogated me as to where I had come from and casting me a rope-ladder, I climbed aboard. After

telling my story, I went below to take a much needed rest, and I slept like an infant right round the clock. My story ends here; the ship was an American vessel bound to New York, at which port we arrived all well in due time. I have made many China voyages since then, but have never seen any of my Malay friends, and, although they treated me well, I hope I never shall fall into their clutches again, as I feel convinced, if they should recognize me, my shrift would be a short one

I heard afterwards that my old ship the *Nancy*, had got away from the pirates with the loss of two men killed and several wounded. Old Sam, I met later; he looked just the same as ever and nearly crunched my hand with the hearty shake of congratulation he gave me.

Some time ago I heard that a Rajah Frost had made a stir in London by the enormous wealth and opulence displayed by himself and his suite whilst travelling through Europe, and various tales were told me as to the sources of his immense riches. Precious stones of almost incalculable value adorned his person, which was attired after the manner of the princes of the East; and one among the many mysteries connected with him was that relating to his nationality. He was reported to speak English fluently, but never stated how he had acquired the language, and his suite were most reticent on the point when questioned. After spending some months in Europe, he returned to his principality, which, as far as I could ascertain, appeared to be in the immediate vicinity of my place of captivity.

I wonder if this strange visitor was my quondam friend, David Frost, still continuing his upward career.



THE QUEENS OF EUROPE.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort and command."

THE foremost place among the notable women of the present century must be given to our own beloved Queen, who, in her various relations—as Woman, Wife, Mother, and Ruler of a Mighty Empire—is a bright and shining example, not only to her subjects, but to the world at large.

The Queen's influence to-day is, in many respects, greater than at any other period of her reign: for fifty-four years of devotion to her people's welfare has deepened and intensified the hold she has always maintained upon their affections. Her court, too, exercises a restraining influence over all classes of society, and, while administered as it now is, constitutes a tribunal of honour which satisfies everyone as to its impartiality, probity, and purity. Our Queen, the only daughter of George the Third's fifth son, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, and Victoria, his wife, was born on May 24th, 1819, and married her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, on February 10th, 1840.

This happy union was prematurely sundered by the death of Albert the Good on December 14th, 1861.

This inexpressible sorrow has tinged the whole of Her Majesty's life with sadness, and though surrounded by the constant love and devotion of her sons and daughters, they and the Nation feel that nothing can compensate for this early bereavement, which deprived her at one blow of one of the truest and best of husbands, and the wisest and most judicious of counsellors.



From a Photo by] [*V. Angerer, Vienna*

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA is, of Continental Queens, best known to the English people, for, until the tragic and lamented death of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, on January 30th, 1889, she was in the habit of coming annually to this country during the hunting season. It was on these occasions that she won the admiration and respect of every Englishman by her splendid riding, great beauty, and courteous manners. She is still a graceful and accomplished woman, and bears the burden of over half a century bravely, and no one, looking at her, could imagine that she was born on December 24th, 1839.

She was married to the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, at Vienna, on the 24th of April, 1854, by whom she has had three children, two daughters and a son: the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph, born in 1857, the Archduchess Louise Marie, born at Luxembourg, July, 1856, and who married at Vienna, in April, 1873, Leopold, Prince of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Marie Valerie, born the 22nd of April, 1868, married at Ischal, in 1890, to the Archduke of Austria and Tuscany. The Empress is a faithful daughter of the Holy Church and has been one of the Royal recipients of the Golden Rose from the Pope.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Princess Dagmar, daughter of his Majesty Christian, the ninth King of Denmark, and his wife, Queen Louise, is one of those who, in spite of her exalted position and every charm of mind and person, must be regarded with pity. Born to a happy and joyous girlhood, she shared with her sister, our Princess of Wales, the simple joys of a peaceful Court and happy home-life. But since her marriage to Alexander III., Czar of all the Russias, her career must have been one long agony in the daily dread of the assassination of her husband, and of her son sharing the same fate. Over her head is the sword of Damocles suspended, and no one knows the day or the hour when the hair will be severed. She is a pretty and charming woman, greatly resembling our future queen, and worthy of a better fate than circumstances have called her to fill. She must, to her sorrow, fully recognise the truth of Shakespeare's words, "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

The present Empress of Germany was born in 1858. She is much beloved by the German people, and is the happy mother of six young sons, and a daughter recently born. The late Emperor Frederick was



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



From a Photo by] THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY. *[T. Fruman, Berlin.*

strongly attached to her, and generally referred to her as "his dear daughter." Her kindly sympathy and tenderness to the widowed Empress Frederick has created a bond of sympathy between them, stronger, perhaps, than exists between the mother and son. Last year, with her husband and children, she paid a visit to the Queen at Windsor, and was also entertained by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of the City of London. After the various State functions, she and the young princes enjoyed a stay of several weeks at the quiet little seaport of Felixstowe. Her Majesty may be described as homely and interesting rather than beautiful, and devotion to her husband and children are marked features in her character. She exercises a strong influence over the Emperor, who is exceedingly tenacious of her dignity. On a recent occasion, when walking alone in Berlin, she was not recognised, and consequently not saluted. The Emperor immediately ordered portraits of his wife to be hung in every barrack room in the empire, so as to avoid such a *contretemps* occurring in the future. The German Empress has the reputation for spending lavish sums on her toilette; but this does not prevent her opening her purse most liberally for the benefit of those who have a claim upon her charity. The Prussian diadem of the Empress is a magnificent specimen of jewellery, in the shape of a scroll-work wreath, studded with diamonds, from which priceless pearls are suspended. It may not be generally known that Prince William's grandfather objected to the match, but when, after nine months' persistent siege, the young lover still showed himself constant, the Emperor consented, and the happy pair were married in the spring of 1881, when the Empress was just twenty-two.

The Queen of the Belgians

is one of the European royalties concerning whom little is known to the outside world. Marie Henriette, Archduchess of Austria, was born in 1836, and married Leopold, second King of the Belgians in 1853. She is the mother of three daughters, the Princess Louise Marie Amelia, born at Brussels in 1858, and married in 1875 to Philippe, Prince



From a Photo by] *[Stereoscopic Co., London.*
THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Princess Stephanie, born in May, 1864, and married in 1881 to the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and the Princess Clementine, born in July, 1872, who is unmarried. The Queen has always shown great consideration for, and kindness to, her unfortunate sister-in-law, the Empress Charlotte of Mexico, whose sad life and mental troubles rendered her an object of deepest commiseration to the Queen of the Belgians.



From a Photo by [*E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.*
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

The Queen of Denmark.

Queen Louise, wife of Christian IX. of Denmark, has become known to every English man and woman, through being the mother of the popular wife of the Prince of Wales. Though over seventy years of age, time has, indeed, dealt kindly with her, and only last year the king and queen (amidst great rejoicings and surrounded by their children, who foregathered from different corners of Europe) celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The brilliant marriages of her children have proved a source of satisfaction to her Majesty, but the happy home life of the Royal Family of Denmark is too well known to need recapitulation, and probably there is in no other European Court a more affectionate and united family than the Danish one.

The Queen is a most charitable woman, and in commemoration of her golden wedding founded numerous churches and benevolent institutions, in various parts of Denmark.

The Queen of Greece.

It is just twenty-five years since King George of Greece was united to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine. The marriage gave the liveliest satisfaction to his subjects, for, in the first place, it pointed to the establishment of a settled dynasty, and in the second, the selecton of a Russian bride, who was an adherent of the National Church, promised to bring the reigning house into closer harmony with the aspirations of the people than had previously seemed possible in view of the King's Protestantism.

The Queen is a charming woman, and, though not beautiful, she appears to have learned from her husband's family the secret of perpetual youth. Although now



From a Photo by [*F. Vianelli, Venezia.*
THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

a grandmother, she looks scarcely older than on the day she married the King of Denmark's gallant son. The home life of the King and Queen is an exceedingly happy one, and the only great sorrow which has befallen her since her marriage was the sudden death of her charming daughter, the Grand Duchess Paul, the sister-in-law of the Czar. Queen Olga is bringing up her little motherless granddaughter with her own youngest son, who is only five years of age. She devotes much of her time to the education of her seven children and has taught boys and girls alike to ride and row during the pleasant holidays at their country retreat in Corfu. Indeed, both as wife, mother, and queen, like our own beloved ruler, she is beyond all praise.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL,

née Princess d'Orleans, is one of the youngest of the royal consorts, as she is still on the sunny side of thirty. She was born at Twickenham on the 28th of September, 1865, and is the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. On the 28th of May, 1886, she married the present King of Portugal in the church of San Domingo, Lisbon, in the presence of many of the members of the Orleans family. She brought her husband a dowry of 10,000,000 francs, and is the mother of two sons, born at Lisbon in 1887 and 1889.



From a Photo by] THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL. *[A. Bobone, Lisbon.*

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN,

before she became the second wife of Alphonso XII., in 1879, was the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria. Her husband died in November, 1885, but she bore him a posthumous son in the following July, who now occupies the throne under the title of Alphonso XIII., and his mother was proclaimed Queen Regent from the day of his birth. The baby King of Spain has been unusually delicate, and his life has been preserved at several critical periods by the untiring care and devotion of his only remaining parent. If the saying be true that "the mother makes the man," we may expect to see, in the future monarch of Spain, one of the noblest men who ever sat upon a throne, for Queen Christine has proved herself as judicious a mother as she is a loving one.



From a Photo by] *[Fernando Debas, Madrid.*
THE QUEEN REGENT AND KING OF SPAIN.

The receptions held by the Queen Regent and her little son during the recent Columbus celebration, showed how she has endeared herself to the Spanish people. She is generous, kind-hearted, and has a keen intellect. Upon her has been bestowed the papal honour of the golden rose, with the benediction of the Holy Father, which no woman in Europe more richly deserves.



From a Photo by [*Franz Mandy, Bucharest.*

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

The Queen Regent and the Queen of Holland.

This sketch also represents another devoted mother, who has taken up the reins of government till her young daughter is able to assume the responsibilities. Queen Emma, widow of the late King of Holland, was formerly a Princess of Waldeck Pyrmount and the elder sister of the Duchess of Albany. Married to a man many years her senior, she had a difficult rôle to fill; but she has succeeded in satisfying the Dutch people, who are very loyal to Wilhelmina and her mother. The Queen Regent and her daughter reside principally at the Hague, and in addition to the cares of State, the elder lady devotes a considerable portion of her time to the education of her little girl, who has already completely mastered several European languages. The youthful queen possesses one of the finest collections of dolls in the world, and these, at present, engage more of her attention than the important affairs of the nation.



From a Photo by [*Adolphe, La Hague.*

THE QUEEN REGENT AND THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania,

is better known to the general public under her *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva. A German Princess, the first years of her life were spent in comparative privacy, and it is only since she became the wife of King Charles of Roumania that her exceptional literary talents have had full play. Losing her only child many years since, she began to write poems and stories to distract her from dwelling too much on her sad bereavement. She has published several volumes of original poems and translations, and also one or two plays, and is responsible for attractive renderings of Roumanian folk lore and fairy stories.

One of her most recent works is a novel in three volumes called "Edleen Vaughan; or Paths of Peril," which is in great demand at the different circulating libraries. Queen Elizabeth is fond of travelling, and has on several occasions visited this country, where she always receives a warm welcome, as her magnetic charms win the hearts of all who come in contact with her. Princess Marie of Edinburgh who is about to enter into an alliance with the Heir to the Roumanian Throne, will find in Carmen Sylva a kind and judicious counsellor and a true friend.



From a Photo by] [*Gosta Florman, Stockholm.*
THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The Queen of Sweden and Norway

was, before her marriage, Sophie, Princess of Nassau. She was born in 1836, and married King Oscar II. in July, 1857. Indifferent health prevents her from taking an active part in the public functions and entertainments incidental to a Court, but in nowise deters her from exercising a very marked influence over the lives of her husband and children. Like most of the other crowned heads, she occasionally visits England in search of the health and strength which have so long been denied her. The Queen of Sweden and Norway is evidently not a believer in class distinction, as it was by her wish that all obstacles were removed when her favourite son desired to marry a lady not of royal rank, an event strongly objected to by her daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess.

The Queen of Italy

is a prominent figure among Europe's beautiful and noble Queens. She has done much by precept and example for the good of the nation over which she reigns. Marguerite, Princess of Savoy, was born in November, 1851, and married King Humbert I. of Italy at Turin, in April, 1868, and her son, the Crown Prince, was born at Naples the following year. The Queen is a liberal patroness of the fine arts and is full of deeds of charity. She has done much for the advancement of the Italian nation, and is simply worshipped by her subjects, greatly loved by her husband, and adored by her son. Her Majesty is a charming and attractive woman, who always dresses with perfect taste, and is ever to be seen at her husband's side, a sweet and sympathetic sharer of his joys and honours.

F. M. G.



From a Photo by] THE QUEEN OF ITALY. [*F. Alessandri, Rome.*

LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

The Vegetable Octopus.

SUDDENLY our peace was destroyed, and we were plunged into warlike preparations. News had arrived that the white men from the mountains were marching down upon us. Before encamping on the river banks they desired speech with our chief, who, being anxious to spare his people the horrors of war if by any means it could be avoided, consented to receive a deputation next morning at sunrise. After the usual compliments had been paid, they came to the point, saying their king promised large presents and continued peace and friendship if I was delivered into his hands, but that if refused he was determined to fight, destroy their village, and take me by force. Ettuawa was overwhelmed by this unexpected request, and declared that he must have time to consider so weighty a matter. To this the deputation would not consent, saying their king was impatient for his reply.

Thanking the chief and his people for their past kindness, I said it was best that I should go peaceably, though it rent my heart to leave them.

Ettuawa, in the name of his people, made a very touching farewell address, saying that with me their light would depart, but if what I had told them was true, they hoped to meet me in the hunting-grounds above. I cannot do justice to the pathos of his speech, or describe my feelings. He had been a father and friend to me ever since I was delivered into his hands, and had it been possible he would have saved me from all I had endured through Quanza's jealousy; but even a Kaffir Chief has to attend to the demands of his people. When the presents had been accepted I prepared to start, and was pleasantly surprised to find Cara and Gumtu intended travelling with me for a few days of the journey. At last, I considered they had gone far enough, and bid them depart homewards. Then, to my selfish delight, they told me they were going into captivity also. I talked to them, and enlarged upon the dangers they ran, and how in all probability we might not be permitted to dwell together, but nothing shook their determination.

The country we were quitting never looked more beautiful than it did in that autumn sunlight when we were, in all human probability, leaving it for ever.

We had a long, tedious journey, over hot sandy plains and through fever-stricken valleys, before reaching this wonderful and interesting country.

On arriving at the place where I had first met these strange people, I was much struck on nearing the rock to which I had been taken to tend the wounded chief, by its unmistakable resemblance to a human figure. There were three of these giant figures, each about two days' journey apart, sitting in solitary majesty on the edge of that dreary, sandy waste. There they sit, and have sat for thousands of years, in stateliest repose, with hands on knees and sightless eyes, gazing on the rural stillness, as they once looked, in all likelihood, on the countless houses of a grand and noble city: possibly representing three of its chief kings, for the ancients were evidently not more modest than men of the present day, and also liked to leave their effigies for the admiration of future generations. They are thought to have been erected over three thousand years ago, perhaps some of its oldest colossal statues, yet there they have sat unchanged through all the varied periods of the world's history. In their inner

recesses they cover wells of water, dug in those far-off days when this was a much-used route. The first figure had become almost shapeless with time, so that it attracted little observation during my first visit. The last and most important of these mighty giants is in far the best preservation. In the cave of this figure, gifts of dried meat and fruit were left. Prayers and sacrifices were offered up as we saw, at first, nothing more formidable than a smooth green stump of a tree. It stood alone in a bare, dank-looking spot. From its lower stem dark brown fibrous roots held it firmly to the ground, also supplying it with the requisite amount of moisture. It then appeared harmless and inoffensive enough, though the bleached remains of birds, animals and even human beings that lay scattered around its base



POINTING OUT THE VARIOUS OBJECTS.

peace offerings for a safe and speedy passage through the dreaded Valley of Death, or Desolation, as it is called, that we were about to enter; for there the Vegetable God, or Octopus, reigns supreme, which is more dreaded by the natives than the fiercest wild animals, because of its mysterious and deadly powers. At my very urgent request I was taken to see one, and never wish to repeat my experience.

About a dozen of us ascended a grassy slope, and there, in the centre of a hollow bore ample testimony to satisfy the most sceptical of its evil and ghastly power. I had often heard of it with doubts of its existence when in Ettuawa's country, rather fancying it purely imaginary on the natives' part; though I had heard that many tribes drive cattle, and often their fellow creatures, into the valley, as sacrifices in cases of plague or sickness, as they believe that when this strange vegetable is hungry it has the power of sending forth its deadly vapours and so destroying them.

As we stood watching the gruesome thing, we noticed it visibly swell until its outer edges gradually uncurled, opening like a huge sea anemone does at the incoming tide, until it represented a monster fern with waving, palm-like fronds, tipped with pale green, more resembling in colour the foam of the sea when in mid ocean than anything else, causing by their movement a violent wind to spring up in their immediate vicinity—where till then a dead calm had prevailed—increasing in proportion to the velocity of the fronds until they seemed in a violent rage, beating the air as it whirled around with a hissing sound of fury; then suddenly, out from its very centre, shot a mighty tongue, dividing into countless whip-like thongs, twirling and whirling madly in every direction.

I felt thrilled with a fascinated excitement and utterly powerless to move, and should undoubtedly have been its next victim had not somebody pulled me from behind, bringing me forcibly in contact with mother earth.

Gumtu recalled my scattered senses by saying in a horrified whisper:

"Look! Look! Look, Encose! Poor Witrwa is bewitched." With bated breath I looked, to see one of the natives, who had foolishly advanced nearer to the edge of the rock than his comrades; there he stood alone, with his eyes rivetted as mine had so lately been, on that fearsome thing. So great was its uncanny attraction, that his body swayed and quivered with intense excitement; then, as if unable to restrain himself longer, he stretched forth his arms, appearing to court his fate, by invoking the monster to end his sufferings.

A moment afterwards we heard a hissing hum as the snake-like thongs passed over our heads, and then, in speechless terror, we saw his body entwined by those deadly arms and borne aloft from our horrified gaze to that ghastly pit, there to be mercilessly sucked of its life-blood, and then dropped to mingle with its other victims. Up till then we felt magnetically glued to the spot, but now we hurriedly scrambled away as fast as our shaking legs would carry us. I had lost all desire for a closer inspection, for beside the horror of all we had witnessed, the dank, putrid smell of decayed vegetation, which seems part of the loathsome adjunct of this abominable monster, brought on, in my case a nauseating feeling of intense sickness and delirious fever, which at times so mastered me that I felt as if irresistibly compelled to return to that direful spot; and I should have done so had not Gumtu kept constant and never-flagging watch over me, often having to use force to restrain me from giving way to its baneful influence.



HE STRETCHED FORTH HIS ARMS.

It was not until we regained the high veldt that I properly recovered; then, and not till then, we rested for a few days, all having suffered more or less from fever while in that vapour-bound district.

Noxious and deadly as the valley is, it has been, and will always prove to these strange people, a great protection from their savage neighbours.

On the east is an arid desert, extending for miles without a drop of water; and on the north they are bounded by an almost impenetrable forest; whichever route is taken, great dangers must be encountered.

The Valley of Death, with proper precautions, is considered the quickest and easiest, for, as a rule, fever is the only thing to be dreaded; the natives, knowing the locality in which the vegetable octopus usually flourishes, give such places a wide berth, and would not have visited one this time had I not, in my sceptical folly, pressed them to do so.

CHAPTER X

In the Temple.

With thankful hearts, we at last drew near to the far-famed Blue Mountains—

very grand and majestic they looked, with their jagged, snow-capped peaks towering up to the cloudless sky; but unfortunately, before they were arrived at, a sad and irreparable accident occurred, by which I lost my faithful friend and companion, Gumtu. His curiosity had been aroused by witnessing some experiments made for my amusement by the magic gun; finding himself alone with one, he must have taken it up for examination, and, in his ignorance of where the danger lay, had evidently touched the electric current and been instantly killed. His death was a grievous blow to me, especially at such a time and place, just when all our dangers were over. Lovingly we laid his remains at rest under a sweet-scented mimosa tree, there raising a cromlech to his memory. Little Cara endeavoured, by redoubled thoughtfulness and attention, to lessen my loss as much as possible, though to her, also, his death was a great sorrow, for with him the last link with her people was severed. Footsore, sad and very weary, we came to a wide and beautiful river, by far the largest we had passed since leaving Ettuawa's country. Shortly after our arrival, boats appeared; then noiselessly, except for the splash of the water, we glided swiftly away.

The clearness of the river and the varied foliage of its banks rendered that short voyage a poem of never-to-be-forgotten loveliness.

It is the only practicable entrance to this strange and beautiful country, the river cutting through the circle of mountains by a narrow but deep gorge. In the early days it must have been underground; but now the mountains, by one of Nature's mighty convulsions, have been cleft asunder—perhaps before the time of Moses, who can say?—for it is my strange fancy that this was the Garden of Eden from whence Adam and Mother Eve were driven, and this the entrance guarded by the Angel with flaming sword. Now, the narrow gorge is protected with guns of cunning workmanship. Only once in the memory of man has their use been necessary. A party of Arabs disobeyed their warnings and forcibly tried to effect a landing, when, directly they came within range of the guns, they were instantly killed, and the boat sent drifting back with its ghastly crew to tell its own tale. The fame of that terrible deed was sufficient to prevent a repetition.

When clear of the mountain pass, a panorama of unsurpassable beauty unfolded itself to our astonished gaze, quite baffling all my powers of description; the immense plain is encircled by mountains, blue in the distance, grey and grim near by; in the centre of the plain, a cluster of white thatched houses and curious, high-domed temples, formed the chief town.



WE DREW NEAR THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

The river is spanned by numerous bridges and bordered by feathery tropical plants, while its banks gleam with showy arums and the vivid greens of the graceful maidenhair fern; billowy clouds of rose and white metamorphosed on a nearer approach into peach and pear orchards, hedged by tall barriers of flowering quinces.

The principal streets are overshadowed by magnificent trees. Each house has its stoop or verandah, gay with tropical flowers; many of them are large and handsome, standing in beautifully-laid-out gardens.

As we entered this region of loveliness the sun was just setting over the far-off hills, tipping their edges with a golden glory. We were conducted to a stone house, the beauty and comfort of which took little Cara's breath

away: this was not to be wondered at, for even I had never seen more beautiful mosaic floors or more brilliantly decorated walls, which were evidently of a later date, being, in many cases, more grotesque than admirable; still, we felt awed by their undoubted antiquity, and marvelled at their preservation, perhaps since the days of Rameses, Iethis and Amenhoteps.

The great warrior, Thomes the third, and his sister, Queen Hastasso, in all probability held grand banquets here, for from the ancient records it is certain that they all in turn visited this place. Here are to be seen illustrated books of that date—1600 years B.C. Its palmy days were probably over long before the days of Joseph, and as long before the days of Moses as now separates us from the great law-giver; one can hardly take it in, and I fell asleep trying to grasp the astounding truth of this statement.

Next morning I was awakened a little before sunrise by the blowing of curious trumpet-like instruments. On repairing to the spot from whence the sound came, I found it to be the morning call, or reveillé, for all to join in the hymn of praise to the rising Sun, for these strange people—though they have now a very mixed religion—still faithfully adhere to the ancient Sun worship.

Standing at the entrance of the Chief Temple, I was much struck by its grand magnificence—gold and priceless precious stones had been lavishly used in its decoration.

After the short, and to me interesting, service, I was conducted by one of its most venerable priests, even into the most sacred sanctuary; and there, on a dais, stood an altar, in the centre of which was a stand, supporting a very remarkable, though beautiful, stone, resembling a huge cat's eye, glowing as with a living light. Ancient documents still within the Temple prove it to be one of King Solomon's treasured gifts to the Queen of Sheba, who, for safety, deposited it here, in this her impregnable stronghold, where it has remained ever since, shedding its protecting light on these people.

The eye appeared to follow me round, like that of some large animal, until suddenly I felt transfixed and covered my face with my hands to get out of its gaze; but that only seemed to increase its magnetic power, or whatever it was, and I became as wax and fell nerveless to the ground, there remaining in a sort of trance.

Presently I heard strange, weird singing—then all was silent. Still I did not move, until the priest, after saying a prayer, or benediction in, to me, an unknown tongue—raised me by the hand and led me to an outer chamber, containing a bath, into which bubbled a natural fountain. I was then divested of my garments—for I was half dazed—and placed therein. The effect was truly magical. In a moment I recovered my faculties, the blood surged through my veins, bringing an exquisite feeling of renewed youth and buoyancy. After revelling in that life-giving water for what appeared but a few delicious minutes, I was taken out, well rubbed by a couple of stalwart natives, rolled comfortably in a blanket, and left on a couch to sleep.

While sleeping, I went through some strange and exciting scenes; but, on awaking, they happily passed from my memory, leaving only an unpleasant impression of coming evil. I consoled myself with the thought that nothing much worse could occur than had already happened.

I was vainly trying to recall what it was, when the priest re-entered, bringing me food and saying that as soon as I was ready he would conduct me by an underground passage to my appointed home; at the same time warning me to say nothing to the king or his sons of my visit to the temple, as, without leave, I should not have done so; but, having come, I should have to bear the consequences, if they became acquainted with all that had taken place.

I felt sure in my own mind that I passed through some mystic rite, but that time will alone reveal—for the priest would answer no questions, bidding me to try and forget all that had occurred as soon as possible

On arriving home Cara informed me I had been away a day and a night, and she had been very anxious in consequence, fearing I had come to some harm. Before any explanation could be given, a summons was brought desiring my appearance before the king as soon as I had made myself presentable for so doing. My garments of late had consisted entirely of the skins of wild beasts, roughly put together.

With Cara's help, I was now laced into

the softest of deerskin boots, with the pretty-marked fur outside. From the eyelet-holes little bobs of alternate silver and gold hung by the finest of tiny chains. Then came riding-breeches of dark cloth, fastened by jewelled buckles, over which a shirt, sparkling at every turn, as if made of gold and silver-thread, yet being as soft as silk to the touch; finally, a toga of wool and silk combined, dyed with lovely-shaded colours, falling in natural draperies from the left shoulder, where it was kept in place by a diamond brooch. My head was unprotected from the sun's rays, except by a thick gold band, or ring, which is worn by all married men up country—Kaffir or otherwise.

Cara was in a perfect ecstasy of delight at my gay turn out; and, I must own, I felt a very much more important personage in my handsome decorations than I had previously done in my rags.



I WAS NOW LACED INTO THE SOFTEST OF DEERSKIN BOOTS.

The feeling recalled the dear old days at Abbey Croft, when I first put on my uniform for the gratification of my family, and how Hugh fairly danced with delight.

How true it is that "fine feathers make fine birds." But I had not much time given me on this occasion for undue admiration, the heralds being in a state of impatience to obey their orders and escort me to the "Great Place," or "King's Palace."

CHAPTER XI.

THE HISTORY OF THE KING OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

LET me pause here while I give a short account of the life and history of King Cathis, as it was subsequently related to me. Some forty-five years ago, a French nobleman, the Viscount de Hédeville, was banished from his native land for political reasons, his place of exile being the French possessions on the east coast of Africa. He sailed in the *Grosvenor* from Bordeaux, and was accompanied by his wife and little son, Henri. As the *Grosvenor* sailed up the coast of Pondoland, with a favouring breeze and sunny skies, the exile forgot for awhile the grief at his heart whilst pointing out to his little son the varying objects discernable on the coast; and the captain, to give them more pleasure, kept his ship in as close to the land as he dared, and at night, for safety, the ship stood out to sea again; but unfortunately not far enough, for a sudden and unexpected squall springing up, drove the noble ship landwards to her doom.

About midnight all were awoke by that terrible and ominous sound, as the ship crunched over the tops of sunken rocks. The sailors' shouts could be heard above the sounds of the raging sea, as they rushed to obey the captain's orders; but it was too late for human help to be of any avail. At last came the final crash, as the good ship encountered a foe more formidable than the rest, which, with its jagged teeth, held her hard and fast. Then followed a night of terrible, anxious uncertainty, testing the captain and officers' energies to their utmost limits. Though it was pitch dark, the men clamoured in their alarm to put off in the boats; this the captain knew would be certain death to those who ventured to risk their lives in the now tumultuous sea. Revolver in hand, he and his officers stood throughout that anxious night, to prevent the crew from wantonly risking their lives. Towards morning the sea calmed down, but how sadly was the position of the ship changed: instead of sailing gaily along, her bows were now deeply imbedded in the rocks, where she lay helpless at the mercy of the sea.

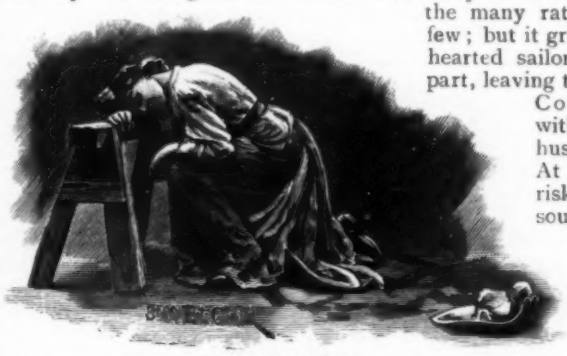


REVOLVER IN HAND.

After a careful inspection, the captain concluded there was no chance of releasing the ship, neither was there any immediate danger. All hands were then ordered below to a much-needed breakfast, after which the boats were lowered in due order, and all conveyed safely ashore with every necessary comfort for a large encampment. The *Grosvenor* was firmly fixed, and for many months

after she remained, greatly to the delight of the natives, who visited her at low tide and looted her of much rich spoil, of which they neither understood the use nor value, but were vastly proud of the queer things the sea had brought to their inhospitable shore all the same.

The hitherto almost deserted beach soon became transformed into life and animation, as the little white tents of the crew appeared in all the sheltered nooks, causing much consternation amongst the aborigines by this most unexpected invasion, and more so at finding the strangers, to all appearance, seemed likely to remain. Now the foolish policy of the crew in intimidating instead of trying to propitiate the native owners of the soil became evident, and by degrees the natives, in their turn, showed very evident signs that they would stand the ill-treatment no longer. The crowds grew larger and more threatening round the encampment, and when it was too late they recognised their foolish mistake, and greatly feared they would be attacked. The sailors were getting tired of inaction, and the captain, fearing a mutiny among the crew, called them together to discuss what they should do for the best, as under existing circumstances they appeared as far off any outside help as they had been on landing After various consultations, the majority of the sailors decided to try and return along the coast to Natal, but, as future events proved, only three or four lived to reach the desired haven; the remainder, after enduring almost inconceivable hardships, had perished of privation.



QUITE PROSTRATED.

The captain, officers and passengers, and a few of the crew, determined to strike inland; among this number were several children and women, who would have found it utterly impossible to swim the rivers which the other band of sailors would have to pass, and they hoped by going inland they would the sooner meet with some of the Dutch settlers or more friendly-disposed natives. The Pondos, with their painted skins, appeared more ferociously formidable than they would have proved, had they been treated with a moderate degree of consideration.

Just when all were prepared for the start, Viscount de Hédeville had the misfortune to break his leg by falling from the branch of a tree that he was chopping to form a sleigh whereon to carry his little son. At this new mishap the captain wished to abandon the idea of moving until the Viscount recovered, but the others would not consent to any further delay; so, after a few days, in consequence of the pressure put upon him, he was most unwillingly obliged to give way, for he, as captain and head of the expedition, considered it his duty to do his utmost for the many rather than the few; but it grieved the kind-hearted sailor sorely to depart, leaving the poor young Countess alone with her helpless husband and child At great personal risk the captain sought and obtained an interview with Quila, the chief of the Pondos, and gave him to understand that, should he, on his return, find the family alive and well, he, the chief, and his people should receive large presents of cattle. Then, after seeing all was done that could in any way add to their comfort during his absence, he bid them farewell with a very sad heart.

The Viscount and his wife, with dry eyes and breaking hearts, watched the party, under the escort of a Dutch-speaking native, disappear out of sight, feeling that, with their departure, all hope of escape for them had gone.

A few weeks after they learned, with great sorrow, that the treacherous Fingo had led the party into a trap, after a short journey, where they were surrounded and attacked, the men being slain, while the unfortunate women were taken as slaves and wives by the various chiefs; and so carefully were they guarded, that though later, the country was searched, not a

trace of them could be found; though now many a native is to be met along the coast at that point who proudly makes a boast that his mother, or grandmother, was a white woman, saved from the ill-fated *Grosvenor*.

Strange to say, the chief, Quila, kept his promise and the Viscount was not put to death, and both he and his wife were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, Quila often sending them presents of game and other luxuries, and at times bringing his pipe and smoking in their company, as a sign of friendship. All might have gone well had the invalid been content to rest in patience, but it went to his heart to see his lady wife working, unaided, harder than any of his former retainers would have done, while he rested in comparative comfort and ease. At last he could bear it no longer, and regardless of all remonstrance, insisted upon taking his share of work. The exertion he underwent was too much for him, and he misplaced the setting bone; mortification set in, and in a few hours he died.

The poor Countess was quite prostrated by this overwhelming calamity, and had it not been for the chief's care, both she and her child would have died; but after a little, like a brave woman, she struggled to suppress her grief for the sake of her little son, and accepted Quila's protection, who, though an untaught savage, treated them with respectful kindness and attention, leaving the Countess entire control over her child. Unfortunately, the partiality shown to them brought down the wrathful jealousy of the chief's numerous wives, and, to save the Countess and her boy from their growing animosity, he and a few followers escorted them up country.

Their sufferings during the long and perilous journey must have been enormous, though the Countess makes light of them now.

On their arrival, both the Countess and her son were joyfully received, for, according to the traditions of these people, they have for many generations past been ruled by a white king, sent, as they believe, direct from the sun. Possibly the wily old chief, Quila, knew this, and having heard of the death of their late king, had contrived to have wonderful reports sent ahead about little Henri and his mother, consequently they were expected, and their appearance hailed with delight.

From the first the priests claimed all right over the boy, permitting the Countess to dwell in their midst on condition that they had entire control over his education. The poor lady, having no choice in the matter, was obliged to consent to their terms, knowing full well she would have been simply put out of the way had she tried to influence her son, or in any way interfere with his training. When Henri was fully instructed and of sufficient age, he was anointed as King Cathis, and there has he peacefully and happily reigned ever since.

(To be completed next month.)



MONTAGUE SMITH.

Moderato con espress.

PIANO.

By the

gates of the sea look-ing west - - ward, On the track of a

T


sun - set of glo - ry As the faint - est of o - pal lights
fa - ded, I told her the one sweet sto - ry, A
sto - ry whose rap - tu - rous phra - ses Were
tun'd to sweet Love's re - frain, Har -
8va.
- mo - ni - ous chords of pure pas - sion, glimp - ses of
rall.
rall.
colla voce.

sun - shine and pain.



To see in two eyes that like sap - - phires Re -

- flect - - ed each beam of soul light, As their


glo - ry stole si - lent-ly o'er me,
Turn - ing the shades of my night . . . In - to
day of a ra - - di - ant beau - - ty Usher'd
in by the dawn from a - bove. . . . . As it
8va.
flow'd on a cur - rent of sweet - ness Na - ture thrill - ing, heart to
colla voce.


Agitato.
heart beat - ing love. Per - fect lips of a ro - - - se - ate
soft - - - - ness, Met mine in en - thral - ling em -
- brace. . . . . Her breath fann'd my deep - est af -
passionate.
- fec - - - tion, Like a thrice fe - ver heat - ed
rall.
fur - - - nace My arms were en - twin'd round a -

- bout . . . her, For ev - er I plight - ed my

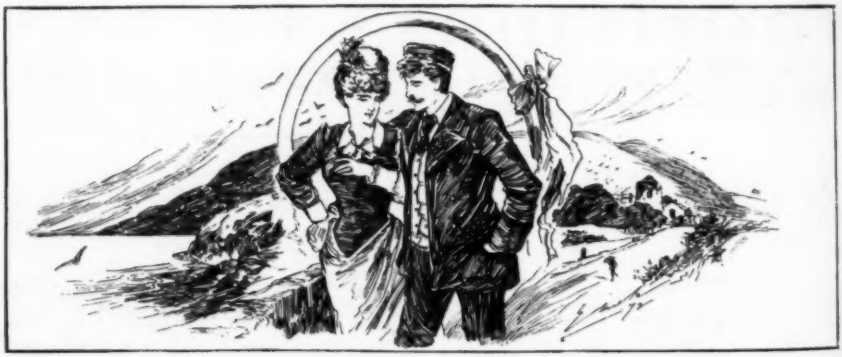
heart . . . . . And vow'd, no, I would not for - get

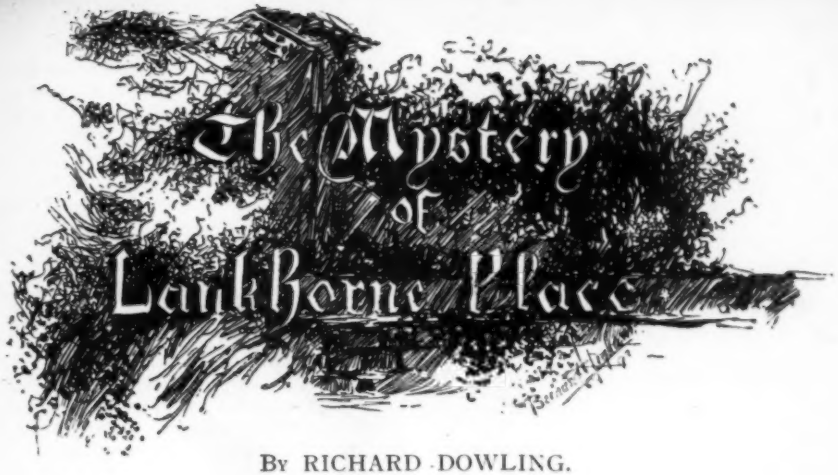
8va.

rall.

her, When time and when dis - tance did part.

colla voce.





By RICHARD DOWLING.

WE were very quiet, decorous people at Lankhorne Place when I lived there a few years ago. The house was spacious, clean and comfortable, and, under the careful management of Mrs Waddy, widow of the Rev. James Waddy, late Rector of Lastfall, in Essex, things went as smoothly and pleasantly as any reasonable man could desire in a middle-class West-end lodging-house.

Mrs. Waddy did not call the house at Lankhorne Place a lodging-house, but always alluded to the establishment as a private residence in which ladies, gentlemen and families might obtain temporary accommodation. It must not be assumed from this that Mrs. Waddy was given to high falutin. She was good-hearted and simple-spoken and lady-like in her manners and in her mind. She was a tall, graceful, slender woman, with black hair, pale face and kind, dark-grey eyes that were very slow to move and strangers to anger. She had the manner of benevolence; her mind was under the dominion of thought and had for its familiar spirit a wise and gracious charity.

Most of the people who came to Lankhorne Place were regular visitors, and nearly all were known to one another. Most of the visitors belonged to the families of professional men. A few retired business people came now and then, but only a few. We were very strict about references, and so the house was kept up by a clique, and wore the aspect of a family club. In getting references, Mrs. Waddy always said plainly that not only should the references be above suspicion, but the referees persons of mature years, and either visitors to the house or well-known to visitors. It was also a rule of Mrs. Waddy's never to let any room for less than a month.

We had a dining-room, drawing-room, breakfast-room, study and small-reception-room for callers at inconvenient times. The study we used for writing and reading. No smoking was allowed in the house except in the dining-room after dinner. We could breakfast any time we chose No regular luncheon was set, but it could be got if required. We all dined together at six, so that the guests might get away to theatres and other places of amusement by a quarter past seven. We were not obliged to dress for dinner; and when the house was full, twenty to twenty-five sat down: the average was about fifteen.

Mrs. Waddy took the head of the table, and the gentleman longest in the house the foot. There was one exception to the latter rule. Major Wynne always refused the honour on the grounds—First, that he was a bachelor, which we did not allow to count, and secondly, that it was the business of a soldier to hew the living, not the dead. This latter plea always caused the ladies to shudder and say "How horrible!" and enabled the Major to escape the task, and made him extremely popular in the drawing-room later.

The conversation at our dinners was by

no means brilliant. To tell the truth, we were a trifle respectable and dull. The talk consisted chiefly of a superstructure of commonplaces erected upon the general news of the day. The most important items in the evening papers were decorously discussed, care being taken to avoid subjects upon which feeling or conviction was likely to be strongly expressed. If any of the guests, through ignorance of the rules of the house, or through heedlessness, introduced a topic likely to excite controversy, Mrs. Waddy, with a smile, would hold up her finger and shake her head, and say,

"We may not be *all* of your way of thinking about the future chances of the Liberals, but that is no reason why we should tell you so, and this is not a political dinner, is it, Major Wynne?"

To which the Major would reply that dinner was an affair of the whole of mankind, and far too important to be at the mercy of any party whatever.

At breakfast we talked of the theatres and other amusements of the night before. On Sundays we offered carefully qualified opinions of the best known preachers in London. No one ever was so bold as to declare this or that preacher the most fervid, or convincing, or satisfying. Each simply stated that he admired certain specific qualities in his favourite pulpit orator, but that, of course, his taste was only his taste, and everyone else was free to differ from him, and admire whom he liked.

This timid and lukewarm policy, if it kept us free from dangers and broils, preserved us from forming friendships. We were an amiably conducted, incoherent company of chance acquaintances, bound to one another by nothing beyond the daily duties of politeness, owning no great joy in the coming of a familiar face, experiencing no sharp regret at the departure of the most agreeable of our fellows. Our hearts and our emotions were reserved for our homes. Our whims and oddities were kept powerfully in check. We were harmoniously polite, unexcitingly cordial, the slaves of regulation manners, sunken in the dim, motionless depths of conventional urbanity.



MRS. WADDY.

At the time I speak of, my connection with the house had not been of very long standing. I was the junior guest, and although familiar with the appearances of most of the frequent visitors, I looked upon myself, and was regarded by the others, as a new comer. Hence I found myself more or less excluded from the inner or confidential circle.

One morning, as I was coming down to breakfast, I met Mrs. Waddy on the stairs. With a smile of half-sly congratulation, she informed me that before night I should be promoted from my position of junior, as a perfectly new visitor was to arrive in the afternoon of that day. Feeling an interest in my successor, I asked Mrs. Waddy who it was

"A lady," she answered, with another sly smile; "a young lady, to whom, of course, you must be very civil and attentive."

"I shall do my best to be agreeable to my successor," I answered; "and," I added, as Mrs. Waddy passed me, "who knows but she may be my fate?"

Mrs. Waddy reached the top of the flight of stairs before I had finished speaking. She looked back, smiled once more, raised her hand in a gesture of admonition, and said playfully,

"Take care! We allow no love making in this house."

When I think now of that morning and its poor badinage, and of the fate that followed upon the coming of that girl, I do not know whether to bless memory or curse it.

That afternoon, in the drawing-

room, just before dinner, Mrs. Waddy introduced me to Miss Barclay. She and I chatted. Mrs. Waddy told her that she had superseded me as junior in the house. I took her in to dinner. We conversed until the ladies rose, and then I threw myself into an easy-chair, lit a cigar, and mused over Miss Barclay.

Yes, Miss Barclay was an interesting image to fix in the mind and dwell upon in memory. She was tall, dark, graceful, too slender for beauty, too vivid for forgetfulness. She wore her rich, dark-brown hair close to the head, and gathered in at the back under a large, old-fashioned tortoise-shell comb. The head itself was refined and small. A bright bloom burned on her cheeks, and in her brown eyes shone a clear, bright light that never grew and never waned. Her hands were particularly long, and, like her figure, too slender for beauty, too dainty and graceful for forgetfulness.



I TOOK HER IN TO DINNER.

In the sense that she was still unmarried, she was young, but her years could not have been less than thirty. Her voice was clear and sweet, with that undertone of grave considerateness which soothes and elevates those who hear it, and sets its owner in a niche apart from vulgar thoughts and the noises of vulgar speech.

With all these attributes of physical calm, she was haunted, pursued, goaded on by a tremulous nervousness. Notwithstanding these potentialities of repose, she was seldom at rest. The light in the eyes never faded nor grew more, but the hands, the head and the lips were rarely all still together.

That first evening, as I sat smoking my cigar in the easy-chair, I made up my mind her restlessness arose from the presence of so many unfamiliar people.

That evening in the easy-chair, while the other men discussed the probability of hostilities being renewed between Servia and Turkey, I considered the scope and quality of Miss Barclay's mind and heart, and the quality of her intelligence.

I thought long over her intelligence, and the more I thought over it the more I found to admire. I rehearsed our conversation at dinner, and I discovered new beauties in what she had said. While we had been talking at the table I had often been distracted by my neighbours, by my little duties, and most of all by the influence of her person and her presence. The insight I had been able to gain into her mind while I had been with her was like that obtained of a friend's picture gallery while one is hurried through it by the owner. Now, I could wander at will, pause before what pleased or interested me, and follow out trains of thought suggested and abandoned in the more encumbered examination.

A keen and quick intelligence she possessed — this was obvious — but in it lay strange, unexpected and infinitely interesting mazes, full of bright surprises and figures that came upon the explorer with a pleasant shock.

I was William Neville, come of a good family, not closely related to any great personage, but claiming distant cousinship with a dozen good houses. I was a man of moderate desires, with moderate means which came to me as the heir to a small property in a northern shire. I had neither brother nor sister, and my father and mother had been dead some years. I was a bachelor of six-and-twenty, with no thought of marriage. The story of my life was as uneventful as the story of any man's life can well be who has reached my years.

The only event out of the routine comedy and tragedy which go to make up the better half of man's three score and ten years, had been the publication, a few years before, of a book. This book brought me nothing but abuse, and a bill for £33 6s. 9d., the difference between the cost and the sum of the sales. For a year after the abuse and deficit, I held that the critics and the reading public of the British nation did not know how to appreciate genius when they met it. Towards the beginning of the second year after publication, I made up my mind that the critics and the reading public of the British nation knew how to treat a foolish book when they found one, and that in my case they had given a conclusive proof of that knowledge.

And yet I had set forth in that book the only love-history of my life.

The story I told was of a man, twenty years of age, who fell in love with the daughter of a nobleman, and she with him. Fearing that the nobleman, who was known to be ambitious, would not consent, the attachment was kept secret for some time. At length it was discovered by the father. He asked the young man to give up his insane pretensions. The young man declined. The father spoke to the daughter, upbraided her, and declared she should never even see her lover again.

The lands of the lover and of the father were separated by a slow, deep stream. From that stream the lover one day took the dead body of his first, his only, his self-murdered love.

As I smoked that evening in the easy chair, I asked myself was it likely I should turn over a new leaf of the book of life, and commence a new heart history? I only smiled when the question arose to my mind. Tears assuage the griefs of to-day, but the smiles of disconsolate memory grow sadder with the passage of years.

My cigar was not smoked out, but I did not wish to finish it. I approached the group of politicians, expressed a fervent hope that war might not be renewed between Turkey and Servia, and then passed into the drawing-room.

I went straight up to where Mrs. Waddy sat. She said to me, with a smile: "Miss Barclay has retired; she felt a little fatigued."

I looked round the room sharply, and saw she was not there.

For the first time I felt the drawing-room irksome and humdrum, and in a few minutes I stole away.

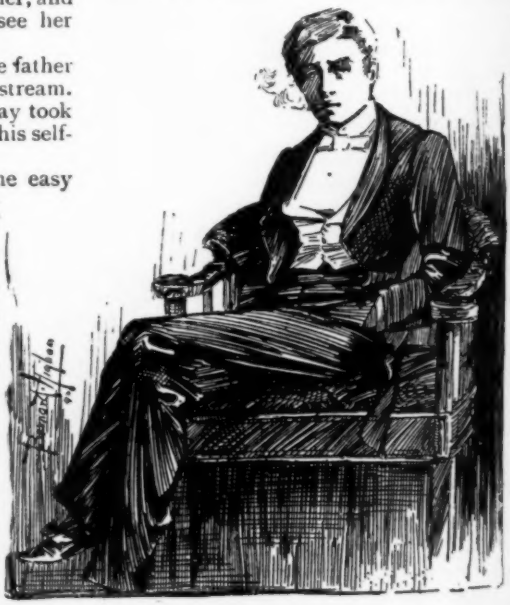
I had a letter to post; the pillar was at the other side of the street. I went out, crossed the roadway, and having posted my letter, glanced up at the front of the house. In one of the top windows a light was burning brightly.

'That is Miss Barclay's room," I thought. "She is worn out with her journey, and tired of meeting all those strangers yonder. What is that unusual-looking shadow on the blind?"

I could make nothing of the shadow. It was not quite opaque; it fell on the blind like ribbons, with spaces between them. The base formed a square, upon the square rested a squat triangle. In the centre was an irregular blot. What could it be?

The evening was fine, and I in no humour for sleep, or the people over the way, so I set off for a walk. It was midnight before I got back.

The light still burnt brightly in Miss Barclay's window, and still the strange



AS I SMOKED THAT EVENING.

shadow darkened the blind. Most of the visitors were in bed by this time, and yet she, who had retired after dinner owing to fatigue, was awake still! Could she have fallen asleep and left the gas burning?

At that moment I was answered in the negative. The shadow of a hand and arm fell on the blind The hand approached the strange shadow, pierced the shadow, and remained immersed in it for some seconds. Then the hand was withdrawn, the shadow of the arm disappeared, the light was put out, and the window was dark.

Never while I had been in the house had I seen that shadow there before. Never while I had been in the house did I sleep worse than that night.

In consequence of my sleepless night I was very late the next morning. I was the last at breakfast. Miss Barclay's breakfast had been sent up to her.

"Poor thing," said sympathetic Mrs. Waddy, "she has had a long journey, and is worn out."

"Strange," thought I, "that she should sit up so late after her long journey No wonder she is worn out and unable to come down."

That day I again sat beside her at dinner. We talked as on the day previous, but a little more freely. I noticed one thing which surprised me. Although there were not so many people at the table as on the day before, she seemed more restless. After a little while, I made up my mind that this restlessness was not the result of bashfulness or timidity, but owed its origin to acute mental irritation. There was an eternal apprehensiveness in her regard, as though she stood in momentary dread of confronting some hideous apparition. Her hands trembled slightly, and her body was never wholly at rest. What could be the terror under which she laboured? I could not even guess.

Even now the men had found out that Miss Barclay was the only woman at the table who could talk. What the other women said was piteously humdrum and commonplace. "What do you think, Miss Barclay?" and "What do you think, Miss Barclay?" came from every part of the table, and she had amusing or clever answers for all.

By all the men, I think, except myself, it had been found out she was clever before it had been found out that, although she was no beauty, her appearance was fascinating. This was only the second day she had been with us, and yet she had drawn towards her all the eyes and talk of all the men This did not advance her much in the good opinion of the women. Indeed, they already began to regard her as impudent and forward. During the whole dinner no woman spoke to her except Mrs. Waddy, who affected not to see the impression our junior visitor had made. Indeed, she showed she was conscious of it in only one way. She devoted much more attention than usual to the other women.

When dinner was over, I did not wait to smoke a cigar this evening. I frankly admitted to myself that I was under a spell I could not resist. I was not in love then. I did not want an exclusive right to her society, but I wanted to be near her as much as possible. The men had not been more than two or three minutes alone when I left them, and found my way to the drawing-room.

Again disappointment awaited me. She was not there. I did not ask about her, for I knew if I did so it would be assumed at once that I had left the dining-room in search of her. Neither did I go away for some time, until most of the men had come back, and tea and coffee had been brought in. To have left quickly would have been to invite the same assumption. While I was the only man in the room I heard one of the ladies ask another if she had observed anything peculiar about Miss Barclay at dinner.

"I noticed," said the lady addressed, "that she drank ——"

She paused, as if reluctant to finish the sentence.

"Brandy," said the former speaker, under her breath.

"Shocking in one so young."

"It's easy for people who drink brandy to have a good colour and bright eyes, and a ready tongue, *for a while*."

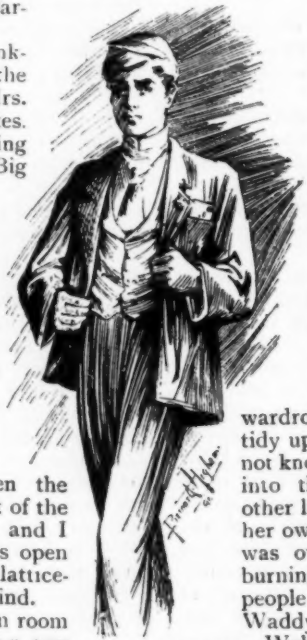
When I got into the street I crossed the roadway and looked up. The gas in that room was alight, and the strange shadow still lay on the blind; it was like a lattice square supporting a lattice triangle. In the middle of the square some opaque body made a large vague spot. I timed my return, so that I might get back at midnight.

I went to a theatre to try and forget her, but to no purpose. She was present with my imagination, and I ended by pre-

tending she was at my side. I fancied she was there, and that I was chatting to her and pointing out things to her in the play, and dresses and faces I admired.

I did not ask myself if I was in love with Miss Barclay. It would have seemed to me impossible for me to fall in love in two meetings with a woman whom I had only met in the most casual way before mentioned. Beyond sitting at her side at dinner twice I had scarcely had an opportunity of speaking to her. And yet there can be no doubt of it. I was deeply in love with Miss Barclay.

When I returned to Lankhorne Place I crossed the road, and stood opposite Mrs. Waddy's for a few minutes. The light was still blazing against the blind. Just as Big Ben struck twelve, the shadow of the hand and arm again crossed the blind, passed through the lattice-shadow, paused a few moments at the opaque, irregular blot, and then was withdrawn.



TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

This night I noticed two things I had not observed on the previous occasion; namely, that the blot moved after the hand had been withdrawn, and that when the light was out, the occupant of the room drew up the blind, and I could see the window was open opposite the place where the lattice-shadow had fallen on the blind.

When I went to my own room that night I had no longer any doubt of my sentiments. For the second time in all my life I was in love, and this time I was in love with Miss Barclay, whom I had met but twice, and whose Christian name I did not know.

For a week things went on in the same routine, except that I no longer watched that window. There was something I could not understand about that room, but I had looked first by accident and then because I loved and wished to see the very shadow of her I loved; but we must not be inquisitive about those we love, but wait until they think well of unfolding anything that may be hidden.

Miss Barclay was always down at half-past ten, ate her breakfast, went up to her room immediately after breakfast, and at twelve appeared again, entered a cab, which was always at the door for her, and told the man to drive to Harley Street, but never gave the driver a number. She returned about three or four, went straight to her room, and did not reappear until the dinner bell rang, then she came down. I generally took her in, not always; but she always sat beside me, as we sat in the same places. After dinner she went upstairs, and we saw no more of her that day.

Before a week had passed, the lady guests had begun to murmur against Miss Barclay. What had brought her to town? Mrs. Waddy did not know. Why did she go to Harley Street and come back alone every day? Mrs. Waddy did not know. Why did she keep her bedroom door always locked, except when the housemaid went in to make the bed? Mrs. Waddy did not know. And when she let the housemaid in, why did she always refuse to give the girl the key of the wardrobe, in order that Jane might tidy up things? Mrs. Waddy did not know. Why did she never go into the drawing-room with the other ladies, but always run up to her own room the moment dinner was over, and yet keep her gas burning until long after all good people ought to be in bed? Mrs. Waddy did not know.

Well, then, Mrs. Waddy ought to know, that was all. The mothers of daughters had to be very careful with whom the daughters sat down to table; and it seemed nobody knew who or what this Miss Barclay was, but that she was surrounded by a lot of mysteries which were not becoming in a young woman. And everyone could see she was forward and flippant with men.

It was hard to sit and hear, evening after evening, these grave, dull, lymphatic, respectable women prose on thus: evening after evening, and yet I sat and had a kind of exulting satisfaction in thinking that the more the poor, un-Christian women poured forth their vials of wrath on her, the more my heart exulted in its

worship of her. All Mrs. Waddy could say to stem the torrent of talk was that Miss Barclay had come to her recommended by people above the suspicion of reproach.

Evening after evening Miss Barclay was the subject of unpleasant remarks in the drawing-room, and evening after evening I sat and listened, nourishing my love in secret, and declaring to myself that all these unkind speeches of those around me only intensified the devoted admiration I had for her.

But the first week of her visit was now over, and I could plainly see that the peculiar facts in the case, and the unceasing pressure of these women, had begun to have an effect on good Mrs. Waddy. The landlady was decidedly cold towards Miss Barclay.

It will not be necessary for me to dwell at any length upon my feeling towards Miss Barclay. I need only say I was deeply in love with her. My love was not one which sought merely its own ends, but one which regarded only the welfare of its object. If I may so speak, I was more in love with the happiness of Miss Barclay than with the girl herself. I used to say to myself a thousand times a day:

"Her happiness is a thousand times more to me than my own, and I would never have thought of loving her, only that I feel I understand her, and I believe I could make her as happy as any man alive."

I am almost sure she had no suspicion of the feeling I held towards her. She certainly did not alter her manner in the least towards me.

At the end of the second week a crisis arose. The other lady guests went in a body to kind-hearted Mrs. Waddy, and said, in thorough and uncompromising tone that they could no longer look on Lankhorne Place with the old feeling of tranquil confidence if Miss Barclay continued to stay there.

Mrs. Waddy told me this with tears in her eyes. She said she had wept and expostulated with them, but in vain. They declared, in a body, that if she did not leave, they would. They admitted that they could bring no specific charge against their victim, but her ways, they said, were not their ways, and they did not wish to associate with ladies who were in London, had no friends in London and were wrapped up in mysteries.

"I even told them," said kind-hearted Mrs. Waddy, "that I had let the room for a month, and that unless something could be brought against her, I did not know how I was to ask her to leave before the month was up."

"Tell her you wish her to go," they said, "and if she refuses, you may be sure there is something wrong."

"But suppose she goes, and there is nothing wrong?"

"Then no harm will be done, and we shall be satisfied. You can do it privately by letter, and we need not seem to know anything about the matter."

Mrs. Waddy and I were in the little waiting-room when she related to me the circumstances of that morning, and as I finished some hasty and indignant protest, I heard the rustle of a woman's dress in the hall. So I said rapidly to Mrs. Waddy, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Waddy, I think that is Miss Barclay, and I would like to hand her into her cab if it were only as a small counter-demonstration."

"Do," she said. "Do; it will be a kindness to her and a lesson to them."

It was Miss Barclay, radiant as ever, but I thought a little more nervous than usual. We exchanged a few words of an ordinary nature, and then I asked her if she would permit me to see her to her cab.

She smiled again, and bowed me leave, and I walked down the steps at her side.

When she was seated in the cab, she looked at me for a moment as though she wished to say something further.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked.

"Yes, if you will," she said, extending one of those trembling hands towards me. How I longed to take that slender hand and calm it in mine.

"Most assuredly I will."

"Will you be so kind as to get me a little coarse sand? I do not know where to get any in London."

"Coarse sand!" I cried in amazement "May I ask what quantity you would wish me to get?"

"Oh, a handful or two. I think I may trust you with a little secret. It is hardly worth keeping a secret for its own sake, but there are reasons outside itself why I do not wish the matter generally known inside." She nodded towards Mrs. Waddy's. "I have smuggled a bird into the house—a pigeon. I keep it in my own

room in a thrush's wicker cage. No one knows anything about it but you. I lock it into the wardrobe when the chamber-maid is in the room, and when I am not in my room. I keep the door locked, and the key in my pocket."

"And you hang the bird in the window by night."

"Yes. How did you find that out?"

"I saw a shadow on the blind I could not understand. Now I know it must have been the shadow of the cage and bird. I saw you put your hand in to stroke the bird one night, and, if I am not mistaken, you left the door of the cage open, put out the gas, raised the blind, and lowered the window. Are you not afraid some morning he will fly away?"

For a moment she covered her face with her hands, and shuddered. "O God, forbid!" she cried; "God forbid!" Then she took down her hands, and whispered, "Tell the man to drive on quickly; I don't feel very well."

I gave the word to the man.

As she passed, I noticed that her face was deathly pale; deathly pale for the first time in my presence since I had met her.

I was too much disturbed to be able to analyse my feelings. All I know is that I was perplexed with incommunicable despairs. Whatever way my mental glance turned, it was confronted with dire, vague forms of terror. I seemed, in a vision, to have heard the prelude to some dirge of unappeasable despair.

All thought of love for that woman died, at sight of her sudden pallor. I knew from that instant no words of love were ever to pass between her and me. I did not feel I had got my dismissal from her, but from some occult presence whose form I had never seen, whose front and mien imagination could not body forth.



SHE COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS.

I wandered about London half that day. It was close to dinner-time when I got back to Lankhorne Place.

Miss Barclay had returned, and was in her own room. I sent up, by a servant, the parcel I had brought her.

She came down to dinner as usual. We were in the act of moving into the dining-room, when she made her appearance. Mrs. Waddy, in the belief Miss Barclay did not intend dining at the general table that day, had asked me to take in a lady who had been a stranger to me until then.

I noticed all through the dinner that Miss Barclay was much less vivacious than usual, that the nervousness had almost disappeared, and that she was much paler than of old.

I do not recollect anything worth recording which took place at that dinner. I remember a great feeling of relief when it was over. I could not bear the drawing-room. I went out of the dining-room into the hall. I had made up my mind to go to a theatre. As I was putting on my hat in the hall, a servant came to me and said that Mrs. Waddy had told her to watch for me, and say she would be glad to see me for a moment in the small room.

Mrs. Waddy came in a few minutes, saying:

"I guessed, after what I told you to-day, you would not come into the drawing-room this evening, so I told Jane to ask you to give me a few minutes. You remember what I told you this morning of the feeling here about Miss Barclay?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, things have got worse since. Some of them saw you standing a long time at her cab-door this morning, and I don't think that improved matters. They say I must give notice to her to-night."

"For heaven's sake do nothing of the kind!"

"They say that if she is not out of the

house by noon to-morrow they will go in a body."

"But what on earth has the poor girl done that such an outrage should be committed upon her?"

"She has committed two of the greatest crimes woman can commit against woman. She is cleverer and better looking than any of them, and she has puzzled them all."

I felt infinitely troubled. I cannot tell why. The look I had seen upon her face haunted me.

"But why need you do the bidding of these women?" I asked indignantly.

"If they put it on any other grounds I could and would defy them. But I cannot now. They say that by allowing her to remain under my roof I am lowering the standard of my house so much that they can stay with me no longer if she does not go."

"Good heavens, what an atrocious notion!"

"It is. But what can I do? If they go, saying that I have been harbouring a woman swindler, or a girl who has run away from her people, or what not, you know it would ruin me."

"Well, Mrs. Waddy, promise me one thing. Promise me you will not move in this matter until close to noon to-morrow. Let the poor girl have one more peaceful sleep before she knows the effect of social bigotry and stupid jealousy."

To this Mrs. Waddy, who had the kindest heart and the most sympathetic mind, at once agreed, and I went to the theatre in no very amiable frame of mind.

As through the dinner of that day, I went through the evening and night, without any clear consciousness of things passing around me; and when at last I did fall asleep, I was haunted by visions of this poor girl wandering adrift about London without a friend to look to or a place to lay her head.

Owing to the excitement of the day before, and the fact that I had lain for hours tossing and tumbling in bed before I could go to sleep, it was very late—eleven o'clock—before I awoke.

With a start, I jumped up. It had been my intention to be in the room when Miss Barclay came down to breakfast, and by some means or other save her the shock she would receive at noon, or break it to her, any way.

It was twenty minutes to twelve, and Miss Barclay had not yet been seen. She had never slept so late as this. Could it be she had got any hint, and had fled? No, for in a minute a servant came down saying that she had knocked at Miss Barclay's room, had got no answer, and that the door was locked on the inside.

This was certainly disquieting. Mrs. Waddy, who just came into the room at the moment, glanced at me. Suddenly a look of intelligence came into her face, and putting her hand in her pocket, she said:

"Here, Jane, run across the way and drop this into the pillar, and just look up at Miss Barclay's window. She may be at it, and if she is, that will account for her not hearing you."

The servant was not more than a couple of minutes gone when she came running back.

"Miss Barclay isn't at her window, ma'am. The blind is up, the window is down, and there's a bird-cage I never saw before in the window."

"And a bird—a pigeon in the cage?" I asked anxiously, with a sick foreboding I could not explain.

"No, sir; no bird."

"Are you sure?" I asked, starting up excitedly.

"Quite sure, sir. The cage is open, and the window is open, and the cage is empty."

"Then, Mrs. Waddy," I said, "we can make up our minds something dreadful has happened Miss Barclay attached terrible importance to



"SHE IS DEAD!" SAID THE STRANGER.

the escape of that bird. We had better go up at once."

As we reached the hall to go upstairs a man, a stranger, entered it in great haste He looked travel-stained and careworn.

"Miss Barclay?" he said.

"Yes," I answered. I saw Mrs. Waddy could not speak. "Do you know anything of her?"

"Yes, I do Do not you?"

"She is stopping here."

"She is dead!" said the stranger, coming near.

"Dead! What, dead!"

"Yes, dead. She must have died early, for the pigeon was at home as soon as he could after the first light"

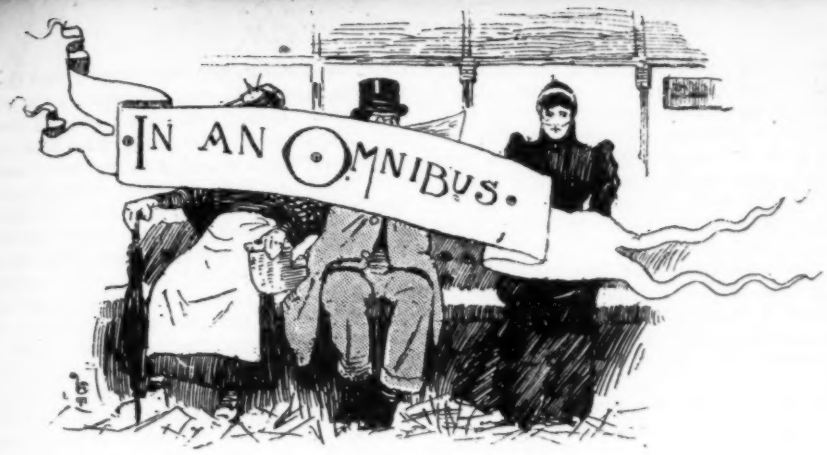
I now began to see a little way into the mystery. "Was the bird a carrier pigeon?" I asked. We had now moved with one accord into the little waiting-room. The stranger came with us.

"Yes," he answered, "it was a carrier. I gave it to her. I told her to leave it by night close to the open window, with the door of the cage open, so that it might fly away at first light if she were not up to close the door. We have been engaged for ten years, but owing to her state of health we could not get married. The doctor always said that she would most likely pass away quietly in that deadly hour before the dawn. At last she came up to see some great doctor in Harley Street, who made the heart his whole study. She was alone in the world, and would not allow any one, even the old servant who nursed her, or me, to come with her. Any reference to her illness always brought on an attack. She never spoke of her health to anyone. When she was coming away I made her take the carrier pigeon. And he came home this morning, he came home this morning! and my love went away from me for ever! My darling, my darling! my darling Kate! You knew her for a few days. Did you ever see a sweeter or holier saint?"

And the women burst into tears—those who had been foremost against her being most stricken by remorse and pity.

When they went into the room they thought she was in the sleep that bridges the dark space of time lying between the daylight and night of mortals, but they soon found she had wakened upon the unwearying noon that environs the endless pageants of eternity.





By MAUDE.

HAS it ever occurred to you, while sitting hemmed in by passengers going hither and thither, some on their way to business, others to pleasure—some in the garb of mourning, others radiant with joy—I say, has it ever occurred to you to note the face of each individual, and, in your imagination, seek to divine his or her story? Has your sympathy ever been aroused, your heart touched by the sight of a little cripple carefully lifted in by a kind conductor, who probably has a number of lads at home who have warmed his heart to many an act of kindness? Have you noticed the haggard, careworn face of some poor woman who has nothing left in the world to care for. She holds in her hand a few white daisies, which she has bought with almost her last halfpenny, to lay on the grave of the only comfort she had left in life. True, he was perhaps only a puny, white-faced boy, pinched with poverty, but he was her all. She is now on her last journey to the little shrine, after that, she will, in her despair, lie down and wait for the end.

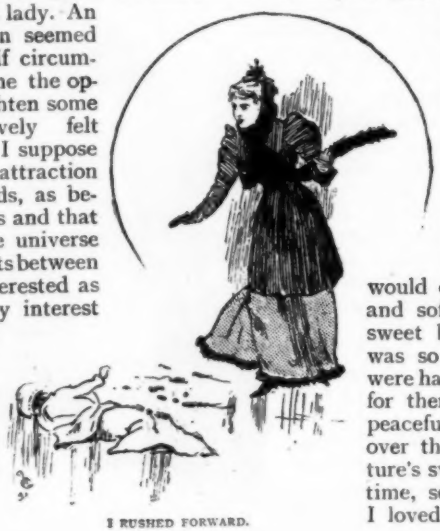
If you care to listen, I will relate to you my experience of an incident which touched me very deeply whilst riding in an omnibus.

My thoughts were busily occupied with my own affairs, and imagination was carrying me far away into the mystic regions of Dreamland, when suddenly the omnibus stopped, and, looking up, I saw a fair young girl get in, dressed in deep mourning. She could not have been more than twenty, though grief had evidently been busy in her life. The white crape frill of a widow's bonnet seemed to rest almost too heavily on the pretty chestnut hair. In strange contrast to the sad, far-away look in her eyes was the smile continually flickering about the corners of her mouth. In her



I SAW A FAIR YOUNG GIRL GET IN.

arms she carried a little child scarcely twelve months old, and as she looked down at the little face, the far-away look in her eyes changed to one of determination to keep, at all cost to herself, a perpetual smile on her face. I felt almost angry, picturing to myself, as one is apt to do, the look of a dear, dead face, then lying in the grave. In my fanciful imagination, I surrounded him with all the grace of manhood, the tenderness of youth; indeed, I created an ideal, and it hurt me to think that she should so persistently hide her grief under that forced smile. The whole truth flashed upon me in a moment; when raising the child in her arms, his little face was turned towards me. I shall never forget the piteous look of sadness and of woe depicted in those large, dilated eyes. I have learnt since, it was the anguish of a lifetime which had laid its burden on those little helpless features some few months before God brought it into this world of pain and suffering. How I misjudged that mother's smiling face, understanding as I do now the effort of atonement she felt bound to make, in order to efface the sorrowful look she had unconsciously brought into her baby's eyes. I was so overcome by the desire to know what her story might be, that when she left the omnibus I instinctively rose to follow her. I cannot explain on any satisfactory hypothesis my reasons for feeling such an intense desire to know the life history of this lady. An indefinable suggestion seemed to come to me that, if circumstances would give me the opportunity, I could lighten some sorrow I instinctively felt underlay her smile. I suppose there is a polarity of attraction between human minds, as between chemical atoms and that the great laws of the universe have their counterparts between mind and mind. Interested as I was, I suppose my interest would have ended but for an unforeseen occurrence which brought us closely in contact with one another. On alighting from the omnibus, in her effort to keep the child from harm, her foot slipped, and the jerk sent the little one completely out of her arms. Her cry of terror startled me and thinking the child might be killed, I rushed forward, seized it in my arms, and not being far from my own home, made the distracted mother follow me. We laid the little helpless burden down and I sent for my own medical man, who pronounced a fractured leg. Of course, under the circumstances, there was no possibility of moving the child, so I soothed and comforted the poor mother by telling her that two nurses would be better than one, and at last I succeeded in persuading her to take up her abode with me, which, for the matter of that, was a necessity, as the child could not be moved.



I RUSHED FORWARD.

Day after day passed. The hours spent by the bedside of the little convalescent brought about a feeling of attachment and friendship between us. I had already passed through my life's trouble, and thinking to rouse her sympathies, I related my own short, sad story. By degrees her heart warmed towards me; and one evening the long pent-up feelings of her inmost soul were laid bare, and in the following simple strain, she told me her story:

"I lived with my mother, in the pretty village of Woking. Ah, my mother! how the mention of that dear name fills me with tender memories. She was, although an invalid, all that a mother should be: companion, friend, and counsellor. My father having died soon after I was born, my mother and I were all in all to each other. We lived very quietly, reading aloud being our principal amusement, and when she grew restless and tired, I would open the little piano, and softly sing some of the sweet ballads of which she was so fond. I think we were happiest at those times, for then it seemed that a peaceful calm would steal over the tired face, and nature's sweet nepenthe, for a time, soothe her pain; and I loved my music so well,

that all the poetry of my nature would burst forth into song, and a feeling of longing, which had possessed me from childhood, would find vent and relief in the outpouring of harmony.

"The time came when my dear mother's strength failed altogether, and I had to face the bitter trial of losing her for ever. No, not for ever, for I indulged in a curious fancy that, if I loved anyone very, very strongly, the dear dead one could never be very far away, but somewhere in the spirit world she would be near to me.

"We had a very dear friend, living a short distance from our pretty village; Mrs. Leslie, a widow, who had known my mother from childhood; thus a bond of friendship had grown up between them, and extended itself to me.



"AND SOFTLY SING."

"For a week before my dear mother's death, I never left her night nor day. She appeared to be most contented when I was kneeling at her bedside, my arms thrown about her, singing softly some sweet air, or talking to her, in low tones, of all that we had been to each other, and still would be; for God would only take her away for a little while, and then we should be together for ever and ever.

"One evening—how well I remember it—the dear, calm white face was lying quite unconscious on the pillow. I was sitting on the bed, with her hand in mine: she had not spoken for some hours, and I had sent a note to Mrs. Leslie to come to me. As our kind friend came towards us, the dear one opened her eyes; it seemed for a moment as if she had returned from the other world, and, with a beseeching look at Mrs. Leslie, murmured, 'My Violet,' and, breathing twice, passed quietly away.

"I will not dwell on the intense grief which filled my childish heart, or how I would go and kneel all alone by her dear form, trying to conjure up some token to assure myself that her spirit was not far away.

"In those dreary days Mrs. Leslie, indeed, proved a second mother to me, taking me home with her, to be, as she said, 'her own little girl,' for I was very young and simple in my ways, having always lived such a quiet country life, the great world being an unknown sphere to me.

"For months after my mother died, I used to write long letters to her. Perhaps it was a silly, childish act; but it afforded me sweet solace and relief, confirming in my mind the fancy that she still watched over me from the spirit world.

"At length, Mrs. Leslie proposed change of air and scene, thinking it would benefit my health, and bring me back into the ordinary routine of life; but I was a strange girl, and for some time had been conscious of a great longing for something, I knew not what, something then not tangible, but something which I felt would be mine sooner or later. My life now seemed empty and useless, and there was a feeling within me to do and to dare so much, and that I would rather suffer more than go on leading this inanimate sort of life.

"The contemplated journey was a source of much pleasure to me, combined with deep thought and earnest prayer. I should have to leave that quiet spot in the churchyard, where so many hours had been spent; who would now take the flowers, charging each sweet bloom with a message of love? Still, wherever I was, she would be just as near in my imaginary spirit world.

"Very soon our arrangements were all completed: the last visit had been made,

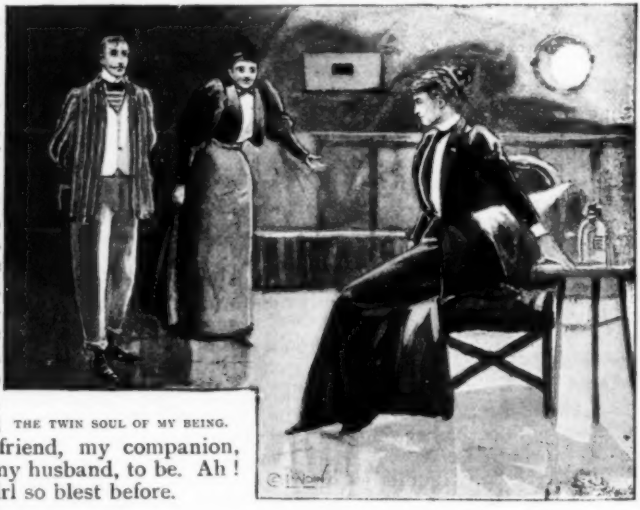
the last tears shed, and we left the pretty village, where I had spent eighteen years of my youth.

"I now pass to the golden days of my life. We had secured berths on board the *Cleopatra*, bound for Australia. During the first few days of our voyage I was sick and weary, causing my kind friend some anxiety. She insisted on calling into my cabin a young doctor, to whom she had taken a great fancy. Glancing up, with a weary look in my face, as he came towards me, little did I think that the great something, the mysterious longing, the tangible certainty of my life, *the twin soul of my being, was already waiting for me.*

"A woman's ideal! my ideal! can I describe him? No! I have no words to convey to you the kind look of sympathy in his eyes, the low, sweet tone of his voice, the tender touch of his hand, as, day after day, he sought to bring into flower all the best part of my nature.

"I was soon able to sit on deck. At first it all seemed like a dream, but by degrees, the happy certainty of what we were to one another brought the fresh colour back to my cheeks, the sparkle to my eyes; I was drawn, by the irresistible attraction of his nature, to talk of my sweet mother and all the little reminiscences connected with that sad time.

"My simple faith seemed to touch him; all the grand thoughts of his higher nature, all the wonderful powers with which God had endowed him, burst forth, and our souls mingled like the waters of a mighty ocean. One sweet calm evening, about a week before our arrival in Melbourne, he took me in his arms to be his own for ever and ever—my friend, my companion, my lover, my husband, to be. Ah! was ever girl so blest before.



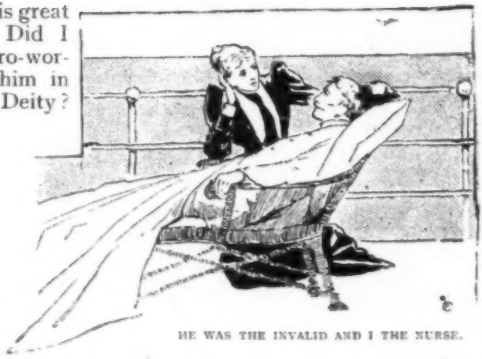
THE TWIN SOUL OF MY BEING.

"On reaching our destination we parted, but only for a short time, for should we not soon be together again, one in mind, one in body, one in soul to all eternity? How I loved my bonny Cecil, how every fibre of my nature opened itself under his influence, how my heart throbbed, when in his deep, tender voice, he called me his 'Wood Violet'—his best beloved of all the jewels of the earth—those were golden days, indeed. Ah! those few months after we were married, can I tell you how we spent the hours, which never seemed too long, except when we were apart. Everything that was beautiful, both in art and nature, delighted my bonny boy. We would take our books into the fields, and he would read to me all the beautiful gems of poetry, the idylls of romance, and anything he thought would interest and instruct me, thereby training my mind to the contemplation of a higher life. We were so bound up in one another that it became our one wish in life to have every thought and desire in common, for he would say, 'You know, sweetheart, we may not always be together on earth; and whichever be taken first—and God grant you may not go and leave me here—we must always think of one another

> 'One in thought, and one in mind,
> And one in all things true:
> The same in earth, the same in heaven.
> The old love with the new.'

"At such moments, I felt I dared not think what would happen to me if I were left alone. Ah me! those happy, happy days, when hand in hand, friends, companions, lovers always, we trod the sweet path of life together. Did I love my ideal husband with too great a love? Did I place him before my Creator,

who had brought this great joy into my life? Did I worship with a hero-worship, and magnify him in my eyes into a Deity? Alas! I know not: I loved him as few women love, and, in return, he gave me his life's devotion. Sometimes I wondered if God would chastise me, in order to bring back the greater love to himself, but the thought vanished with the next clasp of my dear one's arms.



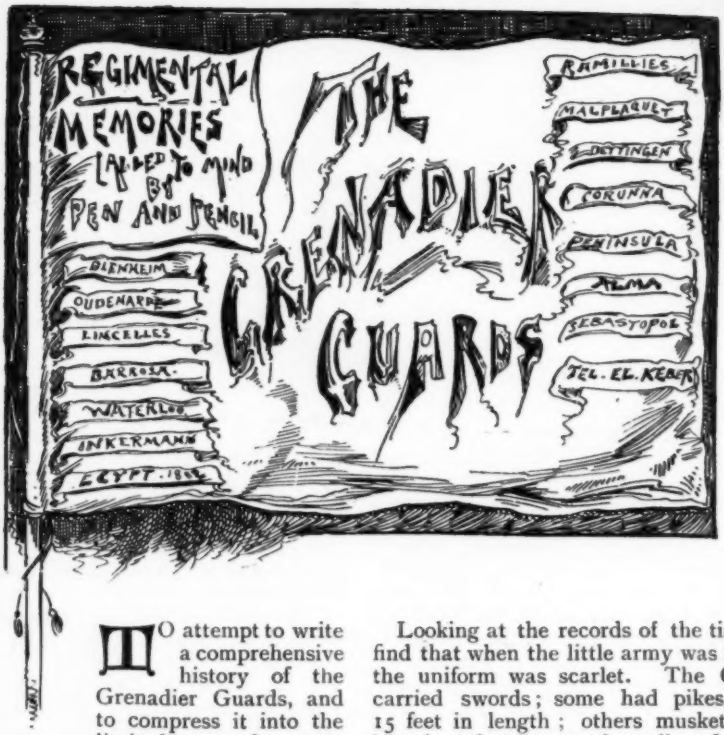
HE WAS THE INVALID AND I THE NURSE.

"So the months passed away, when suddenly an awful sense of misgiving presented itself to me. Sometimes, when I was tired, it had been my dear husband's care to lift and carry me in his strong arms, saying, it was only like carrying a little bundle of sweetmeats. Now I noticed that his step faltered, and he would often stop, under the pretence of making me rest. His eyes, too, lost their brightness, and an earnest, far-away look came into their depths. He would take my head between his hands and gaze into my eyes, as if he would draw my very soul through them. I begged to be allowed to call in a medical man. Ah, God! I shall never forget the grave look on the doctor's face as he said, 'Try the sea voyage back again to England.' We lost no time, but took our berths immediately, and a few days later were once more gliding across the mighty deep. *But now our positions were reversed: he was the invalid and I the nurse.* I shall always be thankful to God for the great strength given to me at that time; for I was jealous of any hands touching him save my own. I tried to pray, but the image of my earthly lord rose before me; would sorrow alone, intense and agonising, recall my wandering spirit? A bitterness came over me so great that I felt if my love were taken away I should die too. Whenever his strength permitted, he would talk to me, oh! so earnestly, and encourage my fancy that he was only going to join my mother in my spirit world, where, if God so willed it, he would patiently wait for me; therefore he urged me to try and do my duty, striving to live and bear the burden of life patiently until the end. I essayed to listen—to promise; but I felt it was too late; all the love of my life had gone out in one great whole to this man, and I felt powerless. The end came, and my husband, my ideal, my hero, my love, my life, passed away to the spirit world.

"I knew no more; for weeks I lay in an unconscious state, lost in the delirium of brain fever, and my reason was despaired of. At length the feeble life once more struggled back, and with it the one link left of my short but infinitely sweet married life. As I watched my baby's face, hour by hour, I became conscious that what I had allowed myself to suffer had been transmitted to my little one's features. In my selfish grief, I had forgotten that which a mother's heart should have remembered. In my anguish and remorse, I lifted up a prayer to God for strength so to live, that in time I might be enabled to remove that look of terrible pain and suffering. And now I feel that my Love knows all, and that my two treasures are waiting for me when the great Creator, to whom alone I now look for mercy and strength, shall see fit to let me join them."

. . . . . .

Here she ceased. I can only add—that her life of pure devotion and unselfishness helps her to bear her own great sorrow under a smiling face. She has indeed learnt to suffer in silence.



TO attempt to write a comprehensive history of the Grenadier Guards, and to compress it into the limited space of a magazine article, would only be futile. The writer could but compile what would be little better than a sequence of dates. But with a regiment having a brilliant record, dating from the middle of the seventeenth century to the end of the nineteenth, it is easy to deal lightly with dry historical facts, and to select, rather, authentic stories of the bravery which has distinguished it on so many occasions. The first attempt to form a regular corps of Guards was made by King Charles the Second; in fact, the Restoration was the signal for the formation of a regular army. The noblemen who had adhered to the Royal cause through good and evil fortune, had, of course, the preference in the position and duties assigned to the corps. It was thus that the First Foot or Grenadier Guards was formed from the body of Cavaliers who had followed the king to the Continent in exile, and where they were pitted against Cromwell's Roundheads in the Low Countries. It was only just that men who had shown such devotion should be specially honoured.

Looking at the records of the time, we find that when the little army was formed the uniform was scarlet. The Guards carried swords; some had pikes, often 15 feet in length; others muskets with barrels 4 feet long, and a collar of bandoleers, or small wooden cartridge-boxes. Some were supplied with the bayonet, which at this time first came into use. Screwed on to the barrel of the gun, completely covering the muzzle, it converted the musket into a kind of pike, and was thus useful when ammunition was exhausted.

Having thus briefly sketched the appearance of a "Guardsman" of the time of the "Merry Monarch," we will follow them to active service. During the expedition to Tangier in 1684, the Royal Guards came prominently to the front; but it was not until the reign of Queen Anne, and under the great Marlborough, that the predecessors of the Guards of to-day had a genuine opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The exploits of the British Army in the Low Countries and in Germany would fill volumes. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet are all names that figure on the time-honoured Colours of the Grenadier Guards. They served with honour at the battles of Walcourt and Fleurus, and about this time William the Third conferred upon their

captains the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, a privilege still enjoyed by all Captains of the Guards.

After sharing in so many of Marlborough's brilliant victories, the regiment returned to England immediately after the Peace of Utrecht, 1713; and about this time a radical change was effected in the uniform and accoutrements. Among the weapons put aside, now that the mystery of wedding the musket to the bayonet without diminishing the value of the former had been solved, was the pike. It was only carried by the sergeants, as a mark of distinction, and was in that form called a "halberd"—hence the term, "Old Halberd," formerly applied to an officer who had risen from the ranks. Another weapon which was put aside was the hand grenade; in fact, it often proved dangerous to those who used it. It was a small hollow ball, or shell, half filled with fine powder, and ignited by means of a fuse. As a destructive weapon, it was certainly useful when thrown over the parapets of works, for it scattered death, right, left, and centre.



THE GUARDS UNDER CHARLES THE SECOND.

Sir Walter Scott gives a graphic description of the use of this arm in "Rob Roy." A military party, under the command of Captain Thornton, is in pursuit of this famous chief. They are attacked in one of the mountain passes by his followers; the sergeant and several of his party have fallen, and the officer immediately arranges his men for a desperate fight. "Grenadiers, to the front," said Captain Thornton. The four Grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to be ready to support them, and gave the word in rapid succession to his Grenadiers: "Open your pouches — handle your grenades — blow your matches—fall on." The whole advanced with a shout, headed by their officer, the Grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, while the rest of the party prepared to support them with musketry. The success with which the Grenadiers frequently operated caused the famous song, "The British Grenadiers," to be composed in their honour.

The correct date of the fine old melody to which it is wedded is uncertain, but the words are more than one hundred years old. The commencement of the air is like an old song called "Prince Rupert's March," and the end resembles "Old King Cole." Next to the National Anthem, there is not any tune of a more spirit-stirring character, nor is anyone more truly characteristic of English National music. We give the original verses:—

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these;
But, of all the world's great heroes, there's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier.

CHORUS—But our brave boys, etc.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades,
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row,—the British Grenadiers

CHORUS—We throw them, etc.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair:
The townsmen cry, "Hurrah! boys, here comes a Grenadier;
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,"
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

CHORUS—Here come the, etc.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the looped clothes;
May they and their comrades live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

CHORUS—May they, etc.

As regards the uniform, little change was effected during the reign of Queen Anne. The most particular change, only partial however, was the introduction of the black and white felt sugar-loaf hats.



THE GRENADIERS THROWING THEIR GRENADES.

The reign of George the First was peaceful, and, naturally, military leaders having no rough duties to perform, turned their attention to the clothing of the soldiers, and a most ridiculous system was the result of their tailoring. They were encouraged to this by the King of Prussia, Frederick, the father of Frederick the Great, a sovereign who would undoubtedly have placed himself under arrest if his uniform should chance to deviate from the strict regulations.

Passing from the peaceful and inglorious reign of George the First, we find that when his successor ascended the throne, the sword was again drawn in right earnest. By the "Pragmatic Sanction," to which the English Monarch was a party, the succession to the throne and possessions of Austria was guaranteed to Maria Teresa, but no sooner had her father died than the Elector of Bavaria put in a claim to the succession, and the King of Prussia revived a dormant claim to the province of Silesia. The King of France espoused the cause of the Bavarian Prince, the King of England adopted that of Maria Teresa. To render his interference effectual, Parliament granted a subsidy of £300,000 to the Queen, and 16,000 men were prepared for active service on the Continent.

Let us take a glance at the appearance of a "Guardsman" at this period, for dress and accoutrement have much more to do with the efficiency of a regiment than might be imagined by superficial observers. There is a picture of a Grenadier of 1742 now before us, and the man is in "rather a stately and comfortable kind of attire." The coat of scarlet is loose and the skirts reach to the knees. These are looped up at the sides, so as to give free action to the legs when marching. Beneath the coat is a vest waistcoat, which comes low down on the thigh and is buttoned close. The breeches are of blue: a very small portion of them is seen, for a pair of white gaiters, bound at the knee by a black strap, go part of the way up the thigh. The coat is open at the collar and part of the chest, showing a white cravat and a clean shirt. There is one broad buff belt, innocent of pipeclay, hanging from the left shoulder to the right hip, and to this a black pouch is attached; a broad waist-belt of similar material supports the bayonet in its scabbard, and a small sword, with a basket hilt. The broad cuffs of the coat are turned up, leaving the wrists quite free. The cap (of cloth) is conical, with brass insignia. The musket has a shining barrel, and rests on the left

hip, and the feet of the soldier are turned out in an exaggerated "first position," the heels being eight inches apart. The whole notion of the dress was evidently of Prussian origin, for in form it corresponds with the description we have read of the Brandenburg Guards at the close of the seventeenth century. It is thus equipped that we find the Grenadier Guards at the Battle of Dettingen. At this encounter the cavalry gave way before the impetuosity of the French, but the guards stood their ground, and, after a murderous conflict, the enemy was driven back with terrible loss. The war with France continued until 1748, when a treaty of peace was signed and the troops returned home. Passing over the exploits of the Guards in North America and at Gibraltar—for to refer to them at length would satiate our readers with military anecdotes—we come to the Peninsular War. At Corunna, January 16th, 1809, the Grenadiers displayed the most brilliant valour. They were placed by Sir John Moore on his right wing, and, in conjunction with the "Black Watch," repulsed the French attack with vigour, and drove the assailants back to their own lines in headlong confusion. At Barossa (March 5, 1811), the three battalions of the Household Brigade shared in the honours of that unparalleled fight, when some 4,000 British heroes inflicted defeat and disgrace upon Victor and 10,000 Frenchmen. The battle was short, for it lasted only an hour and a half, but violent and bloody—for 50 officers, 60 sergeants, 1,000 British soldiers. and more than 2,000 French were killed or wounded; and six guns, an eagle, two generals (both mortally wounded), with 400 other prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. At Talavera, the headlong valour of the Guards entailed upon them a severe loss. The French general, Lapiose, rushed upon the British centre, but was met by the Guards with "cold steel;" they could not restrain their ardour, however, for on first beholding the French, they rushed upon them with a mad and impetuous movement. They were met by the French supporting columns and dragoons, and had to turn, while their flank and front were exposed to a terrible fire from the heavy batteries of the enemy. Victory would certainly have been on the side of the French, had it not been for the opportune arrival of Colonel Donellan in command of the 48th. The Guards then rallied, a brigade of light cavalry came up from the second line at a trot, the artillery kept up a fire without intermission, the French lost ground, wavered, and the battle ended in a British victory.

At Quatre Bras (June 16th, 1815), the Guards may certainly boast of having turned the tide of battle by their bravery. Despite the fact that they did not reach the battle-field until after a long and weary fifteen hours' march, they at once got ready for the fray, loaded and fixed bayonets, taking part in all the charges, without showing the slightest signs of their forced march. Nothing seemed to arrest their progress, and the French were forced to yield on all sides. They excelled themselves at Waterloo. They were stationed at the important position of Hougomont, which they held against terrible odds for eight hours. Charge after charge was made against them, but with no avail. In about three-quarters of an hour some 1,500 men were killed, in an area which did not exceed four acres. Visit the smiling plains of Waterloo when you will, the indefatigable guide is at your side, eager to show you the marks of the cannon balls on the walls and trees of Hougomont, the spots where Ponsonby and Picton fell, Anglesey and Fitzroy-Somerset lost limbs, and Gordon was mortally struck. No battle ever employed so many pens, or for so long a period furnished the means of existence to the Cicerones who haunt the famous field. The con-



GUARDS' UNIFORM (GEORGE THE SECOND).

duct of the Grenadier Guards on this memorable occasion was simply heroic. What more dramatic incident could be conceived than a sergeant of the regiment waving the coat of an ensign, saturated with blood, and urging his companions to the encounter? Yet, this is an episode in the sober history of the nineteenth century! As the Duke of Wellington once remarked, Waterloo was a "veritable battle of giants." "Yes," sang Sir Walter Scott:—



ON THE WAY TO THE TRENCHES IN THE CRIMEA.

> "Yes, Agincourt may be forgot
> And Cressy be an unknown spot
> And Blenheim's name be new;
> But still in story and in song,
> For many an age remembered long,
> Shall live the towers of Hougomont
> And Field of Waterloo."

After the Battle of Waterloo and the fall of Napoleon a long period of peace reigned over Europe, like a calm following a tempest. In 1853 the sword was again drawn, and the dogs of war let loose in the Crimea. The tale of the war in the Crimea has been narrated by a hundred pens—none more eloquent than that of William Russell, the veteran war correspondent of the *Times*. He bears full testimony to the splendid conduct of the Grenadier Guards, under the command of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, on the heights of Alma, at Inkerman, and before Sebastopol — for months the theatre of a wearisome siege, "amidst wintry snows, piercing winds, and heavy rains, the troops, destitute of shelter, clothing, and nutriment, and exposed to merciless disease." At the battle of the Alma, one of the fiercest engagements in history, it is recorded that, in advancing, the Guards presented an unbroken line of bearskins, and were as steady as if on parade in Hyde Park, and poured from flank to flank an overwhelming and crushing fire into the Russian columns. The Muscovites could not stand it; they turned and fled. Up came Colonel Dacres, with his artillery, loaded the gun himself (the gunners could not keep up with him), and drove the retreating enemy over the hill. When the enemy was driven off, when the day was won, the British battalions reformed, and three tremendous cheers burst from the whole army, as Lord Raglan rode along the line.

After the battle of the Alma, the allies marched towards Sebastopol. Here the Grenadier Guards, led by the Duke of Cambridge, charged a redoubt, and put to rout 7,000 of the enemy. This was one of the most splendid episodes of the whole war. The officers suffered terribly, for the Russians picked them off as a sportsman selects his game. The British army was seriously attenuated by the sanguinary battle of Inkerman; and it is

doubtful if it could have withstood another such attack.

As with the other regiments, the Grenadier Guards suffered terribly by the mismanagement of the Army Medical department. There was a woeful deficiency in the appliances for the wounded; no ambulances, insufficiency of plaster, of bandage, of medicine, of instruments—of everything, in short, requisite to assuage the sufferings of the poor soldiers. This aroused popular indignation in England, and assistance was sent out as soon as possible; and, moreover, the attendance of gentlewomen, in the capacity of hospital nurses became a feature of the war. Miss Florence Nightingale, a lady of birth and education, originated this philanthropic movement. Hearing of the sufferings of the British troops after the battle of Alma, she nobly volunteered to go to Constantinople, and to devote herself to the alleviation of officers and men. A corps of nurses was forthwith formed, and, under the auspices of the Medical Department of the Army, they proceeded to the scene of human torture, abundantly supplied with all the appliances of comfort.

But, to return to the Grenadier Guards. That they fought gallantly is proved beyond all doubt by the fact that two officers, one sergeant, and one private, gained the much-coveted Victoria Cross for heroism in the field. The first on the list, Captain and Lieutenal-Colonel the Hon. H. Hugh Manners Percy, charged singly into the Sandbag Battery at the battle of Inkerman, and at a moment when the Guards were some distance from the battery. The embrasures of the battery, as also the parapet, were held by the Russians, who kept up a most severe fire of musketry.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE LEADING THE GRENADIERS INTO ACTION AT ALMA.

At the same battle Colonel Percy found himself, with many men of various regiments, who had charged too far, nearly surrounded by the Russians, and without ammunition. Colonel Percy, by his knowledge of the ground, though wounded, extricated these men; and, passing under a heavy fire from the Russians, then in the Sandbag Battery, brought them safe to where the ammunition was to be obtained, thereby saving some 50 men, and enabling them to renew the combat. He received, on the spot, the approval of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge for this action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Russell, Bart., offered to dislodge a party of Russians from the Sandbag Battery, if anyone would follow him. Sergeant Norman, Privates Anthony Palmer and Bailey (who was killed) volunteered the first. The attack was successful.

Sergeant Ablett, of the 3rd Battalion, on Sept. 2, 1855, seeing a shell fall in the centre of a number of ammunition cases and powder, he instantly seized and threw it outside the trench; it burst as it touched the ground.

Private Anthony Palmer was present when the charge was made in defence of the Colours, at Inkerman, and also charged singly on the enemy, and it is said he saved the life of Sir Charles Russell.

The foregoing is truly a record of which the Grenadier Guards have reason to be proud. Needless to say, a triumphal welcome home awaited the Crimean heroes on their return to England. As soon as the wounded men of the Guards had returned home and were in a condition to be seen, Her Majesty caused them to be brought to her Palace for inspection, and then kind words were addressed to them by the Queen and Prince Albert, and they were regaled with British cheer. The Queen subsequently visited the men in Hospital. On the 15th of May, 1855, an imposing military display took place at the Horse Guards, on the occasion of the distribution of medals, by her Majesty, to the troops. The Duke of Cambridge, fresh from his triumphs in the East, took command of the parade. After the Treaty of Peace, signed at Paris on the 30th day of March, 1856, the troops evacuated the Crimea. To the Guards, whose peace head-quarters were the British Metropolis, a triumphal entry was allotted.



OFFICER'S WINTER COSTUME IN CRIMEA



MORNING SERVICE, IMPROMPTU DI SK.

All London and the suburbs turned out to meet them. The 10th of June, 1856, was observed almost as a general holiday. Before proceeding to London, the Guards had been concentrated at Aldershot; so they travelled up to London in four special trains. The men were in heavy marching order, with their great-coats over their knapsacks, and canteen and haversack by their side. Such of them as wore long beards and four-clasped medals, were objects of attention, for these were the men who had stood the brunt of the war. After landing at Nine Elms Station, they pro-



OFFICER'S COSTUME TIME OF CRIMEA

ceeded in triumph to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen, accompanied by the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, and many other members of the Royal family, welcomed them from a balcony overlooking the courtyard. At the great review, subsequently held before her Majesty in Hyde Park, the Grenadier Guards were so carried away by enthusiasm at the gracious favour shown them by their grateful Sovereign that, at the conclusion of the manœuvres, they saluted the Queen by cheer after cheer, throwing their heavy bearskin caps in the air or elevating them and waving them aloft on the points of their bayonets.



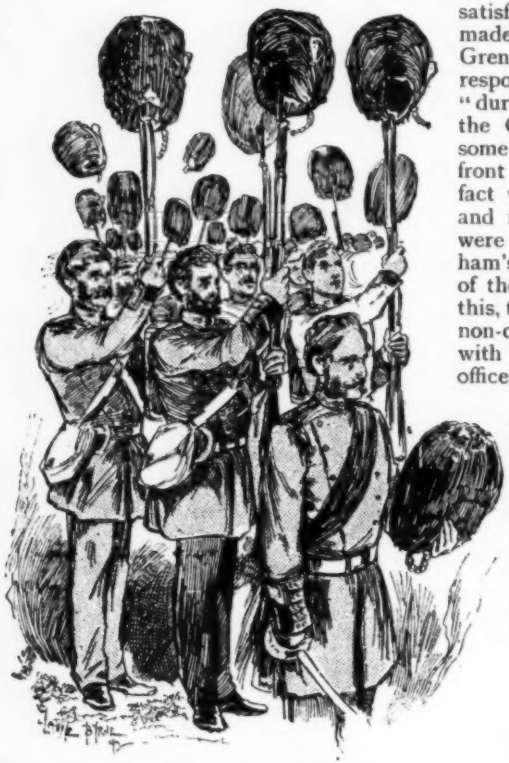
DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE DECORATING FRENCH SOLDIERS.

The years 1855–6 saw some changes in the costume of the Guards: the swallow-tails, with all their preposterous decoration of white lace, absorbent of pipe clay and of time, disappeared to make room for the frock. About the same time was banished the black leather stock. The accoutrements, too, underwent some modification. One side belt only was retained for the support of the bayonet, and the pouch was attached to a waist belt.



SERGEANT ABLETT WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The next active service on which the Guards were employed was in the operations in Egypt, and on their colours we read the names of "Egypt, 1882, Tel-el-Kebir, and Suakim. The Brigade of Guards consisted of the 2nd battalion Grenadiers, the 2nd battalion Coldstreams, and the 1st battalion Scots Guards, all under the command of H.R.H.



CHEERING THE QUEEN IN HYDE PARK.

the Duke of Connaught. As the Guards marched through the streets of Alexandria and Ramleh their thoroughly martial appearance and splendid physique caused a veritable panic amongst the Arabs. They were filled with wonder, and, with true Oriental fatalism, declared that "all was lost; Islam was at last overthrown." Much to their disappointment, the Guards were too late to join in the actual fighting at Mahuta, on the 24th August, 1882. However, they arrived at six o'clock, having marched from Ismalia in less than five hours. This was more or less a forced march, and the splendid powers of endurance displayed evoked the warmest praise from Lord Wolseley. Like his great predecessor Wellington, Lord Wolseley, when praising the conduct of any particular regiment, always refrains from what, in fault of finding a more expressive word, we may call "gush;" but his tribute of gratitude, cold as it may sound in the ears of a civilian, "I have every reason to be satisfied with the exertions they have made," was duly appreciated by the Grenadiers. Moreover, the special correspondent of the *Times* declared, that "during these early days of the advance the Guards worked splendidly." For some reason, the Guards were not in the front during the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, a fact which caused surprise in both civil and military circles at the time. They were formed in support of General Graham's brigade, and thus missed the brunt of the heavy fighting. Notwithstanding this, they suffered with the rest, losing one non-commissioned officer and one private, with about ten wounded, including one officer. So far as the brigade of Guards was concerned, the actual fighting in the campaign was over. About the middle of September a detachment was sent to Tel Abou, to cut off any retreat that might be attempted in that direction; others accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to Cairo. In addition to having to battle with the Arabs, the troops had to wrestle with foes quite as formidable, and certainly more treacherous. The terrible heat, the difficulty in procuring pure water,



GRENADIER PRIVATE OF TO-DAY.



DRESS OF CAMEL CORPS.

the dirt, all tended to the propagation of fever germs, and a deadly pestilence was the result. Happily, the awful lesson had borne fruit, and the Army Medical Department were able to cope with the difficulty. At the explosion which occurred at the Cairo Railway Station the Guards rendered invaluable assistance; their prompt appearance, under the Duke of Connaught on this occasion added another proof of their discipline and alacrity. On the renewal, in 1884, of the operations in the Soudan, the 3rd battalion Grenadier Guards was ordered to the front. At the sanguinary fight of Abu Klea, poor Colonel Burnaby met his fate, expiring in the arms of a private of the Grenadiers. Burnaby's death was eminently dramatic. It is said that after receiving the fatal wound, he fell back into the arms of the guardsman: the latter saw at once that the case was hopeless, and that the hero of the "Ride to Khiva" was dying. He merely had time to cry, "Oh, Colonel, I fear I can do no more than say God bless you!" when Burnaby fell from his arms a corpse. The operations of the force that attempted the rescue of Gordon is fresh in the minds of our readers. The Grenadier Guards provided a contingent for the camel corps, which did good service.

We have thus traced the history of the Grenadier Guards from the reign of Charles II. to that of Her Majesty Victoria. It is one unbroken record of conduct which has won the admiration of friend and foe alike.



THE CAMEL CORPS—A HALT.

The City of London and West End Football Associations.

By C. BENNETT.



MINERVA FOOTBALL TEAM.

I INTEND devoting the space at my disposal in this month's LUDGATE to a rapid survey of the chief Metropolitan Clubs affiliated to the above Associations, and although perhaps they cannot compare with the various picked teams that contest for the League Championships, still each and all have their own circle of followers and admirers, and I doubt if any city or town in Great Britain shows more enthusiasm over their champions than do the friends of these Clubs when they are engaged in friendly rivalry. As might naturally be supposed, both the City and West End Clubs are composed of members who are engaged in various large business houses in the City of London.

Of the City Clubs we should make first mention of the "MINERVA," which is now enjoying its sixteenth season. We find them now the strongest combination team in the City. They were winners of the London Junior Cup, 1890-1, and the newly-instituted City of London Football Association Challenge Shield, 1891-92, presented by Messrs. Mappin Bros. This season they are going very strong as usual, amongst their latest victims at time of writing being St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whom they defeated by two to one on the winners' own ground at Lee, Kent (one of the best in the South of England), after a drawn game on the Students' ground. The Minerva are able to place three good teams in the field each Saturday, and boast of carrying away yearly a fair share of prizes at the City of London Sports. Mr. J. Stamp, the Hon. Sec., is a vigilant official, and the Minerva at home are a thoroughly jolly lot of fellows.

The OLYMPIC last year started out at



THE "OLYMPICS.

the beginning of the season very quietly, and but little was thought of their play; it was not until well on into the winter that they boomed in the eyes of footballers. Right away to just on the close of the season they retained an unbeaten record, carrying all before them, and only succumbed in the competition for the West End Cup, to the KILDARE, in the final round.

In the fight for the Shield, won by the Minerva, they appeared in the deciding round, when the latter team showed their superiority, although they were hardly favourites. The Minerva having, as stated previously, won the London Junior Cup, they competed last year for the Senior Cup, which gave the Olympic a good chance of becoming the holders of the London Junior Cup, which they availed themselves of, winning the trophy in really good style. It will thus be seen that the Olympic were in the proud position at one time last season, after winning every game, of playing in the three finals of the competitions in which they were engaged. Of their twenty-five seasons, last year was the most successful. This year they are still flourishing, but have certainly lost one or two good men, one in particular, Cunningham, who has been coaxed over by the "Calies" to join



THE RAVENSBOURNE TEAM.

the Clans at Tufnell Park.

The Olympic were decidedly fortunate in securing the London County ground, Herne Hill, last season, where "the Jackals and Company" rallied round them, and very many happy Saturdays were spent. With such good workers as Munckton and Dickie, &c., the enthusiasm in football amongst the Olympics is not likely to fall away.



THE "HERONS."

The RAVENSBOURNE Athletic Association is, from many points, one of the most important in the City.

The football division of the Ravensbourne have not done great things up to the present, but as an Athletic Association it certainly runs very strong. Standing in the centre of the back row of the Ravensbourne group is Mr. George Pragnell, the President of the City of London Athletic Association, and pioneeer of athletics amongst the City houses. Mr. Pragnell set himself a great task, and one that I think he has well succeeded in accomplishing. I am more than delighted that the athletes of the City appreciated his work on their behalf by presenting him, in November last, with a medal and an illuminated address. Mr. Pragnell has raised the standard of athletics amongst the Ravensbourne men to great eminence. The Cricket Division won the Cricket Challenge Cup. The Cycling Club, the Cycling Cup. The Swimming Club, the Team Swimming Championship; and Moses, one



THE CAVENDISH TEAM.

of its members, carried off the Championship for Bath Swimming. It is still fresh before us how well the Swimming Division of the Ravensbourne forged their way to the final round in the competition for the National Life-Saving Shield, given by Messrs. Lever Brothers.



THE "VULCANS."

In the final bout, decided at Liverpool, the Ravensbourne competed against the Nottingham team; the latter winning by only a narrow majority of points. The Ravensbourne Water-polo team play a good game, and have held the Draper's Record Challenge Shield one year, and made a bold struggle to secure it again last year in the final round, but this time without success.

When formed in 1881, the HERONS were only able to muster one team, but they are now playing very strong, and though unadorned with Cups they are indeed most formidable rivals. Mr. F. Smith, the Hon. Sec., is a rare worker, running three teams, and as left half back plays a sterling game, with Captain H. Barton, left back. Their ground, at Grove Tavern, Lordship Lane, Dulwich, is a good one, where the Cricket and Lawn Tennis Club also play in season. These mentioned are but a small proportion of City House teams, although they represent the most prominent, but mention should be made of the GRESHAM, which were a good club, and they have made great endeavours to bring off some of the "Cups" for which they compete. Their Life-saving team won last year the Challenge



THE WEST END FOOTBALL TEAM.

Cup, and their Lawn Tennis team took the City Championship during this last summer. The CONNAUGHT is another good club, but, having won the London Junior Cup some years ago, they have not seemed to get along very brilliantly in the higher competition; while some of the other branches are most encouragingly flourishing.

Cannon Street Hotel, on Oct. 28th, was the venue of a most pleasant evening for the "City Boys," when a capital smoking concert was given, and the numerous prizes were distributed amongst the winners of the various competitions during the past year for Swimming and Athletics. Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., M P., honoured the Associations by fulfilling the post of chairman, and amongst the numerous speakers was the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, who accepts with his Mayoralty the presidency of the City of London Swimming Association.

The greatest grievance of the City of London swimmers is the want of a swimming bath, and at every possible occasion Mr. Pragnell urges this long-felt want.

At Cannon Street (as was the case the previous year at the Guildhall), "Wanted, a Swimming Bath" was well advertised, and it is to be hoped that before long someone will come forward and give a little assistance to obtain this necessity, as at the present moment the many thousands of city men are compelled to go to Aldgate for their aquatic exercise.

The West End Football Association is undoubtedly as strong as the City, and is fortunate in having such a thorough worker at the secretarial duties as Mr. F. Lamacraft, who has held that post since 1885, and also the captaincy of the Cavendish Football Club. The two Associations try conclusions each year; November 26th, at Acton Green, was the date and place for this year's contest, when the West End proved victorious by five goals to four; though it might be urged for the City that they were unable to place the strongest team in the field owing to important Cup ties, which prevented them from obtaining any assistance from the "Minerva."



THE CLARENCE.

The CAVENDISH was formed as far back as 1873, but they have not as yet reached very great fame, in spite of possessing as they do some really good individual players.

The VULCANS boast of being able to put five teams in the field at once. In 1887 the Vulcans won the West End Challenge Cup outright, and held the new one in



THE KILDARE TEAM.

1889-90, but were defeated, 1890-91, by the "Kildare" in the final tie. The latter team was also victorious last year, and have only to repeat their conquest this year when the trophy becomes the absolute property of the club.

In 1886 the Vulcans reached the semi-final stage of the London Senior Cup, and their Cricket, Water-polo, Swimming and Rowing clubs have each in turn held the Cups for their respective competitions. The clubs' ground at Roundwood Park, Harlesden, an exceptionally pretty spot, is undoubtedly the best in the West End, and as a summer resort it is unsurpassed.

The West End are not by any means last in the field, as the number of branches attached to their Athletic Association is surprising. In Football they run six teams; Cricket also receives a great deal of attention. Mr. King assures us he can put on a run as good a muster as some of our leading Cycling clubs; while Mr. Huntingdon devotes a great share of his spare time to further the ladies' game, The Magpie Lawn Tennis Club.

The "CLARENCE" Football Club was founded in 1875, and their ground at Willesden Green receives a good share of



THE OXFORD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

patronage, as does also the Cricket Club under the same name.

The "KILDARE" Football Club, a branch of the Kildare Athletic Association, is now over 20 years old, and during its career has seen many ups and downs, but for the past three years or so its star might be said to have always been in the ascendant. The old ground of the Kildare was situated at St. Peter's Park, near the Chippenham Hotel, but now the work of the enterprising builder has completely demolished all traces of the ground. After a few seasons at Kensal Rise, followed by six at Wormholt Farm, Shepherds Bush, a most comfortable home was found at Friars' Place, Acton, where the members wend their way, summer and winter, to join in either Football, Cricket, Lawn Tennis or Quoits.

I have previously mentioned that they have held the West End Football Challenge Cup for the past two seasons, and this year finds them struggling to make the trophy their own. Mr. William Whiteley, the well-known "Universal Provider," of Westbourne Grove, is the President of the Club, and right proud the Kildare are of their chief, who not only takes a lively interest in the welfare of the club, and all attaches to the West End Association, but subscribes most liberally to the funds.

The Kildare boast of having amongst their past and present Vice-Presidents such eminent men as Lord Randolph Churchill, the late Mr. Lionel Cohen, M.P., and Mr. John Aird, M.P.

The Cricket club last year won the West End Junior Cup, and the Clarence are the proud holders of the Senior Cup.

THE OXFORD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION have so far not distinguished themselves very much this season, but they possess many enthusiastic members who have won their way into the front rank, and I venture to think we shall soon see this Club well to the fore in these Cup matches.

Although space will not permit of any further illustrations, mention should be made of the GROVE HOUSE Association, also affiliated to the City of London and West End Associations, competing in the latter competition, perhaps, more successfully in the past than any other West End Club.

In 1884 and 1888 the Grove House won the West End Cup outright, and in the former year their Rowing club carried off the Grand Challenge Cup for eights, valued at 100 guineas. Their Cricket Division won outright the West End Cricket Cup in 1882, and held the new one, 1883. In Swimming and Athletics they have some of the best men in the West End.

Space will not permit me to name the many other Clubs that I should like to have made reference to, and whose play provides interest and amusement for so many thousands of our London football lovers, besides securing to the players much healthful and needed exercise.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please.
* * * * * *
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

SCOTT.

HOW shall we furnish the dining-room? was the question put to me the other day by an expectant bride, in the most off-hand manner, and with the evident expectation that ten minutes' conversation would settle it, once for all, to her entire satisfaction.

But house decoration is not such an easy matter as many seem to suppose; that is, if you wish the home to be a fitting shrine for those who occupy it: a reflection of one's inmost thoughts and higher aspirations, and withal a safe abiding-place, within whose walls one can take refuge from the storms and tempests, mental and physical, which no man, woman, or child can be absolutely free from.

I firmly believe that a happy home is essential to success; and most men and women are prepared to stand any hardship, or suffering, which in the ordinary course of events may fall to their lot, if they have a resting-place full of sympathy and love, to which they can retreat. Therefore this "Home Instinct," or as the French call it, *la maladie du pays*, should be encouraged and cultivated in both sexes more than of late years has been the case, then the daily press would not be inundated, season after season, with countless letters from those who do not know how to be happy themselves or to allow others to be so, and are constantly taking the public into their confidence on such subjects as "Is Marriage a Failure?" and "Why don't Young Men Marry?" Marriage is never a failure if the home and its occupants are chosen with a due amount of forethought, and that best of all the senses—common sense. But it certainly is a hopeless and unmitigated failure if those who enter into the most sacred of all contracts fail at every point to abide by the stipulations laid down.



A USEFUL WRITING-TABLE.

But I am afraid I have wandered far afield from that most fascinating theme, Domestic Art; so, to return to the Dining-room and the most suitable furniture, decorations and fittings for embellishing the

same: first, the walls must have our serious consideration; for their treatment, and that of the ceiling of an apartment in which we rest, converse, or partake of food, is by no means unimportant. There are, of course, some people so engrossed with mundane matters that a wall-paper is a wall-paper and nothing more to them; but they are happily few and far between, and are seldom of refined or educated tastes.

Much might be written of carved wood panellings, such as are sometimes seen in Tudor and Stuart houses, fine instances of which we light upon from time to time in remote districts far from the busy haunts of men. Or the painted and marble halls of Egypt, Etruria, Greece, and Rome. Or the woven fabrics, produced at fabulous cost, for the use of Roman and Assyrian Grandees. But these have often been described, and what concerns us most to-day is what is applicable to our modern English homes.

Wall-papers are of comparatively recent invention, and were first employed in this country during the reign of William III. and Mary. The earlier specimens, which were imported by Dutch merchants from China, were crude examples compared with those we see around us to-day. By a system of evolution we have, from this small beginning, a number of such beautiful fabrics as Tynecastle tapestry Lincrusta, jewelled and leather effects, flocks, and the simple and artistic hangings designed by such men as William Morris, Walter Crane, and Lewis Day.

Assuming that a suitable covering has been selected, the next point is the sub-division of the walls. This, of course, in a large measure depends upon the height and size of the apartment to be decorated. In a low room a simple frieze and filling is to be recommended, while a larger one will bear the addition of a dado, or the latter may, if preferred, be substituted for the freize. Personally, I prefer a dado in a dining-room; it has a good effect, and, being of a darker colour than the rest of the walls, is a great protection where there is most wear. When soiled, it can be easily renewed without interfering with the other portions. It should always be finished with a moulding of wood simply painted to correspond with the other structural fittings. Let me, *en passant*, beg those who lay claim to good taste, to avoid grained woodwork and similar shams as they would a pestilence. Besides being ugly in itself, it would not deceive the merest child into believing that it was what it tried to appear. The ceiling, of course, depends upon the scheme of decoration. Anaglyptic fibrous plaster, delicately moulded, the plain surface divided by mouldings of wood, or even an unobtrusive paper of radiating design, are all preferable to a wide expanse of dazzling plaster, which makes your eyes blink every time you cast them in that direction.

Having prepared the room for the reception of the furniture, the next step is the purchase of the carpet.

Wherever else it may be necessary to practise economy, do not let it be in the choice of the dining-room floor covering; but, whether it be the regal Turkey, the handsome Axminster, the utilitarian Brussels, or even the modest Kidderminster, have the best quality that money can procure; or the constant friction to which this part of the house is subjected will soon render it a wretched eyesore and thorn in the flesh to those who invested in it. Central bordered carpets are now most in vogue, with a surround of linoleum, matting, or self-coloured felt. Many, however, prefer to have their rooms entirely covered with carpet, still retaining the border; in fact, to some minds the latter is as necessary as the frame of a picture.

It is now time to consider the furniture, and as, later on, a room of the Chippendale period will be described, I will confine myself to hints of a general nature.

The shape of the chairs ought to recall, however remotely, the human form, and should not be as so many are, so high that anyone of ordinary stature dangles in mid air, with the feet two or three inches from the ground. The so-called easy-chairs generally err in the opposite direction, and anyone past middle age, or rejoicing in a superabundance of adipose tissue, cajoled into one of these monstrosities, invariably goes through contortions too terrible to contemplate before the equilibrium is regained. The angle of the back should also be calculated, as far as possible, to agree with a number of positions, not one only. For instance, the dropsical arrangement, composed of velvet and hair, which modern upholsterers turn out in thousands, even if it accommodates the shoulders, leaves the hollow of the back unsupported, or *vice versâ*; and in nine cases out of ten there

is insufficient depth of seat. For a small and inexpensively-furnished dining-room a box ottoman couch is a great convenience, as it affords a comfortable resting-place as well as a receptacle for newspapers, magazines, and other odds and ends; the Chesterfield, too, is another shape which generally meets with approval. Telescope dining-tables are admirably adapted for their purpose, and cannot be improved upon. The sideboard is a useful and necessary piece of furniture, which can be chosen from an upholsterer's catalogue, where there are an infinite number of varieties to select from. If expense is an object and the time can be spared, fine examples of the work of Sheraton, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and other well-known makers of a past age, may be picked up occasionally for the proverbial old song, and are priceless treasures when found. A writing-table, and some place where books can be stored, is a *sine qua non* (for there are few of us "with souls so dead" that we do not crave to have our favourite authors near at hand), and possibly one I had designed to meet my own requirements would find favour with some of the readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY.

The long drawer is divided into compartments to suit paper of different sizes, and the smaller ones are so constructed that the fronts turn down and form convenient library steps. The writing flap can be raised to receive correspondence, and the cupboards are useful additions for holding a lamp and stores, while those with glazed doors are reserved for ornamental china.

For covering furniture there are so many excellent materials, that it seems invidious to single out one or two for special mention; but I have found from personal experience, which is, after all, the only experience which one can go by, that Utrecht velvet or good leather (not roan, which wears atrociously) answer perfectly for this purpose, so I generally adopt it for my own use. Curtains of plushette, chenille, tapestry, or silk damask all have their merits; but whatever fabric is chosen, the tablecloth should bear some relation to it.

In this chilly climate, where icy draughts penetrate through every nook and cranny, a portière on a movable brass rod adds considerably to the comfort of this apartment. The following is a short description of a Chippendale dining-room, which gives a very good idea of a particular period. The walls are hung with plain brown stippled paper of warm tint, arranged in panels. The dado is of copper-coloured Tynecastle tapestry, studded with brass nails, and the Adams frieze is hand-painted on a dull metallic ground. A rich Turkey carpet, surrounded by brown felt, covers the floor, and the draperies and table cover are of chenille with Oriental borders. The furniture, which has been carefully copied from old examples, is elaborately carved, and the sideboard is further ornamented by a brass gallery and pillars to correspond. Brown velvet, with a conventional design in turquoise blue, has been used for the chairs with good effect. A dog grate on a tiled hearth emits its cheery flames, and the brass fender and fireirons gleam in the firelight. It is a warm and comfortable interior, and, though correct in all its details, there is an absence of stiffness which recommends it to those who admire this style of decoration.



NEW WINTER WALKING COSTUME.

From the adornment of the home to that of the body is only a short step, and those who rejoice in pretty surroundings should endeavour to be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, as far as their dress is concerned. I cannot too often impress upon my readers that, if they wish to retain their self-respect and that of others, they must devote a certain amount of time and attention to their outward apparel, which, of course, includes, to use an Irishism, dainty underwear. I have recently seen several varieties of the latter, for of late rapid strides have been made in this direction, and one can now obtain silk, woollen, or the finest namsook garments,

so delicately fashioned that they seem more appropriate as clothing for Titania and her elves than for the practical daughters of John Bull. But, fragile as they appear, with their tiny tucks and trimmings of lace and ribbon, I have reason to believe they bear a fair amount of hard wear; and it is stated in their favour that they are even capable of resisting the *modus operandi* of the average "British washer-lady." At any rate they are so moderate in price that they have quite superseded the handmade outfits and trousseaux over which our unhappy mothers toiled, to the detriment of health and eyesight, when about to enter the bonds of matrimony. There is, at this season of the year, a fine display in the shop windows of gloves and hosiery, and no more acceptable present (not of too costly a nature) could be devised for young girls struggling to make an inelastic dress allowance meet at both ends. If any rich bachelor uncle, generous brother, or "a nearer and dearer one still," does me the honour to peruse these pages, I hope he will take the hint and bear it in mind when selecting New Year's Gifts. For dress trimmings, both for morning and evening wear, fur is much used, also for mantles and millinery. In many cases it is detachable, as in the sketch of the winter walking costume; and this is a convenient fashion, as it allows handsome skins to be utilised for several gowns. Tweeds, faced cloths, and serges all receive a fair measure of popular favour, but, for ceremonious occasions, striped and shot velveteens are largely patronized. These are made in various shades of contrasting colours, such as *vieux rose* and reseda, crimson and black, or brown and orange. This material is useful for a simple and inexpensive tea-gown for home wear, a garment which may be looked upon as a virtuous economy, as it may be frequently donned in place of a more costly dress. For making these the Watteau style still prevails, though now the waist-line is clearly defined by allowing the pleat to be separate from the bodice, which is certainly more becoming to the average figure than when cut together. A very quaint gown, with large puffed sleeves, can be made of a plain olive-green velveteen, relieved by bands of dark fur, with a pearl grey satin petticoat trimmed to correspond. Another model in striped velveteen had a gauged front of black lace over satin, exactly matching the brightest colour in the material. The trained skirt was edged with a *coquille* of lace and satin, and the sleeves and neck had deep frills of the same. A third, evidently intended for a brunette, was of buttercup-yellow silk damask, elaborately embroidered with jet and trimmed with black Chantilly.



PATENT THIMBLE.

I have just seen a new design for a thimble; it is registered by The Adjustable Thimble Company, of 27, Leadenhall Street, London, who will send one post free for two shillings. By a very simple screw contrivance the thimble can be altered in size to adapt it to the sewer's finger. It is well known that on a cold day one's fingers are apt to contract, so that the thimble which is of comfortable size in a normal temperature becomes inconveniently loose. The thimble will last much longer than an ordinary thimble, being made of a special metal, heavily coated with pure silver or gold. In ordering, it should be stated whether the finger is small, medium, or large.

As I stated in the December number, I propose from time to time to touch upon the various professions open to women, so shall this month consider the chances of preferment for those who are desirous of becoming trained nurses.

No one should aspire to the high calling of a nurse, unless she possesses certain attributes and characteristics; for though training may do much as far as technical knowledge is concerned, it will never give that general aptitude for the work which is more readily understood than explained. The principal points to be considered, before applying to a hospital, are the length of time which can be spared for the purpose (one, two, or three years), if you require to receive some form of salary during the period of training, and whether you are willing to gain wide experience, which entails a corresponding amount of hard work, or will be satisfied with less knowledge and an easier life. Though some of the larger provincial infirmaries afford good training grounds, a nurse, as a rule, takes a higher standing in her profession if she has been attached to one of the London hospitals.

Miss Honnor Morton, who has written several books touching on this subject, in her latest volume, "How to become a

Nurse, and How to Succeed," advises those who have high-church tendencies "to apply to University or King's College; and Roman Catholics or Dissenters to The London, which is the most unsectarian of all the London hospitals." The alphabetical list of hospitals given in this clever little book should then be consulted, as under each heading will be found the hours on duty, holidays, salaries, and other details, most useful to the novice. After a careful choice, application should be made to the Matron, who will send a copy of regulations, a time table, giving the length of working hours, and a form containing such questions as :—

1.—Are you a single woman or widow?

2.—Name in full, and present address of Candidate.

3.—What has been your occupation?

4.—Age last birthday, and date and place of birth.



NURSE'S CAP.

5.—Where educated?

6.—Are you strong and healthy, and have you always been so?

7.—Height.

8.—Are your sight and hearing perfect?

9.—Have you any physical defects?

10.—Have you a tendency to pulmonary complaint?

11.—If a widow, have you children? How many?—their ages. How are they provided for?

12.—Where, if any, was your last situation? How long were you in it?

13.—The names in full and addresses of two persons to be referred to. State how long each has known you. If previously employed, one of these must be the last employer.

14.—Have you read, and do you clearly understand, the regulations?

From these rules, and the enquiries made, it will at once be seen that a strong constitution is an absolute necessity. No woman who has not undertaken the work can have any idea of the drudgery and fatigue of a nurse's life. So many draw back after once putting their hand to the plough, that the most serious consideration of the many objections to this career must be given before the final step of accepting the responsibilites is taken.

In the event of the candidate being approved, she must, without delay, provide herself with a suitable outfit, which should include at least a dozen of every article of underwear, two dozen collars, two dozen pairs of cuffs, and two dozen handkerchiefs, two dozen pairs of black Llama stockings of a soft, light texture, two pairs of easy, noiseless house shoes (a special kind are made for hospital wards), and a couple of pairs of kid walk-



NURSE'S OUTDOOR COSTUME.

ing boots must be procured, with a sufficient stock of gloves for the first year. A dressing-gown, combing jacket, and the usual toilet accessories will, of course, be purchased.

The uniform varies with every hospital, and the whole or a portion is generally provided for the staff. In the preliminary interview with the Matron it is well to ascertain which part the nurse is expected to supply; and to also enquire what text-books on nursing she is to get. If in the interval she has an opportunity of attending a course of ambulance lectures, the knowledge obtained will probably save her from some awkward *contretemps* to which probationers are liable through ignorance of simple medical terms.



A NURSE'S INDOOR COSTUME.

Besides the general work of the hospital, which for probationers is generally confined to the medical wards, a certain number of the working hours (which average about twelve a-day) are devoted to classes and lectures, with a view to obtaining a certificate. The arrangements of course differ in various hospitals, but at King's College the medical superintendant lectures once a week, and the house sister three times a week. At the London, the matron gives a course of twelve lectures on nursing, one of the surgeons a course on anatomy and surgery, and one of the physicians a course on physiology. Competent sisters overlook the notes taken at these lectures, and supplement them with further instruction.

The salaries received by probationers are not high, varying from £8 to £20 per annum; but those who have had good training are, of course, eligible for the higher posts in the profession, and there are also fine openings abroad.

It must not be imagined that nursing is entirely confined to soothing the sick and afflicted. It really entails a certain amount of menial work; the ward etiquette too is irksome at first to undisciplined minds, and unless a woman is thoroughly in earnest and has a vocation, the disagreeable duties she has to perform will disgust her with the calling.

Among the many useful handbooks which it would be well for the future nurse to peruse, may be mentioned:—

(Record Press, 376, Strand.)

Points for Probationers. By E. J. R. Landale. 1*s*.

Practical Treatment of Cholera. By G. Sherman Bigg, A.M.S. 1*s*.

Fever Nursing. By Mary Harris. 1*s*.

The Best Thing to do. By C. J. S. Thompson. 1*s*.

How to Become a Hospital Nurse. By Alice Dannatt 1*s*.

(Scientific Press, 140, Strand.)

How to Become a Nurse and How to Succeed. By Honnor Morton. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Nurses' Dictionary of Medical Terms and Nursing Treatment. By Honnor Morton. 2*s*.

(Harrison, Pall Mall.)

Notes on Nursing. By Florence Nightingale. 2*s*.

It may also be interesting to know that a Nurses' Residential Club has been established at 92, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, to meet the requirements of those engaged in hospital or private nursing, and who desire a place where they can obtain meals, meet their friends, or have an occasional bed, and a permanent address. The entrance fee is 10/6 and the annual fee 10/6. Two references are required for each member, and applications should be made to the Hon. Secretary at the above address.

Such a *rendezvous* is a great boon to nurses, and affords an opportunity of making congenial acquaintances, and exchanging ideas upon subjects upon which the members would naturally take an interest.

Though in these few hints I have dwelt upon the hardships and difficulties certain to be encountered, there is a bright side, as every nurse knows who has spent the best years of her life in tending the sick and helpless. While we have such shining

examples as Miss Florence Nightingale and Sister Dora in the past; Miss Keneally, who has recently gone through the terrible Cholera epidemic at Hamburg; and Miss Marsden, the champion of the Lepers, to be associated with such a Sisterhood must be regarded as an honour by those who are in a humble way trying to imitate them.

The Royal British Nursing Association, of which Princess Christian is the President, is intended to promote a scheme of Registration for Nurses. An Annual Conversazione is held, at which H.R.H. presents badges to new members, and it owes much of its success to her constant assistance and advice. Till a few years since there is little doubt that many women who styled themselves trained nurses had no right to lay claim to such a title, as the only experience they possessed was picked up by experimental research, highly detrimental to their patients, or was the result of a short period of residence in some training home, where it is well known that probationers, in the first instance, are largely employed in the more menial domestic duties appertaining to the sick rather than in obtaining medical and surgical knowledge for the proper treatment of cases. This Association declines registration to all but properly qualified nurses, who have been through a systematic and lengthy hospital training, and who can bring evidence to show that they are efficient, in all respects, for the position which they wish to occupy. The badge is in silver or bronze, according to the class, and consists of a medal in the form of a Maltese cross, bearing the words "Royal British Nursing Association," surrounding a crown, and surmounted by a hand with "Steadfast and True," in raised letters. The Office of the Association is at 8, Oxford Circus Avenue, W.

I cannot close these few hints on nursing as a career for educated women without making a brief reference to one who has already distinguished herself in this direction and who may be considered the pioneer among trained nurses. Of course I mean Miss Florence Nightingale, who will ever stand out as a bright and shining example to those who are devoting themselves to the care of the sick and afflicted.

Miss Nightingale was named after the town in which she was born in May, 1820, and is the daughter of Mr. W. E. Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. When other girls in a similiar position were leading lives of enjoyment and following the social avocation usual under the circumstances, Florence Nightingale was giving earnest attention and study to the working of various charitable institutions at home and abroad. As early as 1854 she was placed at the head of a band of devoted women who risked health and strength—nay, life itself—in a determined effort to alleviate the sufferings of the Allied Troops in the Crimea. Within seventeen days of her disembarking at Constantinople, four thousand patients were placed under her care, and there must be many living now who owe their recovery to her devotion to so painful and arduous an enterprise. Of her method and powers of organisation too much cannot be said, and we are told that the officers at Scutari readily recognised in the lady who had charge of the nurses, one who, by example and precept, enforced the rules she had laid down for hospital management.

On returning to England after two years of incessant labour, she found she had become famous and her own countrymen and women showed their appreciation of her work by subscribing a testimonial of £50,000, the whole of which sum was devoted, at her request, to the formation and maintenance of an institution for the training and employment of nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital. It is sad to think that her devotion to her work has left her a life-long invalid; but this has not prevented her taking a lively interest in the new calling, into which respectable women may now enter and earn a living. She has also rendered valuable assistance to Lord Herbert, when head of the War Office, in framing rules for sanitary reform, by which the general health of the army has greatly benefitted. During the American and Franco-German War she was frequently consulted respecting the care of the sick and wounded; and she has also published "Notes on Hospitals," which appeared in 1852 and "Notes on Nursing" (1860), of which nearly a hundred thousand copies have been sold.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Miss Honnor Morton, from whose interesting book, "How to Become a Nurse and How to Succeed," many of the particulars in this article are taken; also to thank Mr. Arthur Garrould for the sketches of Nurses' uniforms.



Puzzledom



CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why does a duck go into the water?
2. Why is a shoemaker like a true lover?
3. When is water like fat?
4. What is the difference between twice twenty-two and twice two and twenty?
5. Why is a man like a green gooseberry?





AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

6. A father is four times as old as his son. Three years ago he was seven times as old. What is the age of each?

A GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.





7. (*a*) An Asiatic country.
   (*b*) A Spanish river.
   (*c*) An Italian river.
   (*d*) A Russian province.
   (*e*) An American territory.
   (*f*) A Chinese city.

The Initials and Finals of correct words give the names of two European Cities.

For Prizes and Particulars see Editor's Gossip.







Editor's Gossip.

The general opinion elicited from our readers as to the continuance of serial tales in THE LUDGATE is very fairly divided.

I have been much interested by the correspondence received; many writers giving their reasons for, or against, with an amount of practical common sense which renders their decisions most valuable as an index of public taste.

For the present, therefore, I have decided not to commence a new serial, as the balance of opinion is, perhaps, in favour of complete short stories.

* * *

Referring to the paragraph in last month's gossip anent the musical contributions, several composers have asked how the premiums of *One Hundred Guineas* and *Twenty-five Guineas* will be awarded.

I thought I had made this quite clear in the paragraph following the announcement. At the end of 1893 I shall ask my readers to kindly notify me by a postcard which piece of secular music or song that has been published in the Magazine during the year they consider entitled to the Hundred Guineas; and also which sacred piece they consider should receive the Twenty-five Guineas.

The pieces receiving the largest number of votes will be awarded the respective premiums named above, and the decision of our readers will be final and conclusive.

* * *

Of course all music published will be paid for according to arrangement with the composer in the ordinary way, but there will be no preference shown to any one composer: all will fare alike, and we think that the widespread renown attaching to the winners will be far and away more valuable, from an intrinsic point of view, than even the amounts awarded.

* * *

It will be noticed on opening this month's LUDGATE that a very striking innovation has been prepared for our friends. I refer to the centre sixteen pages, containing the photos of "The Queens of Europe," and their reproduction in photo-tint. A series of photographs of this class, of course, is peculiarly suitable for this mode of treatment, which all will agree greatly enhances the value of the reproductions. The departure will, I feel, still further add to the popularity of the Magazine, which we now proclaim to be the best-printed Sixpenny Magazine in the world.

Comparisons are notoriously odious, so I simply advertise the announcement.

* * *

Those interested in Football will please note that our Competition closes on the 31st of this month, January; full particulars were given last November in these pages, but for the benefit of new readers I repeat the leading details.

Competitors are invited to place the League Clubs in the order they anticipate they will stand after the completion of the final match in the League Championship. The names of the Clubs are as follows:—

Preston North End.
Aston Villa.
Sunderland.
Wolverhampton.
Sheffield Wednesday.
Bolton Wanderers.
Blackburn Rovers.
Derby County.
Stoke.
Burnley.
Everton.
West Bromwich Albion.
Notts County.
Newton Heath.
Notts Forest.
Accrington.

* * *

XUM

The Competitor who places most of the above Clubs in the correct order will become entitled to the Gold Presentation Watch, engraved with the winner's monogram or crest.

Competitors must write on the back of an ordinary postcard, first his or her name and address, then the names of the Clubs in the order it is anticipated they will stand, and address it "Football Competition," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London; to reach our office not later than the 31st of January.

Each Competitor can only send in one postcard.

* * *

The article on "The Grenadier Guards," which appears in this number, is the first of a series of short, anecdotal essays on some of the most popular regiments of the British Army. Each article will be very fully illustrated, showing the alteration in style of dress and accoutrements, from the date of the formation of the regiment up to the present time. It is not intended to make these articles histories of the various regiments from a military point of view, but to simply give slight and interesting sketches of the chief engagements in which they have taken part, together with individual deeds of valour.

* * *

I am very pleased to say that the "Young England at School" series has proved a great success, and we have received most flattering communications from many *old boys* on the excellence of the illustrations.

The chief praise for the illustrations, of course, belongs to our artist, and I have patted him on the back accordingly.

He assures me that at the last two Schools, Eton and Winchester, he had the utmost difficulty to tear himself away and limit the number of his sketches, both colleges being so full of interesting and memorable "bits."

The members of the Schools, as might, perhaps, be imagined, took very great interest in his doings and in no small manner, by their advice and opinion, aided him materially in his work.

* * *

On page 334 will be found our first page of Puzzledom, which will find a regular place in each month's issue, if duly appreciated by our readers.

I have found it rather a perplexing question to decide on the exact amount of *difficulty* requisite to make the problems interesting to the many, rather than the few.

The result of the first competition, however, will soon solve my embarrassment on this point, and then I shall be prepared to meet all emergencies.

* * *

As notified in last month's gossip, I propose to offer as prizes for the solution of these puzzles, five sets of cloth-bound, three-volume novels. These five prizes will be awarded to the five competitors sending in the largest number of correct answers. Competitions can be sent in on postcards or by letter (the former preferred) and must be addressed "January Puzzle," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London, and all competitions must reach our office by the 20th of each month: thus the answers to the January puzzles must be in by the 20th of January.

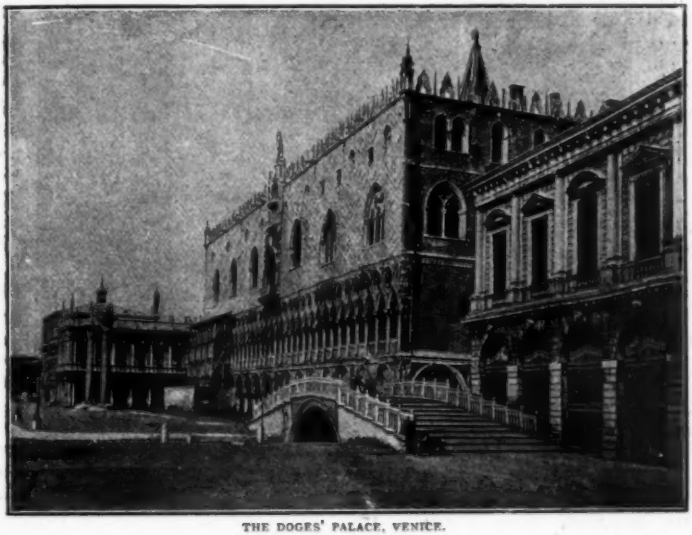
The correct answers to this month's Puzzledom will be given in our February Number.



MURILLO'S MADONNA AND CHILD.

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

(Continued.)



THE DOGES' PALACE, VENICE.

I FORGOT to mention in my last article an item of interest concerning Milan Cathedral. Directly inside the door is a narrow brass plate traversing the entire width of the Cathedral; this acts as a meridian, and exactly at noon the sun shines through a certain window directly on to this brass plate.

We left Milan satisfied with what we had seen. We stayed in the hotel Metropole, just beside the Cathedral, where we were most comfortable. It is a good hotel, with lift and modern conveniences; the servants were most civil and attentive, such a contrast to those brigands of Swiss at Lucerne.

A great crowd left by the night train, which was unfortunate for us, as we could not lie down, and we reached Venice late at night, tired out.

The sensation of getting into a gondola and gliding noiselessly over the still, dark waters, sharply round corners and under bridges and arches innumerable, was strange and weird in the extreme. Venice, the "Bride of the Sea," is built on eighty islands, formed by one hundred and fifty canals and has some four hundred bridges. There is not a carriage or vehicle of any description in the city, but the footways are abundant. We were up early in the morning and, after our coffee, were out, bent on making the most use of our time. Our first visit was to the Doges' Palace, which is very accurately copied in Venice at Olympia. It is a fine massive building, with an imposing colonnade, in front of which stands the winged lion of St. Mark on the top of a pillar. As will be seen in the picture, the pillars are more numerous above than below, there being thirty-six below and seventy-two above. The upper balcony is extremely beautiful, and counting from the left, the ninth and tenth pillars are of red marble—between these two pillars

XUM

used to be proclaimed the death sentences pronounced by the Republic.

The capitals of the pillars below are profusely carved and decorated. On one are figures of Numa Pompilius, Scipio and the Emperor Trajan; on another, those of Adam and Eve. I should advise my readers to read Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," a most accurate and interesting work. Passing up the grand staircase, one passes two huge statues, those of Mars and Neptune. It would take too much space to describe, even shortly, the different rooms in the palace, so I must content myself with those that struck me as being most interesting. One small room, the Sala della Bussola (the antechamber of the three Inquisitors) was remarkable from the fact that it contains an opening in the wall into which secret reports and complaints were dropped, to be seen only by the "dreaded Three." In the Sala del Maggior Consiglio (the hall of the Great Council) is to be seen Tintoretto's Paradise. This is the largest oil-painting in the world, with a bewildering number of figures, many of which are supposed to be true portraits. There are many paintings and frescos by Veronese, Giovane, Bellotti, Tintoretto, and other artists. There is also a most interesting Archæological Museum, containing ancient Greek and Roman sculptures, notably Bacchus and Satyr, Ganymede, Ulysses, Leda, etc. At the east side of the palace is the celebrated "Bridge of Sighs," connecting the palace with the Prigioni Criminali.



BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

We were most impressed by the sight of the dungeons, awful cells of stone, to which no ray of light could ever penetrate, and we felt shaken by sympathy while thinking of the unhappy beings who had dragged out a miserable existence in them. Surely to many death must have come as a great blessing and relief.

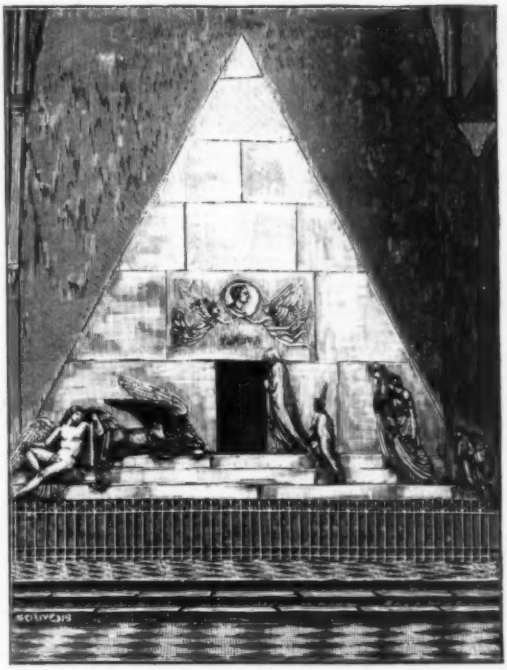
Our next visit was to the Academy, which contains some good pictures amongst a great number of mediocre and inferior ones. It is devoted almost entirely to the reception of the works of Venetian painters, though specimens of Da Vinci and others were shown. The finest painting is considered to be Titian's "Assumption," and his latest effort, done at the age of 99 and left unfinished, is in the same gallery. The subject of this is the Descent from the Cross.

Titian's masterpiece, "The Assumption," requires no description—the jubilant delight of the angels, the glowing rapture of the apostles, the beaming bliss of the Madonna, and the grandeur and magnificence of the colouring cannot but hold the spectator spell-bound in admiration.

Tintoretto is well represented, as is also Bellini, of whose Madonnas people here have a very high opinion. Indeed, so great is the respect paid to art here that Canova's right hand is preserved in an urn with his chisel beneath it, and a most imposing yet simple monument is erected to his memory in the Church of the Frari, where there is also another very noble one to Titian. After leaving

the Academy, we took a gondola along the Grand Canal, so that we might examine the palaces built along its banks, and also get some idea of Venice.

Here we saw the Palazzo Rezzonico, long the residence of Robert Browning, where he died in 1889; the Palazzo Foscari; once the residence of the Doge Foscari, the Palazzo Loredan, once the home of the King of Cyprus, whose armorial bearings still adorn the walls. One palace —that of a Queen of Cyprus—is now a pawn-shop. "To such base uses," etc. The Palazzo Vendramin Calergi is interesting from the fact that Wagner died here in 1883. Opposite this is the Palace of the Borgias. We descended at the Rialto, which of course we crossed; but this must be classed among our disappointments, for the shops are but poor things, with a very paltry show of wares. We walked through the narrow, crooked streets into which the sun can never penetrate, and came back to St. Mark's, where we looked through Salviati's superb show-rooms of Venetian objects. Visitors to Olympia are familiar with his name, but it is not so widely known a fact that there is another very good manufacturer of glass and mosaics here, Testolini, to whom has been entrusted the preparation of mosaics for St. Paul's Cathedral and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On another occasion we visited Testolini's mosaic works on the canal, and their glass-blowing works at Murano; their English manager, Mr. McKenzie, being most graphic in his description of the different stages of the work.



CANOVA'S TOMB, VENICE.



GRAND CANAL, VENICE (FROM BORGIAS' PALACE)

Here we saw a picture which has been in

hand for two years, and it is to be sent to Chicago this year. It represents Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella, on his return from discovering America. This work is being done so delicately that it is free from the defect of Venetian mosaics; I mean the cracked appearance, which so spoils the effect. We saw how the mosaics were made, a work of endless labour and patience. The material used is glass, cut into small cubes, and the workman, who has the sketch of the pattern on a stiff paper before him, carefully selects the cubes, shade by shade, and when he has accurately copied the coloured picture, which he hangs before him, these are all fastened into their places by being put into cement spread on stiff paper. The back of the mosaic is seen until fixed in its destined place, and then the paper is removed, leaving the face exposed. The edges of each cube have to be ground down before it is fixed in position. As I said before, the labour is endless, and after all, the effect in *ordinary* mosaics is not very pleasing. I know I shall be called a heretic for this opinion.

After our six o'clock dinner we went into the Piazza of St. Mark to see the Venetians at their best. The place was crowded with little tables and chairs, outside the cafés, and people bought ices, coffee, or drinks, and sat in the open air, sipping them, while the whole length of the Riva degli Schiavoni, which is before the Doges' Palace, was bright with lights and sweet with melody. The best time in Venice is the night; then it is delightful to take a gondola and glide about, watching the playing of the lights upon the water and listening to the music and the singing. As you lie back in your gondola nothing disturbs the harmony; the faint but regular swish of your gondolier's oar is as soothing music, and you truly realise the Italian's appreciation of his "dolce far niente." So smooth the water, so unclouded the sky, so balmy the air, one feels as if one could float on like this for ever. It is warm here and we get under mosquito curtains, and truly were they needed—I heard their musical hum during the night.

Next morning we took the steamer to the Lido, across the narrow sea, and went by tram to the baths, and, after a short stay, returned to Venice, our object being to get a good view of the lagoon and the islands; in this we succeeded. Reaching land, we ascended the Campanile, or belfry of St. Mark's Cathedral. This is a lofty square brick tower in which the bells are hung, and is ascended by a sloping walk, ending at each angle in a broad flat step, and making the ascent one of the easiest I ever attempted. It was up this tower Napoleon rode on horseback. I doubted this until I saw the easy gradient.

We examined the clock tower at the corner of the Piazza very closely. It is unique, and tradition says the maker had his eyes put out by the Republic, so that he might never again produce such a wonder. There is a huge bell on the top, which two colossal bronze figures strike with mallets, and it is believed that Bennett got his idea of Gog and Magog



THE RIALTO, VENICE.



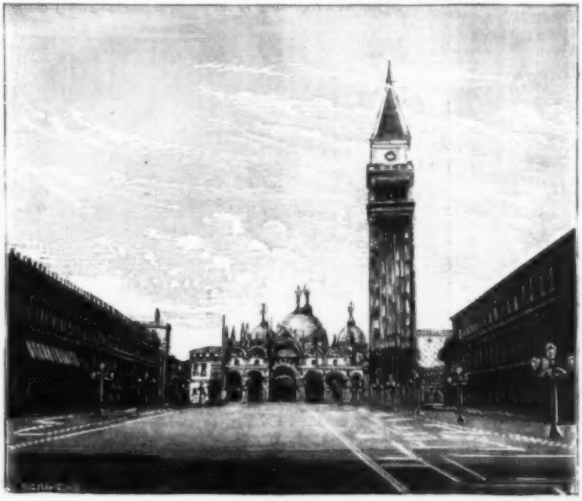
CLOCK TOWER, VENICE.

in Cheapside from them. On the front of the tower are two openings, through which the numbers showing the time in hours and minutes can be seen.

The Piazza has splendid buildings on three sides, the fourth being occupied by the Cathedral. The building on the south is the Palace of the Duke Thomas, Queen Marguerite's brother, and the other that goes across facing St. Mark's is the ball-room, which has shops below. Built against the east wall of the Campanile stands a little building of marble, where the announcements concerning the public lottery are made every Saturday morning. On the south side of the Cathedral, let into the wall above, one sees a mosaic of a Madonna; at eve two lamps dimly burn before it: connected with this is a tragic story. Once a poor baker, returning home, stumbled across a body, which on examination, he found to be a nobleman stabbed to the heart; he withdrew the knife and was in the act of raising him when he was surprised by the police, arrested, condemned and executed. Later on the real assassin confessed, whereupon the Republic erected this Madonna to his memory and left a fund to defray the expense of keeping this shrine in order and the lights regularly lit. 'Tis a sad, true story of bygone days

I have been a long time coming to St. Mark's and at last I am before it, where three high masts, or columns, stand, from which used to float the flags of the Republic, now on festive occasions the Italian flag and that of St. Mark's are run up. Over the principal doorway stand the famous Quadriga, or four bronze horses brought from Constantinople here, removed to Paris by Napoleon Le Grand, and restored in 1821. They are said to be the finest bronzes extant and are greatly admired.

St. Mark's is in appearance very much like a mosque and is richly adorned both inside and out with mosaics. From the early and intimate connection of the Venetian Republic with the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, her style of architecture much resembles that of Mohammedan countries. The Cathedral is full of relics brought from Palestine and Constantinople; as, for instance, an altar-top from Mount Tabor; the stone on which John the Baptist was beheaded; four pillars from King Solomon's temple; a font from St. Sophia (Constantinople), and



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL AND PIAZZA, VENICE.

two pillars from Ptolemais. The roof and arches are adorned with mosaics, representing Scriptural subjects; yet, though they are very bright with backgrounds of gilding, I must honestly confess they failed to impress one favourably. They looked coarse and unfinished, and the general impression left was one of confusion and weariness. There was an air of gaudiness everywhere, very different from the noble and impressive simplicity of Milan Cathedral and our own abbeys. The floor of marble, inlaid in patterns, is so uneven that it resembles waves of the sea. The Crypt is usually under water, and the foundation must be gradually injured through this fact. At one corner the Doges' Palace was threatened with collapse and no engineer could devise means to avert the danger; but a workman has solved the problem, and after propping up the corner, he removed and rebuilt three arches; he has also restored the pillar which bears the winged lion of St. Mark to the perpendicular, and is doing the same for its companion pillar close by. This bears St. Theodore, standing with one foot on a crocodile. The form of St. Mark's is that of a Greek cross with equal arms, a central dome, and a smaller one surmounting the extremity of each arm. We left St. Mark's and went on to the Church of the Frari, where we spent a very happy hour. Most of the churches are built of brick and are rectangular in form, having a lofty façade and dome. This church contains monuments of some of the Doges, and has not been restored, for which I was thankful. It contains Titian's Madonna and the monuments of Titian, Canova and the Pesari family mentioned before. There is a lofty screen of marble, covered with bas-relief, which stands at the entrance to the choir. A wide archway in this serves as a frame to the picture of the altar, and gives a very pleasing character to the view from the entrance doorway.

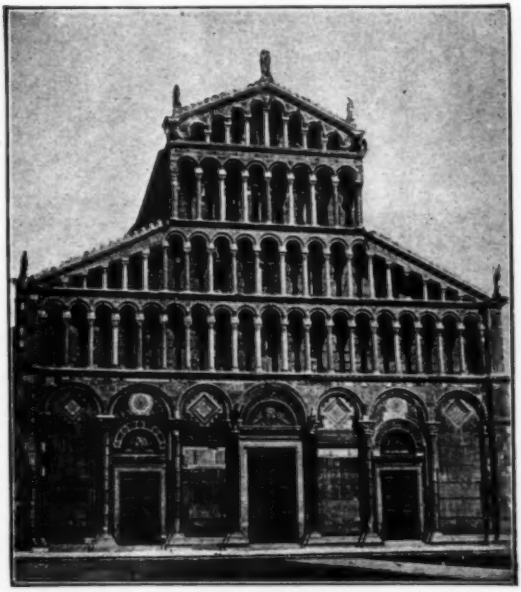
We were very sorry to leave Venice, for the absence of all noise and dust was a great relief to us, and getting about in a gondola is a delightful experience. As we travelled by night we had our usual fortune to have the train full, so we had but little sleep.



DANTE'S TOMB, ST. CROCI, FLORENCE.

We were disappointed by our first view of Florence. Everything looked parched and dried up, but the heavy rain which came before we left made a wonderful change for the better. The Arno, as we first saw it, was shrunk into a narrow thread, but farther on the river made a fine appearance. The hotel was situated on the Lung' Arno, of which one

often reads. As soon as we could we started out on our researches, going direct to the Battistero, originally the cathedral church, where we saw the three famous bronze doors, one by Pisano, which took twenty-two years to execute, the other two by Ghiberti. Words fail to describe these handsome portals; the centre one is Ghiberti's masterpiece. It represents ten Scriptural scenes, starting at the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, it goes on to Cain slaying Abel, then Noah after the Flood, inebriated, the Sacrifice of Isaac, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his Brethren, Moses on Mount Sinai, the Trumpets being sounded on the Walls of Jericho, (this to my mind being the best), a Battle Scene, and a Queen, presumed to be the Queen of Sheba. Michael Angelo, in praising this work, said that it was worthy of the door of Paradise. This building dates back to the eleventh century. The interior is equally beautiful. One statue in wood, that of the Magdalene, is most realistic and lifelike. Here is buried Pope John, who was dethroned by the Council of Constance; it was erected by one of the Medici. We ascended the Campanile, two hundred and ninety two feet high, with four hundred and fourteen steps, from whence we obtained a fine view of the city and surrounding country.



PISA CATHEDRAL.



PANEL IN PULPIT OF BAPTISTERY, PISA.



PULPIT IN BAPTISTERY, PISA.

The façade of the Cathedral is exceedingly handsome and striking, it is faced with coloured marbles, inlaid with patterns. My residence in the East has made me familiar with Florentine mosaic, but I have not hitherto seen it on so large a scale. It is infinitely preferable to the Venetian mosaic, and when done finely, as in flowers, faces, birds, etc., it resembles a painting. As many of my readers no doubt know, the inside of the Taj in Agra is adorned in this latter manner.

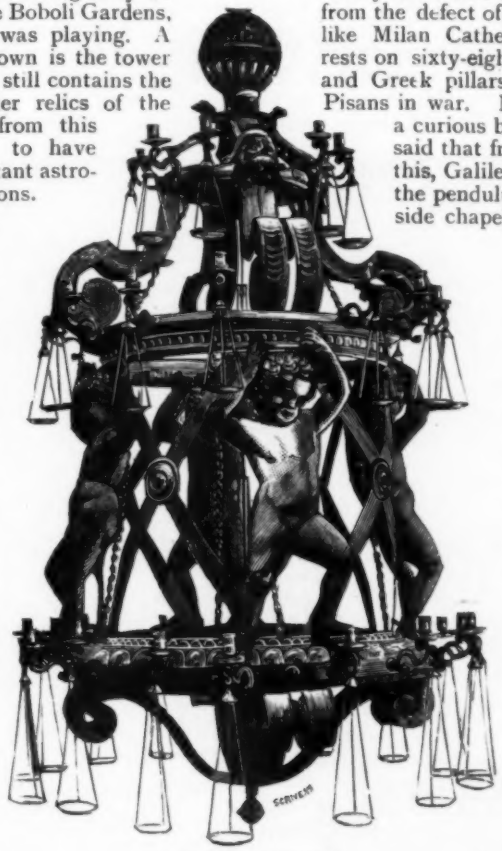
The inside of the Cathedral is disappointing, from its lack of architectural beauties, such as noble pillars, groined roof and galleries; however, its dimensions are very fine. Immediately inside is a portrait of John Hawkswood, an English soldier who served under the Republic. The pavement is of coloured marble, mosaically set. In the left transept is a round marble slab on which Toscanelli used to make solar observations through an opening in the dome. One monument, an unfinished Pietà by Michael Angelo also commands attention. While we were in the Cathedral the priests were chanting the Psalms from an enormous old Psalm-book of parchment, richly illuminated. This stood upon a high and broad lectern in the middle of the choir, with a lamp suspended in such a manner as to show the music and words to the priests and choristers who stood round. Two little acolytes turned over the pages, keeping them in their places by broad leather straps.

We spent the afternoon in the Pitti Palace, where we had the good fortune to see the royal apartments. These were not only magnificent but tasteful, and we looked with admiration on the beautiful inlaid tables and cabinets of Florentine mosaic, the best of its kind. Each room was upholstered in a different colour, and the walls were hung with brocaded silk of the same kind as the covering of the furniture. One room was green, another red, then dark blue, gold, pale blue and so on. The floors were of mosaic made to represent two different coloured granites. A curious effect was obtained by hanging mirrors opposite to each other, cheating the spectator into the belief that he was looking through a long vista. The royal family seems much beloved here The picture gallery has some gems, and here, among the hundreds of Madonnas by Raphael, Andrea de Sarto, Bellini, Correggio, Perugino, Fra Angelico, etc., is the ONE. It is a lovely and exquisite conception by Murillo, and is entirely free from the faults which are so apparent in many of the others. I think the foreign school of painting in many instances much overrated. In the guide books I read these

most glowing descriptions of a picture, and then looked in wonder for all the beauties. Heresy, rank heresy, I hear some devout student murmur!

The Pitti and Uffizi galleries are connected by a long passage over the Ponto Vecchio. This bridge is the oldest, and has shops built all along both sides, like the Rialto. From this gallery we passed out into the Boboli Gardens, where the band was playing. A little outside the town is the tower of Galileo, which still contains the telescope and other relics of the *savant*. It was from this tower he is said to have made many important astronomical observations.

Another interesting visit was to the Monastery of St. Marco, an old one originally in the possession of the "Silvestrine" Monks, but afterwards given over to the Dominicans. Much interest attaches to this monastery, for it was here that Fra Angelico painted his numerous pictures of the Madonna and Child, and other Scriptural subjects. Here Savonarola lived, and his cell containing his chair (in which, of course, I sat), his portrait, his crucifix and various relics, together with a curious painting of his death by burning at the stake, in company with two other monks, is shown to those interested in his life and works. I could fill pages in the description of interesting sights and reminiscences of Florence, but I think I have said enough.



LAMP IN PISA CATHEDRAL.

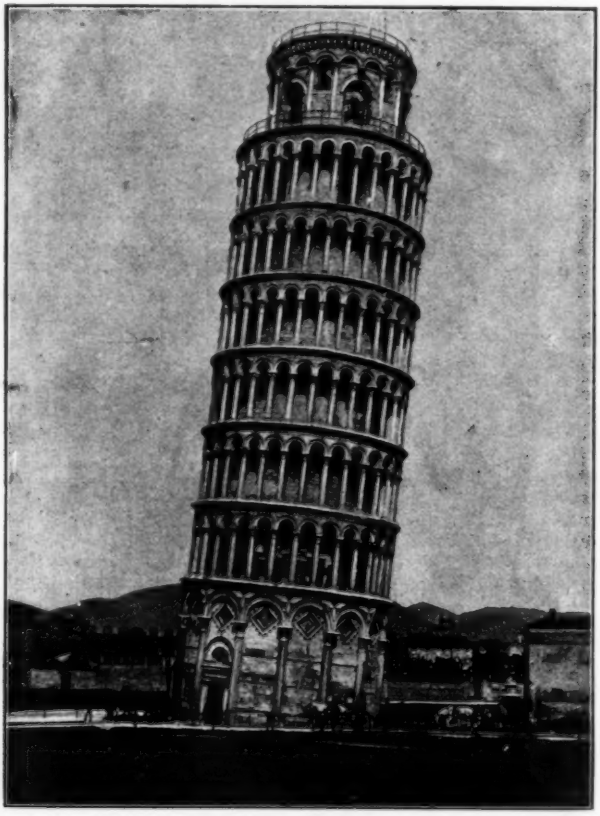
Our run to Pisa was a short one, and, after a good night's rest, we saw the sights thoroughly and comfortably. They are four in number—the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower and the Campo Santo.

The Cathedral has a very fine front of white marble with black and coloured ornamentation. It is adorned with columns and arches below, and above with open galleries, supported on pillars. It is a very handsome building and is free from the defect of having bad doors, like Milan Cathedral. The inside rests on sixty-eight ancient Roman and Greek pillars, captured by the Pisans in war. In the nave hangs a curious bronze lamp. It is said that from the swaying of this, Galileo got his idea of the pendulum. In one of the side chapels is an altar richly decorated with silver, presented by Cosmo III. Most of the tombs have been removed to the Campo Santo close by.

The Baptistery is a beautiful circular structure, and contains not only a lovely font but a very beautiful sculptured pulpit, borne on seven pillars, which rest on animals. The sculptures on this are particularly handsome, and represent The Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation in the Temple, the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. The dome is very lofty, and has been constructed in such a manner that it has the most wonderful echo imaginable. Our guide sang a high note, and then, in lower tones, the common chords of the scale, and away in the distance was reproduced the full harmony, like the swelling tones of an organ gradually dying away. The effect was entrancing, and he repeated it for us over and over again.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the world-renowned "Leaning Tower," which differs from other campanile in being circular and having open galleries, supported on pillars all round. The tower, which is one hundred and eighty feet high, is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It is built in eight stories and contains seven bells, the heavier ones being hung opposite to the leaning side. The Baptistery also leans a little. A splendid view rewarded us for our climb to the top. The Campo Santo is in the same square. To make this, fifty-three ship-loads of earth were brought from Mount Calvary, so that the dead might lie in holy ground. The inside surrounds a green quadrangle, on to which round arched windows, with beautiful tracery, look. The monuments are found at the sides, and the tombstones form the pavements. On one of the walls hang the chains of the ancient harbour of Pisa, captured by the Genoese. One formerly hung in the Baptistery at Florence, the other at Genoa. Both, however, were restored. We also saw the house in which Galileo was born, a mean, low building in a back street. Thus ever does genius hide itself!

(To be continued.)



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.



"For Her Husband's Sake"

BY

Chas. J. Mansford

Author of "The Rent Veil of The Harem Slave," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE is your husband?"

"I will not tell you."

"He is not far from here, we know."

"Then find him if you can," said the woman defiantly.

"He left Roanoke two days ago; to-day he should pass through here, for it is a three days' journey from Roanoke to Richmond."

"You may search for him if you wish, but you do not know that he came to Petsburg. While you are interrogating me, you may be losing time."

"You have seen him, I am convinced, and my orders are imperative to try him by court martial, or anyone who knows but refuses information about him. I have absolute power of life and death in the matter."

The woman remained silent.

"Have you any children?" queried the officer.

"I refuse to answer your question."

"You are a brave woman; a pity it is that you married a spy and a traitor to his country."

"My husband is a soldier; he fights against the North because the States broke their solemn pledges. He is a spy because in that way he serves best his cause."

"You will neither convince me nor screen yourself; if you do not discover his whereabouts to us, the consequences will rest on your own head."

"I am a soldier's wife. You will not get the knowledge you wish from me. You are a coward to ask a woman to betray a brave man, and especially since he is her husband."

"I want certain information that you can give, and unless you do so in ten minutes, I will consult with my fellow officer as to the necessity of testing your bravery. Your husband is certain to be taken eventually; if you do not give the information wanted, you shall be shot at sunset."

"You are inexorable, Captain, but I have seen so much, unhappily, of this murderous warfare between the North and South that I am not surprised at your threat. You have entered and searched my house, there your power ends."

It was a hot afternoon. The sun was beating fiercely on the plantations of Virginia and a sickly white mist rose, shutting out the distant forest. Outside the cottage were some dozen soldiers of the Northern States, forming a rough circle round their captain who was interrogating the woman. She was a typical Southerner—tall, dark and with her hair in a cloud behind her let down and falling over her shoulders. In spite of the rough log cottage outside which the scene narrated took place, it was evident that

she was the wife of someone serving in the war who was more than a common soldier, as, indeed, the perilous nature of the task in which he was engaged—that of watching the enemy's movements, almost constantly amongst them and yet escaping detection—amply proved. The captain in command was seated before an upturned drum which did duty as a table, and as he interrogated the woman, his face grew dark and his grey eyes seemed to express the fell determination in his breast. He would have the information, or the woman should die. War had stamped out every chivalrous feeling he had ever had. He had asked whether the woman had children, for already he had occasion to know that thus the truth could be obtained. The man he sought was as dangerous as he was brave; indeed, a whole series of manœuvres had been rendered useless owing to the movements of the Northern army becoming known to the rebel Southerners, and through the daring scheming of this one man.

Looking at the woman before him, Captain Beaugrade noticed that from time to time she glanced away to the pine wood at the back of the cottage as if someone was hidden there. Two soldiers were already searching it, and he was then waiting the result of their quest. In a few minutes there was a rustling sound and the soldiers emerged from the wood and passed into the circle of their comrades, bringing the result of their mission into the captain's presence: not the husband, but a little girl of about eight years of age. The mother, expecting that her husband's visit would be as unknown to the enemy as it had been so many times already, had sent the child to play in the shade of the trees, and she had been hoping against hope that no one would observe her child now, and that the husband's whereabouts would be undiscovered. So far as she knew, the man was well on his way to Richmond, as he had left the log cottage fully an hour before the arrival of the soldiers who now surrounded her.

Captain Beaugrade's face lit up with pleasure as the child was brought before him with her frightened and tear-stained countenance. The girl clung to the mother, but the soldiers separated them and placed her before their commander.

"What is your name, little one?" asked the captain.

"Mary, sir," responded the child with a timid glance at her questioner.

"And this is your mother, then?"

"I am mamma's own little girl," said the child.

"You would do anything for her, would you not?" queried the captain, in a persuasive tone of voice.

"I love mamma and promised to be very good while papa was away fighting the cruel soldiers."

"That is right; I think you would always be very good, and tell the truth. Now, your mother knows where papa is, doesn't she?"

The child looked round at the woman mentioned. The mother was deathly pale, the secret she tried so hard to keep was, she feared, about to be betrayed. It was a cruel question to put, getting her innocent child to betray the father's whereabouts; for the latter could be easily overtaken, although he had some advantage in being on in front, but the route he took was very indirect, and the captain's knowledge of the district would help him to cut off the man from safety. She must prevent the child answering, and she cried out:

"Mary, my little child, don't betray father, he will be killed if you answer and tell where he is," and she looked pitifully at the child, guarded from her by the two soldiers.

"Do not be afraid," said Beaugrade, "but tell me the truth."

"Mamma says you want to kill papa—do you?" asked the child.

"Your mother is frightened, little one. Now, tell me, when did you last see your father?"

"Mamma always tells me to speak the truth, but she says I am not to tell you."

"Your mother is in danger herself. If you tell me where your father is I will let her go, if you don't she will be shot by my soldiers."

"I believe mamma now is right—you are a cruel man and I won't tell you anything."

"Think, little one; your father is not here to save you—your mother will soon be dead, and then you will be left alone in this place with the dark wood behind the house at night and no one to give you anything. Be a brave little girl; tell me where your father is?"

The child clasped her hands in front and said: "You are a powerful man and

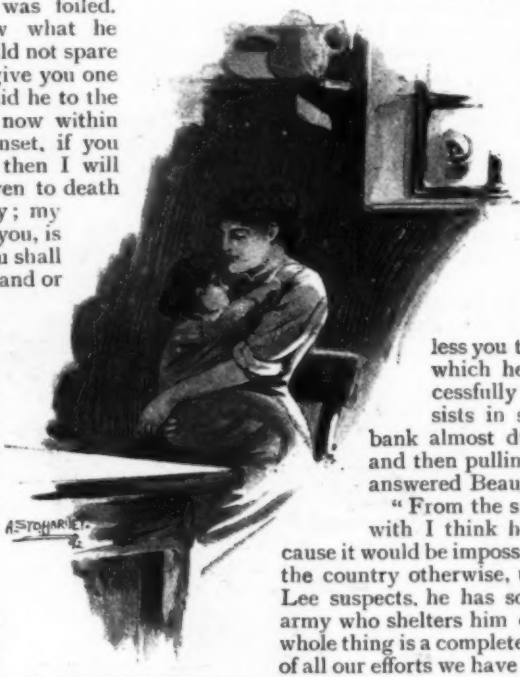
can do what you wish. If you like, you can go away from here and leave mamma and me to pray for father as we do every night. Won't you go away?"

"I cannot do so; you must tell me, or your mother will die."

"Mother often says she will die, if necessary, for father's sake; I am father's little girl, too, and he is a soldier, and I won't tell if even you shoot me as well," and the child ceased crying and looked at Beaugrade as defiantly as the mother had done when interrogated.

The captain was foiled. He would know what he wished or he would not spare the woman. "I give you one more chance," said he to the mother; "it is now within two hours of sunset, if you don't confess by then I will deal with you even to death itself if necessary; my power, as I told you, is complete, and you shall betray your husband or die."

"I will die, then, and the world will learn afterwards how you warred on a helpless woman; but betray him I never will," answered the soldier's wife.



SAT HOLDING HER LITTLE ONE.

CHAPTER II.

By the captain's orders the mother and daughter were placed in the cottage, two soldiers doing the duties of sentries, one in front and one at the rear of the house. The woman caught up the child in her arms and sat holding her little one pressed closely to her as the minutes fled, and the appointed time for her death steadily drew nearer and nearer.

The remaining soldiers stood listlessly about while their commander consulted with the only officer beside himself present, and who was equally chagrined at the woman's obstinacy. Mercy was beyond the understanding of them both. The information was absolutely refused and the consequence of it was not their fault – so they reasoned. The rebels must be taught a lesson. Once their very wives and children were liable to suffer, then they would soon give way. They might brave the storm of leaden hail that swept them down at Gettysburg, the last fight of many a noble fellow, but they would not risk the lives of their families as cheerfully as they did their own.

"What shall we do to capture the rebel?" asked Beaugrade.

"I think the best plan would be for us to divide the soldiers into two divisions. With one of them I will push on to the St. James River, and, following its course, go on to Richmond," replied the officer addressed.

"That is somewhat out of the direct course, unless you think that the plan which he has so long successfully carried out consists in striking the river bank almost due east from here and then pulling up the stream," answered Beaugrade.

"From the success he has met with I think he must do so, because it would be impossible to get through the country otherwise, unless, as General Lee suspects, he has some friend in the army who shelters him on his way. The whole thing is a complete riddle, for in spite of all our efforts we have never been within measurable distance of him. The spies who secretly watched this cottage for a week, during which he was on his usual journey, declare that he neither came to the house nor did the woman leave its immediate vicinity, while the child whom we have seen to-day was never seen once, and must have been kept indoors purposely. I believe that rebel Howard knew they were going to watch for him and somehow communicated the fact to his wife, and together they laid their plans accordingly."

"There is a good deal in what you say," responded Beaugrade, "and if you march quickly, you may manage to secure him.

The tide will be against him all the way, and the start he has is of no account."

"You will then undertake to deal with the woman," said the second officer; "as to the fact of the soldiers making any demur; a few days' extra pay will settle that, and I will take those less inclined to the work with me, while the other six will be ample to remain behind."

"If the rebel gets any idea that he is being tracked he will double on his pursuers, depend upon it," said Beaugrade; "and in that case I shall be here when he arrives, for he is certain to return here in such a case, so between us he will be taken. It is a pity the woman is such a fool; but, like her sex, the heart rules. I fancy the man would think twice before being made a target for Northern bullets just now."

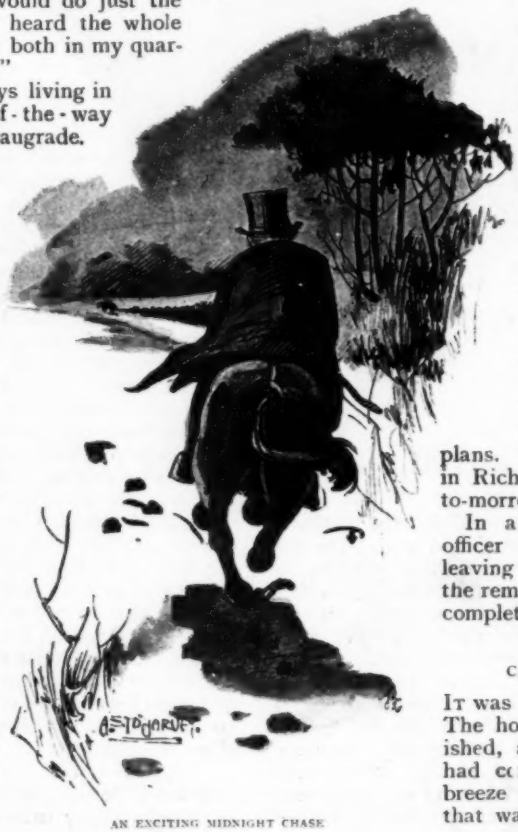
"It is impossible to say," responded the other. "From all I hear with regard to Howard, he would do just the same for her. I heard the whole story about them both in my quarters at Annapolis."

"Was he always living in such an out-of-the-way place?" asked Beaugrade.

"I believe not. He was at one time living in Frankfort. It seems that he fell in love with his general's daughter, and this led to some serious breach between them. The general was inclined to have different views with regard to whom his daughter should marry, and Howard was forbidden to speak to her. One night at a ball he appeared, calmly ignoring the fact that he was uninvited, and urged his suit to the lady so well that at night she was missing. There was an exciting midnight ride, and a chase which extended into the morning, but the marriage was just concluded in a little church, about twenty miles down on the banks of the Ohio, before the general came on the scene. Howard has always had a grudge against the general since, and has certainly shown that he knows how to take advantage of our bad military discipline. He ought to have been taken prisoner long ago."

"Do you think his wife will give in?" asked Beaugrade. "My orders will fully acquit me of what is about to take place; but I would prefer catching the husband to shooting the wife, although she has been so defiant all along."

"I am sure not. She will die, as her husband would, with a courage tenfold as much as that of a man who falls in a hand-to-hand encounter in the trenches. It is an unfortunate affair, but we are absolved, at all events, and, as you say, the moral fear inspired in the rebels will be tremendous. It is sure to help to bring the war to an end; and, after all the fighting we have had, I shall not be sorry for one. When may I start?"



AN EXCITING MIDNIGHT CHASE

"When you choose," answered Beaugrade; "the sooner the better for our plans. I shall join you in Richmond some time to-morrow."

In a short time the officer had departed, leaving Beaugrade and the remaining soldiers to complete their ugly task.

CHAPTER III.

It was the sunset hour. The hot mist had vanished, and in its place had come a refreshing breeze from the ocean that washed the eastern



KNEELING DOWN SHE CLASPED HER HANDS.

shores of Virginia. Away to the west were the majestic Alleghanies, raising their snow-clad summits aloft, while the burning blush which reddened sky and mountain-top was reflected in the stream that ran down and flowed into Chesapeake Bay. Within the cottage mother and child were waiting for the summoning of the former to death. What would become of the child that was now clinging to her breast? was the question that flitted through the woman's brain again and again. Should she tell where the husband had gone, before nightfall he would be a prisoner; and that meant death for him. He had been of great service to the South, and it could not spare him. Far better for her to die that he might live. The child would be the care of a mightier power than that which robbed it of a mother's love. She was a simple, loving wife and mother; her world contained but two persons, yet she could face death for them, if it needs be, so that that would bring safety even for one.

"Half an hour after sunset, madam," said a surly soldier, told off to summon the woman to death.

"I am ready," said she, as, moving to the door, the mother held up her child and gave it a last, long embrace; then, following the soldier, she passed to a space which faced the pine wood. Here four soldiers awaited her, Beaugrade standing at some distance from them and immediately fronting the wood, as he motioned the woman's guard to bring her into his presence.

"I have given you every chance within my power to save yourself by confessing where your husband is, and the manner in which he contrives to elude our outposts. This you refuse. You have a child yonder, detained in the cottage by the remaining soldier out of the six left me after the depar-



"NOW—ONE—TWO——"

ture of my subordinate with the others to track your husband, who will be captured

and must be shot. Have you no wish to live for your child's sake?" said Beaugrade.

"I am a soldier's wife, as I told you before. To die for my husband is to me joy rather than sorrow. Does your revenge for the traitorous evidence I will not give extend to the child also?"

"No," responded Beaugrade; "the child shall be cared for so far as a rough soldier can see to its comforts till it reaches the Northern lines. Once more, will you give me the information I require?"

"I am ready to die," was the response; "where shall I place myself?"

The appointed spot was indicated, and the woman passed unfalteringly to it. Kneeling down, she clasped her hands as the soldier who attended her placed a bandage across her eyes. It was a strange sight, only one of the many horrors that are met with whenever men engage in war with their fellow men.

Four Federal soldiers knelt, each on one knee, and waited the word of command to fire. The woman's lips moved for a few minutes in prayer. Then Beaugrade's voice rung out in its murderous message on the calm evening air.

"Take steady aim and fire at the word 'three.' Now—One—Two——"

Suddenly there was a little puff of smoke, which came from out the deep shade of the pine wood. The report of a shot was heard, and the captain never finished his command. There was no mistake in the levelling of the gun, the aim was unerring, and Beaugrade rolled dead on the turf!

The soldiers hastened to him as the thick foliage of the wood was brushed aside, and Howard, gun in hand, emerged. To tear away the bandage from his wife's eyes and clasp her to his breast was the work of a minute. Her husband had saved her. He had doubled, as Beaugrade expected, when he found himself tracked before reaching the river, and had been in the pine wood only a few minutes, but they had sufficed to save his wife from death.



HER HUSBAND HAD SAVED HER.

The soldiers were less callous than their commander, and marched on their way without having made any attempt to secure Howard, with whom they secretly sympathised. General Lee, in reading the record of that week's casualties on the enemy's side, saw among the deaths written down there this entry: *Shot by the enemy:—Captain Edward Beaugrade.* And that is all that is generally known of the brave woman who faced death for her husband's sake, or of the man who met with a fitting death at the hands of a Southern rebel.



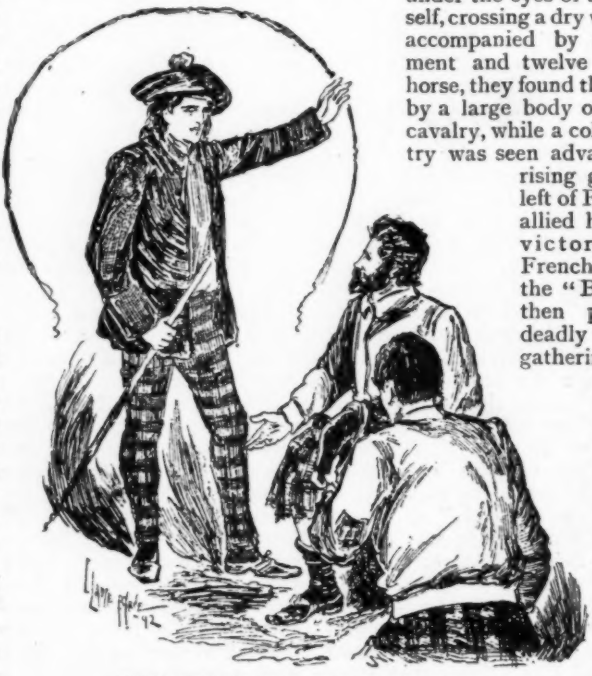
THE "42nd," the gallant 42nd, has ever been to the fore in the annals of the English army; and the history of its services comprises a history of the most valued traditions of the military history of our country. The "Black Watch" is a regimental title for the student of history to conjure with. It is quite needless to say that it is of purely Highland origin. Without exaggeration, we may safely say that, in all ages, the Highlander has been a soldier. It was Scotchmen who comprised the body-guard of Louis XI. of France, and whose fidelity was never mistrusted by that wily monarch. As a matter of fact, the Scotchmen enjoyed unusual privileges in France. They formed a special corps—"Les Archieres Ecossois"—and every private in that regiment had the rank and dignity of a gentleman. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they composed the "Scots Brigade" of the United Provinces, and wrested the laurels of victory from the best soldiers of Europe. They were among the *élite* of the conquering armies which followed the standard of the "Lion of the North," Gustavus Adolphus: and their valour was proved on the bloody field of Lutzen. Special favour was shown to the Highlanders by the veterans, Condé and Montecuculi. Their deep-rooted loyalty to the Stuarts caused them to repair in large numbers to the armies of Louis XIV., that most generous patron of the exiled race. The majority of the clans submitted to Queen Anne, and offered no opposition to the accession of George I.; but in 1715, when the Earl of Mar broke out into rebellion, they drew their claymores on behalf of the banished James. Thirty years of peace passed by, and, at the summons of Prince Charles Edward, they again raised the standard at Braemar, and enthusiastically responded to the appeal of the youthful Stuart. In the rebellion of 1745 the prowess of the Highlanders was almost as conspicuous as their want of discipline. At Preston Pans their courage was heroic. Strained to a pitch of patriotic enthusiasm by their heart-stirring pibroch, they charged up to the very muzzles of the guns, and thus wrested a victory from the dismayed and terrified Royalists — in fact, a panic struck the Royal Army, and a retreat was speedily converted into a flight. At Culloden, despite the fact that they fought with unusual desperation, they were defeated. On this occasion their splendid conduct drew forth the following words of praise from Earl Stanhope: "Not by their forefathers at Bannockburn, not by themselves at Preston or Falkirk; not in after years, when discipline had raised and refined the valour of their sons; not on the shores of the Nile; not on that other field of victory where their gallant chief, with a prophetic shroud (it is their own

superstition) high upon his breast, addressed to them only those three words, 'Highlanders, remember Egypt!' not in those hours of triumph and of glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now at the defeat at Culloden."

We have to thank William Pitt, the "Great Commoner," as his contemporaries admiringly called him, for having made the first serious attempt to utilise the valour of the Highlanders on behalf of the reigning dynasty, and to enrol them in the ranks of the British Army. The first Highland regiment was not embodied until 1751, but as the distinctive appellation of the "Black Watch," was obtained at an earlier period, our brief sketch of the history of the regiment will most appropriately begin in 1729, when six companies of Highlanders were raised and armed for service among their own piney glens and mountain fastnesses. The men were, as a rule, the sons of landlords and independent gentlemen, who had, in the first instance, espoused the cause of William III., and, continuing to wear their national costume of black, blue and green tartan, were named the "Freicudan Du," or "Black Watch," in allusion to their sombre attire; while the scarlet-coated regulars were called "Seideran Dearay," or "Red Soldiers."

When the Spanish war broke out in 1739 these six companies were augmented to ten, each containing one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, three sergeants, three corporals, two drummers, and one hundred privates, and John, Earl of Crawford, was appointed their colonel. They remained on home service until 1743, when they were despatched to Flanders, though not until a sharp mutiny had broken out and had been suppressed with loss of life. The Highlanders complained that they had enlisted with the understanding that they were not destined for foreign service; but three of the mutineers having been shot, and a hundred others been draughted to different colonies, the regiment embarked from Gravesend. It joined the British Army under George II. at Hanau, a few days after the victory of Dettingen. In 1745 the command of the allied forces of the British and the Dutch was assumed by the Duke of Cumberland, and on April the 29th of that year, they advanced to the relief of Tournay, and drove in the French outposts in front of Fontenoy.

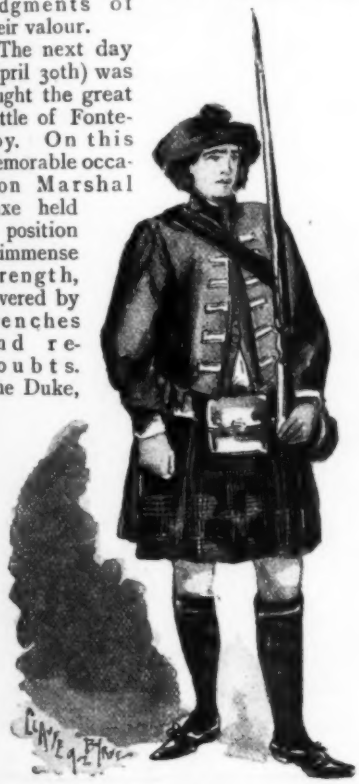
On the following morning the Duke of Cumberland and his generals prepared to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and the "Black Watch" was selected to cover the reconnoitring party. This put the loyalty of the Highlanders to a test; and, under the eyes of the Duke himself, crossing a dry water channel, accompanied by another regiment and twelve squadrons of horse, they found themselves met by a large body of the enemy's cavalry, while a column of infantry was seen advancing on the rising ground to the left of Fontenoy. The allied horse gained a victory over the French Dragoons; the "Black Watch" then poured in a deadly fire on the gathering infantry, and compelled them to retire. "As they marched on," says a well-known authority, "following the enemy through thick fields of waving grain, an irregular and murderous



HIGHLANDERS RECEIVING PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

fire issued from some unseen enemy in the corn-fields, which all the vigilance of the Highlanders could not elude. This was from a corps afterwards called 'sharp-shooters,' but then known by the name of 'grassins,' from their lying among the grass, and taking off prominent individuals from their concealment; but the 'Black Watch' were too well accustomed to the patient manœuvres of deer-stalking in their own country to be outdone by the French green-coats, for it was on this occasion that a Highlander, unable to get a 'pop' at the hidden enemy, stuck his bonnet on the top of a stump in the corn, which the 'grassin' fired at repeatedly, supposing it to be a man. The Gael hid himself in turn, and was soon enabled to bring him down." The charge of the French now covered the retreat of their infantry, and the Highlanders were recalled to the main body of their army, after receiving the Duke's public acknowledgments of their valour.

The next day (April 30th) was fought the great battle of Fontenoy. On this memorable occasion Marshal Saxe held a position of immense strength, covered by trenches and redoubts. The Duke,



COSTUME HIGHLAND BRIGADE (TIME OF PRETENDER).



PIPER AT PRESTON PANS.

however, relying upon the well-proved courage of his troops, resolved upon an attack. While a column was despatched against two batteries which galled the allied flank, the "Black Watch" descended into the valley, crossed the brook and attempted to climb the ridge, crowned by the French Infantry. Exposed to a terrible fire they could but pour a volley into the foe, and then lay flat upon the earth, while the shots flew above their heads. This peculiar mode of fighting astonished the French, and they were already astounded at the bare legs and short kilts. The Colonel of the "Black Watch," Sir Robert Monroe, was a man of enormous bulk, he therefore could not follow the example of his men, from a very pardonable fear of not being able to get on his feet again. He had no alternative but to stand upright, like an invincible Ajax defying the lightning: what a dramatic picture for a military painter! Meanwhile, the battle raged on every side, the Duke wasting his men in fruitless

attempts to carry the enemy's entrenchments. Weary with failure, he at last determined to hurl his left wing on the French lines. In this forward movement, executed with marvellous dash and precision, the ringing pipes of the Scotch animated the entire body with a wonderful vivacity.

Thus went the battle until the Grenadier Guards and the "Black Watch" under Lord Albemarle and General Churchill arrived within forty paces of the enemy. A brief pause ensued: Lord Charles Hay, a Captain in the Guards, then exclaimed; "Messieurs de la Garde Française, tirez!" (Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!) A French officer replied, with a courtly bow: "Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire you first." Lord Charles Hay, after an interval, gave the word to fire, and many a gallant man then met his fate. Despite the fact that at Fontenoy victory favoured the French, the "Black Watch" left the field with even more than the usual honours of war; they had been foremost in the attack, they were the last to retire, and were saluted by the Duke himself with a loud cheer in acknowledgment of their chivalrous devotion. Fontenoy was a defeat that can always be remembered without shame by the British Army.

The progress of the rebellion in Scotland induced the Government to recall the "Black Watch" towards the close of the year, and to increase it by three companies. It was accordingly quartered on the coast of Kent to protect it against a threatened French invasion. But the victory of Culloden crushing for ever the hopes of the Stuarts, and no attempt against Great Britain being made on the part of the French, it was decided to again start the Highlanders on active service. Thus we find them in the Dutch Campaigns of 1746 and 1747, winning fresh laurels for their gallantry and good conduct. In 1751, thanks to the foresight of Pitt, regular Highland regiments were formed. The "Black Watch" was, therefore, enrolled as the "42nd," and suitable uniforms and colours selected. It was not until 1756 that an opportunity was offered it to cover its new colours with glory. In the June of that year it arrived in New York to form a portion of an expedition against the French in North America. During the autumn and winter of 1756 it underwent a special course of training to fit its soldiers for bush-fighting, and to act as sharp-shooters. In the spring of 1758 it was sent, under Major-General Abercromby, against the French fort of Ticonderoga. This stronghold stood upon elevated ground, above a sharp tongue of land that projected into Lake Champlain. The only side upon which troops could approach it was covered by a line of fortification, eight feet high, and armed with cannon. The approach was obstructed by an abattis of felled trees, and the whole defended by nearly 5,000 men. The English general decided upon an immediate attack. The troops, unable to force their way through the abattis, fell rapidly beneath the murderous fire of the enemy. The Highlanders, springing forward, cut their way through the branches with sweeping claymores; and, mounting on one another's shoulders, at-



HIGHLANDERS' RUSE AT FONTENOY.



CLIMBING STOCKADE AT TICONDEROGA.

tempted to climb the breastwork. It was a futile attempt—the rampart was too strong; and, with reluctance, the British forces had to retire. In this sanguinary encounter the 42nd lost about 640 killed and wounded. In 1758 the "Black Watch" received the title of the "Royal" Highland Regiment of foot, and was augmented by the addition of a second battalion of ten companies, each numbering 120 men. This battalion was despatched to the West Indies, and assisted in the attack on Martinique, January 17th, 1759. It was also present at the Capture of Guadaloupe, and "no troops," says the historian Beatson, "could have behaved with more courage than they did on this occasion." It afterwards joined the first battalion in North America, and served under General Amherst at the capture of Montreal, and subsequent reduction of Canada (1760). From the snows of Canadian winters the Highlanders accordingly passed to the tropical heats of the West Indian summers. They were part of the force assembled under the Earl of Albemarle for the reduction of Cuba, and were conspicuous in the attack upon the Havannah, August 11, 1762. In the following year, by the strange fortune of war, we find the "Black Watch" face to face with the restless Indian tribes of British America. No regiment in the British Army was more peculiarly fitted to do battle with the Indian "braves," and a gallant action at Bushey Run deserves to be recorded in its annals. The scene of the battle was a narrow defile between two lofty hills, terminating in a rising ground, thickly clothed with wood.

A flight of arrows revealed the position of the Indians. The 42nd, moving to the front, drove them from their concealment; but, gathering on every side, they dealt death amongst the Highlanders both with shot and arrow. Seeing how serious was the position of his troops, the colonel resorted to a stratagem. He called in the men, and pretended to retreat. This had the desired effect. The Indians, believing themselves victorious, rushed from their hiding-place to secure as many scalps as they could. The Scotch immediately turned upon them; and two companies, making a circuit of a hill, charged them in flank. Taken between two fires, they gave way in confusion, and, leaving their dead, fled from the scene of carnage.

The noble services of the Highlanders so pleased William Pitt, that, in the



SERGEANT MAJOR CHARLES H.).

House of Commons, he thus alluded to them: "I sought for merit wherever it could be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister that looked for it, and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men; men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the wars before last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every quarter of the globe."

In 1770 the Royal Highlanders were ordered to North America; but it is not our intention to go into the details of that mad contest, which historians call the "War of American Independence." However, on every field the "Black Watch" preserved their hard-earned and glorious reputation. At Fort Washington, landing under a heavy fire, they scaled the heights of a wooded promontory, and, sword in hand, surprised the American entrenchments.

At the Battle of Pisquata (March 1, 1777) they repulsed 3,000 of the enemy with terrible loss. At the close of this hot fight an American soldier brought a wounded Highlander to the regiment on his back, and was thanked by the British generals for his kindness. But the American confessed that he was about to plunder the sergeant of a pair of silver buckles and his watch, when the wounded man, grappling him by the throat, and threatening him with his dirk, compelled him, at the peril of his life, to carry him to the English lines.

In 1795 they joined the armament under Abercromby to conquer the French Colonies in the West Indies. In the attack upon New Vigo, they clambered up a woody steep with terrible impetuosity, and captured three redoubts which crowned its summit. The heroism of a soldier's wife on this occasion, is thus described by Major General (then Captain) Stewart: "I directed her husband, who was in my company, to remain behind in charge of the men's knapsacks, which they had thrown off to be light for the advance up the hill; he obeyed his orders, but his wife, believing, I suppose, that she was not included in the injunctions, pushed forward in the assault. When the enemy were driven from the third redoubt, I was standing, giving some directions to the men, when I found myself tapped on the shoulder, and looking round, I saw my Amazonian friend standing with her clothes tucked up to the knees, and seizing my arm, she cried! 'Well done, my Highland lads; see how the enemy run like so many deer.' On enquiring I found that she had taken part in the charge, cheering and animating the men." In 1801 the Black Watch assembled under Abercromby to form part of the force destined to meet Napoleon's "Army of the East" in Egypt. They arrived in the Bay of Aboukir on March 1st, 1801. The Black Watch was chosen to form part of the force under General (afterwards Sir John)



FORDING A RIVER IN THE WEST INDIES.



A HIGHLAND AMAZON.

Moore to effect a landing. Early in the dawn of March 8th, the boats pushed off, laden with 5,000 men. They were met by a perfect storm of shot as they neared the shore. They cut through the foaming serf, however, and pushed their prows deep into the sand. Leaping on shore, the gallant Britons formed coolly into line, then tore up the incline, and giving their enemies the "cold steel," carried all before them. They next had to face a cavalry charge, but in this they were also victorious. The French fled in confusion, retreating on Alexandria.

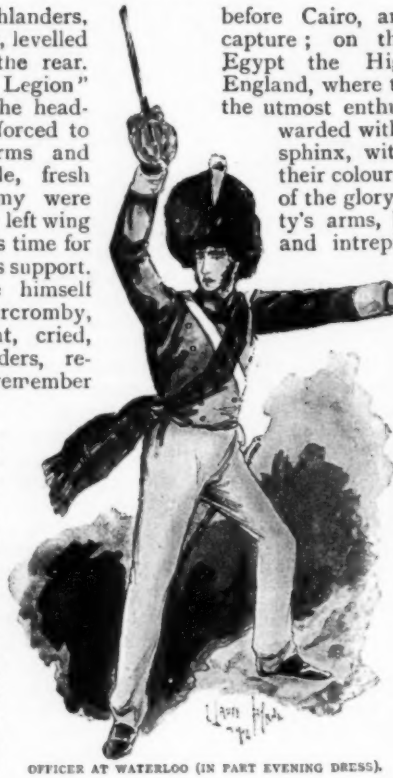
The rest of the army now disembarked, the stores were landed, and on the 12th Abercromby moved on Alexandria. The army then took up a position on the skirt of a sandy plain, within sight of the great Egyptian city—the proud memorial of the Macedonian Conqueror; the Lake of Aboukir on the left, the sea on the right. The French occupied a parallel position on a ridge of hills; their centre protected by Fort Cretin, their right extending to Pompey's Pillar, and their left to Cleopatra's Needle. On this truly historic ground the two armies of the greatest nations of modern times met to contest for the laurels of victory. Seven days of inaction passed. The French Army having then been reinforced, General Menon determined to attack the British lines. Before dawn on the 21st of March a flame of fire, running along the entire line, announced the approach of the enemy. Almost the first regiment to rush forward and meet them was the 42nd. A column of Napoleon's "Invincible Legion," preceded by a single gun, had glided unperceived into the interval between the Guards and the Highlanders. Suddenly their progress was discovered by Lieut.-Col. Stewart, who commanded the right wing, and his men rushed forward with level bayonets, while the left wing, facing about, came up to the charge in splendid style. The French, caught between two fires, poured into the ruins of an ancient palace, which mouldered upon the shore. Two companies of the 58th then charged them with the bayonet



DEATH OF GENERAL ABERCROMBY AT ALEXANDRIA.

in the front: the Highlanders, with an exultant cheer, levelled their deadly steel in the rear. The brave "Invincible Legion" could not withstand the headlong rush, and were forced to throw down their arms and surrender. Meanwhile, fresh columns of the enemy were pouring down upon the left wing of the 42nd, and it was time for the right to come to its support. Major-General Moore himself led it forward, and Abercromby, galloping to the front, cried, "My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers" This was the signal for a furious bayonet charge upon the masses of French troops. Victory, however, might have been on the side of the enemy, had not Moore perceived an overwhelming advance of cavalry just in time to retire his regiment to the rising ground and prepare for their reception. They fell with terrific impetus upon the already weakened ranks of the 42nd, and scattered several companies into small groups, which maintained a hand-to-hand combat, while other companies, remaining unbroken, delivered a steady fire and emptied many a saddle. The commander-in-chief himself nearly fell a prisoner to the French in this charge. Two dragoons had attacked him and were beating him down, when a Corporal of the "Black Watch" ran to his assistance and shot one of the Frenchmen dead. The other then rode off, but was met and bayoneted by another gallant Highlander. The 42nd re-formed in time to oppose a second charge of infantry and cavalry; victory again favoured them, and the enemy retired in disorder. A like success had attended the Guards and Royals, and a fresh supply of ammunition enabling the British artillery to open a destructive cannonade, the French retreated to Alexandria. The troops of Napoleon, invincible on so many hard-fought fields were forced to retire before the splendid heroisn of the "Sons of Albion." But it was a victory dearly purchased. The brave Abercromby fell mortally wounded early in the action. On June 16th the 42nd joined the force before Cairo, and were present at its capture; on the French evacuating Egypt the Highlanders returned to England, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. They were rewarded with permission to bear the sphinx, with the word Egypt on their colours "as a lasting memorial of the glory acquired by his Majesty's arms, by the zeal, discipline, and intrepidity of the troops engaged in that arduous and important campaign."

During the Peninsular war the 42nd fought with conspicuous bravery. At the Battle of Corunna, Sir John Moore, carried away by his enthusiasm, frequently exclaimed "Highlanders, remember Egypt." It was at Corunna that Sir John Moore received a mortal wound,



OFFICER AT WATERLOO (IN PART EVENING DRESS).



PRIVATE AT WATERLOO.

a cannon ball struck him on the left shoulder and felled him to the ground. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer who was near him, threw himself from the saddle, and seizing the General's hand, anxiously enquired whether he was much hurt, but Moore was too far gone to reply. His eyes remained fixed in a concentrated stare at the battlefield. Hardinge saw this, and immediately reported the progress of the battle to the dying hero. He said that the 42nd were advancing, and received as his reward a grateful look from Moore's eyes, so soon to be closed in eternal slumber. We will not follow the Highlanders during the many actions of the Peninsula, suffice to say that they bear on their colours the following glorious record: "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthez," "Toulouse." After remaining for some time in Ireland, they were sent to join the army of Wellington, and landed at Ostend in May, 1815. Information of Napoleon's movements reached Wellington at Brussels on June 15th. A ball was given on that night in the Belgian capital by the Duchess of Richmond. Of course all the English officers were guests on the occasion. The ball was at its height when the alarm was sounded. The order to march was at once given; many of the officers had not time even to remove their light dancing shoes, and were thus found lying dead on the field of Quatre Bras. Meanwhile in the streets of Brussels everyone was on the alert, and the forces of Wellington were at once put in motion. The mustering squadron and the clattering car poured through the streets. "Our two distinguished Highland corps," says Sir Walter Scott, "the 42nd and the 92nd, were the first to muster. They assembled with the utmost alacrity to the sound of the well-known pibroch 'Come to me and I will give you flesh,' an invitation to the wolf and the raven, for which the next day did, in fact, spread an ample banquet at the expense of our brave countrymen as well as of their enemies. One could not but admire their fine appearance, their firm, collected, steady, military demeanour, as they went rejoicing to battle, with their bagpipes playing before them, and the gleam of the rising sun shining upon their glistening arms. The kind and generous inhabitants assembled in crowds to witness the departure of their gallant friends, and as the Highlanders marched onwards with a steady and collected air, the people breathed many a fervent expression for their safety."



LIFE AND DEATH.

After a march of twenty-two miles the British regiments arrived at Quatre Bras (July 16), a hamlet, situated at the point where the Namur and Nivelles road crosses the road to Charleroi. On the right extended a dense and wide-spreading wood, which on the memorable 16th had been won and occupied by the enemy. The 95th, on their arrival on the scene of



THE BLACK WATCH AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

contest, were ordered to recover the wood, in which they succeeded; and the Royals and 28th on the right, the Highlanders and the 44th on their left, also came into close action, beating back the furious charges of cuirassiers and lancers which they directed against them. Forming into squares, they presented to the French cavalry a wall of fire and steel, against which they rolled back like spray from a rock. The 42nd, availing themselves of the apparent repulse of the enemy, deployed into line and began pressing forward through a field of rye which nearly reached their shoulders. At this juncture a body of horse was seen approaching, which was supposed to be the allied cavalry, and it was only when they had drawn too near to allow of the regiment forming a square that they were recognised as French lancers! The Highlanders succeeded in hurriedly forming a kind of square, and thus managed to hem in the cavalry. The fight was sanguinary though brief, and in the space of a few minutes the command of the "Black Watch" devolved upon four officers in succession.

In vain the French cavalry dashed into the allied ranks, they might as well have hurled themselves against a wall of iron. For a long time the 42nd bore the terrible fire of the French artillery. At length the Guards arrived on the field, and immediately came to the rescue. Despite the fact that they had marched fifteen miles (as mentioned in our article last month) they charged with the greatest alacrity, and drove back the enemy. Evening gathering over the wood, Ney reluctantly retired his troops, and Quatre Bras was



PRIVATE JAMES DAVIS WINS THE VICTORIA CROSS.

added to the glorious roll of English triumphs.

On June the 18th, 1815, was fought the Battle of Waterloo. It is not our province to describe this terrible encounter, with almost every movement of which the English reader is familiar. We have only to describe the part played by the Royal Highlanders. That they fought with all their old heroism goes without saying, but at one time they were nearly being outflanked by overwhelming numbers. They were saved, however, by the splendid cavalry charge led by Lord Uxbridge.

In the two days of Quatre Bras and Waterloo (June 16th and 18th) the 42nd lost 51 killed and 247 wounded. The word "Waterloo" borne on their colours commemorates its prowess. A medal was conferred on each officer and soldier, and the privilege of reckoning two years' service towards additional pay, and pension on discharge, was also accorded to the men.

In the Crimean Campaign the 42nd nobly maintained their unsullied fame. At the Battle of Alma their ardour was irresistible, and, conjointly with the Guards, after the great Redoubt had been carried by the Light Division, they scaled the bristling heights, and drove back the Russians at the point of the bayonet. Not less conspicuous was the "thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel," at Balaklava, when Sir Colin Campbell drew them up only two deep to receive the Russian cavalry. Throughout the terrible siege of Sebastopol their endurance was only surpassed by their daring.

Space will not permit us to give anything like a detailed account of the history of the "Black Watch" since the Crimean War. Their "Victoria Cross" record is, however, a glorious one. It is impossible to conceive a more conspicuous act of gallantry than that performed by Private James Davis, on the 15th of April, 1858. This hero was engaged with an advanced party, at the Fort of Ruhya. Lieutenant Bramley was killed on the spot, and Davis, out of love and affection for the young officer, offered to carry the body to the regiment. This he did under the very walls of the fort, and exposed to a murderous fire.



COLOUR-SERGEANT (PRESENT DAY).

The "Black Watch" fought heroically in India; but it would fill volumes if we attempted to chronicle all their movements.

To come down to quite recent times—to the Egyptian Campaigns of 1882 and 1885. In the former the 42nd bore the brunt of the action at the Battle of Tel El Kebir — in fact, they were the first to scale the heights, and thus come face to face with the Egyptians. The Highlanders seemed destined to win a considerable share of their laurels in the land of the Pharoahs. As at Alexandria,

under the gallant Abercromby, so was it at Tel El Kebir; and along the Nile, over eighty years later, under Lord Wolseley.

"The heritage of a spotless fame, bequeathed to them by their forefathers, is one which no true Scotchman will ever suffer to be tarnished—is one which he will defend in the deadliest throes of the battle."

But not only is Scotland proud of its Royal Highlanders. The "Black Watch" have always been held in the highest regard, whether stationed at home or abroad.



One Eye and a Green Cap

By Edmund Cates



WE had the elements of a pleasant little party at Bocca del Leone in October last. Bocca del Leone, you know, is the Italian port which was used at one time as the place of embarkation for our Indian mails. M. de la Roche, the managing director of a large steam shipping company, Carnaki (a Greek), his head clerk, and I, were all detained at Bocca del Leone on the same business; and staying at the same hotel was Mr. Humphreys, a well-known London contractor.

One morning, when we were rather at a loss what to do, Carnaki proposed that we should go and see the Bagne, the great convict establishment, situate on the top of a hill overlooking the harbour, where seven hundred malefactors were imprisoned.

There was nothing very particular in the establishment. The convicts were the usual villainous set of fellows, dressed in grey suits, with chain anklets on their legs, and with caps of different colours —some yellow, some red, some green, on their short-cropped heads. The colour of their caps denoted the length of time to which the wearers were sentenced. Those wearing the green cap were in nearly all instances murderers, and sentenced for life. A few Garde Chiourmes were lounging about, and an occasional sentry was visible from time to time sauntering along the top of the walls of the courtyard in which the convicts, perfectly unshackled, roamed about at their will.

Only one incident marked our progress. We were passing through one of the largest yards, in the middle of which was a rough-hewn drinking-fountain with running water; at this fountain a man was stooping down, filling from it an iron ladle attached to it by a chain. We paused for an instant, and the man, who wore a green cap, looked up. He was a sinister-looking ruffian indeed; his hair, so much of it as could be seen, was grizzled; he had but one eye, but that glowed in his head like a coal, and across each of his thick, sensual lips was a white seam—the horrible scar left by what must have been a very awkward cut. He looked up, I saw, and, as his eye fell upon Humphreys, who was standing next to him, he sprang to his feet, and uttered an exclamation; then, after gazing at him full in the face for an instant, he grinned horribly, touched his cap, and fell to filling his ladle again. I turned to Mr. Humphreys, and, seeing that he was deadly pale, signed to the man to hand me the ladle full of water, but Humphreys put it aside with a motion of disgust: and, as he declared himself quite well, we resumed our progress, and shortly afterwards left the Bagne.

No sooner were we fairly outside than Mr. Humphreys fainted, and fell heavily to the ground. We raised him, placed him in a carriage, and drove to the hotel. On the way he recovered, and, though he went to bed in the broiling heat of the afternoon, he was sufficiently well to sit

up in the evening in his room, and he sent down word that, if I were not engaged, he would like me to come and smoke a cigar with him. Of course I went, and, though I had determined upon not saying a word to him as to the odd scene which had taken place in the Bagne, I was, I confess, sufficiently interested to be glad to hear him say:

"You noticed that man, the convict with the green cap, at the fountain, this morning?"

I replied that I did notice him.

"And you saw the effect his presence had upon me?"

"I saw that you were suddenly indisposed, immediately after your coming upon him! I did not attribute ——"

"There can be no mistake about it," said Mr. Humphreys, solemnly, "That man has a direct influence on my life."

"An influence on your life!" I exclaimed. "This man, condemned for life to the galleys, for brigandage and murder—for I asked the Garde Chiourme what was his crime—this man have an influence on your life? You must be joking! You have never seen him before!"

"I have seen him twice before," said Mr. Humphreys, solemnly; "but I shall never see him again."

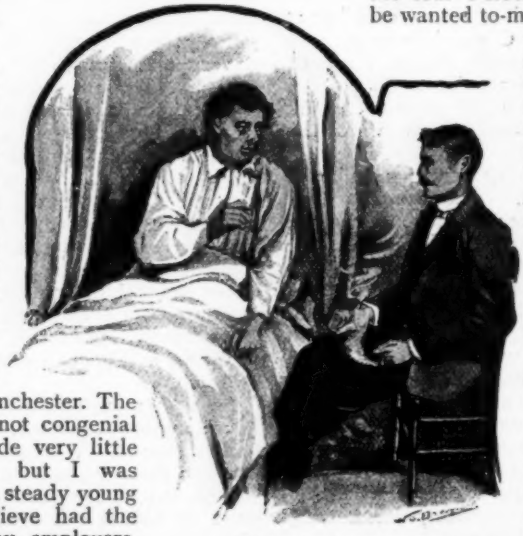
"Seen him twice before! Do you mind telling me under what circumstances?"

"No," said he, quietly; "I do not mind. It is a strange story, but it will while away the time, and," he added, with a long-drawn sigh, "it will not have any influence on the result.

"Twenty-five years ago I was a clerk in a lawyer's office at Manchester. The occupation was not congenial to me, and I made very little progress in it; but I was looked upon as a steady young man, and I believe had the confidence of my employers. One winter's day I was sent over to Wigan, to collect some evidence in the interest of a client of ours, a lady, who had been struck by a coil of wire, which had fallen off the roof of the railway station, as she was entering the booking-office, and had severely injured her.

"It was a black, bitter day, and the streets were filled by moody, discontented operatives, who were at that time out on strike, and who—ankle-deep in the snow, and with their hands in their pockets—lounged about, visiting public-houses, discussing their grievances and the chances of getting them remedied. I had a hard day's work hunting out the various people whose evidence we had to obtain, and I was not dissatisfied with the result of my labour; for the last person with whom I had a talk, the foreman of the linesmen, turned out to be not only a very intelligent fellow, but an old Manchester acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for several months. We had finished our talk in his office, and I was rising to start, when he asked me if I was going straight back to Manchester. I replied, 'Yes.'

"'Well, then,' said he, opening his desk, and taking from it a little canvas bag; 'I wish you would carry this over to the Company's agent in Brown Street. There are two hundred sovereigns in this bag, and I ought to have sent it by one of our men who went over by the four o'clock train. It will be wanted to-morrow to pay the wages of the men, and get it there somehow I must. You would not object to take it?—you must pass the office door, and all you have got to do is to step in and leave it. The agent, or the head clerk, is sure to be there until ten o'clock to-night.—What was that!' He started, and, raising his head, looked directly over my shoulder at the window behind me.



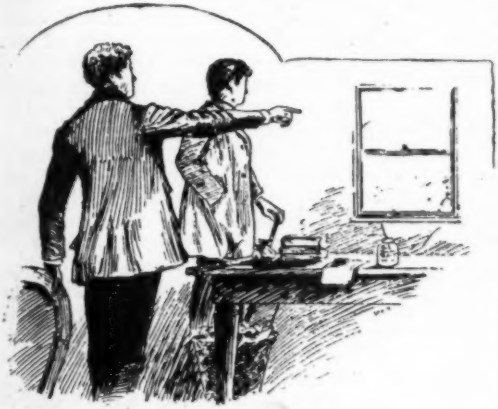
TO COME AND SMOKE A CIGAR.

"I turned instantly, but saw nothing, and said so.

"'I could have sworn I saw a man's face peering in at that window,' said he; 'but it seemed to vanish as I spoke, and, I suppose, must have been fancy.'

"He crossed the room, threw open the window, looked out into the darkness; but, seeing no one there, closed the window again, drew down the blinds, and we resumed our conversation.

"I did not care particularly about taking charge of the sum of money which he wished me to convey to Manchester, but he pressed the bag into my hand, and



'WHAT WAS THAT?"

I placed it into an inner breast-pocket of my coat, and we started for the railway-station, which was close by. The gentleman insisting that we should 'wet' this transaction, as he termed it, we entered a little tavern, just outside the railway, and each had a small quantity of hot brandy and water; but, even with this delay, we arrived at the station some ten minutes before the train was fairly started. I had my return-ticket in my pocket, so my friend and I walked up and down the platform until the first bell had rung, when I jumped into a first-class carriage.

"'Good-bye,' said he; 'I won't wait to see you off; this is a draughty place, and I am almost dead with cold? You have it all right here?'

"For reply, I touched my left breast, where I felt the pressure of the bag.

"He nodded once more, and went away.

"The second bell had rung, the engine had uttered its first screech, and the wheels of the carriages were just beginning to revolve, when the door of the compartment in which I was seated was opened, and, saying, 'In there,' a man helped a woman up the steps, and closely followed her.

"The woman placed herself in the seat immediately opposite to me; the man seated himself on the same side as the woman, at the other end of the carriage; the lamp in the carriage roof was burning brightly, and I had full opportunity of taking stock of my fellow-passengers.

"The first thing that struck me was a certain incongruity in their positions. Neither of them was the style of person usually to be met with in first-class carriages. The woman, who was certainly pretty, with large bright, black eyes, and black hair falling in close bands on either side of her face, looked something like a fourth-rate actress. She was tawdrily, and by no means too warmly clad, in a faded blue silk gown, a black silk cloak, and black net bonnet. In her hand she carried what used to be called in those days a reticule, a small bag, closing with a steel clasp, and pendent from her wrist The man's face was scarcely visible; he wore a soft wide-awake hat, which was pulled down over his brow, and threw his face into the shade. But one could tell that he was not a gentleman from the colour and formation of his hands, which were red and coarse and sinewy, with close-bitten nails; and from the make of his clothes, his trousers being cut very much over his boots—in exaggeration of the fashion then in vogue—and his coat, though worn and shabby, being frogged and braided in the foreign style. I set them down in my own mind for theatrical or circus people; and was about to compose myself to sleep, when my attention was attracted by a movement on the part of the woman.

"I had noticed that, from time to time, she had stealthily looked towards her companion, and as often and as stealthily glanced at me. Now, she accompanied those glances by a slight pressure of my foot, and, on my looking at her, conveyed to me in slight and rapid pantomime that her companion was asleep. Still keeping

her foot on mine, she lay back in her seat, threw back her veil coquettishly, and through her half-shut eyes fixed upon me a long lingering look, which set my heart throbbing and caused all the blood in my veins to tingle. I was a very young man then, easily impressed; and there was something in this woman's appearance and manner which to me was inexpressibly fascinating. I moved forward in the seat, but she, after glancing at her companion, quietly raised her forefinger in admonition. Still, she sat there smiling at me, and now and then glancing at me with that wondrous eager look. We stopped at a station; her foot was withdrawn, her veil was dropped, and she sat erect, with her face turned to the window, but her companion still slumbered. When we started again we had a long run of about twenty minutes before we reached our next halting-place; and the girl lay back in her seat, and looked more fascinating and tempting than ever. We had proceeded for about five minutes, when I thought I would risk anything, and I was bending forward with the intention of whispering something to her, when she suddenly gathered herself together, looked across to her companion, and uttered loudly the word, 'Now!'

"At that instant, the man sprang from his seat, and was upon me with one bound; his hands were twisted in my neck-cloth, his hat fell off, and I could see his face, could distinguish his features, and *could see plainly that he had only one eye.* He was strong, but I was stronger; twice I beat him off, once I had him down on the floor of the carriage, and most assuredly should have strangled him, but at that moment the woman, who had gathered herself up on to the seat to be out of the way of the struggle, opened her bag, pulled from it a handkerchief which she soaked with the contents of a bottle, and then, coming behind me, placed it over my face. A sense of suffocation immediately overcame me, my grasp upon my antagonist instantly relaxed, and I strove unavailingly to put my hands up and remove the handkerchief from my face. Then my heart, feeling like a great globe of fire within me, began to beat in slow thick throbs; I felt as though I were dying—as though it were impossible for me to catch the next breath—and then a blissful state stole over me, and I became utterly unconscious.

"When I opened my eyes, on recovering consciousness, I found myself lying on the brink of an embankment adjoining the railway track. Day had already dawned, and, in the dim light, I could make out the indistinct forms of two navvies, who were bending over me. I strove to move, but the attempt caused the keenest agony; to speak, but I had no strength. One of the men unloosed a bottle from his belt, and poured some of its contents down my throat. It was beer, small, flat and stale; but it had a reviving effect. I found strength enough to utter the word 'Doctor,' and one of the men started off in search of medical assistance, while the other remained by me. On the doctor's arrival it was found that not only was I helplessly shaken and bruised, but that my collar-bone and left arm were broken. With the first words I could find, I asked the doctor to feel in my breast pocket. The bag with the two hundred pounds, was gone! Of course I had half expected that. But the certainty of discovery was too much for me, and I again relapsed into insensibility.



I HAD HIM DOWN.

"I was in bed for about four months, part of the time with raging fever, but the strength of my constitution enabled me to pull through, and, when I recovered, I found that my position was made. The bravery I had exhibited in attempting to defend the treasure confided to me, and the sufferings I had undergone, gave me a hero's position and brought me

ample reward. The manager of the railway company had a brother, one of the largest ironmasters in Staffordshire, to whom I was sent, and in whose employ certain mechanical genius and scientific skill, which I had not hitherto known that I possessed, were developed in me. These helped my progress, step by step, and finally enabled me to become my master's partner, and at his death to attain the position I now hold.



TWO NAVVIES BENDING OVER ME.

"I need not tell you that the robber of the railway-carriage and the convict at the Bagne were one and the same man! That was the first time I ever saw him."

"And when was the second?" I asked; "when he was in the dock for his attack upon you?"

"He was never captured for that offence," said Mr. Humphreys. "I did not see him again for ten years, and then it was in a very different place.

"I was out with two friends on a yachting expedition, undertaken by me for the purposes of resting from labour and recovering my health, which had been somewhat impaired by too severe mental strain; and by them for the sake of filling up some portion of the 'fallow leisure of their lives,' with the chances of obtaining some fresh sporting experiences. We had been absent from England three months, and for a week had been dodging in and out among the Greek islands of the Archipelago, enjoying the lovely scenery, the freedom from care, and the novelty of our lives. One night we dropped anchor in the Bay of Butrinto, and early in the morning we were on deck, gazing with delight at the spectacle around us. Before us lay the Albanian shore, with a wide valley running up between two chains of hills, clad with verdure, and running into other chains, which intermingled until they were lost in the blue distance. On one side of the hill, some way off, were the white walls of a straggling Albanian village. Near the shore was an old, ruined castle, then tenanted by a Turkish Aga; and many hills in the neighbourhood bore the ruins of castle or tower, the relics of the military sway of the celebrated Ali Pasha. Almost the most striking feature in the landscape was its perfect quiet; no labourer was to be seen a-field, no herdsman with his flocks, no hum of population: it was more than silence; it was desolation. Behind the yacht, at a distance, rose the heights of San Salvador, a mountain on the opposite side of the Bay of Corfu to that on which the town is built; and, as it seemed, beyond that, the citadel of Corfu was reflected through the morning light, and stood above and apart from the water. A flock of gulls were soaring about, every now and then making a dash at their prey in the shallows that ran a long way out from the shore; while at a little distance rested on the water a whole host of wild ducks and other water-fowl, with three or four majestic swans among them, apparently unconscious of any enemy.

"This sight delighted my companions. The dingey was soon lowered, and so, telling the captain to look out for us about six in the evening, we were soon paddling quietly towards the game.

"We passed under the walls of the old castle, and entered upon a wild, marshy, reedy tract, which stretched itself a little way before us, and was intersected by numerous creeks.

"'This is the place for snipe!' whispered Major Byrom; and as he spoke, snipe rose, to confirm his words. The sport once begun, went on in earnest, and the snipe got up in front and on the right and left, in a manner and in a number that entirely astounded me. We gradually advanced, extending our line of beating, and before we had passed the swampy tract of ground, had bagged enough snipe to give even a Lincolnshire fen poacher cause for envy.

"At length I found myself separated from the others by an uninviting swamp, and never yet having become sufficiently sportsmanlike to run the risk of wet feet when it was possible to keep them dry, I wandered on, seeking for a firmer passage. After some little time, I reached a spot where the creek widened into a small lagoon fringed with tall rushes and reeds. I pushed these aside, and started, as I saw the whole surface of the lagoon literally alive with teal, widgeon and every kind of wild duck.

"Luckily some of the birds were scared, and flew over my head. I secured a couple of them, and after some splashing in the mud, succeeded in carrying off my trophies. I started to gain my friends; I had seen quite enough of the snipe country, and entered an open wild, pursuing a sort of green lane which ran through it, full of ruts and holes, and very like an English woodland path.



A LARGE CAVE WAS HOLLOWED OUT.

"I had proceeded some distance up this lane, when three men suddenly jumped out in front of me and barred my path. I looked round, and saw three individuals of the same stamp behind me. On their heads each had a miserable fez, faded and dirty, and the whole dress of each of them seemed to consist in a stained yellow woollen capote. Their legs were bare; their feet shod with sandals. They were probably peasants of the district, but there was no doubt of their intentions. Four of them had wretched looking muskets; the other two, long, lithe knives, which they flourished in my face. I saw that resistance was useless; and though I could not understand one word of their language, yet from their motions I comprehended they desired me to march with them. So, guarded before and behind, I followed them along the path. After a time, we came to an opening, where the underwood had been cut away, and through this we turned, marching on until we arrived at a chain of small hills, in the middle of the largest of which a spacious cave had been hollowed out. Three or four men, of the same stamp as my companions, were lounging in front of the cave, and sprang to their feet as we advanced. After an interchange of a few words, one of them went into the cave and disappeared in its recesses. When he came back he was accompanied by the man whom we saw to day—the man with whom I had the desperate encounter in the railway-carriage.

"I knew him again instantly, but evidently he did not recognise me. He spoke to me in very fluent English, though in a coarse and brutal tone, told me his men were greatly disappointed at finding no booty upon me, and that he should hold me as hostage until my friends provided a sufficient ransom for me. This ransom he fixed at two thousand pounds. I was then taken into the outer cave and placed under watch of two of the band. who were relieved at stated intervals by two others, so that I was never left day or night.

"The one-eyed man seemed to be the head captain of the banditti; and a tall strongly-built, active young fellow, who was evidently the second in command, was despatched to Butrinto, with the demand for my ransom. By him I sent a private letter to my friends on board the yacht, begging them to see the consul at Corfu, and make immediate arrangements for sending the money.

"Three days passed in this manner. At the end of the third it was evident that



I KNEW HIM AGAIN.

the patience of my one-eyed friend was getting exhausted. In the evening, just as at sundown I was dropping off to sleep, he came to me, shook me roughly, and said if the money were not forthcoming by that time to-morrow night, I should be shot, by way of warning to the friends of future travellers, who might fall into his hands. In the middle of the night, however, I was awoke by the sound of firing, and, raising myself up, found that my guards had left me, and I was alone. I hurried in the direction whence the noise proceeded, and found a hand-to-hand fight going on between the banditti, some of my own yacht's crew and the guardini, or Corfu policemen, who had discovered the haunt of the brigands, through the treachery of our emissary the lieutenant. The authorities were victorious, two of the bandits were killed, and three taken prisoners, but the one-eyed chief was not amongst them. It was the great object of the guardini to lay hold of him, as he was known to be a desperate character, a large reward had been offered for his capture, but, to their intense disgust, he escaped.

"I had been a good deal broken by the confinement and want of nourishment during the three days which I passed in the brigands' cave, and my health suffered in consequence. On the second night after my return to the yacht, I was lying on the deck, gazing at the moon, which was flooding the heavens with her light, and thinking over my past experiences in the cave, when a thought flashed across me, which for the moment filled my mind with something like terror. You shall judge whether I had cause for fright.

"Thirteen or fourteen years previously, at the time when a mania for spiritual manifestation was prevalent in certain circles in London, I had assisted at a private *séance* given by a well-known professor of the art. When his performances were ended, I had some conversation with him, and found him to be, however much of a charlatan towards other people, at all events thoroughly impressed with the belief in the powers he professed.

"'You are a sceptic in these matters, I see, Mr. Humphreys?' said he. 'You are a disbeliever in all occult sciences, perhaps, even in that of mesmerism?'

"I laughingly told him that I was a practical man, compelled to trust only to my own eyes and ears for all that I believed.

"'And yet,' said he, 'I think I might convince you, not merely that there is something in mesmeric power, but that that power might be exercised for your good.'

"I shrugged my shoulders

"'Do you mind,' said he, 'coming to my house to-morrow morning and talking over the matter further with me?'

"I agreed to go, and I went; the result of our conversation being that I permitted him to experiment upon me, and that he succeeded in throwing me into a mesmeric trance, while in which I distinctly saw the face and figure of the one-eyed man, dressed as when I first met him in the Manchester train. When I came to myself, my friend the professor asked me what I had



BY HIM I SENT A PRIVATE LETTER.

seen, and I told him, or, rather, he told me, and I corroborated his description.

"'You have seen that man once before?' said he. 'You may probably see him again. Should he come across your path on a third occasion I have a presentiment that the result will be most unfortunate, if not fatal to you! Do not in future despise mesmerism, which has given me the power of thus warning you!'

"I shook hands with my friend and left him, and the matter never occurred to my mind until that night on board the yacht. I had then seen the man for the second time; would the third time ever come? I looked forward with apprehension, renewed from time to time, but years passed away, and I had forgotten it.

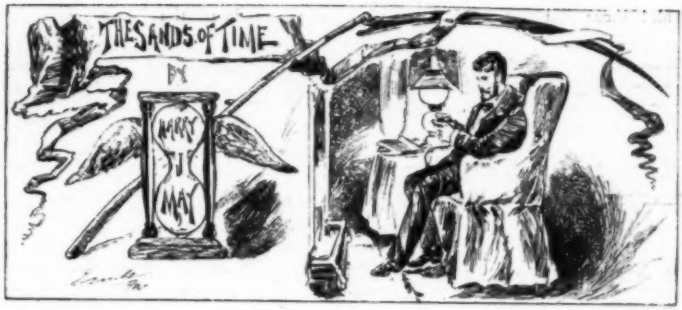
"*Now I have seen him for the third time!* and I have an inward conviction that the prediction of the mesmerist will be verified, and that the result will be fatal to me!"

As he said this, Mr. Humphreys sank back on the couch and wiped away the drops which had started on his brow. I tried to console him, and laugh away his fears, but he remained very dejected; and, complaining that he was tired by his exertions in telling the story, promised to see me on the next day, and, if he were not better, to allow an English physician from Naples to be telegraphed for.

That next day never came to him. When his servant went to his bedroom the next morning, he found his master asleep as he thought, but, on examination, he was dead. He had died very peacefully; the doctor said he evidently had heart-disease, but there was a look of horror upon his dead face, which I shall never forget, and which gave me the idea that his last moments were haunted by the dread apparition of the man with the one eye and the green cap.



THE NEXT DAY NEVER CAME TO HIM.



Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

call to mind those me - mo- ries sweet, I lov'd long, long a - go, . . And

p

cres -

wish that I once more might greet The tide from whence they flow; . . But

cen - do. f

ah! those gol - den days are o'er, The sands of time run fast, . . An

f

I shall know, ah! nev - er more, Those e - choes of the past. . . And

dim.

I shall know, ah! nev - er more, Those e - choes of the past. . .

dim. p mf



Last night me - thought, 'twas

p


in a dream, Those days were here a - gain, . . We play'd be' - side the
cres.
sil - ver stream, And skipp'd the mea-dows o'er; . . The shout of mer - ry
dim.
laugh - ter rang, The bells peal'd forth their chime, . . While
cres.
birds a - bove all gai - ly sang, In that sweet ev'n - ing time, . . While
birds a - bove all gai - ly sang, In that sweet ev'n - ing time. . .
f



A

p

Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱

- las! a - las! 'twas but a dream, The day - break came once more, . . I

p

cres.

saw the scene roll swift - ly by, Just as those days of yore. . . . A

ff

morn - ing yet shall bright - er dawn, The stream be o - ver - past, . . . When


Hea-ven and Earth in har - mon - y shall blend for aye at last, . . . When
f
Hea-ven and Earth in har - mon - y, Shall blend for aye at last, . . . Shall
p
f
p
Ped.
cres.
f
blend for aye at last. . . .
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped.

LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

Introduced to the King.

IT was to the presence of King Cathis and his lady mother that I was now introduced. The latter is a sweet old lady, looking every inch the countess, and most agreeable with those to whom she takes a fancy I am pleased to say I am one of that fortunate number, and her acquaintance forms one of my greatest enjoyments.

The King is a man of great intelligence, with a very commanding and princely presence; his wife, Queen Una, is of dark complexion, and though handsome, of a haughty and forbidding aspect. I instinctively felt from the first that she and her son Thesis, who stood on her right hand, bore me no kindly feeling, which to me was then utterly incomprehensible, for surely it was owing entirely to Thesis report that I had been forcibly brought to this country; and, out of simple gratitude. I thought they might have reserved their opinion until they had tried me; but I found their ill-will was entirely on account of my personal appearance, for, as you know, I am a fair man, and African sun has but little darkened my skin or hair. Thesis is dark complexioned, like his mother, and the fact struck both mother and son at the moment I entered the Grand Hall, that, should I elect to remain, there might be trouble with the people at the King's death, it being but a rare occurrence that a son succeeded his father, especially if he was dark, like Thesis. Of course I knew nothing of all this at the time, and paid little heed to his cool greeting, my mind being absorbed on my entrance by the display of Oriental splendour in a place so cut off from the outside world.

The King, dressed very similarly to myself, except for his head ring, in which five large and perfect turquoises were imbedded in clusters of diamonds, and his other magnificent jewels, was seated on a golden throne, the head of which was surmounted by a crown of rubies and diamonds. Columns of gold reached from the steps of the throne to the crown, each one of which was encircled by serpents of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, so fixed that they appeared on the constant move. But the grandest object of all was a representation of the sun, formed of precious stones of the first water. I feel sure you would give but little credence to my description of its dazzling magnificence, but treat it rather as a flight of fancy. Above all, was an eye-shaped mass of priceless stones, which conveyed to my mind that these people do, or did at one time, acknowledge a higher though unseen power. At the King's feet handsome skins of wild beasts were arranged, his foot resting on the head of a noble-looking lion, which was terribly life-like, with his brilliant eyes of precious stones. Queen Una was also a blaze of jewellery, as was her son, and in great contrast to the Countess, who sat on the King's left hand. She was simply attired in a purple toga, with soft lace falling from her neck and shoulders, a diadem and waistband of diamonds being her only ornaments.

The hall was round in shape, lighted by delicately-tinted stained horn windows; its gilded roof was supported by graceful spiral columns, and its floor was composed of exquisite marble mosaic.

I advanced through a throng of gaily decked courtiers, somewhat dazzled with all this unaccustomed brilliancy; and, obeying my instructor, knelt before the King, whereupon he graciously bade me rise and be seated in a chair prepared for my

reception, and then, in a short address, most cordially welcomed me to his country, not forgetting to thank me for the timely assistance I had rendered his son, continuing, that he had demanded me from Etuawa, hearing I was there in captivity, so that he might have the pleasure of granting me freedom and liberty to return to my own country; or, if I so desired, to remain with them.

I have already told you in the early part of my letter, that I had made up my mind never to return to England, and now, on Cara's account, I could not propose the journey back to her people, for in her then delicate state of health, she could never have endured the fatigue. So, thanking the King for his proffered kindness, I desired to be permitted to remain, and promised to conform to the laws of the country. It was then I noticed Queen Una and her son exchange looks of suspicious distrust, as my eyes wandered from them in troubled speculation for a reason for their conduct. I was dumbfounded at recognising Hardwick, of Ours, standing at their back, evidently by his position forming part of the Queen's especial escort. I am perfectly sure it was he, though he returned me no mutual recognition, and, strange as it may seem, I have never since encountered him, though why he should keep out of my way I cannot imagine. I well remember our last meeting had been a sad one.

On the evening of the attack at Isandlwana, I was going my rounds before visiting the watch, and hearing singing in the otherwise silent camp, I entered the tent from whence the sound came, and found the occupant, poor Henderson, in a very bad way from a sudden and violent attack of fever. Hardwick was lustily singing comic songs, with the pleasing idea of cheering him up. I can well recall the pathetic look of distress the invalid gave me on entering, and how glad he seemed of the quiet, during the few minutes I remained; still I felt it was no business of mine to interfere, as any remonstrance on my part might be taken unkindly, for that strange consolation of singing to each other when we were ill was our only idea of nursing, though often I fear, for the invalid, it had but the contrary effect to that desired; yet even with a splitting head, it would be endured with thankfulness, rather than being left to die alone. On leaving I heard the merry drinking song that I had interrupted resumed with even greater spirit than before. To me it was very pathetic and I wondered what his friends in England would say if they could have witnessed that scene; though after all, perhaps, he was better off than his comrades, for he may have died before the attack, or at least, feeling he had not long to live, would not have felt his leader's desertion, as some of the others must have done. Seeing Hardwick in this most unexpected manner, made me wonder how many others had possibly made their escape.

After the King had declared his pleasure at receiving me as one of his subjects, I was introduced to the different members of his family, but of all the kind speeches then made to me, that of the Countess alone remains in my memory. It was a few words only, expressing her pleasure at seeing me. It did not take me long to discover that she and her daughter-in-law had nothing in common, and saw as little of each other as possible. To a certain extent the Countess is proud of Thesis, though greatly in awe of him. He can be very pleasant; and, had he let me, I think I should have liked him, for he is certainly brave, with many other noble qualities, spoilt by his temper and ungovernable jealousy.

Shortly after the ladies and their suites



LEFT TO DIE ALONE.

had retired, the King himself conducted me to the large banqueting hall, where I was entertained most royally, the King meanwhile plying me with all sorts of questions, as to my past history; over my account of the Zulu War, he gravely shook his head, saying:

"That was a very sad affair, surely there must have been gross mismanagement on some one's part. Was it true," he queried, "that your General on drawing near to Isandlwana, turned and fled at the sight of a few savages, who were unable to use the guns they had obtained, without any attempt to visit the camp to see if some of the men under his charge were still alive, or to have at least buried the slain?"

I could give no satisfactory answer, for all I knew was what I had read in those few English papers that so strangely came into my possession, and as an officer it was not my duty to condemn my superior, especially if the English nation were content with the way their soldiers had been left, to be made prisoners or die of their wounds. As soon as possible I turned the conversation to the defence of Rorke's Drift.

"Ah! that was something to be proud of," he remarked. "We heard with admiration of the bravery of Lieuts. Chard and Bromhead, for theirs was a gallant defence; they might in justice have fled, knowing they were hampered with a lot of sick men. We have always hoped their services were well rewarded."

I told him from the little I had read in my treasured papers that I believed they had.

"But what about their leader," he anxiously demanded; "is he still a powerful man, or was he ignominiously put to death, as he deserved?"

I said I thought not, and tried to explain that though the brave might be promoted, the great and powerful in England were seldom disgraced, their faults being treated more lightly according to their position.



DAZZLING MAGNIFICENCE.

"What!" he exclaimed; "is that considered justice in your country of boasted high civilization?"

In shame, I answered, I feared it was.

"If such is the case," he excitedly replied, "you have made me prouder than ever before, that I am King of these people, for they would not stand such a deed for a minute; and should a general of mine, even if he were my only son, lead his soldiers into difficulties, and then not do his utmost to deliver them, I myself would stand by and see him shot, as unworthy any longer to enjoy the privileges he had wilfully destroyed in others."

In his intense excitement he rose, stretching out his hand as he spoke to emphasize his words, drawing all eyes towards Thesis, who instantly rose, saying:

"Sir, of a surety were I guilty of such an ignoble act, I would wish to die, for continued life would only be one of unceasing remorse."

"That is bravely spoken," said the King, reseating himself and resuming his interrupted conversation with me, by saying:

"You must not forget that the Zulus also displayed great courage in the way they struggled to defend their King, for theirs was a very unequal fight, for what avail were their rude weapons against the formidable English guns? We could never understand why poor Cetewayo, when trapped and captured, was taken over the sea to England, there fêted and made a fuss about, and then returned a prisoner to Cape Town, like a caged wild beast, and after all, cruelly sent back to his own land, when his place had been filled and it was well known he would not be permitted to live. Can you give us any explanation of such strangely inconsistent conduct?"

I could only shake my head and own it was just as mysterious to me, and that I had always felt great sorrow for the unfortunate King, who, from all accounts, had done his best to rule his people justly

and well, and who had treated the foreigners who pushed their way into his country with great forbearance and courtesy, his only crime being, as far as I could learn, that he resented the masterful interference of his English neighbours.

"Well," remarked the King, "I am glad to hear your opinion is pretty much the same as ours, and as you are unable to enlighten us further on the subject, we will bid you adieu, and to-morrow, if you are sufficiently rested, we will show you some of our ancient works, and you shall tell us what strides science has made of late years in your country."

CHAPTER XIII.

CARA'S DEATH.

A FEW weeks after our arrival my little daughter Iris was born, but my pleasure at her appearance was greatly damped by her mother's continued ill-health and subsequent death.

Poor Cara seemed quite unable to regain her former strength, though she seldom or ever complained, and almost imperceptibly faded away, dying as she had lived, ever more thoughtful of others than of herself.

I often fear now that the life she was expected to lead was too luxurious and confined, for as my acknowledged wife, she was treated in every respect as my equal, and after her useful life of work, she did not take to her new life kindly, and in all probability would have been happier working for us both in her domestic duties rather than being waited on as she now was.



CARA AND IRIS.

Iris was just a year old when the Angels came and bore my gentle, loving little Cara's spirit away. I felt her loss most keenly, for she alone knew and understood my feelings at Ella's quick forgetfulness, and had by her unspoken sympathy prevented my becoming utterly reckless, for I look upon the knowledge of Ella's marriage as the hardest blow I have as yet been called on to suffer, and I doubt if anything can ever so effect me again, even dear little Cara's death was as nothing to that. I can hardly understand how I lived through that night of anguish, and I cannot bear to think of my Ella belonging to another; it seems, though I know it to be true, an impossibility.

Iris is taken care of by the Sunflower Fraternity, for so we call the unmarried daughters who join a sisterhood for nursing the sick, or taking charge of and instructing the young children. It is almost impossible to imagine a prettier sight than one of these sisters, dressed in her graceful robes, sitting in a shady nook on the open veldt, surrounded by her class of bright little ones, attentively listening to a lecture on natural history.

Often in meeting such a picturesque group, I have remained, and soon become as interested and absorbed as the little children themselves.

Of course my little Iris is still too young for anything of that sort, and spends most of her time in sleep and play, she is an affectionate little soul, reminding me much of my own little sister, with her golden

hair and deep violet eyes, for strange to say, she in no way resembles her mother, except in her love and affection for me.

Of late the King seems failing in health, and I have often fancied Thesis is showing increasing signs of jealousy of my intimacy with his father, and appears to be glad of any excuse of getting me out of the way; consequently I generally volunteer to head all the hunting expeditions, and in that way am now seldom at home for long together. It is best so for other reasons, as I fear the King's daughter, Almwa, has been unfortunately led to believe that now Cara is dead, I shall be pleased to make her my wife, and I find it difficult to show her, without in some way hurting her feelings, that such is not my intention.

I always carry this letter about with me, in hopes of meeting a white hunter, who will manage to send it to England. If such a thing were possible, I should dearly like to hear of you all, and whether Ella is happy. If I thought not and felt I should be of any comfort to her, then nothing would keep me from returning.

HAROLD PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR DEPARTURE.

I HAD just finished the last line of Harold's wonderful history, and manifold escapes, when the door opened and Hugh entered, looking the very counterpart of his half-brother Harold as I remembered him when he started for the Zulu War, the same well built, commanding figure, and handsome face, with the kindly expressive eyes.

"So Jack," he said in his rich musical voice, seating himself as he spoke, "you have heard the good news."

"Yes, and I must apologise for reading Harold's papers before even you have seen them," I said.

"Oh! never mind that, old boy," he joyously answered; "I shall have plenty of time for their perusal during the voyage. Tom has told me all the important points, and we are off, if possible, by the next mail packet."

"What, going so soon?" I astonishedly asked.

"Yes; and Hilton also. He thinks we ought to see and consult his sister. The poor girl has suffered long enough, and must be impatient to hear from us—if I judge her by myself. I mean to go up by the early train, and secure the best berths I can."

"Book berths for three!" I exclaimed; "for this damp climate, with its fogs and unceasing rain, is affecting my chest, and bringing back the old trouble; so the sooner I am back in Africa the better. Now let us go and inform the others of our unexpected news—if Hilton has not already done so; for I shut myself in here alone, quite forgetful of the rest of the family.'

"Then come along," said Hugh.

Having satisfactorily settled our plans, we turned our attention to Hugh and the children, who, in mute attention, were listening with wide open mouths and startled eyes to his imaginary attacks of lions and tigers, and all the wonderful trophies they should each receive on his return, and the dangers he would encounter to obtain them.



ADIEU.

Within a week of the reception of Ella's letter we three were steaming over the high seas in one of the Union Mail ships, full of pleasant anticipation of coming adventures; for, now we were off, the fever of excitement had taken hold of us all, as it does of most men who have once tasted the pleasures of the chase in that free and wild country.

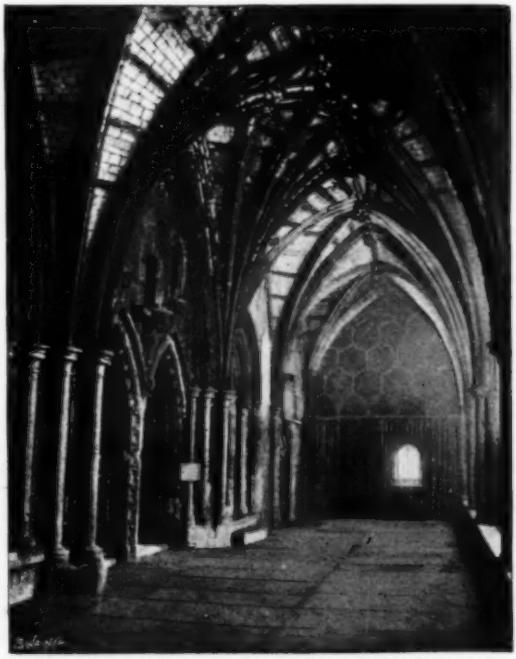
It may be that one day I may be able to recount in these pages the result of our efforts to find Harold Pemberton, and our adventures in the unknown country for which we are bound.

THE END.

Young England at School.

WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER still claims a place on the list of England's Great Public Schools, perhaps more for its ancient historic past, pleasant associations and large endowments, than any great increase of successes during the past half century. Few schools boast of so ancient and honourable a descent, while its general history commands the highest position, and its list of distinguished scholars compares most favourable with any of its rivals. Its existence was coeval with the monastic establishment at Westminster, since the master and his novices formed the nucleus of a school in which were taught the ordinary rudiments of a mediæval education. From this immemorable antiquity the present Royal foundation does not claim direct descent, for it was after the dissolution of the monasteries that Henry VIII. established, out of the confiscated revenues, the College of Westminster with forty scholars. The second head-master was Alexander Nowell, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. To Nowell the school owes the foundation of the Terentian play, the pride of Westminster, and to whom the Reformed Church was indebted for catechisms, accepted as authoritative expositions of the Anglican creed.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY CLOISTERS, WITH SCHOOL-YARD IN DISTANCE.

Mary's reign brought about great trouble for Westminster, and Nowell fled the country; the entire reformed establishment of dean, chapter and college was swept away; the convent of Westminster was revived; and Feckenham, the last English mitred abbot, became the abbot of the restored Abbey. This state of affairs did not, however, last long, as the end of Mary's reign brought about another great change.

In 1560 Elizabeth re-established Henry VIII.'s foundation, and gave the college those statutes which form the basis of the present constitution.

Forty scholars were placed on the foundation, called "Queen's scholars," and provision was made for the reception of eighty boys, called "pensionarii," "oppidani" and "peregrini." In the early days of Westminster School, the connection with the deanery was very close. The dean was permitted to take boarders, and presided at the annual examinations. In the college hall he dined at the high table, and

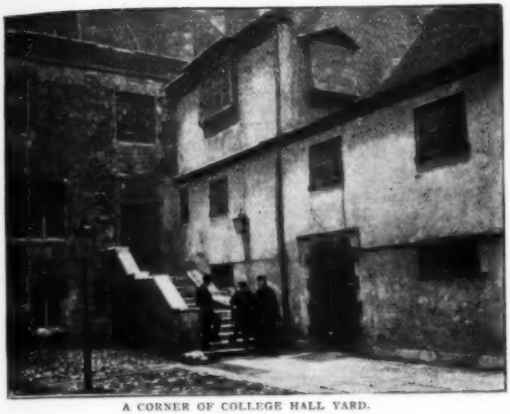
occupied the position of head of the college. Dean Goodman was in those days a man who lived for and cared for Westminsters, exhibiting particular interest in the Queen's scholars.

The "pesthouse," or sanatorium, at Chiswick, to which Busby and his scholars removed during the plague, was one mark of his generosity. Dean Andrewes and Archbishop Williams also worked with singular dexterity for the promotion of the welfare of the school, and in some cases acted as head-master and usher for upwards of a week together.

Although the school has, in a great measure, been altered, several old and interesting bits still remain, which call us back to the old monastic bodies so many centuries ago imprisoned within its walls. The frontage of Westminster School in Dean's Yard also remains a picture of old reminiscences, though altered by new windows and entrances at the head-master's residence, which occupies almost the entire length; there is, however, one of the "ancient lights" still intact, about three feet by two, with its thick iron bars defying the most determined of intruders. The only entrance to the college is that given in our illustration, which leads directly into the school yard, through the little archway (over which now are the premises for home boarders), at once denoting it was built for something more than a school. On the left of the yard stands the famous Ashburnham House, which has a history in itself far too long for me to here dwell upon, beyond that, in its early days it was the only house on the island; and the head-masters, when appointed to Westminster College, have the choice of this beautiful residence or that occupied by the present master, the Rev. William Gunion Rutherford, M.A. Ashburnham House is indeed a grand building, the ground floor containing the several class rooms and offices of the school, while upstairs consists of a noble reading-room, anterooms and library, with communication to the present head-master's house. The door in the centre of our picture of the reading-room leads to one of the finest staircases in the country; in fact, from the external appearance of the house, one would think it almost impossible for such beautiful work to be hidden there; but once ushered upon the landing, you would imagine yourself in one of England's most beautiful castles. On the right is the home boarders' residence and the new racquet courts; continuing to the right are three large houses, Nos. 1, 2, 3; these occupy the whole of the right side of the yard, the first and second being occupied by masters, who also provide for a certain number of boarders. Facing you is the large stone arched doorway, leading to the school rooms, with the noble tower of the Houses of Parliament in the background.



ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.



A CORNER OF COLLEGE HALL YARD.

This tower, when built, severed a large underground passage, by means of which the monks were enabled in time of danger to escape. By opening two trap-doors, now in existence, and passing through the passage, whose exit was on the river side, they were able to take to their boats, and reach the other side of the river in safety.

Other great schools, having vast grounds attached to the college, have a considerable advantage over Westminster, as their intervals between school can be spent at their favourite pastime. Whereas Westminsters not having time to go to their capital grounds at Vincent Square, have only the school-yard, with its two racquet courts and two open courts, together with the small enclosure in Dean Yard, where football is practised with great glee, the goals being marked out by white lines drawn across between two of the tall elms at either end.



A "BIT" OF THE OLD DORMITORY.

The Cloisters of Westminster Abbey and those of the School, entered from the school-yard in the left-hand corner under the school-room, are divided only by an iron gateway, placed close to the massive and beautiful ancient structure where the first Parliament sat, or, as it is called, the first House of Commons. Along these cloisters the boys pass to the morning service at the Abbey. They rise early in the morning, breakfast in their different houses, attend "Abbey," which begins at 9.15, excepting Saints' Days, when the service commences at nine o'clock. Then School starts at 9.30 A.M.

The morning lessons are divided into three schools. First from 9.30 to 10.30, an interval of five minutes, then second school from 10.35 to 11.35, followed by an interval of ten minutes (a short but sweet time for the "subs," at the tuck shop, where they sell very good confectionery); third school starts at 11.45, ending at 12.45, when morning school is over. At one o'clock the home boarders and Queen's scholars go to Hall, whilst the day boys dine in their Houses. In College Hall generally about one hundred and twenty students dine together daily. After dinner, which lasts about five-and-twenty minutes, comes a break of two hours; a general stampede is made for the football or cricketing clothes, as the case may be, and

away to "Station, up fields," which commences at two o'clock. Station is an expression for the compulsory games, which are strictly enforced, unless boys get leave or are detained. After a good hour's enjoyment, the scholars are running back from their playground at three o'clock to change back into the school garments ready for 3.30, the time appointed for afternoon school, which continues to 4.45, when all go down to "big school," where Latin prayers are read. These occupy but five minutes, after which the day boys go home and those boarding in school make for "gym" or the library.

The big school-room is not used for classes, with the exception of "Exams" at the end of the term. A wainscot some seven or eight feet high surrounds the walls of the large room, over which are the coats of arms of different celebrated old Westminsters, together with their names and the date of leaving the school.

One thing that is very striking at Westminster is the unity there seems to be amongst the boys, and the absence of the detestable dividing lines between the different classes of scholars. No, they play together and enjoy one another's company, and a kind of freemasonry seems to bind young and old Westminsters as brethren.

The school-room, to which I have referred before, was a portion of the old dormitory of the monks of St. Peter's College. The room itself has been greatly altered during the last twenty-five years, and is now a very noble and imposing chamber. At a distance of about twenty feet from the entrance an iron bar crosses the room at a height of about twenty feet, from which was suspended a curtain to divide the upper from under schools.

The curtain has long disappeared, but the rod still remains, a lasting memory to us of an interesting story attached to it, and well worth repeating:—

One of the boys in the Under School happened by some accident to tear the curtain. Being of a nervous and timid nature, he was overwhelmed with dread at the thought of the flogging which he knew was sure to follow. He was cheered, however, by one of his form fellows, who offered to take the blame upon himself and to bear the punishment.

This he accordingly did. During the Civil War these boys, then men, took different sides, the one who had torn the curtain being in the position of judge under the Protectorate; the other, who had engaged in Penruddock's rebellion in 1655, being one of the prisoners brought up for trial at Exeter. He, with others, was tried and condemned. The judge who tried them, recognising the school-fellow who had borne his flogging, and having satisfied himself by inquiry that his recognition was undoubtedly correct, at once took horse and rode to London, where his influence with Cromwell was sufficient to obtain the pardon of his friend.



READING-ROOM IN ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.

As to who this judge really was there is some slight disagreement. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 163, it is asserted that the judge was Robert Nicholas; but

the editor of *Alumni Westmonasterienses* states most positively that the judge was John Glynne, who was sent into the West with a commission to try the actors in Col. Penruddock's insurrection, and who was in the same year made chief justice of the Upper Bench, from which he was removed in 1659, and that the boy who endured the flogging, and was afterwards tried, was William Wake, the father of Archbishop Wake.



HOME BOARDERS AND HOUSE.

This fine room, as stated before, is not used as a class-room, as capital rooms are provided adjoining the school-room, a good one in the basement of the College, and three or four in Ashburnham House.

Like the other great schools I have been pleased to write upon, I find Westminster had in the past been no exception to the general rule, as far as over-cramming boarders into rooms hardly fit for human beings to sleep in. But what did it do? Why we have men's names handed down to us who have gone through all this, and to their dying day loved the school of their youth: men of learning, in every conceivable station. When we pass into Dean's Yard, and look upon the young men frolicking after the leather, we can hardly imagine such a list of England's worthies to have at one time played under the shadow of the same trees. Westminster has been famous for turning out some excellent soldiers, and the Duke of Wellington himself bore witness to the high soldierly qualities which Old Westminsters so often displayed. At one time five out of eight field marshals had been educated at the school. When the troops embarked for the Crimea, the Commander-in-Chief, the Commanding Officers of the Cavalry and Artillery, and the Quarter-master-General were all Old Westminsters, and the column in front of the west door of the Abbey is a proud monument, though so melancholy a record of the numbers sent out to serve their country in that ever memorable and disastrous war.

It will be seen from above and it is therefore no exaggeration to say that the entire British army in the Crimean campaign was dependent for its safety, conduct and comfort on the five men referred to and named below, who but a few years previously had been taking part in the games on the green in Dean's Yard.

Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief; Sir W. Cator, Chief of Artillery; Lord Lucan, and afterwards Lord George Paget, Chiefs of Cavalry; Lord de Ros, Quartermaster-General.

In 1714 five Westminsters were included in the Ministry, the same number in 1744, and in 1848 there were no fewer than eight Old Westminsters in the Ministry.

My readers must excuse me not giving them anything representing an idea of the distinguished men who have migrated from Westminster School to the pinnacle of fame, but a few I feel I am in duty bound to mention. Busby, one of the greatest of Westminster's Head-masters, could boast that sixteen bishops, who had been his pupils, held at one period Sees, a number nearly representing half the bishops holding Sees in the United Kingdom at that time.

Richard Busby's name, like Arnold's at Rugby, will long stand at the top of the list of the numerous celebrated men who

have been entrusted with "Young England at school." Busby became head-master in 1638, after being educated at Westminster School and a student at Christchurch. In 1660 he was appointed Prebendary of Westminster and to other important posts. Two fine paintings hang in the present head-master's drawing-room, which show him to have been a determined man, but kind at heart.

At the coronation of Charles II., in 1661, Busby carried the ampulla; and the orb with the cross at the coronation of James II. in 1685.

The story of his walking with his head covered in the presence of Charles II. is well known to all. His plea was that he insisted upon his scholars thinking that no greater than himself could enter his class-room; and the tale told of the doctor's walk in St. James's Park and meeting one Petre, an old pupil, who had gone over to the Church of Rome, describes the man.

Petre accosted Busby with "Don't you know me, sir?" The Doctor answered, as if trying to recollect, "But you were of another faith in those days, sir. How came you to change?" "The Lord had need of me," was the reply. To this Busby replied, scornfully, "Few men have read their Bible more carefully or frequently than I have, but I never knew the Lord had need of anything but once, and that was an ass."

A lasting monument appears against the wainscot of the choir opposite the south transept in the Abbey, to the memory of this great ruler of Westminster. Busby is represented in his Canonical habit, with his eyes fixed on the inscription, and most particularly on the words "Scholæ Westmonasteriensis."



ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL-ROOM.

Numerous head-masters claim special attention as having been great benefactors to the College, but space forbids me devoting these columns to their names, and I must content myself with treating briefly the present and previous reigns.

The Rev. Charles Brodrick Scott, D.D. was appointed Head-master of Westminster

This great master was educated at Cambridge, taking the highest classic honours.

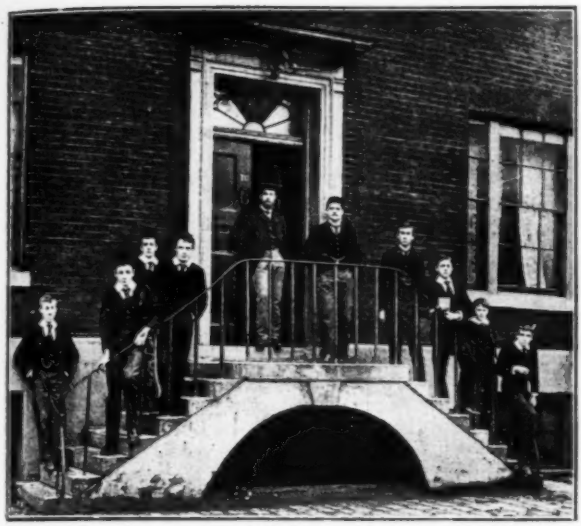
On his retirement in 1883 the sum of £1,200 was subscribed as a testimonial to his long labours, and success in consequence.

With this sum Dr. Scott founded the "Scott Memorial Library" in Ashburnham House, which will keep his name green in the minds of generations of Westminsters.

The Rev. W. G. Rutherford, M.A., present master, has cultivated that kindly feeling between master and scholar that tends to make School life a pleasure, instead of a burden.

When Mr. Forshall said Westminster had won a prize in Mr. Rutherford, he evidently forecast the success of both school and master that has since so fully been manifested. Mr. Rutherford is only now about forty years old, but previous to his attachment to Westminster his publications had made him a world-wide name.

A few of Westminster's past distinguished scholars I should mention in order to give a slight idea of the worthies that



HOUSE NO. I.

have been amongst England's Great Men owing their education to the famous school, the subject of this "article."

John Locke, who was admitted on the foundation at Westminster School through Popham's interest, is a name handed down to us even from his success at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1655 and 1658. A more happy combination of the characters of the Christian, the soldier and the gentleman has, perhaps, never been exhibited than in the person of this distinguished philosopher.

Earl Russell, the third son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, ranks amongst past famous Westminsters, and his works are still cherished by his numerous admirers.

Jeremy Bentham, another indefatigable student, and a voluminous writer, also received his education at Westminster.

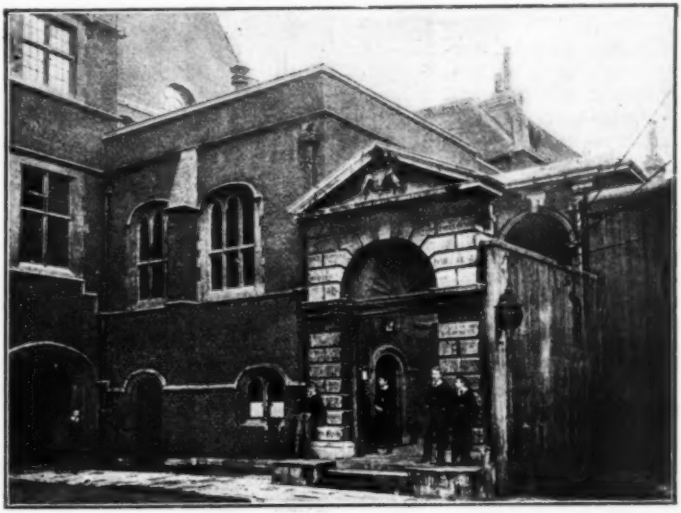
Warren Hastings, the ever-memorable President of Bengal, was sent to Westminster School, where he received high scholastic acquirements.

His life from the beginning was one sea of encounters, marred at the finish by great trouble, and the history of Warren Hastings I can recommend to any of my readers as an interesting life during the second half of last century. Born December 6th, 1732; died August, 1818.

Westminster each year offers prizes of the aggregate value of £1,300 to attract boys of promise to the school.

Six exhibitions, two of £30 and four of £20, raised respectively to £40 and £30 if held by a boarder; and from eight to ten places on the foundation of the annual value of £50, tenable while the holder remains at school, are annually offered for public competition.

The benefactions attached to the school at Oxford and Cambridge go far to maintain their possessors during a University career. Each year there are three studentships at Christ Church, tenable for seven years, which, with the addition of the



SCHOOL, FROM DEAN'S YARD.

Carey bequest, may be estimated at the annual value of £170. Each year three exhibitions are offered at Trinity College, Cambridge. These are only worth £40 a-year, but two of them are always supplemented by Samwaies and Triplett exhibitions, which raise their value to about £110.

The monitorial system, like that at our other colleges, is accepted at Westminster, and is a wonderful assistance to the masters in controlling the school. The monitors are formally invested with authority to keep boys within the bounds, to see that they are in the playground at certain hours and generally to enforce the school regulations. Considering the position of Westminster School, it is not to be wondered why the masters are compelled to rely almost entirely on the monitors and seniors for the preservation of order, which they cannot maintain themselves without a spy system.

The holidays are three weeks at Easter, eight at Midsummer and four at Christmas, with four days in the middle of each term.

Founder's Day, or Commemoration Day, as it is called, falls on the 17th of November, when a Latin service takes place in the Abbey, and the boys, who are given a half-holiday, have a good romp at the match against Cambridge O. W. W. The old custom of "tossing the pancake" still survives, causing great fun and rejoicings on Shrove Tuesday. Every day, except Saturday, there is detention, beginning at 2.15 and lasting till 3.0 or 3.15 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays are appointed for drill in the school yard.

Westminster is not behind as regards "college terms," which, of course, are totally different to those used by any other colleges, viz:—Blick, any kind of ball; Ragging, playing about; Up school tanning, a flogging from the monitors.

It will be seen by the latter that the monitors are vested with a limited power of punishing breaches of discipline and other minor offences.

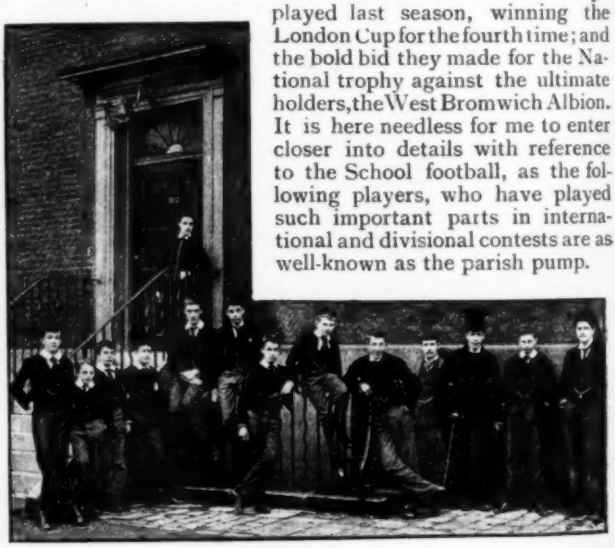
"Greeze up" is a familiar expression, meaning shore up, and "hack up" is applied as meaning kicking a football about.

The shops patronised by the boys are Sutcliffe's "Tuck Shop," for confectionery, etc.; Davenport's for caps and general things; while Martin's supply footballs, boots, etc.

Coming now to the Athletics which, of course, claim a great share of attention, Westminster, in some divisions, reigns supreme; while some of the other branches have slightly fallen from the high position they held prior to the sixties.

In former days, Westminster could boast of such famous cricketers for her sons as Hussey, "Charlton" Lane, Balfour, Ashley Walker and Bray; and at the present time, amongst our famous cracks of the willow and well-known athletes is Mr. C. J. M. Fox, the well-known Kent County cricketer, who also plays an important part in defending the name of his school amongst the Old Westminster Football Team.

It cannot be disputed that Westminster provides us with some sterling exponents of the Association Football Game, considering that the Old Boys, during the last ten years, have made the name of their school almost a household word. It will be remembered how well the Old Boys played last season, winning the London Cup for the fourth time; and the bold bid they made for the National trophy against the ultimate holders, the West Bromwich Albion. It is here needless for me to enter closer into details with reference to the School football, as the following players, who have played such important parts in international and divisional contests are as well-known as the parish pump.



HOUSE NO. 2.

R. T. Squire, a capital player at school, and now Hon. Sec. to the Old Boys, played for England in the three international contests, 1886.

W. R. Moon, considered one of the best goal-keepers of the present day, had charge of England's goal against Scotland, 1888, '89 '90; and against Wales, 1888–'89, '90 and '91.

W. N. Winkworth, who played against Wales last season, is acknowledged one of the best forwards in England; and it would be difficult to find a better player than R. R. Sandilands, who also represented England last season against the Welsh Team.



ENTRANCE FROM DEAN'S YARD.

N. C. Bailey was a grand player, and claims the distinction of having represented England more often than any other international player. Against Scotland he has played ten times; seven times against Wales, and twice against Ireland, thus taking part in nineteen international contests.

Since 1862 the rowing contests with Eton have ceased, thus in a great measure bringing aquatics below the average of their old rivals.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from photographs taken specially for this Magazine by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, from whom photographic prints can be obtained.

Football.

By C. BENNETT.



SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.

SHOULD the in and out play that has been the order on the meeting of our League teams during the Christmas season continue to the end of January, our Editor will have given my football readers a more difficult task than it at first appeared, when he placed for competition a Gold Watch, the winner to be he who, before the last day of January, had sent in to head quarters of THE LUDGATE, the nearest guess of the relative positions, at the end of the season, of the sixteen teams contesting in the first division of the League. From the onset Preston North End headed the list, but Sunderland has been quite content with their second position, while they boast of having still the best chance of retaining the trophy they so meritoriously won last season.

On paper it looks as though Sunderland had quite four points the best of Preston North End, who had played three games more than the champions previous to the first meeting of Sunderland and Wolverhampton Wanderers, December 24th.

Therefore, after such brilliant victories over the North End Team, West Bromwich Albion, etc. etc., it was considered an easy thing for the Tynesiders, and the result, 2 to 0 in favour of the Wanderers, came as a great surprise, especially as the latter had previously been beaten by those unable to cope with Sunderland.

Playing the return match the following Saturday at Sunderland, the home team soon showed their superiority, winning by five goals against two. So uncertain has been the results that I consider the idea of placing the teams in order of merit would puzzle any footballer of the present

age, and as for upsetting your calculations, why "the missing word," or "the kind assistance of the Chancery Court," is not in it.

At time of writing, Sunderland and Preston North End head the list with 29 points each, the holders of the Championship capturing the first position from North End, as their score is registered from only 18 games as against 20 played by the North End.

The return match, January 7th, when the Tynesiders gained the second victory over North End this season, came as a great surprise, but not to be wondered at, as the Sunderland men have shown more consistency than any other team, and I shall not only predict them winning the League Championship, but making a very bold struggle to appear at the Oval, March 25th, in the final of the Association Cup Competition.

Sheffield Wednesday have more than shown their claim to a place in the League matches by working their way to fourth position, with Aston Villa just beating them for third place, while Wolverhampton Wanderers are placed fifth. The great Perry Bar team are as uncertain this season as ever, and brilliant victories are followed by unaccountable defeats. Everton, the ex-champions, seem to be making a very bad show again this season, and only receive a place after Bolton Wanderers, Stoke, and Blackburn Rovers.

Whenever will Everton settle down and regain their old form? They have everything to encourage them—the chief of all being a good following, and though of late they have not delighted the Liverpudlians with great victories, they command a gate that Sunderland would be proud of for any two matches. Notts County generally make a good fight at home, but have played very inconsistently when on strange ground, and are consequently low down the list, followed by West Bromwich Albion, who are seldom seen to advantage in the League competition. I anticipated better results from Notts Forest, who made such a good struggle last year with the Wolverhampton Wanderers for National honours, and am, therefore, much disappointed to find them



LONDON CALEDONIANS.

at time of writing only just beaten by Newton Heath for the lowest score.

The best scoring is credited to Sunderland, who, for 18 matches, have secured 59 goals, while 20 only have been given against them. I had hoped to have given illustrations of several of the League teams in this issue, but find myself unable to do so until the following number (March), when I hope to give Everton, Blackburn Rovers, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Bolton Wanderers, and Stoke, etc. To this end I shall be very pleased if the secretaries of the various clubs named will communicate with Mr. R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, E.C., when they are within easy access of London, who will take a special picture for us. Should this not be practicable, I shall be glad if they will forward to Mr. Thomas, or this office, a copy of the latest group taken of the team.



OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS.

The London Caledonians are now in their sixth season, and perhaps their most successful, as up to the present time they have not received a single defeat since September last. For reasons, perhaps better left untold, they have withdrawn from all Cup ties, an action I commend the executive for doing, as they have equally as good a list of fixtures and, perhaps, better gates; but most of all they totally dispense with the fighting element, for which they were often wrongfully blamed for exhibiting, and, in some cases, I have seen this charge myself more applicable to their opponents. Now, Willie Hay, the "Scots" captain tells me he can have a jolly good game, and their numerous opponents, although compelled to go away defeated, are content with having had a sound game at football. W. Stirling will be recognised at the back, the bold custodian of the "Callies" goal and the Middlesex goal. Stirling is a capital goal-keeper, and has also been trusted with the London goal. Last year the Caledonians lost a grand player in J. A. Lambie, who held the reins of captain for several seasons, and his return to Scotland was deeply regretted by his numerous friends in London and London football circles generally.

The Club ground at Tufnell Park is, perhaps, the best in North London, and anyone visiting the ground any Saturday may rely upon seeing a good game, for should the first team be away, the Callies possess

a very formidable lot of reserves, well able to cope with many good first elevens.

The Caledonians are fairly good friends with the Millwall, and up to this season had fixtures with the Royal Arsenal, but the latter have, for some reason or other, thought it unfitting to give them a date this year—an action I can hardly commend in the Arsenal executive, as the London Scots have a following of their own, and would, perhaps, be as profitable as bringing some of these big Scotch teams to Invicta grounds, only to receive defeats, or even at the best a draw, which very often dissatisfies their supporters. The Arsenal is the only football team in London acknowledging professionalism. They possess capital grounds at Plumstead, and receive wonderful patronage from the Royal Arsenal employés, and the numerous inhabitants of Woolwich. A great drawback to the Londoners is the funeral-like journey to the ground, which occupies something like an hour. During this season the Arsenal have played most inconsistently, but they have brought off a few brilliant victories which have happened to be on the occasion of Cup ties. The most pleasing victory was that over the Millwall, when a margin of a goal was the only difference; following this up, the Arsenal disposed of the Clapton, and thus entered into the Competition proper of the Association Cup. Drawn against the League Champions, I am afraid the Arsenal have seen all they will see this season of the National trophy, more especially as they have already given us an idea of their ability to cope with the Sunderland team. Rumour says the Northerners have decided to come to London for this match, thinking, perhaps, they would command a better gate here than up North, and great will be the day at Invicta grounds should this be agreed upon and favoured with fine weather. The Millwall was formed in 1885, and is undoubtedly the best football club in the East of London, and a fair match for any Metropolitan combination. O. Caygil, their captain, is a capital goalkeeper, and last year represented London *v.* Sheffield. The executive have been the means of securing numerous visits from our crack Northern clubs, which had the effect of importing sound play to the East Enders and placing the club in the front rank of footballers.



ROYAL ARSENAL.

The Sheffield Wednesday, as I have

previously mentioned, is going exceptionally strong this year, which must be very gratifying to the executive, seeing that they claim to be one of the oldest associations in England, formed in 1866, and this season having been promoted to the first division of the League; and, after a most successful season so far, they proudly occupy a position equal to third place in the statistics, proving themselves on many occasions more than equal to the finest teams in the competition.

The Wednesday Club remained an amateur combination until 1889, when, tempted by the example set by other clubs, the executive adopted professionalism, but played only local men until season 1890-91. About eleven years ago this Sheffield Club came into prominence by reaching the semi-final of the Association Cup competition, and has won the Charity Cup, presented by Earl Wharncliffe, something like half-a-dozen times, and the Sheffield Association Cup upwards of that number. Some of the best exponents of the dribbling game have fought for the Wednesday Club, whilst it boasts of the close connection of such a grand enthusiast as Mr. J. C. Clegg, now Vice-President of the Football Association, and the list of players it has supplied the country with at the international contests.

A capital ground at Olive Grove, Queen's Road, Sheffield, is the home of this now popular club, and its officers are Mr. J. Holmes, president, who appears in our group with Mr. H. C. Vessey, another hard-working and enthusiastic official; Mr. W. Fearnehough, A. Holmes and A. J. Dickinson, the club's secretary.

To December 28th, the following were the records of the doings of some of our principal Association clubs.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals For.	Agst.
Sunderland	28	21	5	2	90	31
Preston North End ...	30	20	7	3	68	36
Sheffield Wednesday	27	14	8	5	57	45
Aston Villa	26	14	10	2	60	52
West Bromwich Albion	29	10	14	5	51	69
Casuals	37	23	10	4	106	63
Royal Arsenal ...	29	20	8	1	95	44
Sheffield United ...	33	20	9	4	78	33
London Caledonians ..	17	11	2	4	56	22
Millwall Athletic ...	22	14	5	3	78	37



OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The weather during the early part of last month greatly interferred with all Rugby matches especially during the holiday time. The most important engagement in December was the 'Varsity contest, which is generally either postponed or marred by bad weather on the day first fixed. Last season a black "November fog" delayed the meeting till January; but this season beautiful weather promised an



ROSSLYN PARK.

exception to the rule; but it was not to be, for rain set in fifteen minutes before the kick off, and the Dark and Light Blues were soon all alike—"black." Our photographer just happened to obtain a snap shot at Oxford, but Cambridge did not relish sitting out in a blinding rain. Oxford were unable to play several of their old Blues, which consequently made Cambridge strong favourites, but a very sloppy game ended in a draw, neither side scoring.

To Dec. 28th the Light Blues had played 16 matches, with 10 wins, 5 lost, and one drawn: while the Dark Blues won 9 of 17 engagements, with 5 lost, and 3 drawn. Perhaps the most wonderful Rugby team is Newport, who are going ahead this season again, winning all their engagements, having so far pulled off all their fifteen matches; and with such form it is almost wondered why Wales did not place the Newport fifteen in the field to meet England; as it was, they selected more of its members than usual, with the result this year of turning a series of defeats into a brilliant victory for the Welshmen.

The Old Merchant Taylors are, as usual, showing up good form this year. This Rugby club is composed entirely of old boys from the Merchant Taylors' School, now situated in Charterhouse Square, the old site of the Charterhouse School.

The Old Boys are now in their eleventh season. The Club was originally formed by Mr. L. H. Gunnery, the present honorary secretary and previous captain. In its earlier days the club had to rely on those who had just left school, so many of the best players having already engaged themselves to Blackheath, Richmond, or other clubs, it was a struggle to get a thoroughly good combination together. In season 1886-7 the Merchant Taylors came more to the front, and have ever since held a fairly good position in the Rugby world, especially during the last three or four years. One great feature in the Old Boys is the capital attendance of its members, which must "spell" success, more especially as they do not rely upon individual play, but the combination as a team.

To show the merits of the Old Boys as a team, it is sufficient to say that when on their South Wales tour last season they

met the all-conquering Newport team, and a draw was the only result the crack team of Wales could arrive at. Swansea defeated the Old Boys by a goal and a try, while Cardiff were defeated by the same points.

The Merchant Taylors have engagements with the principal clubs in the South of England, and up to the present time have more than held their own, their record now standing as follows:—

14 matches played, 11 won, 3 lost, with 18 goals 23 tries against 5 goals 4 tries, or 129 points against 33.

Another prominent Rugby organisation was started in 1879, under the title of the Rosslyn Park F.C. Its founder was Mr. C. C. Hoyer Miller, an old Cliftonian, who thought there was a good opening for a Rugby club in Hampstead. Owing to the energy and influence of Mr. Hoyer Miller, the club was gradually worked up, and on his retirement after five years' hard work, he left it in a very flourishing condition. The captaincy then fell to the lot of H. R. Burton, who successfully led the Rosslynites to battle for three years, and afterwards was succeeded by E. W. James, who devoted six years to the club's interest, James, however, retired in 1889, when B. E. Figgis, the club's present captain, was elected. The high position of the club is mainly due to the unceasing devotion to the secretarial duties for upwards of six years of Alec Reid, who retired this season in favour of J. B. Jackson.

During the earlier days of the Rosslyn Park only one team could be raised; but now three teams are wearing its colours each Saturday.

The first fifteen have fixtures with all the leading clubs, and both the 'Varsities' and their ground at Acton is quite one of the pleasure resorts for the residents of that neighbourhood. Last Easter Rosslyn Park created some stir by making a tour to Paris, and beating a team composed entirely of Frenchmen; this was the first time an English team had ever played in Paris, and so successful was the trip throughout that I hear the fixture is to be repeated this coming Eastertide.

We are now looking forward to the most important events of the season, and as each week passes, so the anxiety increases, until the date fixed for the Final tie at the Oval is reached, and the last match of the League played.

Our international fixtures, both Rugby and Association, greatly add to the pleasure of our winter pastime during the second half of the season, and I, like many others, will look forward to a good wind-up of season 1892-3, though we have made a somewhat bad start.

Our Portraits are from Photographs by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Copies can be obtained.

The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "Lady Lovelace," &c. &c.

THE BLACK BAG LEFT ON A DOOR-STEP.

"IT'S a big thing," said Loveday Brooke, addressing Ebenezer Dyer, chief of the well-known detective agency in Lynch Court, Fleet Street; "Lady Cathrow has lost £30,000 worth of jewellery, if the newspaper accounts are to be trusted."

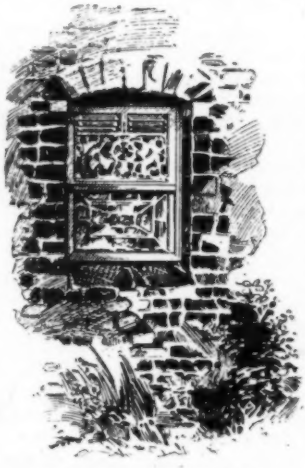
"They are fairly accurate this time. The robbery differs in few respects from the usual run of country-house robberies. The time chosen, of course, was the dinner-hour, when the family and guests were at table and the servants not on duty were amusing themselves in their own quarters. The fact of its being Christmas Eve would also of necessity add to the business and consequent distraction of the household. The entry to the house, however, in this case was not effected in the usual manner by a ladder to the dressing-room window, but through the window of a room on the ground floor—a small room with one window and two doors, one of which opens into the hall, and the other into a passage that leads by the back stairs to the bedroom floor. It is used, I believe, as a sort of hat and coat room by the gentlemen of the house."

"It was, I suppose, the weak point of the house?"

"Quite so. A very weak point indeed. Craigen Court, the residence of Sir George and Lady Cathrow, is an oddly-built old place, jutting out in all directions, and as this window looked out upon a blank wall, it was filled in with stained glass, kept fastened by a strong brass catch, and never opened, day or night, ventilation being obtained by means of a glass ventilator fitted in the upper panes. It seems absurd to think that this window, being only about four feet from the ground, should have had neither iron bars nor shutters added to it; such, however, was the case. On the night of the robbery, someone within the house must have deliberately, and of intention, unfastened its only protection, the brass catch, and thus given the thieves easy entrance to the house."

"Your suspicions, I suppose, centre upon the servants?"

"Undoubtedly; and it is in the servants' hall that your services will be required. The thieves, whoever they were, were perfectly cognizant of the ways of the house. Lady Cathrow's jewellery was kept in a safe in her dressing-room, and as the dressing-room was over the dining-room, Sir George was in the habit of saying that it was the 'safest' room in the house. (Note the pun, please, Sir George is rather proud of it.) By his orders the window of the dining-room immediately under the dressing-room window was always left unshuttered and without blind during dinner, and as a full stream of light thus fell through it on to the outside terrace, it would have been impossible



WINDOW ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

for anyone to have placed a ladder there unseen."

"I see from the newspapers that it was Sir George's invariable custom to fill his house and give a large dinner on Christmas Eve."

"Yes. Sir George and Lady Cathrow are elderly people, with no family and few relatives, and have consequently a large amount of time to spend on their friends."

"I suppose the key of the safe was frequently left in the possession of Lady Cathrow's maid?"



A HABIT OF DROPPING HER EYELIDS.

"Yes. She is a young French girl, Stephanie Delcroix by name. It was her duty to clear the dressing-room directly after her mistress left it: put away any jewellery that might be lying about, lock the safe, and keep the key till her mistress came up to bed. On the night of the robbery, however, she admits that, instead of so doing, directly her mistress left the dressing-room, she ran down to the housekeeper's room to see if any letters had come for her, and remained chatting with the other servants for some time—she could not say for how long. It was by the half-past-seven post that her letters generally arrived from St. Omer, where her home is."

"Oh, then, she was in the habit of thus running down to enquire for her letters, no doubt, and the thieves, who appear to be so thoroughly cognizant of the house, would know this also."

"Perhaps; though at the present moment I must say things look very black against the girl. Her manner, too, when questioned, is not calculated to remove suspicion. She goes from one fit of hysterics into another; contradicts herself nearly every time she opens her mouth, then lays it to the charge of her ignorance of our language; breaks into voluble French; becomes theatrical in action, and then goes off into hysterics once more."

"All that is quite Français, you know," said Loveday. "Do the authorities at Scotland Yard lay much stress on the safe being left unlocked that night?"

"They do, and they are instituting a keen enquiry as to the possible lovers the girl may have. For this purpose they have sent Bates down to stay in the village and collect all the information he can outside the house. But they want someone within the walls to hob-nob with the maids generally, and to find out if she has taken any of them into her confidence respecting her lovers. So they sent to me to know if I would send down for this purpose one of the shrewdest and most clear-headed of my female detectives. I, in my turn, Miss Brooke, have sent for you—you may take it as a compliment if you like. So please now get out your note-book, and I'll give you sailing orders."

Loveday Brooke, at this period of her career, was a little over thirty years of age, and could be best described in a series of negations.

She was not tall, she was not short; she was not dark, she was not fair; she was neither handsome nor ugly. Her features were altogether nondescript; her one noticeable trait was a habit she had, when absorbed in thought, of dropping her eyelids over her eyes till only a line of eyeball showed, and she appeared to be looking out at the world through a slit, instead of through a window.

Her dress was invariably black, and was almost Quaker-like in its neat primness.

Some five or six years previously, by a jerk of Fortune's wheel, Loveday had been thrown upon the world penniless and all but friendless. Marketable accomplishments she had found she had none, so she had forthwith defied convention, and had chosen for herself a career that had cut her off sharply from her former associates and her position in society. For five or six years she drudged away patiently in the lower walks of her profession; then chance, or, to speak more precisely, an intricate criminal case, threw her in the way of the experienced head of the flourishing detective agency in Lynch Court. He quickly enough

found out the stuff she was made of, and threw her in the way of better-class work—work, indeed, that brought increase of pay and of reputation alike to him and to Loveday.

Ebenezer Dyer was not, as a rule, given to enthusiasm; but he would at times wax eloquent over Miss Brooke's qualifications for the profession she had chosen.

"Too much of a lady, do you say?" he would say to anyone who chanced to call in question those qualifications. "I don't care twopence-halfpenny whether she is or is not a lady. I only know she is the most sensible and practical woman I ever met. In the first place, she has the faculty—so rare among women—of carrying out orders to the very letter; in the second place, she has a clear, shrewd brain, unhampered by any hard-and-fast theories; thirdly, and most important item of all, she has so much common sense that it amounts to genius—positively to genius, sir."



"HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?"

But although Loveday and her chief as a rule, worked together upon an easy and friendly footing, there were occasions on which they were wont, so to speak, to snarl at each other.

Such an occasion was at hand now.

Loveday showed no disposition to take out her note-book and receive her "sailing orders."

"I want to know," she said, "if what I saw in one newspaper is true—that one of the thieves before leaving, took the trouble to close the safe-door, and to write across it in chalk: 'To be let, unfurnished'?"

"Perfectly true; but I do not see that stress need be laid on the fact. The scoundrels often do that sort of thing out of insolence or bravado. In that robbery at Reigate, the other day, they went to a lady's Davenport, took a sheet of her note-paper, and wrote their thanks on it for her kindness in not having had the lock of her safe repaired. Now, if you will get out your note-book ——"

"Don't be in such a hurry," said Loveday calmly; "I want to know if you have seen this?" She leaned across the writing-table at which they sat, one either side, and handed to him a newspaper cutting which she took from her letter-case.

Mr. Dyer was a tall, powerfully-built man with a large head, benevolent bald forehead and a genial smile. That smile, however, often proved a trap to the unwary, for he owned a temper so irritable that a child with a chance word might ruffle it.

The genial smile vanished as he took the newspaper cutting from Loveday's hand.

"I would have you to remember, Miss Brooke," he said severely, "that although I am in the habit of using despatch in my business, I am never known to be in a hurry; hurry in affairs I take to be the especial mark of the slovenly and unpunctual."

Then, as if still further to give contradiction to her words, he very deliberately unfolded her slip of newspaper and slowly, accentuating each word and syllable, read as follows:—

"Singular Discovery.

"A black leather bag, or portmanteau, was found early yesterday morning by one of Smith's newspaper boys on the doorstep of a house in the road running between Easterbrook and Wreford, and inhabited by an elderly spinster lady. The

contents of the bag include a clerical collar and necktie, a Church Service, a book of sermons, a copy of the works of Virgil, a *facsimile* of Magna Charta, with translations, a pair of black kid gloves, a brush and comb, some newspapers, and several small articles suggesting clerical ownership. On the top of the bag the following extraordinary letter, written in pencil on a long slip of paper, was found:

'The fatal day has arrived. I can exist no longer. I go hence and shall be no more seen. But I would have Coroner and Jury know that I am a sane man, and a verdict of temporary insanity in my case would be an error most gross after this intimation. I care not if it is *felo de se*, as I shall have passed all suffering. Search diligently for my poor lifeless body in the immediate neighbourhood—on the cold heath, the rail, or the river by yonder bridge—a few moments will decide how I shall depart. If I had walked aright I might have been a power in the Church of which I am now an unworthy member and priest; but the damnable sin of gambling got hold on me, and betting has been my ruin, as it has been the ruin of thousands who have preceded me. Young man, shun the bookmaker and the race-course as you would shun the devil and hell. Farewell, chums of Magdalen. Farewell, and take warning. Though I can claim relationship with a Duke, a Marquess, and a Bishop, and though I am the son of a noble woman, yet am I a tramp and an outcast, verily and indeed. Sweet death, I greet thee. I dare not sign my name. To one and all, farewell. O, my poor Marchioness mother, a dying kiss to thee. R.I.P.'

"The police and some of the railway officials have made a 'diligent search' in the neighbourhood of the railway station, but no 'poor lifeless body' has been found. The police authorities are inclined to the belief that the letter is a hoax, though they are still investigating the matter."

In the same deliberate fashion as he had opened and read the cutting, Mr. Dyer folded and returned it to Loveday.

"May I ask," he said sarcastically, "what you see in that silly hoax to waste your and my valuable time over?"

"I wanted to know," said Loveday, in the same level tones as before, "if you saw anything in it that might in some way connect this discovery with the robbery at Craigen Court?"

Mr. Dyer stared at her in utter, blank astonishment.

"When I was a boy," he said sarcastically as before, "I used to play at a game called 'what is my thought like?' Someone would think of something absurd—say the top of the monument—and someone else would hazard a guess that his thought might be—say the toe of his left boot, and that unfortunate individual would have to show the connection between the toe of his left boot and the top of the monument. Miss Brooke, I have no wish to repeat the silly game this evening for your benefit and mine."

"Oh, very well," said Loveday, calmly; "I fancied you might like to talk it over, that was all. Give me my 'sailing orders,' as you call them, and I'll endeavour to concentrate my attention on the little French maid and her various lovers."

Mr. Dyer grew amiable again.

"That's the point on which I wish you to fix your thoughts," he said; "you had better start for Craigen Court by the first train to-morrow—it's about sixty miles down the Great Eastern line. Huxwell is the station you must land at. There one of the grooms from the Court will meet you, and drive you to the house. I have arranged with the housekeeper there—Mrs. Williams, a very worthy and discreet person—that you shall pass in the house for a niece of hers, on a visit to recruit, after severe study in order to pass board-school teachers' exams. Naturally you have injured your eyes as well as your health with overwork; and so you can wear your blue spectacles. Your name, by the way, will be Jane Smith—better write it down. All your work will lie among the servants of the establishment, and there will be no necessity for you to see either Sir George or Lady Cathrow—in fact, neither of them have been apprised of your intended visit—the fewer we take into our confidence the better. I've no doubt, however, that Bates will hear from Scotland Yard that you are in the house, and will make a point of seeing you."

"Has Bates unearthed anything of importance?"

"Not as yet. He has discovered one of the girl's lovers, a young farmer of the name of Holt; but as he seems to be an honest, respectable young fellow, and en-

tirely above suspicion, the discovery does not count for much."

"I think there's nothing else to ask," said Loveday, rising to take her departure. "Of course, I'll telegraph, should need arise, in our usual cipher."

The first train that left Bishopsgate for Huxwell on the following morning included, among its passengers, Loveday Brooke, dressed in the neat black supposed to be appropriate to servants of the upper class. The only literature with which she had provided herself in order to beguile the tedium of her journey was a small volume bound in paper boards, and entitled, "The Reciter's Treasury." It was published at the low price of one shilling, and seemed specially designed to meet the requirements of third-rate amateur reciters at penny readings.

Miss Brooke appeared to be all-absorbed in the contents of this book during the first half of her journey. During the second, she lay back in the carriage with closed eyes, and motionless as if asleep or lost in deep thought.

The stopping of the train at Huxwell aroused her, and set her collecting together her wraps.

It was easy to single out the trim groom from Craigen Court from among the country loafers on the platform. Someone else beside the trim groom at the same moment caught her eye—Bates, from Scotland Yard, got up in the style of a commercial traveller, and carrying the orthodox "commercial bag" in his hand. He was a small, wiry man, with red hair and whiskers, and an eager, hungry expression of countenance.

"I am half-frozen with cold," said Loveday, addressing Sir George's groom; "if you'll kindly take charge of my portmanteau, I'd prefer walking to driving to the Court."

The man gave her a few directions as to the road she was to follow, and then drove off with her box, leaving her free to indulge Mr. Bates's evident wish for a walk and confidential talk along the country road.



RECITING THE "NOBLE CONVICT."

Bates seemed to be in a happy frame of mind that morning.

"Quite a simple affair, this, Miss Brooke," he said; "a walk over the course, I take it, with you working inside the castle walls and I unearthing without. No complications as yet have arisen, and if that girl does not find herself in jail before another week is over her head, my name is not Jeremiah Bates."

"You mean the French maid?"

"Why, yes, of course. I take it there's little doubt but what she performed the double duty of unlocking the safe and the window too. You see I look at it this way, Miss Brooke: all girls have lovers, I say to myself, but a pretty girl like that French maid, is bound to have double the number of lovers than the plain ones. Now, of course, the greater the number of lovers, the greater the chance there is of a criminal being found among them. That's plain as a pikestaff, isn't it?"

"Just as plain."

Bates felt encouraged to proceed.

"Well, then, arguing on the same lines, I say to myself, this girl is only a pretty, silly thing, not an accomplished criminal, or she wouldn't have admitted leaving open the safe door; give her rope enough and she'll hang herself. In a day or two, if we let her alone, she'll be bolting off to join the fellow whose nest she has helped to feather, and we shall catch the pair of them 'twixt here and Dover Straits, and also possibly get a clue that will bring us on the traces of their accomplices. Eh, Miss Brooke, that'll be a thing worth doing?"

"Undoubtedly. Who is this coming along in this buggy at such a good pace?"

The question was added as the sound of wheels behind them made her look round.

Bates turned also. "Oh, this is young Holt; his father farms land about a couple of miles from here. He is one of Stephanie's lovers, and I should imagine about the best of the lot. But he does not appear to be first favourite; from what I hear someone else must

have made the running on the sly. Ever since the robbery I'm told the young woman has given him the cold shoulder."

As the young man came nearer in his buggy he slackened pace, and Loveday could not but admire his frank, honest expression of countenance.

"Room for one—can I give you a lift?" he said, as he came alongside of them.

And to the ineffable disgust of Bates, who had counted upon at least an hour's confidential talk with her, Miss Brooke accepted the young farmer's offer, and mounted beside him in his buggy.

As they went swiftly along the country road, Loveday explained to the young man that her destination was Craigen Court, and that as she was a stranger to the place, she must trust to him to put her down at the nearest point to it that he would pass.

At the mention of Craigen Court his face clouded.

"They're in trouble there, and their trouble has brought trouble on others," he said a little bitterly.

"I know," said Loveday sympathetically; "it is often so. In such circumstances as these suspicion frequently fastens on an entirely innocent person."

"That's it! that's it!" he cried excitedly; "if you go into that house you'll hear all sorts of wicked things said of her, and see everything setting in dead against her. But she's innocent. I swear to you she is as innocent as you or I are."

His voice rang out above the clatter of his horse's hoofs. He seemed to forget that he had mentioned no name, and that Loveday, as a stranger, might be at a loss to know to whom he referred.

"Who is guilty Heaven only knows," he went on after a moment's pause; "it isn't for me to give an ill name to anyone in that house; but I only say she is innocent, and that I'll stake my life on."

"She is a lucky girl to have found one to believe in her, and trust her as you do," said Loveday, even more sympathetically than before.

"Is she? I wish she'd take advantage of her luck, then," he answered bitterly. "Most girls in her position would be glad to have a man to stand by them through thick and thin. But not she! Ever since the night of that accursed robbery she has refused to see me—won't answer my letters—won't even send me a message. And, great Heavens! I'd marry her to-morrow, if I had the chance, and dare the world to say a word against her."

He whipped up his pony. The hedges seemed to fly on either side of them, and before Loveday realised that half her drive was over, he had drawn rein, and was helping her to alight at the servants' entrance to Craigen Court.

"You'll tell her what I've said to you, if you get the opportunity, and beg her to see me, if only for five minutes?" he petitioned before he re-mounted his buggy. And Loveday, as she thanked the young man for his kind attention, promised to make an opportunity to give his message to the girl.

Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper, welcomed Loveday in the servants' hall, and then took her to her own room to pull off her wraps. Mrs. Williams was the widow of a London tradesman, and a little beyond the average housekeeper in speech and manner.

She was a genial, pleasant woman, and readily entered into conversation with Loveday. Tea was brought in, and each seemed to feel at home with the other. Loveday in the course of this easy, pleasant talk, elicited from her the whole history of the events of the day of the robbery, the number and names of the guests who sat down to dinner that night, together with some other apparently trivial details.

The housekeeper made no attempt to disguise the painful position in which she and every one of the servants of the house felt themselves to be at the present moment.

"We are none of us at our ease with each other now," she said, as she poured out hot tea for Loveday, and piled up a blazing fire. "Everyone fancies that everyone else is suspecting him or her, and trying to rake up past words or deeds to bring in as evidence. The whole house seems under a cloud. And at this time of year, too; just when everything as a rule is at its merriest!" and here she gave a doleful glance to the big bunch of holly and mistletoe hanging from the ceiling.

"I suppose you are generally very merry downstairs at Christmas time?" said Loveday. "Servants' balls, theatricals, and all that sort of thing?"

"I should think we were! When I think of this time last year and the fun we all had, I can scarcely believe it is the same house. Our ball always follows my lady's ball, and we have permission to

ask our friends to it, and we keep it up as late as ever we please. We begin our evening with a concert and recitations in character, then we have a supper and then we dance right on till morning; but this year!"—she broke off, giving a long, melancholy shake of her head that spoke volumes.

"I suppose," said Loveday, "some of your friends are very clever as musicians or reciters?"

"Very clever indeed. Sir George and my lady are always present during the early part of the evening, and I should like you to have seen Sir George last year laughing fit to kill himself at Harry Emmett dressed in prison dress with a bit of oakum in his hand, reciting the "Noble Convict!" Sir George said if the young man had gone on the stage, he would have been bound to make his fortune."

"Half a cup, please," said Loveday, presenting her cup. "Who was this Harry Emmett then—a sweetheart of one of the maids?"

"Oh, he would flirt with them all, but he was sweetheart to none. He was footman to Colonel James, who is a great friend of Sir George's, and Harry was constantly backwards and forwards bringing messages from his master. His father, I think, drove a cab in London, and Harry for a time did so also; then he took it into his head to be a gentleman's servant, and great satisfaction he gave as such. He was always such a bright, handsome young fellow and so full of fun, that everyone liked him. But I shall tire you with all this; and you, of course, want to talk about something so different;" and the housekeeper sighed again, as the thought of the dreadful robbery entered her brain once more.

"Not at all. I am greatly interested in you and your festivities. Is Emmett still in the neighbourhood? I should amazingly like to hear him recite myself."

"I'm sorry to say he left Colonel James about six months ago. We all missed him very much at first. He was a good, kind-hearted young man, and I remember he told me he was going away to look after his dear old grandmother, who had a sweet-stuff shop somewhere or other, but where I can't remember."

Loveday was leaning back in her chair now, with eyelids drooped so low that she literally looked out through "slits" instead of eyes.

Suddenly and abruptly she changed the conversation.

"When will it be convenient for me to see Lady Cathrow's dressing-room?" she asked.

The housekeeper looked at her watch. "Now, at once," she answered; "it's a quarter to five now and my lady sometimes goes up to her room to rest for half an hour before she dresses for dinner."

"Is Stephanie still in attendance on Lady Cathrow?" Miss Brooke asked as she followed the housekeeper up the back stairs to the bedroom floor.

"Yes. Sir George and my lady have been goodness itself to us through this trying time, and they say we are all innocent till we are proved guilty, and will have it that none of our duties are to be in any way altered."

"Stephanie is scarcely fit to perform hers, I should imagine?"

"Scarcely. She was in hysterics nearly from morning till night for the first two or three days after the detectives came down, but now she has grown sullen, eats nothing and never speaks a word to any of us except when she is obliged. This is my lady's dressing-room, walk in please."

Loveday entered a large, luxuriously furnished room, and naturally made her way straight to the chief point of attraction in it—the iron safe fitted into the wall that sepa-



"TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED."

rated the dressing-room from the bedroom.

It was a safe of the ordinary description, fitted with a strong iron door and Chubb lock. And across this door was written with chalk in characters that seemed defiant in their size and boldness, the words: "To be let, unfurnished."

Loveday spent about five minutes in front of this safe, all her attention concentrated upon the big, bold writing.

She took from her pocket-book a narrow strip of tracing-paper and compared the writing on it, letter by letter, with that on the safe door. This done she turned to Mrs. Williams and professed herself ready to follow her to the room below.

Mrs. Williams looked surprised. Her opinion of Miss Brooke's professional capabilities suffered considerable diminution.

"The gentlemen detectives," she said, "spent over an hour in this room; they paced the floor, they measured the candles, they——"

"Mrs. Williams," interrupted Loveday, "I am quite ready to look at the room below." Her manner had changed from gossiping friendliness to that of the business woman hard at work at her profession.

Without another word, Mrs. Williams led the way to the little room which had proved itself to be the "weak point" of the house.

They entered it by the door which opened into a passage leading to the back-stairs of the house. Loveday found the room exactly what it had been described to her by Mr. Dyer. It needed no second glance at the window to see the ease with which anyone could open it from the outside, and swing themselves into the room, when once the brass catch had been unfastened.

Loveday wasted no time here. In fact, much to Mrs. Williams's surprise and disappointment, she merely walked across the room, in at one door and out at the opposite one, which opened into the large inner hall of the house.

Here, however, she paused to ask a question:

"Is that chair always placed exactly in that position?" she said, pointing to an oak chair that stood immediately outside the room they had just quitted.

The housekeeper answered in the affirmative. It was a warm corner. "My lady" was particular that everyone who came to the house on messages should have a comfortable place to wait in.

"I shall be glad if you will show me to my room now," said Loveday, a little abruptly; "and will you kindly send up to me a county trade directory, if, that is, you have such a thing in the house?"

Mrs. Williams, with an air of offended dignity, led the way to the bedroom quarters once more. The worthy housekeeper felt as if her own dignity had, in some sort, been injured by the want of interest Miss Brooke had evinced in the rooms which, at the present moment, she considered the "show" rooms of the house.

"Shall I send someone to help you unpack?" she asked, a little stiffly, at the door of Loveday's room.

"No, thank you; there will not be much unpacking to do. I must leave here by the first up-train to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning! Why, I have told everyone you will be here at least a fortnight!"

"Ah, then you must explain that I have been suddenly summoned home by telegram. I'm sure I can trust you to make excuses for me. Do not, however, make them before supper-time. I shall like to sit down to that meal with you. I suppose I shall see Stephanie then?"

The housekeeper answered in the affirmative, and went her way, wondering over the strange manners of the lady whom, at first, she had been disposed to consider "such a nice, pleasant, conversable person!"

At supper-time, however, when the upper-servants assembled at what was, to them, the pleasantest meal of the day, a great surprise was to greet them.

Stephanie did not take her usual place at table, and a fellow-servant, sent to her room to summon her, returned, saying that the room was empty, and Stephanie was nowhere to be found.

Loveday and Mrs. Williams together went to the girl's bed-room. It bore its usual appearance: no packing had been done in it, and, beyond her hat and jacket, the girl appeared to have taken nothing away with her.

On enquiry, it transpired that Stephanie had, as usual, assisted Lady Cathrow to dress for dinner; but after that not a soul in the house appeared to have seen her.

Mrs. Williams thought the matter of sufficient importance to be at once reported to her master and mistress; and Sir George, in his turn, promptly despatched a messenger to Mr. Bates, at the "King's Head," to summon him to an immediate consultation.

Loveday despatched a messenger in another direction—to young Mr. Holt, at his farm, giving him particulars of the girl's disappearance.

Mr. Bates had a brief interview with Sir George in his study, from which he emerged radiant. He made a point of seeing Loveday before he left the Court, sending a special request to her that she would speak to him for a minute in the outside drive.

Loveday put her hat on, and went out to him. She found him almost dancing for glee.

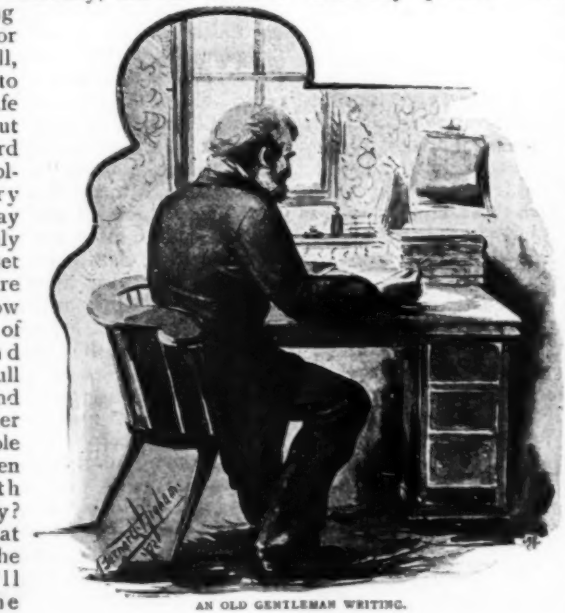
"Told you so! told you so! Now, didn't I, Miss Brooke?" he exclaimed. "We'll come upon her traces before morning, never fear. I'm quite prepared. I knew what was in her mind all along. I said to myself, when that girl bolts it will be after she has dressed my lady for dinner—when she has two good clear hours all to herself, and her absence from the house won't be noticed, and when, without much difficulty, she can catch a train leaving Huxwell for Wreford. Well, she'll get to Wreford safe enough; but from Wreford she'll be followed every step of the way she goes. Only yesterday I set a man on there—a keen fellow at this sort of thing—and gave him full directions; and he'll hunt her down to her hole properly. Taken nothing with her, do you say? What does that matter? She thinks she'll find all she wants where she's going—'the feathered nest' I spoke to you about this morning. Ha! ha! Well, instead of stepping into it, as she fancies she will, she'll walk straight into a detective's arms, and land her pal there into the bargain. There'll be two of them netted before another forty-eight hours are over our heads, or my name's not Jeremiah Bates."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Loveday, as the man finished his long speech.

"Now! I'm back to the "King's Head" to wait for a telegram from my colleague at Wreford. Once he's got her in front of him he'll give me instructions at what point to meet him. You see, Huxwell being such an out-of-the-way place, and only one train leaving between 7.30 and 10.15, makes us really positive that Wreford must be the girl's destination and relieves my mind from all anxiety on the matter."

"Does it?" answered Loveday gravely. "I can see another possible destination for the girl—the stream that runs through the wood we drove past this morning. Good night, Mr. Bates, it's cold out here. Of course so soon as you have any news you'll send it up to Sir George."

The household sat up late that night, but no news was received of Stephanie from any quarter. Mr. Bates had impressed upon Sir George the ill-advisability of setting up a hue and cry after the girl that might possibly reach her ears and scare her from joining the person whom he was pleased to designate as her "pal."



AN OLD GENTLEMAN WRITING.

"We want to follow her silently, Sir George, silently as, the shadow follows the man," he had said grandiloquently, "and then we shall come upon the two, and I trust

upon their booty also." Sir George in his turn had impressed Mr. Bates's wishes upon his household, and if it had not been for Loveday's message, despatched early in the evening to young Holt, not a soul outside the house would have known of Stephanie's disappearance.

Loveday was stirring early the next morning, and the eight o'clock train for Wreford numbered her among its passengers. Before starting, she despatched a telegram to her chief in Lynch Court. It read rather oddly, as follows:—

"Cracker fired. Am just starting for Wreford. Will wire to you from there. L.B."

Oddly though it might read, Mr. Dyer did not need to refer to his cipher book to interpret it. "Cracker fired" was the easily remembered equivalent for "clue found" in the detective phraseology of the office.

"Well, she has been quick enough about it this time!" he soliloquised as he speculated in his own mind over what the purport of the next telegram might be.

Half an hour later there came to him a constable from Scotland Yard to tell him of Stephanie's disappearance and the conjectures that were rife on the matter, and he then, not unnaturally, read Loveday's telegram by the light of this information, and concluded that the clue in her hands related to the discovery of Stephanie's whereabouts as well as to that of her guilt.

A telegram received a little later on, however, was to turn this theory upside down. It was, like the former one, worded in the enigmatic language current in the Lynch Court establishment, but as it was a lengthier and more intricate message, it sent Mr. Dyer at once to his cipher book.

"Wonderful! She has cut them all out this time!" was Mr. Dyer's exclamation as he read and interpreted the final word.

In another ten minutes he had given over his office to the charge of his head clerk for the day, and was rattling along the streets in a hansom in the direction of Bishopsgate Station.

There he was lucky enough to catch a train just starting for Wreford.

"The event of the day," he muttered, as he settled himself comfortably in a corner seat, "will be the return journey when she tells me, bit by bit, how she has worked it all out."

It was not until close upon three o'clock in the afternoon that he arrived at the old-fashioned market town of Wreford. It chanced to be cattle-market day, and the station was crowded with drovers and farmers. Outside the station Loveday was waiting for him, as she had told him in her telegram that she would, in a four-wheeler.

"It's all right," she said to him as he got in; "he can't get away, even if he had an idea that we were after him. Two of the local police are waiting outside the house door with a warrant for his arrest, signed by a magistrate. I did not, however, see why the Lynch Court office should not have the credit of the thing, and so telegraphed to you to conduct the arrest."

They drove through the High Street to the outskirts of the town, where the shops became intermixed with private houses let out in offices. The cab pulled up outside one of these, and two policemen in plain clothes came forward, and touched their hats to Mr. Dyer.

"He's in there now, sir, doing his office work," said one of the men pointing to a door, just within the entrance, on which was painted in black letters, "The United Kingdom Cab-drivers' Beneficent Association." "I hear, however, that this is the last time he will be found there, as a week ago he gave notice to leave."

As the man finished speaking, a man, evidently of the cab-driving fraternity, came up the steps. He stared curiously at the little group just within the entrance, and then chinking his money in his hand, passed on to the office as if to pay his subscription.

"Will you be good enough to tell Mr. Emmett in there," said Mr. Dyer, addressing the man, "that a gentleman outside wishes to speak with him."

The man nodded and passed into the office. As the door opened, it disclosed to view an old gentleman seated at a desk apparently writing receipts for money. A little in his rear at his right hand, sat a young and decidedly good-looking man, at a table on which were placed various little piles of silver and pence. The get-up of this young man was gentleman-like, and his manner was affable and pleasant as he responded, with a nod and a smile, to the cab-driver's message.

"I sha'n't be a minute," he said to his colleague at the other desk, as he rose and crossed the room towards the door.

But once outside that door it was closed firmly behind him, and he found himself in the centre of three stalwart

individuals, one of whom informed him that he held in his hand a warrant for the arrest of Harry Emmett on the charge of complicity in the Craigen Court robbery, and that he had "better come along quietly, for resistance would be useless."

Emmett seemed convinced of the latter fact. He grew deadly white for a moment, then recovered himself.

"Will someone have the kindness to fetch my hat and coat," he said in a lofty manner. "I don't see why I should be made to catch my death of cold because some other people have seen fit to make asses of themselves."



HE GREW DEADLY WHITE.

His hat and coat were fetched, and he was handed into the cab between the two officials.

"Let me give you a word of warning, young man," said Mr. Dyer, closing the cab door and looking in for a moment through the window at Emmett. "I don't suppose it's a punishable offence to leave a black bag on an old maid's doorstep, but let me tell you, if it had not been for that black bag you might have got clean off with your spoil."

Emmett, the irrepressible, had his answer ready. He lifted his hat ironically to Mr. Dyer; "You might have put it more neatly, guv'nor," he said; "if I had been in your place I would have said: 'Young man, you are being justly punished for your misdeeds; you have been taking off your fellow-creatures all your life long, and now they are taking off you.'"

Mr. Dyer's duty that day did not end with the depositing of Harry Emmett in the local jail. The search through Emmett's lodgings and effects had to be made, and at this he was naturally present. About a third of the lost jewellery was found there, and from this it was consequently concluded that his accomplices in the crime had considered that he had borne a third of the risk and of the danger of it.

Letters and various memoranda discovered in the rooms, eventually led to the detection of those accomplices, and although Lady Cathrow was doomed to lose the greater part of her valuable property, she had ultimately the satisfaction of knowing that each one of the thieves received a sentence proportionate to his crime.

It was not until close upon midnight that Mr. Dyer found himself seated in the train, facing Miss Brooke, and had leisure to ask for the links in the chain of reasoning that had led her in so remarkable a manner to connect the finding of a black bag, with insignificant contents, with an extensive robbery of valuable jewellery.

Loveday explained the whole thing, easily, naturally, step by step in her usual methodical manner.

"I read," she said, "as I dare say a great many other people did, the account of the two things in the same newspaper, on the same day, and I detected, as I dare say a great many other people did not, a sense of fun in the principal actor in each incident. I notice while all people are agreed as to the variety of motives that instigate crime, very few allow sufficient margin for variety of character in the criminal. We are apt to imagine that he stalks about the world with a bundle of deadly motives under his arm, and cannot picture him at his work with a twinkle in his eye and a keen sense of fun, such as honest folk have sometimes when at work at their calling."

Here Mr. Dyer gave a little grunt; it might have been either of assent or dissent.

Loveday went on:

"Of course, the ludicrousness of the

diction of the letter found in the bag would be apparent to the most casual reader; to me the high falutin sentences sounded in addition strangely familiar; I had heard or read them somewhere I felt sure, although where I could not at first remember. They rang in my ears, and it was not altogether out of idle curiosity that I went to Scotland Yard to see the bag and its contents, and to copy, with a slip of tracing paper, a line or two of the letter. When I found that the handwriting of this letter was not identical with that of the translations found in the bag, I was confirmed in my impression that the owner of the bag was not the writer of the letter; that possibly the bag and its contents had been appropriated from some railway station for some distinct purpose; and, that purpose accomplished, the appropriator no longer wished to be burthened with it, and disposed of it in the readiest fashion that suggested itself. The letter, it seemed to me, had been begun with the intention of throwing the police off the scent, but the irrepressible spirit of fun that had induced the writer to deposit his clerical adjuncts upon an old maid's doorstep had proved too strong for him here, and had carried him away, and the letter that was intended to be pathetic ended in being comic."

"Very ingenious, so far," murmured Mr. Dyer: "I've no doubt when the contents of the bag are widely made known through advertisements a claimant will come forward, and your theory be found correct."

"When I returned from Scotland Yard," Loveday continued, "I found your note, asking me to go round and see you respecting the big jewel robbery. Before I did so I thought it best to read once more the newspaper account of the case, so that I might be well up in its details. When I came to the words that the thief had written across the door of the safe, 'To be Let, Unfurnished,' they at once connected themselves in my mind with the 'dying kiss to my Marchioness Mother,' and the solemn warning against the race-course and the book-maker, of the black-bag letter-writer. Then, all in a flash, the whole thing became clear to me. Some two or three years back my professional duties necessitated my frequent attendance at certain low class penny-readings, given in the South London slums. At these penny-readings young



A YOUNG CLERGYMAN PRESENTED HIMSELF.

shop-assistants, and others of their class, glad of an opportunity for exhibiting their accomplishments, declaim with great vigour; and, as a rule, select pieces which their very mixed audience might be supposed to appreciate. During my attendance at these meetings, it seemed to me that one book of selected readings was a great favourite among the reciters, and I took the trouble to buy it. Here it is."

Here Loveday took from her cloak-pocket "The Reciter's Treasury," and handed it to her companion.

"Now," she said, "if you will run your eye down the index column you will find the titles of those pieces to which I wish to draw your attention. The first is 'The Suicide's Farewell;' the second, 'The Noble Convict;' the third, 'To be Let, Unfurnished.'"

"By, Jove! so it is!" ejaculated Mr. Dyer.

"In the first of these pieces, 'The Suicide's Farewell,' occur the expressions with which the black-bag letter begins—'The fatal day has arrived,' etc., the warnings against gambling, and the allusions to the 'poor lifeless body.' In the second, 'The Noble Convict,' occur the allusions to the aristocratic relations and the dying kiss to the marchioness mother. The third piece, 'To be Let, Unfurnished,' is a foolish little poem enough, although I dare say it has often raised a laugh in a not too-discriminating audience.

It tells how a bachelor, calling at a house to enquire after rooms to be let unfurnished, falls in love with the daughter of the house, and offers her his heart, which, he says, is to be let unfurnished. She declines his offer, and retorts that she thinks his head must be to let unfurnished, too. With these three pieces before me, it was not difficult to see a thread of connection between the writer of the black-bag letter and the thief who wrote across the empty safe at Craigen Court. Following this thread, I unearthed the story of Harry Emmett—footman, reciter, general lover and scamp. Subsequently I compared the writing on my tracing-paper with that on the safe-door, and, allowing for the difference between a bit of chalk and a steel nib, came to the conclusion that there could be but little doubt but what both were written by the same hand. Before that, however, I had obtained another, and what I consider the most important, link in my chain of evidence—how Emmett brought his clerical dress into use."

"Ah, how did you find out that now?" asked Mr. Dyer, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

"In the course of conversation with Mrs. Williams, whom I found to be a most communicative person, I elicited the names of the guests who had sat down to dinner on Christmas Eve. They were all people of undoubted respectability in the neighbourhood. Just before dinner was announced, she said, a young clergyman had presented himself at the front door, asking to speak with the Rector of the parish. The Rector, it seems, always dines at Craigen Court on Christmas Eve. The young clergyman's story was that he had been told by a certain clergyman, whose name he mentioned, that a curate was wanted in the parish, and he had travelled down from London to offer his services. He had been, he said, to the Rectory and had been told by the servants where the Rector was dining, and fearing to lose his chance of the curacy, had followed him to the Court. Now the Rector had been wanting a curate and had filled the vacancy only the previous week; he was a little inclined to be irate at this interruption to the evening's festivities, and told the young man that he didn't want a curate. When, however, he saw how disappointed the poor young fellow looked—I believe he shed a tear or two—



LOVEDAY EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING.

his heart softened; he told him to sit down and rest in the hall before he attempted the walk back to the station, and said he would ask Sir George to send him out a glass of wine. The young man sat down in a chair immediately outside the room by which the thieves entered. Now I need not tell you who that young man was, nor suggest to your mind, I am sure, the idea that while the servant went to fetch him his wine, or, indeed, so soon as he saw the coast clear, he slipped into that little room and pulled back the catch of the window that admitted his confederates, who, no doubt, at that very moment were in hiding in the grounds. The house-

keeper did not know whether this meek young curate had a black bag with him. Personally I have no doubt of the fact, nor that it contained the cap, cuffs, collar, and outer garments of Harry Emmett, which were most likely re-donned before he returned to his lodgings at Wreford, where I should say he repacked the bag with its clerical contents, and wrote his serio-comic letter. This bag, I suppose, he must have deposited in the very early morning, before anyone was stirring, on the door-step of the house in the Easterbrook Road."

Mr. Dyer drew a long breath. In his heart was unmitigated admiration for his colleague's skill, which seemed to him to fall little short of inspiration. By-and-by, no doubt, he would sing her praises to the first person who came along with a hearty good will; he had not, however, the slightest intention of so singing them in her own ears—excessive praise was apt to have a bad effect on the rising practitioner.

So he contented himself with saying:

"Yes, very satisfactory. Now tell me how you hunted the fellow down to his diggings?"

"Oh, that was mere A B C work," answered Loveday. "Mrs. Williams told me he had left his place at Colonel James's about six months previously, and had told her he was going to look after his dear old grandmother, who kept a sweet-stuff-shop; but where she could not remember. Having heard that Emmett's father was a cabdriver, my thoughts at once flew to the cabman's vernacular—you know something of it, no doubt—in which their provident association is designated by the phrase, 'the dear old grandmother,' and the office where they make and receive their payments is styled 'the sweet stuff-shop.'"

"Ha, ha, ha! And good Mrs. Williams took it all literally, no doubt?"

"She did; and thought what a dear, kind-hearted fellow the young man was. Naturally I supposed there would be a branch of the association in the nearest market town, and a local trades' directory confirmed my supposition that there was one at Wreford. Bearing in mind where the black bag was found, it was not difficult to believe that young Emmett, possibly through his father's influence and his own prepossessing manners and appearance, had attained to some position of trust in the Wreford branch. I must confess I scarcely expected to find him as I did, on reaching the place, installed as receiver of the weekly moneys. Of course, I immediately put myself in communication with the police there, and the rest I think you know."

Mr. Dyer's enthusiasm refused to be longer restrained.

"It's capital, from first to last," he cried; "you've surpassed yourself this time!"

"The only thing that saddens me," said Loveday, "is the thought of the possible fate of that poor little Stephanie."

Loveday's anxieties on Stephanie's behalf were, however, to be put to flight before another twenty-four hours had passed. The first post on the following morning brought a letter from Mrs. Williams telling how the girl had been found before the night was over, half dead with cold and fright, on the verge of the stream running through Craigen Wood—"found too"—wrote the housekeeper, "by the very person who ought to have found her, young Holt, who was, and is so desperately in love with her. Thank goodness! at the last moment her courage failed her, and instead of throwing herself into the stream, she sank down, half-fainting, beside it. Holt took her straight home to his mother, and there, at the farm, she is now, being taken care of and petted generally by everyone."



FOUND ON THE VERGE OF THE STREAM.

SOCIETY LEADERS.

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.

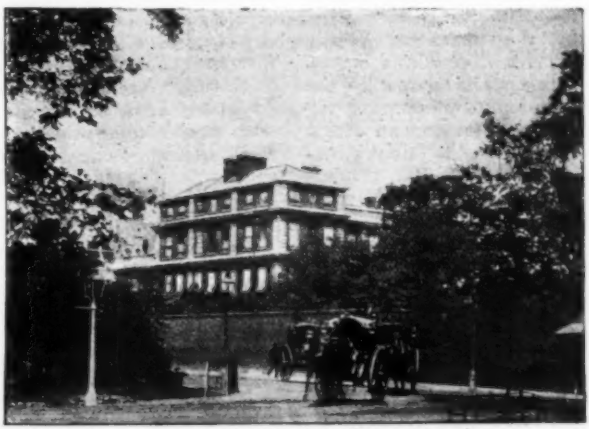
FOR more than a quarter of a century our own Princess has occupied a unique position in the hearts of the English people, and by her gentle presence, gracious demeanour and womanly attributes, has exercised a marked influence on all classes. Example, rather than precept, has been Her Royal Highness's motto; and simplicity and thoroughness her chief characteristics. These, combined with a magnetism only given to the few, make her, in the various relations of life, the most popular woman in England: an ideal wife and mother, and a perfect gentlewoman.

When the Prince of Wales went over the sea to woo the Norse King's daughter he won for himself a jewel such as falls to the lot of few of the sons of men; and the Queen found another daughter, sympathetic and ever-willing to relieve her, in every way possible, during the earlier years of her widowhood, of the irksome ceremonials of State incidental to her position as the ruler of an empire. This loving service, which has entailed upon the Princess no small amount of fatigue, has been carried on to the present day; and no private pursuit, or trifling indisposition, is allowed to stand in the way of any engagement. Of late years Her Royal Highness has practically held the Drawing Rooms, for it has been Her Majesty's custom to retire at an early hour, and to depute the Princess of Wales to represent her in these important functions.

The days of the popular wife of the Heir-Apparent are mapped out for her weeks ahead, and each contains a round of duties of a more or less uninteresting character, but which the Princess, by her presence alone, invests with a certain amount of charm. During the season these labours are increased, and, in addition to the ordinary vocations of a woman of fashion, there are numberless charitable and philanthropic undertakings which engage Her Royal Highness's attention.

At Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, various entertainments take place, at which Royal visitors from other Courts are received, besides the Princess's large and ever-increasing circle of friends. It is, however, at Sandringham that Her Royal Highness is seen to most advantage.

The house is purely English in style—cosy and luxurious to the last degree, without being in the least showy. As you enter the hall you at once remember the Princess of Wales' great love of flowers, for they meet you at every turn, and a sweet perfume pervades the open doorways of the sitting rooms, while towering palms and other exotics nearly reach to the columns and archways; and richly shaded rugs and pictures give a touch of colour to this handsome interior. The visitors' book forms a splendid collection of autographs, for what name inscribed on the roll of



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

fame has not at some time or other enjoyed the hospitality of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the hall, when there is a large house party, that delightful function, afternoon tea, is generally served; and is here by no means the perfunctory meal one is accustomed to find it in other country houses. Besides the cup that cheers, brandy and sodas, sherry and bitters, aerated waters, and delicate wines, are at the disposal of those who wish to take them. Hot soup is also in request during the shooting season, and fabulous quantities of sandwiches, hot cakes and confectionery disappear during the twilight hours spent so pleasantly by Her Royal Highness's guests.



From a Photo by] [E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Life at Sandringham during the winter months is simple and practical, though very enjoyable. The Princess breakfasts in her own room, and joins her friends later in the saloon, where they amuse themselves with books, music and daily papers. Arrangements are then made for joining the shooting party, and lunch is served in a tent put up in a wood nearest to the last beat, or is partaken of at home, if the weather is inappropriate for such an extension. The Princess generally drives herself and one of her visitors to the rendezvous in a little yellow cart, drawn by the smartest of ponies; her daughters and other visitors following in carriages. After lunch the ladies return to Sandringham House. Tea is served at five, and dinner at about half past eight. The Prince and Princess dine with their visitors, and sit exactly opposite each other, occupying the centre place on either side of the table. During dessert the piper plays in the corridor, pacing backwards and forwards in true Highland fashion. After dinner, coffee and liqueurs are served in the drawing-room, and tumblers of iced water are handed round by the pages. After this an adjournment is made, perhaps, to the bowling alley or to the billiard room, or there is music in the drawing-room, bringing the evening to a pleasant close, as far as the ladies are concerned.

On Sunday the Princess drives to and from church, accompanied by her guests. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and any gentlemen staying at the house usually walk on later, and enter just before the commencement of the Litany. Perhaps one of the most charming rooms at Sandringham is the boudoir, which is full of souvenirs and works of art, collected from all parts of the world. The photographs, which appear in such numbers, remind one to how many of the reigning European families the Princess is related by the ties of kinship or marriage. Here there is also ample evidence of Her Royal Highness's fondness for lace, old china and antique silver. Both the Prince and Princess are clever at designing furniture, and the latter displays, with pardonable pride, a pretty screen, made after her own fancy, for holding photographs; and a sofa contrived to hold books, and a reading-desk on either side, is an idea evolved from the Prince's brain.

Visitors to Sandringham generally have an opportunity of inspecting the Royal Dairy, which is built to resemble a Swiss cottage. A number of beautiful tiles presented to the Prince during his visit to India have been utilised for lining the interior walls. They are of a peculiar tint of peacock blue, and the design is the rose, shamrock and thistle, with the

Prince of Wales' motto. This fine collection was placed here by the Prince as a pleasant little surprise to his wife. The silver cream pans are lined with eggshell china, and stand upon a marble counter. The churn used by the Royal Princesses is of the same precious metal, frosted. A striking feature in this unique dairy is a collection of minature reproductions of cows and calves, made in Italian marble, china, alabaster, terra cotta, silver and other materials. The Princess's room in the Royal Dairy is a panelled apartment, lighted by a handsome candelabra. The mantlepiece is draped with embossed Utrecht velvet, trimmed with daisy fringe,



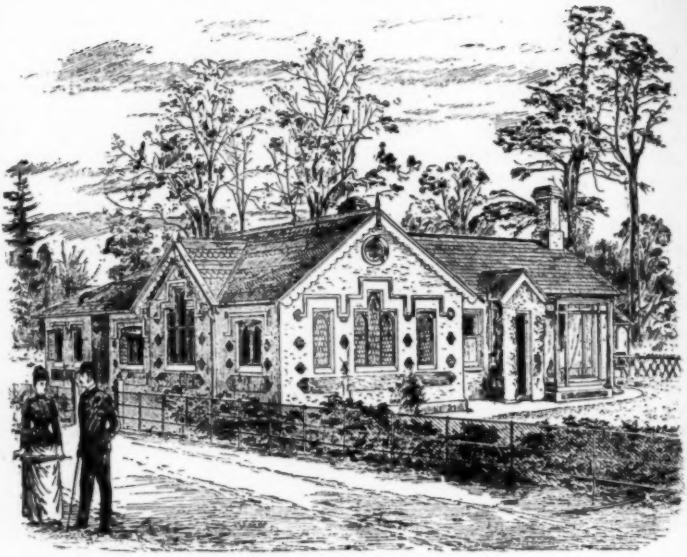
SANDRINGHAM.

and the mirror is surrounded by handsome pottery. A small afternoon-tea table suggests the idea that the Princess and her daughters sometimes enjoy a quiet cup of tea in this cosy retreat, and taste their own handiwork.

Another interesting spot on the Sandringham Estate is the Alexandra Technical School, established and personally superintended by the Princess of Wales for the benefit of the tenantry in the pretty Norfolk village in which she spends some of the happiest months in the year. It has been in existence for five years. One portion is devoted to the school-room in which sewing and dress-cutting classes and cookery lectures are held. Adjoining is a kitchen with an admirably fitted range, where practical demonstration lessons are given twice a week. The pupils cook an entire dinner and some of the dishes are tested by the Princess of Wales. The repast is afterwards enjoyed by the girls at a nominal charge per head, for Her Royal Highness has decreed that the scheme shall be made self-supporting in the interests of those most concerned, and not a mere philanthropic effort. Accordingly, 4*d*. a-head is paid for the excellent dinner provided, which includes soup, meat, vegetables and pudding, and this covers the expense incurred. On alternate days, the sewing classes are held, the Princess having provided a sewing machine, which the girls learn in turn to use. The pupils are taught to make all kinds of underlinen; and the "Sandringham Overalls" have attained quite a wide reputation, as they are made in different sizes, and are equally suitable for children's pinafores or as artists' blouses. They are made of ungrained dyed linen, or of cream linen, trimmed with blue, or turkey twill. The dress-making department is especially renowned for its tailor-made dresses, and shooting skirts of thick woollen material, which are largely patronised by many of the aristocracy who are interested in the progress of the school.

The Princess of Wales is anxious that

all the work should be of a purely practical nature. For the forged and bent ironwork and wood-carving excellent designs are provided, and the best instruction is given to those who show a special aptitude in this direction. All articles are stamped with the initial and crown of Her Royal Highness, and reflect the greatest credit on the teaching and general management of the Alexandra Technical School. The Princess herself is a clever wood-carver and leather-worker; consequently is well able to direct the pupils' efforts.



ALEXANDRA TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

She is also an excellent musician, and plays both the piano and zither with great taste and expression.

Though the life of the Princess of Wales has been an exceptionally happy and prosperous one, she has not entirely escaped the sorrows and anxieties which fall to the lot of rich and poor alike—

> "There is no home, however watched and tended,
> But has one vacant chair;"

and last year the Angel of Death hovered over what had hitherto seemed to be a charmed circle; and, as of old in Egypt, "the firstborn" was taken.

The mother and son had similar tastes and were drawn together by the strongest cords of sympathy. Those who were privileged to see them together in the privacy of home-life, tell us that the most remarkable feature in the young Prince's character was his intense devotion to her. Her Royal Highness was the first to welcome him after the shortest absence; and it was for his mother that the first inquiry was made.

During his University career the Princess visited Cambridge several times, and in his rooms were numerous portrait-mementoes of one he loved so well.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

> "To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
> And consecrate their lives to truth and love."

WINIFRED, only daughter of Thomas Dallas Yorke, Esq., married the Sixth Duke of Portland in 1889. Owing to delicate health, her Grace, though one of the youngest and most beautiful wearers of the strawberry leaves, is more often found at her country seat, Welbeck Abbey, than at her town house, 43, Belgrave Square. During the season, however, she is generally to be seen at the smartest entertainments, and is a great favourite at Marlborough House. Her little daughter, Victoria, is a godchild of Her Majesty's, and enjoyed the distinction of being baptized at Windsor with all the pomp attendant on such an important ceremony.

The Duchess takes the warmest interest in the Primrose League, and is one of its most active members. Great wealth allows her to indulge in many charitable projects, and she is the patroness of various institutions and other organisations for the benefit of the suffering or indigent members of the community. At Welbeck Abbey, where she spends so much of her time, she is most popular with rich and poor. Ever ready to aid by her influence or presence any scheme likely to benefit those around, and to bring before the Duke's notice instances

which are specially worthy of his attention. Such paragraphs as the following are constantly appearing in the public press:

"The Duke of Portland opened a new Hospital at Mansfield, which has been erected in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. He gave a cheque for £300 to the endowment fund, and asked to be allowed to defray the cost of one bed in the hospital on behalf of the Duchess of Portland."

"The Duchess of Portland, accompanied by the Duke, laid the Memorial Stone, on the 22nd of November, of the Girls' Grammar School at Mansfield; an annual scholarship was promised by the Duke, who, as well as the Duchess, met with a most enthusiastic reception."

"The Duchess of Portland is endeavouring to revive the woollen industry, which is carried on in many cottage homes about Langwell, and the Duke has offered the women on his Caithness estate to purchase from them woollen goods of their own make, or to supply them with wool and pay them for spinning and weaving.

The young mother is generally accompanied by her little girl when engaged in works of charity, and personally superintends her education. During the present winter a series of house parties at Welbeck have followed each other in rapid succession, and no more stately home could be found than the one presided over by the graceful woman who rules with such gentle sway.



WINIFRED, DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Lady Brooke.

"Earth's noblest thing a woman perfected."

"Tall and divinely fair" is the first impression of Lady Brooke. The wealth of chestnut hair shading the high white



WELBECK ABBEY

forehead, the pure complexion, radiant with health, the fathomless eyes of blue, sweet expression and gentle manner combine to make a perfect type of womanhood.

It was in the yellow and brown Louis Quinze drawing-room of her town house in Park Lane that I first saw the original of this little sketch, but this can scarcely be considered her home in the usual acceptation of the term, for Lady Brooke spends the greater portion of her time at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex, an ideal country house where the fair châtelaine can indulge in those rural pursuits which to her make life worth living.



LADY BROOKE.

About a quarter of a mile from the house, the park gates open into a beautiful drive, shaded by trees. You are soon in view of the Lodge, an Elizabethan mansion built by Henry Maynard, an ancestor of Lady Brooke's, and designed by John Thorp, who was responsible for Holland House.

It has massive stacks of chimneys, numerous gables and quaint oriel windows which give it an old-time look, very attractive to those who see it for the first time, or enjoy its hospitable shelter. The left wing is of more modern date, it, however, greatly adds to its convenience as a dwelling. To the right of the hall are the state apartments, which are seldom used with the exception of the dining and billiard rooms.

The first greetings over, Lady Brooke told me that she was the daughter of the late Hon. Charles Henry Maynard, and married Lord Brooke, the Earl of Warwick's eldest son in 1881. After a little desultory chat about her husband's ancestral home on the banks of the Avon at Warwick, she spoke with all a mother's loving tenderness of her son, Leopold, a fine boy of ten years of age, and of her little daughter, Margery Blanche Eva, who was born in 1884.

"I want to ask you about your school of needlework, Lady Brooke, as I know you are interested in finding employment for the daughters of labourers and others employed on your estate at Dunmow?"

"It originated from my having six girls into the house to sew for my family, and now we have a hundred usefully employed, and a depot in Bond Street which is rapidly making its way into public favour."

"In an agricultural neighbourhood, such as you live in, such a school must be a great boon?"

"Yes, and I believe it is fully appreciated. My girls walk in from the surrounding villages, and the teachers I employ have the strictest instructions never to pass indifferent work, and, according to the proficiency of the sewers, so are the wages regulated. I take the greatest pains to procure the newest patterns; and besides the most dainty lingerie, we produce gowns for morning and evening wear, *negligés* of every description, wedding trousseaux, down to the most minute details, and layettes, such as only mothers can appreciate. To make the school widely known and self-supporting is the chief object I have in view, and this, I feel, is only a work of time, as we have made considerable progress already; for the fineness and durability of the work cannot fail to please those who have once been purchasers, whilst others who have not hitherto done so are cordially invited to



SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK, AT EASTON.

inspect the stock always on view at the London Depot."

"Is any of the work carried on in London?"

"The best workers are sent up from the country, and are lodged in suitable homes, where they have the opportunity of joining clubs and of entering upon other innocent forms of amusement suitable to their age. I am also endeavouring to form a library, and should be pleased to receive bound volumes of magazines, and books of a similar nature, for this purpose, which should be addressed to the Depot, and each package clearly marked: 'Books for the Library.'"

At this stage, our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of visitors, so I could only thank Lady Brooke for her kindness in furnishing me with these interesting particulars of her philanthropic scheme to which she has devoted a large amount of time, money and personal interest, notwithstanding her numerous social engagements, and bid my charming hostess adieux.



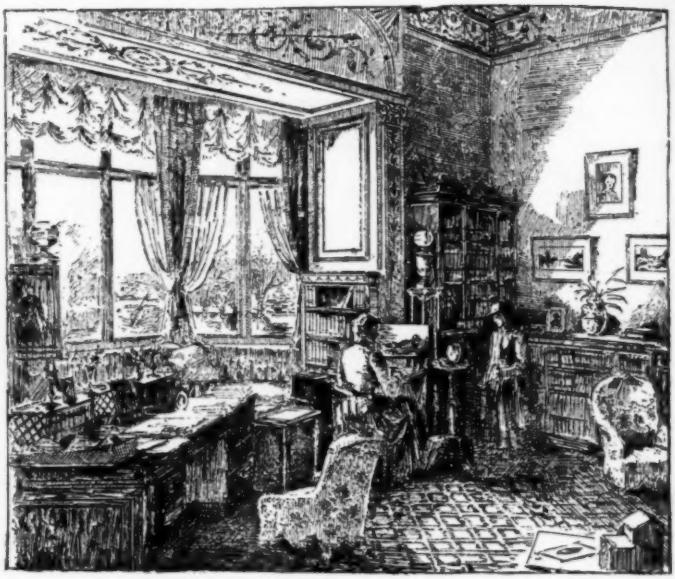
From a Photo by] THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN *[Russell and Sons.*

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them."—SHAKESPEARE.

LADY ABERDEEN, who is still a young woman, was born in 1857, and spent her early girlhood in her father's (Lord Tweedmouth's) home, Guisachen House, Inverness-shire; but at twenty she married the Earl of Aberdeen and went to live at the family mansion, Haddo House, Aberdeenshire. When her husband was appointed High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland a few years later, as representative of Her Majesty, the Countess of Aberdeen did the honours of Holyrood. In 1886, under Mr. Gladstone's Government, Lord Aberdeen was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Though only resident there a year, this energetic lady set to work at once to study the needs of the people, and laid the foundation of the Irish Home Industries Association. The continued interest in this branch of woman's work is shown by the active part she has taken, in conjunction with Mrs. Hart (another lady who has done much to promote home industries among the Irish peasantry), in organising a large exhibit at the World's Fair, to be held this year at Chicago. It is proposed to have an Irish village, which will be composed of ten cottages. In the first there will be hand-weavers

and hand looms; in the second will be the dyers, carrying on their work; in the others will be Irish linen weavers, knitters, spriggers, lace-workers, makers of Kell's embroidery, shirt-makers, log-oak carvers, etc. It is to be a practical as well as an ideal village, and an old Irish cross and round tower will be placed in the centre; also a village store and a hall for concerts and other meetings. It is hoped that this effort will result in improving the condition of many hundreds of Irish workers.



LADY ABERDEEN'S FAVOURITE SITTING-ROOM AT HADDO.

When released from their duties in Ireland, husband and wife took advantage of their leisure to make a tour round the world, visiting India, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and America.

In 1881, Lady Aberdeen founded the Haddo House Association, which is primarily intended for the benefit of girls employed as farm servants in Scotland, and now numbers upwards of ten thousand members. Married as well as single women are eligible for election, and are taught by lectures, friendly meetings and the circulation of pamphlets how they may make homes healthy and happy. Another organisation in which the Countess of Aberdeen is interested (as joint secretary with the Duchess of Bedford) is the Associated Workers' League, a medium for bringing ladies of the upper classes, who often suffer from want of work as much as those in a lower rank do from an over-supply, into contact with such employment as they may be suitable for. Various enterprises and societies are introduced to their notice with a view to gaining their co-operation in the good work carried on. Papers are written by members of the League, and among her numerous avocations the talented secretary supplies a very fair proportion.

How Lady Aberdeen manages in the usual twenty-four hours allotted to the day and night to compass work which would make the average man, with his eight hours of labour, shiver in his shoes, at present remains an unsolved problem. Those causes enumerated, however, only represent a tithe of the movements with which she is connected. The Aberdeen ladies have an active society for the benefit of women and children, and look to the Countess as President; the Scottish Home Industries Association, the Parents Educational Union and countless committees also engage her attention.

Her politics are those of her husband, Liberal, and at the meetings of the Executive Committee of the Women's Liberal Association, in the important position of President, she speaks with a certain amount of conviction and decision which invariably commands attention.

Lady Aberdeen is renowned for her boundless hospitality, which embraces all classes of society, from the Premier to little boys touring through the country on behalf of the Farningham Homes. But perhaps the Countess's greatest charm is her intense womanliness, which shows itself in her relations with her family, her ambition for her husband and in the education of her children.

Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 5.—A WRECK AT HOME.



FIERCE south-westerly wind had been blowing all day, dashing the foaming surf in clouds of spray far over the rock-strewn beach. Towards night the wind increased to a gale, which rose as the night drew on to almost hurricane force.

The heavy rain which fell during the day had effectually prevented us from going out, and we were just preparing to turn into bed when the sudden boom of a gun aroused us to instant action.

"Come on, Guy," said Tom, as the ominous sound rolled away, and slipping on our thick coats, we started out into the darkness.

Tom's cottage was built on the cliff which sloped upwards from the little village of Dipham, on the South Devon coast. When we got outside, my companion took my arm and we started off along the narrow coastguard path which wended in and out, up and down, skirting the margin of the precipitous cliff.

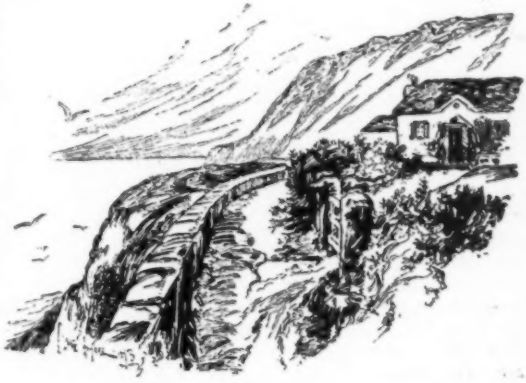
We both intuitively recognised that the sound of the gun we had heard had been borne to us on the wind, so it was against the tempest that we directed our steps. The wind blew almost directly in our faces, and at times its force compelled us to stand still, while the angry blast made us bow our heads as we butted against its invisible strength.

Pressing slowly on, we anxiously awaited another report to indicate the distance of the labouring vessel; presently it came, but not in its previous form. A thin line of red ran up into the sky, which, bursting out into a brilliant greeny yellow flare, showed us about half a mile off the rocky headland, a large three-master, with close reefed topsails and mainsails braced fore and aft as tightly as they could go, almost on her beam ends as she bravely endeavoured to beat out from the deadly shore.

It seemed from the momentary view we had from the light of the exploded rocket that her chance of escape was almost hopeless. We stood still, neither speaking, waiting for the next rocket to show us how she fared. The least loss of way in her present position meant certain destruction to the vessel and the probable loss of all on board.

As we stood thus in expectancy, we heard voices approaching us along the path we had come, and as the new-comers came up we recognised them as fellow villagers.

"Is that you, Captain?" said one of them—Jabez Penelly; "we knocked at the



TOM'S COTTAGE.

cottage as we came by, but you were out; we thought we should find you up here somewhere. Do you think she'll manage it?" As he spoke another red line shot up skywards.

"There goes another rocket; she's drawing off a little, I think. It will be all up with her if she touches with this sea running."

Tom Holybone was the speaker; he was standing on the cliff surrounded by half-a-score of hardy fishermen and seafaring folk, all clustered in this bleak spot to watch the fight of a gallant ship, wrestling with the fierce tempest of wind and sea, as she struggled to weather the rock-bound coast she had approached too nearly.

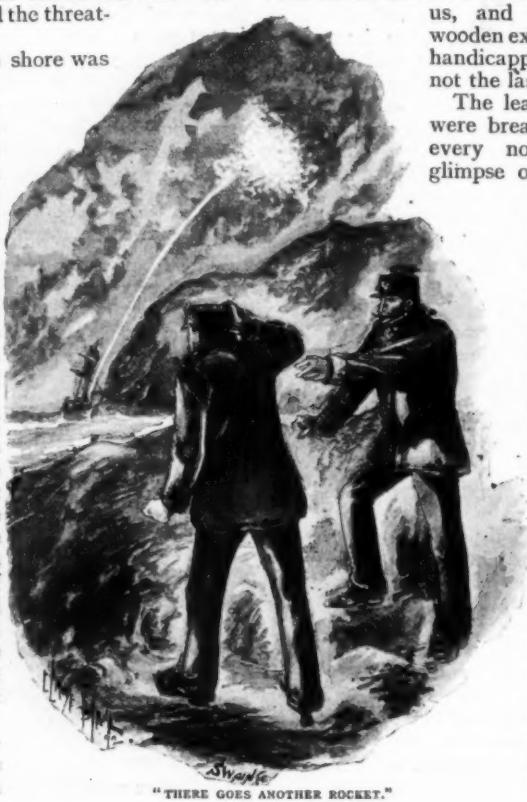
Each of the onlookers could judge for himself the ship's deadly peril, revealed thus by the flash of the rocket. There was no need for words. Hardy seamen they all were, and they wanted no telling to inform them of the almost certain disaster that awaited the threatened vessel.

Help from the shore was absolutely impossible, as no boat of theirs could be hoped to weather the fearful sea that broke in on the beach. They could only watch and wait. Presently another rocket went up and we could see that the ship held her own, at least, and several even thought she was drawing off the land a little. That the crew were making a brave fight for life was evident, and if her spars and rigging held, there was the faintest hope that she might yet get out.

For ten minutes or more we watched in vain for the sign of another rocket; the rain had ceased somewhat and the gale appeared to be inclined to moderate; the force of the wind might have seemed unaltered to a landsman, but the experienced watchers detected the slightest change, and all agreed that the worst was past. As these tokens of the weather were being eagerly discussed, the dense blackness of the night was broken by a brilliant flare up of coloured light from the deck of the ship and in the same moment we all saw with horror that her main and mizen masts had gone by the board and the vessel was drifting in to her doom.

"Come on, men; it's no use standing here; let's get down to the beach; some of them may manage to reach the shore and will want all the help we can give them." Thus Captain Holybone shouted; and, setting the example, he set off at the top of his speed back on the path we had come.

Following him at a run, we all made for the beach as fast as our legs would carry us, and although Tom's wooden extremity somewhat handicapped him, he was not the last down.



"THERE GOES ANOTHER ROCKET."

The leaden clouds above were breaking up fast, and every now and then a glimpse of moonlight shot through, illuminating the scene below. The force of the waves entering Dipham Cove was broken by the western headland; the dismantled ship had let go her anchors in the last vain struggle, and for a minute or two they seemed to hold her, but the mountainous sea was not to be baulked of its prey; and slowly, but surely, she drifted, yard by yard, nearer and nearer to the ragged rocks. Once, twice, thrice was she

tossed up on the unyielding reef; then she heeled over and lay bereft of motion whilst the devouring waters pounded her to death. All around her was a boiling surf, and every other sea washed her from stem to stern. We could see that some of the crew had climbed up into the truck of the foremast, clinging there for dear life. How many there were the light was too dim to make out, but that their chance of living through the ceaseless wash of those seas was almost hopeless we felt sure.

Several of the women from the village, who were gathered amongst us on the beach, were sobbing and wringing their hands in helpless agony; one brave young fellow offered to try and swim out with a line to try and bring the crew ashore, but his life would have been sacrificed for no good.

"I can't stand this any longer," said Tom to me; "we must attempt something even if only to fail."

Then going up to Jabez Penelly, he proposed that they should try and launch one of their smartest fishing boats, and make an effort to get alongside.

Penelly shook his head. "It might be done, Captain, but the chances are all against us," he said; "it's almost asking men to go to their death."



"COME ON, MEN."

"I know, I know, Jabez: but there is a chance, and we can't stand here and see them drop off one by one into the sea," replied Tom. "I will take the tiller," he continued, "if we can get volunteers to man a boat—we've got cork jackets enough."

"And I will go with you, Holybone," I joined in; "and I'll give every man ten pounds a-piece that goes with us."

"I'll go," said Jabez; "I see you're bent on it."

Then going up to a group of men, he said: "We're going to launch a boat and fetch those poor fellows off. Captain Holybone goes in command, and there's ten sovs. each for all that go with him. I'm going. Now, lads, whose going?"

Before he had finished speaking he had offers enough to man three boats. "I'm one," "I'm another," called the men; "and we won't have no pay for a job like this." The result was we had to choose our crew from about a score of eager volunteers and pay was absolutely refused by one and all.

We took the single men only, so that in case of the worst there would be no widows or children left mourning.

No time was now lost; the shores were knocked away from the fishing boat chosen and she was run down to the water's edge. The oars were put in, together with a long coil of rope The cork jackets were now fastened on to each man, and then all was ready for the final launch.

"Wait a second," said the Captain. "Penelly is not here yet." But as he spoke Jabez came running down from the village with a parcel in his hand, and as he handed it to Tom I recognised it to be a bottle of brandy.

Willing hands now grasped the gunnel of our boat, and, taking our places, we were shoved off on our perilous voyage. The wind had dropped considerably, but there was very little appreciable decrease in the force of the sea, and for some minutes it was a matter of doubt whether we should be able to pull through the surf; the foam-capped breakers time after time threatened to capsize our frail craft and the spray

broke over us in one unceasing cloud; but we got through it, and then, although the work was tremendous, we felt that we had a good chance of effecting our purpose.

The stranded vessel lay about six or seven hundred yards distant from the cliffs and we occupied almost an hour in pulling this distance. We had several narrow escapes from capsizing whilst covering this short space; at one time our boat was almost swamped by an avalanche of broken water, which, but for the clever seamanship of Captain Holybone, must have ended our voyage prematurely.



CLINGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE.

As we at last drew near to the ill-fated vessel, we could more clearly recognise the fearful position in which she lay: the sea was sweeping her decks and dashing its spray far up into what little was left of the rigging, as though loth to let one living soul escape. The fore-truck was crowded as full as it could hold with human beings, now frantically waving their arms to us in their excitement of hope, while a few poor fellows hung in the ratlins, clinging on for dear life. Pulling carefully under the lee of the wreck, we made fast to some of the cordage hanging from the ship's side; here we were in comparative shelter, save for the broken seas that tumbled over from the weather side; the men in the rigging now began to descend as fast as their numbed and cramped limbs would allow, and one by one we got them into our boat.

Tom's brandy now came in handy, and a good nip was given to each of the rescued men, which helped to put a little life into their half-frozen bodies.

From them we learnt that their ship was homeward bound from Melbourne, and besides the crew of twenty-three hands, had three passengers, two of whom were ladies; these were now up on the truck of the foremast, where they had been carried to keep them as much out of the breaking seas as was possible. The Captain had died of fever on the voyage and been buried at sea. This was but one of the casualties that had overtaken the unlucky ship; for when off the Bay of Biscay they had encountered terrific weather, and the first officer, who was acting then as captain, was knocked down on the deck by a falling spar and had been unconscious since then. The gale had continued ever since with more or less fury, and during the darkness of the preceding night they had quite lost their reckoning until they were almost on the rocks where we had first discovered them.

While this short account was being related, the men in the truck were making preparations to bring the ladies and the delirious mate down; three of our men volunteered to go and help them, so the boat was pulled in close to the ship and they clambered up.

We had every hope now of getting all off safely: the wind had gone down quite a lot, and the sea was not nearly so violent.

The poor fellows who were up aloft were so numbed that it was as much as they could do to hang on themselves; and although two of them were trying their best to bring one of the ladies down, they had to give the job up and let our men take them. None of them would come aboard till we had got the ladies and the wounded mate safely in our boat. This was a hazardous matter, as each had to be carried down a rope hanging from the ship's side, and wait until the sea permitted us to run in under them so they could be dropped into our arms. We made several futile attempts before we succeeded in getting these three on board; but we managed it at last, and then, one by one, we got the rest of the men into our craft.

Tom had serious doubts at first as to whether we should not have to make a second trip to take the rest of the crew, but Jabez and several of the men thought that the sea had gone down sufficiently to allow us to get back safely, and besides, as soon as we should get within the shelter

of the headland, the water would be much less rough.

What, however, decided our captain more than these arguments were the ominous signs given forth by the poor ship itself. Each heavy sea raised her up and then pounded her down on to the iron-like rock beneath. Her hold was full of water, and her lower timbers were being gradually, but surely, crunched to pieces. Her lee side was quite two feet nearer the water than when we first came alongside, and it was evident that it was only a question of a very short time before she heeled over and went to pieces.

The hitherto comparatively safe refuge on the fore truck became each minute more and more insecure, and, by the time we left, it would have been impossible for the men to have maintained their position there, owing to the increasing cant of the vessel as she fell over on her side.

It was a pretty tight fit to stow all away comfortably. The ladies sat in the stern with Tom, and the men put themselves in the bottom of the boat wherever there was room. An occasional sea would break over us, but beyond the wetting and a little water in the boat, no harm was done. As we anticipated, we got into smoother water as we pulled into the cove; but the pinch was to come when we neared the shore and attempted to land. We were now close enough to distinguish the heavy rollers breaking into mountains of foam as they burst on the shore.

"We must pull for it, sir, and chance it," said Jabez Penelly to Captain Holybone; "unless you think it better to keep off for a time till it quietens down a bit; anyhow, we might hold off till daylight, which won't be long now."

"I fear to risk the landing now, crowded as we are," replied Tom. "It's only about an hour to daybreak, when we can see what we are doing, and those on shore can better help us."

For nearly an hour, therefore, we lay off and on; our exertions were beginning to tell on the crew, who had now been almost continually at work for seven or eight hours. One or two of the hardiest of the rescued men had taken a spell at the oars to give our fellows a rest; but we were all more or less played out, and it was with joyful hearts we watched the first faint dawn of day glimmering out from the east.

As the light broadened, we prepared for the final act in the drama we were engaged in.

The two ladies were so overcome with the exposure and fatigue that they had both sunk into sleep where they lay; and, until we roused them, they had been oblivious to their position during the last few hours. The poor girls—for they were both somewhere about twenty years of age — had passed through a fearful night, and borne their lot bravely, too. The boat was headed for the shore, and we all prepared for the last struggle.



THE WOMEN WERE SOBBING.

We could see our friends on the beach gathered about the usual landing-place of the village, and as we drew near they cheered us bravely. Tom Holybone's plan was to pull in quietly to where the sea broke, and then rush in on the top of a big wave and ground as far up on the shingle as possible, and jump out before the following wave overwhelmed us.



FASTENING ONE END OF THE ROPE.

"Steady, boys; easy," sang out Tom when we got close to the boiling surf, as he glanced behind, watching for the wave that was to carry us in. Then, "Give way, lads," he shouted, as a mighty wall of dark green sea came rolling up: "Pull boys, pull for it," and we shot along, impelled by their oars and the mountainous roller that hove us aloft on its foam-crowned bosom.

I saw a line of men, linked together by rope, standing almost waist deep in the broken water, waiting to grasp our boat when she was cast up on the shore. In another instant the wave which bore us broke with a hissing roar as it curved over in a torrent of angry spume, filling our craft, and half blinding us with spray and froth; then we were dashed forward, one over the other, as the boat was hurled on the beach.

I had charge of one of the ladies, and Jabez had the other. Picking myself up, I took my charge in my arms and, rushing forward, placed the girl in the arms of one of the men who was connected by the rope, who passed her to another of our fellows who was holding on to the rope, waiting to help us. Jabez, with the other lady, was just behind me. All had got safely ashore now except Tom and we three, when the man who was grasping the boat call out in a voice of dismay, "Hold fast, for God's sake," and almost before his warning was uttered, the sea broke over us and we were struggling for life in the icy water. Jabez and myself were carried in shore and stranded close together, both practically unhurt, although somewhat bruised. Jumping up, I looked round for Tom and the girl, and my glance following the direction of several men who were excitedly pointing seawards, I saw poor Holybone clinging to the gun'nel of our boat, which floated, waterlogged, just beyond the broken water, and in his other arm he held his fair burden.

Jabez had grasped the situation as quickly as myself, and as he dashed up to the other men, he called out for a coil of rope to be brought. This was already at hand, so, pulling off his heavy sea boots and thick reefer coat, and fastening one end of the rope round his body, he re-adjusted the cork jacket, and sprang into the water after his captain.

Penelly was a powerful swimmer, and although impeded by the cork belt, he soon got through the surf and slowly, but surely, overhauled the boat. We gave him a cheer as he got hold, and then we commenced to draw in the rope. The men formed up the rope line again, and casting off from the boat, the three came in on the top of a wave, this time to be caught and held by the sturdy fellows at the end of the line.

There is little more to tell. We carried the two ladies up to Tom's cottage, and as our eyes ranged over the spot where their ship had struck, there was now nothing visible save the glistening foam of the broken water as it split on the reef beneath; no sign remained of what a few hours before had been a gallant ship filled with life and gladness.

The two girls were sisters, returning home under the charge of the captain from a pleasure trip to Sydney, Australia, and under the motherly care of Tom's housekeeper, Mrs. Boynton, they were quite recovered from their fatigue by the second day, when their uncle arrived to take them home; and both Tom and I are frequent and welcome visitors at their house in London.

The rest of the rescued crew all recoverd, and each man received a five-pound note from the uncle for the care they had taken of his nieces, whilst the volunteers of our boat were presented with twenty pounds apiece for their gallant services.

IRRIGATION IN AUSTRALIA.



OFFICES OF IRRIGATION WORKS AT MILDURA.

TO turn an arid, desert waste into smiling, fertile gardens of flowers, orchards, and fruits of the earth is indeed a work rightly to be proud of. Here, in England we seldom have reason to complain of the want of that moisture so essential to the farmer, but in some of the large tracts of country in Australia this want has rendered absolutely impossible the cultivation of either arable or pasture land. Now, however, this long considered insuperable difficulty has been overcome in Australia by the perseverance and energy of the pioneers of irrigation, George and W. B. Chaffey.

The place selected for the commencement of work was at Mildura, on the Murray River, in Victoria, and here the two brothers began operations in 1887.

The land at Mildura, although the country is arid through deficient rainfall, is in other respects excellent for the growth of fruit and vegetables.

Those who knew the country, squatters, travellers and agents, shrugged their shoulders and remarked to each other that a couple of madmen had come to visit them, They prophesied ruin and disaster, swift and certain. Nevertheless the two strangers persevered. There was the flowing river, full of water, and on either bank sterility, and utter absence of life, animal or vegetable.

But they knew that by an intelligent human effort, a union of the two elements, water and land, could be secured, which would result in a marvellous fructification of the latter, resulting in the ultimate benefit of thousands upon thousands of tillers of the soil who should come after them.

A grant of 250,000 acres of this unattractive looking land was obtained at the price of £1 per acre, and those who decried the scheme saw that the two "*madmen*" evidently intended to back their opinions with hard cash.

Then began the preliminary work of turning this wilderness of waste into a garden of fruitfulness.

It may be well here to give a picture of Mildura, as it then was.

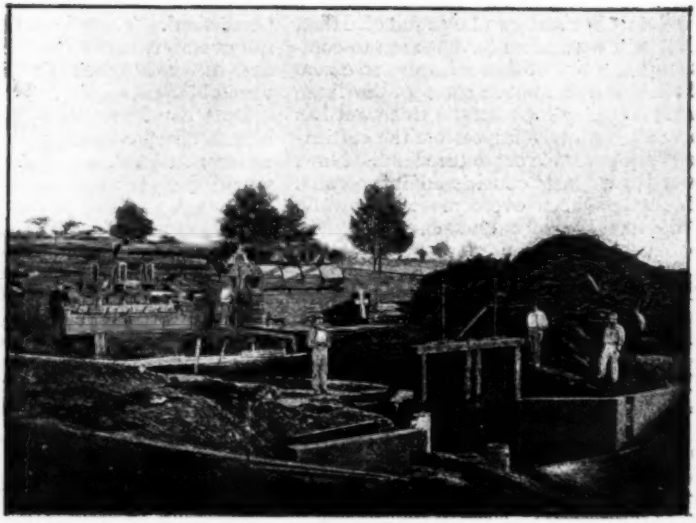
You must imagine, then, a tract of coun-



IRRIGATION MAIN WATER WAY.

try with a frontage of some forty miles to the river, and reaching some twenty miles back; rising generally from the river bank, save where in places flats, subject to frequent inundations, were covered with really splendid forests of red gum. Some few thousand acres of the frontage were lightly timbered or covered with the blue bush, but generally over the whole area the mallee scrub reigned supreme.

It had been a hard time in the mallee country, and the rabbits had marvellously increased; grass there was none; miserable sheep were dying all around; the parched stranger on the weary horse riding through the country heard nothing but the dry rustle of the mallee leaves, saw nothing but the dry glistening foliage, the red sand driving, the starved sheep perishing, the rabbits skipping about (sustaining life in some incomprehensible manner), and the innumerable ants. The dingo howled by night, the villain crow croaked dismally by day, and the only tolerable spot in the broad area of hopelessness and misery was the little irrigated garden at the homestead on the river. Lessee after lessee had been ruined in Mildura, and indeed the great majority of the squatters on the lower Murray and on the Darling



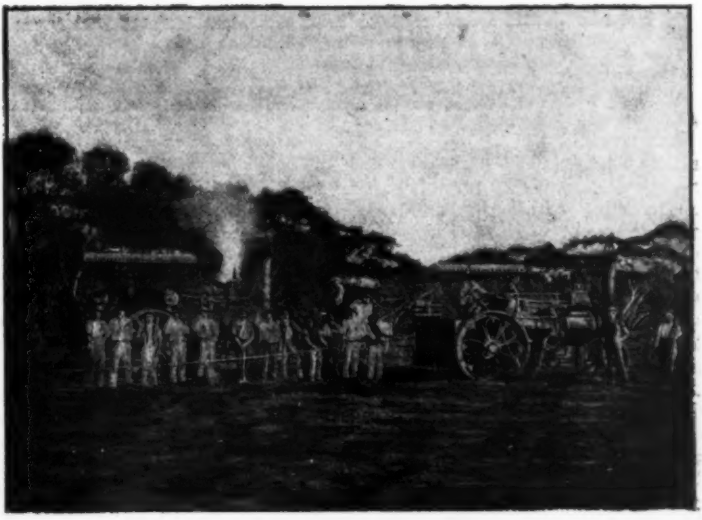
IRRIGATION WORKS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



COFFEE PALACE AT MILDURA.

had been reduced to the condition of caretakers for the banks, or the great financial institutions, to whom their lands were mortgaged. It is probable, indeed certain, that had the whole of Mildura been submitted to auction in that month of November, 1887, it would not have found a purchaser at 10s. an acre.

Work began in Mildura in 1888. The boat was moored to the muddy bank, surveyor's tent and gear were pitched out, Mr. W. B. Chaffey established himself in the old homestead, which, together with the stock and plant, had been purchased from the original lessee, and the first work of all new countries was practically begun. First of all a block of 25,000 acres was surveyed, and at once enclosed with a rabbit and vermin proof fence of netting and barbed wire. Then, taking the landing place as a central point, a township was surveyed, and "avenues" three chains in width ran out full fifteen miles. The town allotments were each 155 feet by 33 feet. Immediately beyond them were villa lots 2½ acres each, and beyond them again were the horticultural lands proper, each in area 10 acres, and each to be commanded by the irrigation channel, which must touch the highest corner. A great work had also to be done in the skilful



STEAM CULTIVATING PLANT.

plotting of the channels. Pumping stations had to be chosen on the river, whence the water could be lifted to ridges commanding easily all the surrounding country; and along these ridges channels were surveyed, main channels, each one to convey a river of water to be ultimately distributed into many creeks, brooks and rivulets; to trickle over the whole face of these 25,000 acres. Heart, head and hand went into this work, and a big show was very quickly made. Nor were the white tents long pitched, when the curious enterprise of Australia began to manifest itself. The storekeeper came down with his boat-load of goods; the butcher and the baker followed. The publican would fain have come also, but in terms of the agreement with the Government of Victoria, was warned sternly off. The Messrs. Chaffey have resolved that if it be in their power to prevent it, there shall be no liquor shop in Mildura for ever, and dearly as I love liberty in all things and at all times, I can but think they are right.



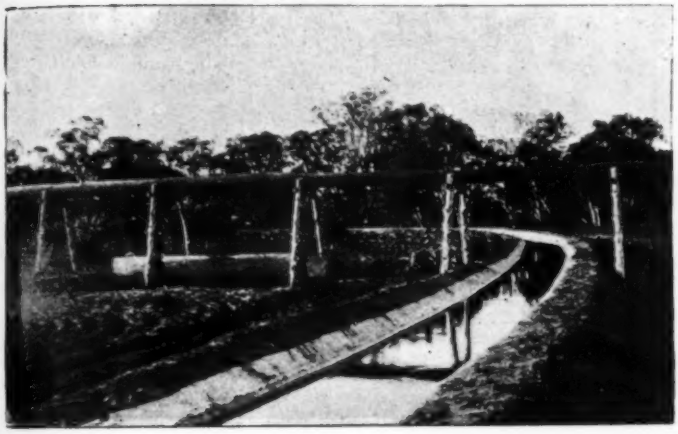
STATE SCHOOL AT MILDURA.

And now did settlers begin to arrive. Enquiring men began to ask the meaning of all this enterprise, and could they not provide (through it) some endowment for their children? Lord Ranfurly and his friend, Mr. Aylmer, a much-travelled English gentleman, were amongst the first to arrive; and Lord Ranfurly, though very well posted in all that had been done and that remained to be done in California, was quick to recognise a larger opportunity here. He at once made a large investment and entered into contracts with the Messrs. Chaffey for tilling and planting. Nurserymen and practical gardeners came up also, and of all that came with any serious intent, very few went away without, to some extent, casting in their lot with the settlement.

In a year from the time a Chaffey surveyor planted his first red flag, there were more than five hundred men busily employed, and more to show in the way of building and actual development than on all the sheep stations up and down two hundred miles of the river. A newspaper was started, the *Cultivator*, under the editorship of Mr. T. B. Mackay. Great engineering shops were in course of construction, machinery, such as Murray settlers had never heard of was being landed at Adelaide for conveyance to the river steamers, and hundreds of hired bullock, or contractors' teams, were working with plough and scoop in the big channels. Planting was already begun, and far-seeing nurserymen were putting in tens of thousands of truncheons of olives and cuttings of vines.

It was in November, 1890, that I prepared for a second visit, and speedily found that "the face of Nature was changed by the art of man."

Is it possible that only two years have passed away? One asks that question, looking out on the following morning. Only two years! I stand out on the balcony of the grand new coffee palace and look around.



UPPER AND LOWER LEVEL SUPPLIES.

At the river first, the mighty, beneficent long neglected deity of all this land; a shining, steely blue in the morning; a crescent, whose convex is to the colony, seen along four or five miles, ending apparently then in the gum forest, but only turning, as we know, to enfold other areas, embracing in turn the shore of either colony. A broad red road runs along the fore foot of the colony her. all too close to the palace, next to which—a bright and happy contrast—is seen the garden-enclosed offices of "the company." A flower garden set all about a broad verandahed cottage, before which, centred in a perfect lawn, a fountain plashes, musical and cool. A garden of innumerable flowers — of stock, and phlox, and pink, and pansy, and rose, and lily, and verbena, and poppy, and oleander, and all varieties of fuchsias, and geraniums, blazing beds of mingled colours beside the dark green grass, and within, the forming of cypress walls. It is the eye of beauty of the settlement, and fashioned so with wise intent.

About this little office, at nine o'clock in the morning, there is a peculiar muster. It is like a bush wedding; it is like a bush funeral; it is not like either. It is not, indeed, like anything one has ever seen in the bush before. There is a muster of near a dozen traps, four-horse, and three-horse, and two-horse, providing accommodation enough for all the passengers by the steamer, and the dozen odd folks who have arrived at the place by other means. They are regarded as possible buyers. Up they tumble, mature men of means, farmers of the old sort, visitors from the Old World, young farmers from England, and tea planters from Ceylon, all come to have a look at the wonderful transformation effected by irrigation. Let us accompany them.

We pass a store of solid construction, and a school which is not near large enough for the wants of the juveniles already attending. Here we have a vineyard. We get



APRICOT TREE, THREE YEARS OLD.

down to investigate; the proprietor carries us off to his favourite show vine. It has been planted fourteen months, and bears twenty-one bunches of luscious grapes, which will turn the scale, when gathered, at twenty pounds. Then there are apricots and peaches, of the same age as the vines, bearing fruit; whilst farther on are orange and lemon trees, all doing remarkably well.



LEMON TREE, THREE YEARS OLD.

This is but one of many of such homesteads; others cultivate wheat, oats and vegetables; all flourish in the same prolific abundance.

One acre of this irrigated land yields tenfold more than land not so watered.

Now let us visit the wonderful motive power that brings forth all this plenty.

Let us get to the machinery.

A brick building, high, roomy, sufficiently ornate in exterior architecture, the roof within lined and polished in style that recalls the ceiling of a cathedral aisle, and, set central on solid concrete foundations, such machinery as one is familiar with in the hold of an ocean liner. Triple-expansion compound engines, 1,000 h.p. Bright on all their polished surfaces as the works of a watch, moving with that rhythmic, pulse-like action which always suggests stupendous and perfectly regulated power. Lifting the water from the river well, and sending it thundering along two gigantic tubes to the valve on the main channel.

It is great work—cheering, heartening, satisfying; one desires to have a share in it; to be with it in fact, as in sympathy. And see now, conveniently situated each on its garden plot, the new, well-built brick cottages of the engineers. No huts or tents; their day is done. Men's homes are being fashioned here.

Here is one answer to the question "What shall we do with our sons?" Men, young or old, if energetic and persevering, can here find a healthful and prosperous arena, wherein they may found a home, and, by manly work, secure to themselves a competency.



PACKING FRUIT FOR MARKET.

The chief Commissioner of the colony in London, Mr. J. E. M. Vincent, F.R.G.S., of 35, Queen Victoria Street, will furnish all further information.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

THE HALL.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

IT is interesting to trace by a process of evolution the many changes which have taken place in the houses of the British Nation at various periods of their history, and to compare the dwellings and appointments of our remote ancestors with those with which we are familiar at the present day. Take, for example, the house of the Anglo-Saxon Noble, round which the Serfs, who were little better than bondmen, grouped themselves for the sake of protection, food and shelter, and upon whose mercy they were dependent for all the necessaries of life. Such a house consisted of a single floor—the lower portion only was of masonry, and above this were placed roughly-hewn planks, between whose cracks and crannies the winter winds whistled, and the rain and moisture gradually penetrated. The roof was formed of thatch or of semicircular pieces of wood painted or gilded. The windows were far from the ground and provided with shutters and grills of iron: for in these warlike times no place was safe from the depredations of those to whom "might" was "right." The hall, as now, was the central apartment, which had to do triple service as sitting, eating and sleeping room for the family and servants. In most cases a portion was partitioned off at one end for the accommodation of the mistress of the house and her daughters. Occasionally separate apartments or bowers, leading out of the hall, were reserved for the female members of the family. This innovation, however, was by no means common, as the ideas of privacy which we associate with domestic life were unknown to the rough and sturdy people who, in these early times, called this tight little island, "Home."

The furniture of these dwellings was as primitive as possible. A few oak chests, in which the bags of straw used for sleeping on were kept during the day; boards and trestles for forming tables; a settee with raised back, for the head of the family, and wooden stools and benches for the children and dependents, was considered all that was requisite to commence housekeeping with. After the Norman Conquest greater refinement and other varieties of furniture for domestic use were introduced into the homes of the English. The hall, as before, remained the principal living-room, but services of pewter and more costly metals were employed for the table in place of the trenchers of bread and wooden bowls previously used when serving food, and a buffet was placed at one end garnished with drinking cups, etc., in daily use. The Normans called this the "dressoir," because it was *dresse*, or ornamented with the family plate, but the Britons spoke of it as the "cup-board," and so the two expressions gave names to household fixtures, now to be found in every modern home. The floor was strewn with straw or rushes, which, on festive occasions, were mixed with flowers. The walls were hung with "wah rift," or wall clothing, embroidered by the ladies of the family; and light was obtained from candles, rushlights or oil lamps, with a floating wick similiar in shape to those used by the Romans.

The family and servants dined together in the hall, the saltcellar in the centre of the table forming the divisional line; and this rude fashion of living continued through the Middle Ages. During the

XUM



HALL IN A TOWN HOUSE.

Crusades, however, various Eastern luxuries were brought home, such as table-covers, carpets and woven hangings; while from the South of Europe, which was considered the seat of the fine arts, were received many additions to the household plenishings then in common use. With the Tudors a complete change came over the style of furniture of the English dwellings. Handsome carvings of a Flemish or Italian character were used wherever practicable; and the specimens which still remain to us are silent witnesses to the care and trouble which were expended by the workmen of that period.

By this time the houses were more elaborate in style, and built of brick and stone. The hall was no longer used for the purpose for which it was originally intended, but rather as a vestibule, where visitors remained till their presence was announced to their host. To reach the upper floors, handsome staircases, formed of single oaken logs, with balustrades of pierced or carved woodwork, in many cases surmounted by sacred or mythological figures, and shut off by dog gates from the hall, formed an important feature in the internal fittings of a Tudor mansion; and during the long reign of Elizabeth, by her example and the general prosperity of the country, great strides were made by all classes, and those who were only moderately well off could indulge in many household comforts which, at an earlier period, were unattainable luxuries to kings and princes.

The next important change was made in the reign of William and Mary. When, during the occupation of Ceylon, Dutch merchants penetrated as far as China and Japan and brought back with them beautiful specimens of lac work, inlaid with gold and mother of pearl, and delicate Oriental carvings, eggshell china and other curiosities. Wall-papers of crude design superseded the tapestries and panellings of former times.

During the Georgian Period the handsome carved mahogany furniture of Chippendale, or the more refined designs inlaid with various coloured woods, by Sheraton, found favour. A large quantity of Marquetry furniture of various kinds

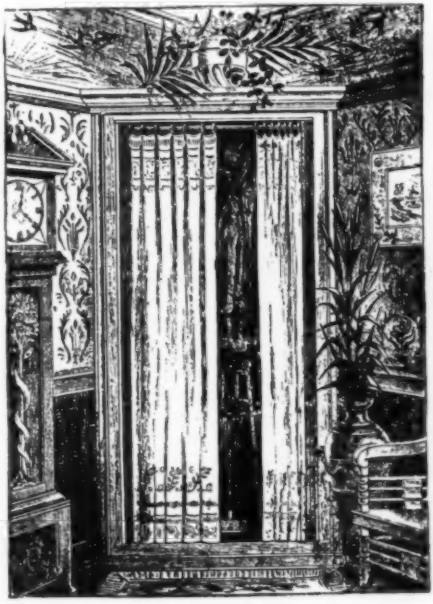
was also imported from the Continent, and suites of satinwood with classical figures beautifully painted by well-known artists of the day, are still to be obtained by those who search long and diligently for them. The furniture of the earlier half of the present century is hardly worthy of notice. It was bad in construction, hideous in pattern, but very durable—a doubtful merit. During the last twenty years much has been done in various ways to develope the artistic faculties of the English people. By education, by travel, by exhibitions, they have been shown that furniture of good design is not necessarily more expensive than that which is out of all proportion and made of unsuitable materials for the purpose for which it is intended; and it is to be hoped that now their eyes have been opened to the error of their ways, they will demand what is beautiful and good and true in their daily surroundings and avoid any backsliding in this direction.

But even people of refined tastes, who are prepared to spend time, thought and money on beautifying their homes, are often apt to be careless when fitting up the hall, and rarely can it be said of this part of the house that it is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Indeed, it is more often a receptacle for the cast-off wearing apparel of the family, a convenient resting-place for dusty hats and coats the worse for wear, dripping umbrellas, cricket bats, tennis rackets and other odds and ends too numerous to mention.

Now here is my ideal for the hall of a country house. The fittings should be of dark oak, copied from old designs. The ancient dresser appears in a modified form, and the buffet should be adapted to modern requirements. The staircase to be in a convenient position, and the flooring of black and white tiles, on which a few eastern rugs can be placed with advantage. A carved oak cupboard, with a liberal supply of pegs and a hat-rail, would be appropriate in such a vestibule, and a bold-patterned paper of yellow and white, with paint to correspond, would form a pleasing contrast to the sombre fittings.

I would not, however, suggest such a scheme of decoration for a town house, as old oak seldom accords with villas of modern design.

For such a dwelling I have introduced the first sketch, which is an excellent example of what a hall should be. Here, crimson and pale pink are the prevailing tints. The paint is of a deep, rich tone, the dado and filling of Tynecastle tapestry, surmounted by a hand-painted frieze symbolical of the seasons, while the panelled ceiling is of Anaglypta, arranged in panels. A Turkey carpet on the floor matches that for the stairs, and before the fire is a black skin rug. There are two or three special features in this quaint interior to which I wish to call my readers' attention. The coal box is built into the wall, but is, at the same time, quite accessible; the small rack for newspapers, near the cosy corner seat, is another advantage, and the little window above affords extra light, very desirable in such a position. The fireplace is of red and white glazed bricks, the hearth corresponds, and the brass fireirons are hung on hooks in the masonry. The pretty fire basket of brass and iron is preferable to a fixed grate, and assists in warming the staircase. The combined gong stand and lamp, in shining brass work, are both useful and ornamental additions to the decoration of the hall, and the curtains, of crimson Utrecht velvet or plushette, drape the arches and conceal the stairs.



A HALL WARDROBE.

A nicely-furnished room such as this is useful for a variety of purposes, and gives visitors a good impression of the powers of administration of the mistress of the house as soon as the front door is opened.

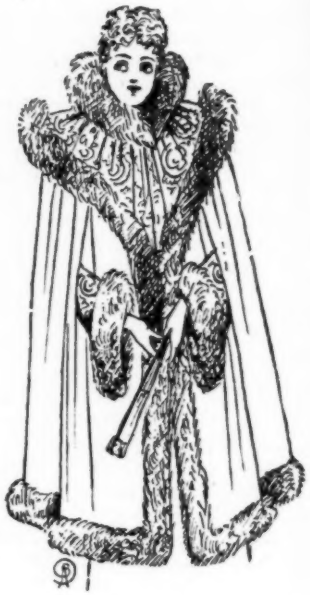
The third illustration shows a suitable wardrobe for a hall of this character. It takes up little room, as it can be fixed in a corner, and behind the curtains will be found a movable bar and tray for umbrellas, a drawer for hat and clothes brushes and ample room for the necessary masculine garments.

Fashions and Fripperies.

Those who have been through a prolonged course of country-house visiting will feel, as the days begin to lengthen, that a few additions to their wardrobe may be indulged in without laying themselves open to the charge of undue extravagance. I have, therefore, asked my artist to draw for me three or four of the prettiest and most striking *vetements* which have been prepared for the early spring fashions.



AN EVENING DRESS.



OPERA CLOAK.

For a home dinner or theatre wear, a very stylish dress is of olive green velvet, bordered with sable. The bodice of *eau de nil* satin, with large *revers* edged with fur, wide empire belt and full puffed sleeves with deep ruffles of point d'Alençon. This useful gown is capable of a variety of changes, if two or three different bodices are sent home with it. One can be made of ivory *poult de soie*, with deep velvet belt; another of green velvet, cut low, *berthe* of lace and baby sleeves; or a plain high bodice of the same material, as the skirt at once converts it into a handsome visiting gown.

One of the loveliest evening cloaks I have seen lately was made of pearl grey bengalene, with deep pointed yoke of rich brocade of the same tint. It was cosily lined with quilted satin to match, and trimmed with a full ruche of ostrich feathers. The same shape could be easily carried out in velveteen of any colour, with a jet-embroidered yoke, and bordering of fur or feathers.

I am never tired of singing the praises of that most charming and convenient *fin de siècle* garment the teagown; and I think my readers will agree with me, that it would be difficult to find a prettier model

than this one, which is composed of turquoise Irish poplin, with a full front of *crêpe de chine* and trimmings of ivory-tinted valenciennes. Such colours, of course, are more suited to the blonde than the brunette; for the latter crimson or apricot shades and black lace would be more appropriate. In my peregrinations in search of novelties for those who honour me by the perusal of "Whispers," I always make a point of looking for suitable styles for the growing school-girl, who appears to me to be rather neglected by those who cater with such a lavish hand for her grown-up sisters. Yet it only requires a little time and thought to evolve pretty and suitable costumes, admirably adapted for concealing rather than accentuating the various points and angles which, in most cases, are so painfully apparent between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Before the figure has matured, loose folds, flowing lines, and simplicity of style are to be recommended. No tight corsets, voluminous trimmings, or heavy materials. These will come later on, when youth begins to fade and art steps in. Virgin white or palest shades, fairy-like fabrics and Nature's ornaments—the simple flowers of the field or garden, never forced exotics—should be used for her adornment.



YOUNG GIRL'S EVENING DRESS.

The young girl's dress illustrated is of *vieux rose mousseline de soie*, over pale pink silk. The waist is defined by a broad ribbon sash, tied at the side, with long ends reaching almost to the edge of the skirt, which is bordered by a tiny frill.

Juvenile fancy costume balls are very popular this winter, and it must be confessed that children bear the ordeal of grotesque and historical garments much better than their elders. At the splendid entertainment recently given at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, I noticed a number of dresses which certainly had novelty to recommend them. The Little Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were the grandchildren of Alderman and Mrs. Knill; Miss Edith Double, as "Vanitatus Vanitatum," or "My Ladies' Toilet," wore a dress of yellow and blue silk, trimmed with powder-puffs, with tiny mirrors on her shoulders, a necklace cunningly constructed with hairpins, a chatelaine, to which was attached comb, brush, powder-box, a cake of rouge, curling-tongs, etc., and a cap, consisting of an enormous powder-puff.



A PRETTY TEA-GOWN.

Miss Roper Parkington appeared as a Priestess of the Temple of Isis in long blue robe with golden heiroglyphics, white under dress similarly ornamented, jewelled breastplate and golden crown from which depended a long net veil.

A charming trio was formed by three little pets in floral costumes. Katie Clarke as Buttercup, Iris Clarke as Daisy, and their little cousin, Muriel Ingster as Ivyleaf. Three others came as the Shamrock, Rose and Thistle. Master Sly, in white fur and snow-shoes, made a good Arctic Explorer, and "The Frog who would a-wooing go" found many ready to reciprocate his attentions. Miss Salmon, as Electric Light, wore peacock green velvet with incandescent lamps on her shoulders and hair, and Miss Mary

Hordman, prettily costumed, typified "Ye Faire Citie of Byrminghame."

A new departure in fancy dress is suggested by an advertisement ball, in which the characters represent the various pictorial advertisements which appear in such numbers at the present day, and are particularly suited to such an entertainment.

I must not linger, however, over the fashions and fancies which form a portion of this article, but will proceed at once to consider the stern necessities of life, which includes

MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

Last month I gave a few particulars to guide those who desired to assume the nurse's uniform, and to become one of those ministering angels whose services all of us stand in need of at some period of our lives.

As many of the essentials of a good nurse are also those of a lady doctor, I think it will, perhaps, be as well to continue the subject, as far as the study of medicine is concerned, as there is no profession which is so noble in itself or can offer higher rewards to those who engage in it.

Want of capital debars many women from qualifying as medical practitioners, for at the lowest estimate a sum of £700 must be expended, not to mention hard and long-continued study and difficult examinations before a student can hope to see any return for the money spent. Even if the student is fortunate enough to pass all her examinations, the shortest time she can count upon for her medical course will be four years, and if she is a University student it will take her five. The fees alone come to £150. A hundred a-year for personal expenses is the very least that can be spent, and another £50 for incidentals bring it up to the amount stated as the minimum. But taking into consideration the many difficulties with which she will have to contend, I feel that a total of £1,000 would not be too much for a medical student to have in hand at the commencement of her career; for when the coveted diploma is granted, there is no certainty that she will be able at once to support herself.

Eighteen years is the lowest age at which she can be received at the London School of Medicine for Women, and after passing a preliminary examination her course of study begins. In the first instance, this consists mainly in acquiring a knowledge of chemistry, physiology, materia medica and practical anatomy, and upon these she is duly examined.

If residing in London she can enter the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, or if in Edinburgh the Leith Hospital, for a course of clinical instruction, and there are several other courses, such as pharmacy, practical midwifery, vaccination, etc., before the final examination is reached. When that hour of trial comes a single failure is sufficient to cause a delay of a year.

Diplomas can be obtained, after the necessary training, at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, but the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons refuse to receive into their august body doctors of the feminine sex. They can also be obtained at the Universities of London and Dublin, and as the latter have the power of conferring the coveted M.D. degree, it is not unusual for those who have received their diploma from one of the Colleges, to proceed afterwards to some University on the Continent to take their degree there.

Applications should be made for all particulars to the London School of Medicine for Women, the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, presided over by Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, or to the Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. Stamps should be enclosed for reply to the respective secretaries. There is no special medical school in Ireland for women, but if they do not mind mixing with male students, they can obtain the necessary instruction in Dublin and Belfast. Though this course is cheaper than the others, it has nothing else to recommend it.

These preliminary hints will, perhaps, be of use to the would-be medical student, but they will also warn her of the many difficulties attending such a career.

* The hall of a town house was furnished and decorated by Messrs. George Dobie and Son, George Street, Edinburgh, and is reproduced by permission of the Editor of *The British Architect*.



Of the many plays running at the present moment, I think the following deserve a brief notice:—

The Lost Paradise.—This is an adaptation from the German by H. C. De Mille. The Brothers Gatti have departed from the usual humdrum melodrama, for which the Adelphi has long been famed, and have given us a good sound play, full of human nature. Why it should be called "The Lost Paradise" I know not. It is the old story, well portrayed, of Capital and Labour, and teaches once more the lesson that one is dependent for its existence on the other. Without capital, labour is nowhere; without labour, capital ceases to exist. The piece is carefully cast, admirably staged and well played, the result, of course, being a genuine success. The calls were frequent and loud—indeed, on the first night, the curtain had to be raised no less than three times after the second act.



MR. ABINGDON AND MISS DOROTHY DORR.



MR. THALBERG AND MISS MARY KEEGAN.

The plot, which is laid in Boston, briefly is as follows. A certain Dr. Standish discovers, aided by his pupil's ideas, the "Volta Dynamo." He at once explains its details to his friend Knowlton, who has some ironworks. The same night, Dr. Standish, in making some scientific experiment, causes an explosion and his own death. Knowlton brings out the invention as his own and waxes fat. Reuben Maitland (Dr. Standish's pupil with the ideas) is now manager of Knowlton's works. Knowlton has a daughter; Reuben adores her, tells her so, and is snubbed. Ralph Standish, son of the doctor of that ilk, who has been doing the Continent, returns to Boston, and Knowlton, to make reparation for his crime, admits Ralph into partnership, and accepts him also as the husband-to-be of his only daughter, Margaret. Of course, true love never did run smooth, and therefore the match does not take place. But I am anticipating. Reuben returns to the works smarting under the snub received from Miss Margaret, and commences to read the private diary of Dr. Standish, and discovers that the Volta Dynamo is his invention, and credit of such is given him by Dr. Standish in this private diary. He destroys the paper containing the important item of evidence out of love for Margaret. The men strike for higher wages, and demand ten per cent. increase. Knowlton is disposed to give way; the new partner, Ralph Standish, who prides himself he fancies he knows how to keep men in order—he has been an officer in the Guards, don't you know—refuses to concede, but ultimately offers to meet them half way and allow five

per cent. Reuben Maitland pleads for the men with his employers, and ultimately, on their refusal, throws in his lot with the men, who go on strike. Margaret awakens to the fact that she loves Reuben, throws over Ralph, obtains the concession for the men from her father, announces it to the crowd herself, the bells of the factory ring out to re-start the furnaces, and everything ends happily.

Mr. Charles Warner as Reuben Maitland was excellent, his impersonation being of the breezy, robust character which he has made his own. Mr. W. L. Abingdon, returned to the scene of his former successes, was greeted with a perfect furore of applause by the boys in the gallery. He has thrown aside the conventional stage villain type, so long associated with his name, and plays the part of Ralph Standish with skill and judgment. Mr. Sant Matthews gives us, as the family lawyer, Fletcher, a capital character sketch, admirably played. Mr. Thalberg and Miss Mary Keegan make a very handsome and charming pair of young lovers. Mr. Elliott's Knowlton was as quiet and reserved as Mr. Chas. Dalton's Schwartz was wild and uncontrolled—a little curbing and restraint would make an excellent part still more powerful. Miss Dorothy Dorr, who left the Vaudeville for the Adelphi, fills the somewhat thankless role of Margaret. Miss Grace Warner is sympathetic as the lame and sick work girl, hopelessly in love with Maitland. Miss Clara Jecks and Mr. Dale put in a lot of good work as the low comedy merchants, and succeed in their endeavours to amuse.



MR. EDWARD RIGHTON.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

* * * * *

LIBERTY HALL.—Mr. Geo. Alexander has managed to secure in "Liberty Hall," a piece which is a poem. Analyse it one cannot, one dare not, yet no such piece has been produced since the advent of "The Two Roses." Chilworth, of Chilworth, a reputed wealthy man dies, leaving his two girls penniless. The estates pass to an unknown distant cousin. This cousin, however, appears on the scene under his Christian name, as Mr. Owen, masquerading as a traveller in soap, and bears a message from the new owner asking the fatherless girls to remain at Chilworth. They, however, decline, and decide to accept the hospitality of an uncle by marriage, who keeps a second-hand book shop in Bloomsbury. Mr. Owen, of course, again appears on the scene, here as a lodger and assistant in the book-shop, ultimately he conquers the pride of Miss Chilworth and she consents to marry him; he then reveals his identity, and there you are. Undoubtedly the best character in the story is that of William Todman, the bookseller. In Mr. Edward Righton's hands it cannot be anything but interesting, but he makes Todman such a kind-hearted, hopeful and gentle old man, that everybody cannot help but fall in love with him. Mr. Geo. Alexander as Mr. Owen, and Miss Marion Terry as



MR. FRANK WYATT.

Blanch Chilworth, have most of the work to do, and it is needless to add, that what those talented artistes undertake they do well. The young lovers are Miss Maud Millett and Mr. Ben Webster. Miss Fanny Coleman deserves commendation for a clever impersonation of Crafer, the maid of all work.

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MR. COURTICE POUNDS AND MDLLE NESVILLE.

MA MIE ROSETTE.—This charming opera was originally produced at the Globe, but when, owing to the lamented death of Fred Leslie, the theatrical arrangements needed re-shuffling, "In Town" migrated to the Gaiety, and "Ma Mie Rosette" advanced further westward to the Prince of Wales'.

The scenery by Bruce Smith is excellent. The music by Messrs. Lacome and Ivan Caryll is harmonious, tuneful and pretty.

The rising of the curtain discloses a farmhouse scene—harvesters hard at work finishing their labours; the last load of corn expected home, and the nuptials of Rosette and Vincent about to be celebrated. The King, Henri of Navarre, happens to be hunting in the neighbourhood and stops to refresh himself at the village inn. Rosette hands him a bowl of milk; the King, recognising in her his little playmate and sweetheart of younger days invites her to his chateau. Vincent is jealous and offers himself as a soldier, and Rosette swoons away.

Rosette dreams a dream, and Scene 1., of Act ii., shows us her dream: How the King gives a grand ball in her honour, creates her a Marquise, and loads her with jewels and honours; her lover, who has gained renown in the wars, returns, but is hurried away by the King to leave his path clear. Corisandre, another love of the King's, jealous of her rival, informs Vincent, who, surprising the King and Rosette, challenges the King. Scene 2, Act ii., finds us where Act i. left us; Vincent has just been accepted as a soldier and is supporting Rosette, who has swooned away. She begs him not to go to the wars on account of her dream; he asks the King to release him from his newly acquired duties and give him permission to return to his gardener's toil. This, His Majesty grants, blesses the happy and blushing pair—tableau, curtain.

Mr. Eugene Oudin as Henri of Navarre carries the piece through, his singing and acting leaving nothing to be desired. His song, "Ma Mie Rosette," rapturously encored, being one of the most charming things we have heard for some time. Mdlle. Nesville is chic and piquant as Rosette, while Mr. Courtice Pounds plays the rustic lover to everyone's satisfaction. Mr. Frank Wyatt, as the King's valet, Bouillion, and Miss Jessie Bond, as the very much married Martha, extract as much humour and fun out of their respective parts as it is possible to do. Their duet and dance, "Tweedle de Tweedle de Dee," being one of the best items in this merry piece.

My readers who have not yet seen "Ma Mie Rosette" should avail themselves of the first opportunity of doing so.

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The pantomime at Drury Lane, which, as a matter of fact, is three compressed into one, again takes the lead for gorgeous spectacle and magnificent display. Sir Augustus Harris, not content to stop at past triumphs, is ever moving forward, and endeavouring to present his patrons with something even grander than on former occasions, and in this he has succeeded, for nothing more dazzlingly brilliant has been seen than "The Hall of a Million Mirrors."

For those who delight in sweet song and music, there is no more charming or perfect an entertainment to be heard than the ever popular Ballad Concerts provided by Messrs. Boosey and Co., at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. It is here that many of our most famous vocalists first introduce to the concert world those refrains which afterwards become as household words.

* * *

At my last visit, a few weeks ago, I was much enchanted by the song of "The Blackthorn," rendered by Mr. Michael Maybrick, in his inimitable manner; and after the close of the entertainment I begged Mr. Maybrick to allow me to reproduce the words of the song for the benefit of my readers. This request was cheerfully granted, and he also gave me a line of the original manuscript of the composition. During our chat he gave me a few details of his busy career.



MR. MICHAEL MAYBRICK.



MR. FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

* * *

Mr. Maybrick was born in Liverpool, and from early childhood displayed such talent for music that at eight years of age he could play the pianoforte with much brilliancy and accuracy. When only a boy of fifteen he had, under the able teaching of Mr. W. T. Best, the talented organist, sufficiently mastered the "king of instruments," to be appointed organist of St. Peter's, the parish church of Liverpool. During this period of his life he evinced much ability as a composer of anthems, and his services were frequently requisitioned as an accompanist in the concert-room. The desire to perfect himself in his art then led him to visit the celebrated Conservatoire at Leipsic, where he studied under such eminent masters as Carl Richter, Moscheles, and Plaidy.

It was whilst pursuing his studies at Leipsic that the discovery was made which changed the entire course of his future life. It was found that his voice needed only careful training to develop into an organ of such merit that his masters advised him to abandon the instrumental for the vocal branch of his art.

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For some three years, therefore, he practised under Signor Nara and Signor Sangiovanni, at Milan, and made his *début* at one of the smaller theatres in that famous city of music. In 1869 he returned to England, and at once joined the



THE BLACKTHORN.

O, WHEN I was a lad,
  In the merry summer hour,
I cut me down a blackthorn
  And gave my love the flow'r ;
And through the land I sang to her
  Sing hey trolollie lo !
With my bonny, bonny blackthorn,
  My blackthorn ho !

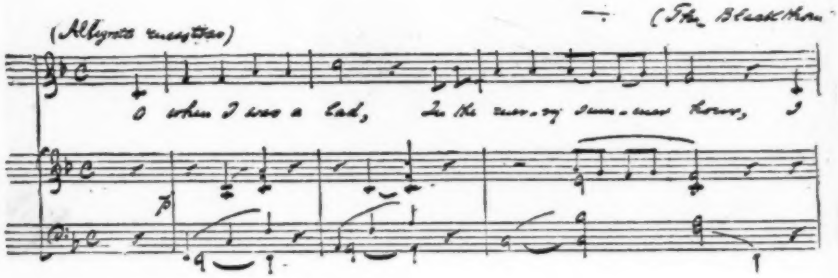




And when I came to manhood,
  My blackthorn then I take,
It maketh me a cudgel
  To wield for my love's sake.
And he who bends not to her smile,
  By Heav'ns! I bring him low,
With my merry, merry blackthorn,
  My blackthorn ho!

But when I am an old man,
  With wrinkled brow and grey,
My staff shall be my blackthorn
  To guide me on my way;
But blithely still I troll along,
  As on my way I go,
With my jolly, jolly blackthorn,
  My blackthorn ho!

F. E. WEATHERLY.



late Madame Sainton-Dolby in the farewell tour of that celebrated artist. His first appearance in London was at the new Philharmonic, when his rendering of the part of Telramund in Wagner's "Lohengrin," won for him a permanent place in English opera.

In 1871 Mr. Maybrick joined Mr. Sims Reeves on an operatic tour. Now his engagements from musical societies in London and the provinces became so numerous that he had to give up the stage for the concert-room. It was about this time that his neglected talent of com-

position first gained popular recognition. Under the *nom de plume* of Stephen Adams, Mr. Maybrick published "The Warrior Bold," which at once bounded into favour. Since then he has composed and published "True Blue," "True to the Last," and "Nancy Lee." To such a pitch of popularity has this latter attained, that over 100,000 copies were sold in less than two years. Of later songs by Stephen Adams, "The Midshipmite," "The Tar's Farewell," "Blue Alsatian Mountains," "The Maid of the Mill," "The Little Hero," "The Star of Bethlehem," and "Holy City," are a few that have still further enhanced his reputation as a composer.

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Mr. Fred. E. Weatherly has written the words to many of Mr. Adams's compositions, and the words of "The Blackthorn" are by this well-known writer, whose portrait we give.

* * *

Mr. Oscar Barrett, who has boldly taken up the reins of management at the NEW OLYMPIC, seems determined to dispel the cloud that has been hanging over the house of late, and for this purpose has called to his aid the good fairy of pantomime, and, with the assistance of Mr. Lennard, produced a good old-fashioned annual in *Dick Whittington*, calculated to delight both old and young. In the persons of Messrs. Victor Stevens and Julian Cross



ALICE BROOKES AT OLYMPIC PANTOMIME.



EDITH BRUCE AS DICK WHITTINGTON

fun and frolic prevail, for they keep the ball of merriment rolling throughout the evening. Miss Edith Bruce is a dashing Whittington, and Miss Alice Brookes a nimble and dainty Alice. Mr. Barrett has spared no expense over the production, the "Palace of the Emperor" is alone worthy a visit. Here every colour of the rainbow is depicted, mingling together with most beautiful effect, outrivalling in brilliancy his many former pantomimes. The dresses are exceedingly pretty, and the beautiful wigs that adorn the heads of the fair wearers are made by Mr. Clarkson, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence.

* * *

The answers to puzzles set in last month's LUDGATE will be found at the foot of Puzzledom, on the next page, and the winners will be announced next month. Competitors, when sending in their answers, need not give the working out of puzzles; just the answers, with the corresponding number, will be sufficient.

* * *

The Football Competition looks like being a great success Already I have a large number of entries, and the closing date is the 31st inst.

* * *

"The Experiences of Loveday Brooke," commencing in this number, is the first of a series of clever detective stories, by the well-known Author of "Lady Lovelace."



Puzzledom



8. Take a piece of card, as in figure No. 1, and cut it into *two* pieces, so that by shifting the positions of the two pieces you can form figures No. 2 and No. 3.



No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.



9. A boy had a bag of marbles. He gives half of the marbles plus one to Tom; then he gives half of the remaining marbles plus one more to Harry, and half the remainder plus one to Joe. His bag is then empty. How many marbles had he at first?



CONUNDRUMS.



10. When is a baby like a cup?
11. Would you rather an elephant killed you, or a gorilla?
12. When is a waiter like a clergyman?
13. Why is an author a most wonderful man?
14. Why do little birds in their nests agree?



ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

1. *Because it wants to.*
2. *Because he is faithful to the last.*
3. *When its dripping.*
4. *One is 44, the other 24.*
5. *Because a woman can mak· a fool of him.*
6. *The father is 24 and the son is 6.*
7. (*a*) *Bengal.* (*d*) *Lapland.*
   (*b*) *Ebro.* (*e*) *Idaho.*
   (*c*) *Rubicon.* (*f*) *Nankin.*
   Initials—Berlin. Finals—London.





THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.

"NEITHER OF YOU KNEW THAT I CAME.



The Usurer's Daughter.

By CHARLES J. MANSFORD,
Author of "For Her Husband's Sake," "Shafts from an Eastern Quiver," &c.

IT was a motley throng, indeed, which filled the streets of Mecca. Mingled with the Arabs were Malays, Turks, Persians and even Moors, all happy in the belief that they would partake in the prosperity which was reputed to befall those performing the pilgrimage to the Sacred City.

Upon one of the earthen benches in the barber's booth, sat two of these pilgrims, who had removed the white cotton cloths invariably worn by such until their vows were accomplished. In the name of Allah and Mohammed they had loosened the *Thram*, and now, with beards trimmed and clad in their proper attire, they rested awhile, even though the barber with a courteous: "Pleasure to you," had hinted that their seats ought to have been vacated before.

The elder of the two men was evidently a Moor, judging by his large muslin turban, gay cloak, crimson trousers and brightly-dyed slippers, while the younger was attired as an Arab sheik. Above his flowing and embroidered robe he wore a long white cloak of camel's hair, lined with blue silk, while round his waist passed a silken sash, into which was thrust a crooked dagger, encrusted at the hilt with jewels as befitted his rank. The square of silk which covered the latter pilgrim's head projected over the forehead, throwing a shadow upon his face which long exposure to the eastern sun had deeply bronzed. No one who observed the Eastern gait and gestures which distinguished the sheik would have guessed that the costume which he wore covered an Englishman, Edward Martin by name, who had ventured to Mecca thus disguised and happily escaped detection.

Gifted with a love of adventure Martin had joined the pilgrims; and at last, to his regret, the day had come when it was necessary to leave Mecca and to say farewell to the unsuspecting Moor with whom he was then in close conversation.

"Muzrah," said the Englishman, "the time has come for us to part; yet I remember that you have undertaken this pilgrimage in fulfilment of a vow. So I learnt from you when first we met after kissing the Black Stone of the Kaaba, and yet you helped me to find the sacred pigeons of Mecca."

"Sheik," responded the Moor, "it grieves me to part from such a true follower of Mohammed as you are, and if there is anything you would care to have

XUM

from me as a remembrance, speak, and in Allah's name it is granted."

"Your vow," said Martin. "Tell me of it; for well I know the leagues you had to traverse between Tangier and Mecca the Holy. Before we part tell me your history, that I may know what you have endured, for the furrows on your brow speak silently of cares far beyond your years."

"Peace!" said the Moor, scowling at the barber, who had ventured to renew his wish for them to be gone. "Disturb not with your chatter those blessed ones who have performed the pilgrimage." Then, turning to Martin, the pilgrim continued:

"You shall hear a strange story, then, one that few would credit; but here, just free as I am from the *Thram*, you know that I dare not speak falsely. By the beard of the Prophet I have undergone much; yet who would not have done what I did if for him love could be kindled in such a fair maid as Leah, the daughter of Ben Housa? Hear my story, and judge.

"Yes, I come from fair Tangier, with its whitened houses, upon which the glittering stars look down from an azure sky, and where the soft light of the moon floods the narrow ways in silver streams, shadowing upon them the outlines of leafy palms and wondrous minarets. There dwelt Ben Housa, and there my eyes first fell upon Leah, as I sat one day by an arch which spanned the street, and idly watched the passers-by. Among them I saw one who had long before been pointed out to me as one of the worst of the Jewish usurers in Tangier—Ben Housa. Proudly he moved along, casting glances of contempt upon all from beneath the black cap which he wore. When I saw the unbeliever, I hastily looked away towards the outline of a dark hand painted beside a door close by, to ward off evil things such as he, and then again I dared to gaze upon the Hebrew, and to mark the richness of his robes.

"At that moment my glances fell for the first time upon his daughter, Leah, whose beauty was spoken of at many a fountain side by those who gathered there in the heat of day. A mad love for her sprang up in my heart, while she, on seeing my hardy looks, blushed and modestly drew her veil about her face.

"I watched them pass down the narrow street together, then, having checked the impulse to follow them which arose, I tried to forget the maiden's black eyes and full, red lips—but in vain. The next day, and the next, found me resting by the arch to see if I could get another glimpse of Leah. Towards sunset of the second day I saw her pass once more, still guarded by her sire, who frowned as he detected my glances of admiration directed towards his daughter. Unconsciously I rose and drew nearer to them.

"'Out of the path, thou Moorish dog; make way for thy betters,' he cried fiercely. Maddened by his wanton insult, I sprang towards him and, snatching my sword from its sheath, would have plunged it, even to its jewelled hilt, in his heart, when I saw the eyes of Leah fixed pleadingly upon me, and I paused irresolutely. Then sullenly I moved aside, and the Hebrew swept scornfully by, while I, a True Believer, had been put to such shame!

"Now there lived in Tangier a man whom I had befriended, for I was counted rich as the world's wealth goes, so to him I went, for as you may know, poverty and keen wit are close companions. I told him everything, and he, on hearing that the maiden had not looked upon me unkindly, hit upon a plan by which I might visit her abode. Following the advice which he gave me, I kept within doors for a few days, and caused a rumour to be spread that I had suddenly lost all my wealth. When each man had whispered the supposed secret into his neigh-



"MUZRAH," SAID THE ENGLISHMAN.

bour's ear, I dressed in mean attire and made my way to the abode of Ben Housa, the usurer. Tremblingly I asked for audience with him, saying that if he would see me, I wished to borrow money at good interest and security. After considerable delay I was admitted into his presence, and noticed the smile of scorn which overspread his features as he observed my altered appearance.

"'Is it indeed you?' he asked derisively, as I bowed low before him; 'you, who only a few days ago dared to bar my way in the streets of Tangier, and to grasp your sword ready to slay me? What do you want from Ben Housa, who is always prepared to be of service to those in need?'

"I winced at the bitter tone of his voice; but, remembering my scheme, said humbly:

"'Yes, it is even I. A week ago I was a wealthy man—to-day I am forced to seek a friend. Will you lend me money at interest?'

"'Why should I?' he asked with a laugh. 'Those of your race scorn and insult the Hebrews, yet when you are in need you consider us sufficiently worthy to lend, and so save you from starving. Tell me why I should lend you money before I have you thrust from the house, which your presence profanes.'

"'I am poor, that is why,' I answered. 'What terms will you lend upon?' He made no answer for a moment, then responded:

"'If you can find anyone who will be your security I will lend whatever you require for as much interest in return as the borrowed sum amounts to?' I stared at him as he announced his exorbitant terms.

"'A heavy rate, indeed,' I answered at last, moodily.

"'What would you have?' he asked; 'sooner than die of famine in the streets of Tangier you should be glad to accept any terms. If in two days' time you can find security, come again and the money shall be lent, as I have stated, not otherwise. Take care, too, that you repay me at the time stated, or the darkest dungeon of Morocco which a debtor ever starved in shall be yours.'

"'Be not so hard upon a man in such sore distress,' I cried. 'In two days I shall be dead from famine, already I grow weak from want;' and I grasped at the pillar which supported the fretted ceiling of his audience chamber, and, purposely missing it, fell heavily upon the floor. The noise brought Leah, his daughter, hastily into the room, and, bending over my prostrate form, she looked pityingly upon my wan visage, for I had purposely fasted for some time.

"'See!' cried Housa, with a harsh laugh; 'there he lies, who threatened your father with a sword and whose free glances, girl, I much feared you returned. A pretty lover you have, indeed—a Mohammedan dog and beggar.'

"'Be not so cruel,' said Leah, rebuking him; 'only to-day I heard that he is a Moorish prince who has suddenly lost his wealth.'

"'What!' exclaimed Housa furiously. 'Have you pity to bestow upon one of these hateful Moors? Take care that you do not rouse my anger too much in your zeal for such as he who lies there?' Housa moved forward hastily and pushed his daughter away from the spot where she knelt at my side, but not before I had cautiously touched her hand and thrust into it a fragment of papyrus on which were traced a few words telling her of my hopes and fears. She hid it beneath the folds of her dress, wondering what it might be, and then left the apartment, submissive to her father's commands. I rose and moved slowly to the door by which I had entered.

"'Housa,' I cried feebly; you have an unforgiving heart; but I will come to you again in two days' time, as you say.'

"He pointed to the entrance scornfully as he replied: 'Go, and return not unless your security accompanies you.' And he had me thrust forth, not knowing the plan I was carrying out.

II

When night came, and Housa had retired to dream of his ill-gotten wealth, Leah, his daughter, passed silently down the winding staircase, and, having crossed the threshold, made her way onward through the moonlit streets. Beneath the shadow of a stately mosque I stood, still clad in mean attire, hoping against hope that she would grant the daring request which I had written upon the papyrus. Draped in a dusky, trailing robe, I saw a woman's form draw near; and then, while my heart beat high with hope, the maiden stopped,

and, lowering her veil slightly, revealed the features of Leah! I fell at her feet and humbly touched the hem of her robe, bidding her call me her slave for ever. She motioned to me to rise, and then the maiden faltered forth her sorrow for my fallen fortunes. So sweet in my ears sounded her words of pity that I did not undeceive her, although I stoutly refused the aid which her generous spirit prompted her to offer. I spoke of the friend who had promised to be my security to her father, and of the hope that I had of the restoration, in the future, of my lost wealth. Then the accents of our voices grew softer still, and fast the golden minutes fled, until at last, I walked by her side till she reached Ben Housa's dwelling. Then, with a little sigh of sorrow, she passed from my view like the vision of a dream which melts at the coming of day.

Returning to the humble abode in which I had chosen to dwell for the time, I sat by the open lattice, watching the stars till the grey dawn came stealing up and mantled them about, one by one, till they were gone from my sight and again it was day.

When the sunset of the second day arrived, faithful to my promise to Ben Housa, I approached his presence once more; and having no need of his gold, since in seeing Leah my object had been attained, I declared that my friend would not become a surety after all. Housa, whose thoughts were difficult to fathom, did not treat me in the contemptuous way which he had adopted before, but instead of doing so, he plied me with flattering words until I began to fear his subtle schemes more than I had resented his former arrogance in the streets of Tangier.

"'You are a strange man, Muzrah,' he said, as I reclined near him upon the soft cushions to which he had invited me. 'You must endeavour to forget my churlish manner two days ago; but truly I was indignant, for never, until you did so, have I been threatened with violence in the streets of the city. Assuredly you have a bold heart, which would stand you in good stead in a great adventure.'

"I looked at Housa in surprise, wondering to what his conversation would lead.

"'Have you ever been in El-Medinah?' he asked, pausing to see what effect upon me his question had.

"'Why do you, a Hebrew, to whom the city is an abomination, desire to know?' I said dubiously, for much I mistrusted him.

"'Answer me yes or no, and then I will tell you,' he replied, with a strange smile upon his face.

"'I have,' I responded. 'You who are not a Mohammedan may not know that even children perform the *hajj*, or "Pilgrimage"; but such is the case, although when they reach full age it usually happens that they go again. The route by which I went as a boy passed through El-Medinah to Mecca, and so we visited Mohammed's tomb there.'

"'Ha!' he exclaimed, as if much pleased with the answer I had given, 'so you have seen the Prophet's tomb! Tell me, Muzrah, have you a good recollection of what you saw there in your childhood?' He leant forward, as if to catch every syllable of my answer as I responded.

"'My age then was fifteen years, and at that period of life impressions so received last long. When again I perform the pilgrimage my steps will be turned towards El-Medinah again, for I long to see the Prophet's mosque again.'

"'You are, indeed, a worthy follower of Mohammed,' he continued; but I thought that I could detect a tone of insincerity in his words, for it seemed unaccountable to me that a Hebrew should speak in such terms of one whom, so recently, he had thrust into the street.

"'Little do you know of the Prophet's tomb, or of what may be seen there,' I replied, 'for the unbeliever who ventured there would be discovered and cut down instantly: none but the faithful have seen it. I venture to assert that you are unable to describe what is to be seen there.'

Ben Housa was silent for a minute, then answered:

"'You are wrong, Muzrah; for once a pilgrim who was pressed with debt, after his return, narrated to me what his eyes had rested upon, for not otherwise would he have obtained from me the loan he needed so badly.'

"'There is no need to boast of such a deed,' I exclaimed hotly. 'Yet to you, no doubt, the poverty of another is a golden opportunity.'

"He smiled at me as he replied: 'You speak wisely, Muzrah, for poverty may place a golden opportunity in your own way.'

"'I don't understand,' I cried; 'speak not in riddles; if you have any motive in questioning me concerning El-Medinah,

make your meaning plain, or I will depart,' and I rose to go.

"He smiled again, then said quietly:

"'Behind a wondrous curtain, with an iron grating surrounding it, is a box of ebony covered with elaborately chased silver plates ——'

"'You are describing that in which Mohammed was interred,' I interrupted in astonishment.

"'My information, then, was correct, after all,' said Housa, his dark eyes lighting up with satisfaction. 'It is the curtain before it which interests me most, however. Since you have seen, listen and judge of the correctness of the description given to me of it. Glancing through a small aperture, one's eyes are at first dazzled by the light which is suddenly seen. Growing accustomed to this, there meets the gaze of the true believer a brilliant star of diamonds surrounded by a number of large pearls; this treasure being affixed to the curtain. Do I speak accurately?' he asked, stopping for my answer.

"'Yes,' I replied. 'Yet I would that the false one who told you of this had died of famine rather than have spoken of the glorious pearls to a Hebrew; yet in spite of the lust which such have for them, the Prophet's treasure shall remain at El-Medinah always.'

"'Housa laughed harshly and mockingly as he went on:

"'You said just now that poverty brings a golden opportunity,' misquoting my words; 'now Muzrah—honest, unimpeachable—you, who ventured to meet my daughter under the midnight stars, now your opportunity has come, for, to win my consent, you shall go to El-Medinah and bring me back one of the pearls which adorn the sacred curtain.

"'*Shall go*,' I cried, furious at the thought of the crime to which he wished to goad me. 'You ask me, a Mohammedan, to plunder that tomb and bring back the plunder to you. In the name of the Prophet I answer, NO!'

"We started to our feet together and stood facing each other: I, with a great desire to slay the tempter, glancing at him with eyes that showed the depths to which my soul was stirred—he, with his head bent slightly forward, watching me, with the hateful smile still upon his face. How he had discovered the assignation I could not tell, but I feared his knowledge of it boded little good to Leah.



SHE PASSED FROM MY VIEW.

"'Honest Muzrah,' he continued, as if bent on rousing all the worst of my passions. 'Is it so great a crime to plunder a tomb of a pearl, when you have secretly robbed a father of his child's love and made it your own?'

"For Leah's sake I again tried to control my anger, and clenched my twitching fingers lest they should twine about the Hebrew's throat. 'Why should we taunt each other so?' I cried. 'Mine was the fault, if to love thy daughter be one, seeing that after her glances met mine I could do nothing else. Blame her not; reflect that he who is before you was once a prince in fortune as in title even now. Before I go from your presence, tell me, if I was still as rich as before, and gave you half my wealth, would you bestow your daughter's hand upon me in marriage?'

"'Muzrah,' he answered, 'you ask a strange question, and still bear yourself with the mien of a prince, although you are a beggar. Do you know what this is?' and he held out to my bewildered eyes the parchment which I had thrust into Leah's hand when I simulated weakness and so brought her first into the apartment.

"'The parchment!' I cried. 'Have you dared to take from her the only love message that ever passed between us, unhappy lovers that we are?'

"'Even so,' the Hebrew replied. 'Listen. When Leah passed down the staircase that night, my door was partly open. I had no great desire to sleep when I retired: perhaps your treachery was foreboded to me—at all events, I was awake and clad. I followed her, therefore, to where you stood in the shadow of the mosque, and neither of you knew that I came and went, although once I thrust at you from behind with my dagger, but wiser thoughts prevailed, and I drew the weapon back just as it was about to pierce you. So I waited and watched till Leah returned and entered her room, where I saw her take from her bosom something upon which she pressed her lips, and I wondered what token of love a Mohammedan could give her. When at last sleep closed her eyelids, I entered her room and, moving softly to where she lay, and stooping over her, my fingers touched the parchment. Now, take heed of what I have to say. Remember that my daughter is solely in my power, and that in Morocco, where the laws are lax, a parent may punish disobedience so that the offender lives not long to repeat the misdeed. Will you now agree to bring me the pearl?'



WITH A GREAT DESIRE TO SLAY THE TEMPTER.

"'Will you give me Leah in marriage if you receive a pearl such as that of which you speak?' I asked.

"'So you are willing after all to risk eternal happiness by plundering the Prophet's tomb of this pearl in order to obtain her,' he exclaimed; 'even so far you will offend simply for the love of a woman's dark eyes?'

"'Answer me,' I cried. 'Your daughter for the pearl?—man of greed, speak!'

"'I promise you the hand of Leah in marriage if you bring me the pearl within one year of this day,' he responded; but from his glances I judged that if I perished in such a mad and lawless enterprise his heart would be rejoiced.

"'Tell me,' I continued, 'have you any plan to propose by which I may secure the pearl? You know how carefully the tomb is guarded.' He explained in a few brief sentences his scheme, which in language seemed easy enough to carry out, while in reality there was little hope or chance for its success. I pressed him to summon Leah into his presence, that she might hear the promise he had made. He objected to this at first, but eventually yielded, and his daughter was brought into the apartment.

"'Leah,' I ventured to say, 'your parent has need of my services in securing for him a valuable pearl, which is at present in Arabia. If I succeed in obtaining it, he promises that you shall be my bride.' Housa's daughter murmured a few words of gratitude to him for his unexpected consent, and was then bidden to leave us.

"'I shall not fail to return with the pearl,' I said to the Hebrew when we were alone once more; and, bowing low to him, I departed to carry out my purpose.

III.

"On the next day I set forth from Tangier, having already disposed of my possessions to make my poverty seem real, although I carried a large sum with me. Beyond Egypt I did not go; but, visiting Cairo, I sought out one of whom I had heard, and commissioned him to procure me a pearl, if such could be obtained, of the size I needed. Many visits I paid to his bazaar, and at last the purchase was concluded. So rare was the pearl in hue and great in size, that my wealth was almost all expended in its purchase; then, following the advice which my friend had given, whom I consulted before leaving

Tangier, I concealed the pearl by a stratagem which I had learnt, of which you shall hear when my story is concluded.

"After many months' absence, I returned to Housa once more, and entered his dwelling. He refused to see me that day, and appointed a fixed hour on the next, when accordingly I presented myself. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he looked upon my garments stained with travel, and saw that I walked like one who had been wearied and dispirited with an unsuccessful journey.

"'So you have returned,' he said; 'and I suppose without having obtained the pearl.'

"'You are wrong,' I answered, 'for I have in my possession a most valuable pearl.'"

"He struck a curious gong upon the wall of the apartment, in response to which three of the soldier-police of Tangier entered and seized me from behind. 'The Mohammedan acknowledges that he has the pearl upon him of which I told you. He expressed his intention to me to plunder the tomb of Mohammed, as you have already heard.'

"The chief of the men who had seized me asked: 'Have you a pearl in your possession?'

"I answered in the affirmative.

"'You hear him,' said Housa; 'he owns to the theft; take him from my presence.' I was forced along in spite of my struggles and attempts to explain, until the dreadful prison of Tangier was reached, into which I was thrust, and where I remained without trial among a number of most miserable prisoners. I implored to be tried, but the only answer I could obtain was that the pearl must first be given up, which, after repeated searchings, they had been unable to find upon me. This I refused to do, since it represented almost all my wealth, and soon after I was removed to a stone dungeon without trial, where I was to remain until I obeyed the Sultan's command. A few rays of light which struggled through the bars were scarcely able to dispel the gloom which surrounded me. Upon the flags of the dungeon was strewn a little straw, which deadened the clank of the chain around my ankles. My hands were fettered, too, and I could not move them more than a few inches from each other, as I clutched the miserable fare daily thrust through the bars to me, or drank the muddy water beside me, which my gaoler renewed only at long intervals. At times I threw myself upon the straw sullenly, sometimes I grew childish and played with my heavy chains, but mostly my spirit was racked with the thought of the success of the Hebrew's plot, so that I rose and dashed my shackles furiously upon the stone walls.

"Lying exhausted upon the rustling straw, after one of my fits of frenzy, I saw the door of my prison open and someone enter bearing a torch, followed by two others. They approached me, and, removing my chains, bade me go with them into the presence of the Sultan, for at last my trial had been determined upon, even though I had kept my secret of the whereabouts of the pearl.

"As I entered the august presence, I saw that Housa, my accuser, was already there, and from the smile of scorn, with which he greeted me, I understood that his accusation had received credence.

"'Muzrah,' began the one who was my gaoler, after all had duly prostrated themselves to the Sultan, 'Housa, your accuser, declares that you have a valuable pearl in your possession obtained dishonestly. What answer have you to make to the charge?'

"'I have a pearl in my possession



DASHED MY SHACKLES UPON THE WALLS.

which was not obtained dishonestly,' I replied.

"'How is this?' asked the Sultan. 'Why have you not yet taken the ill-gotten thing from the man?' The gaoler responded that, although I had been searched repeatedly, the pearl could not be found upon me.

"'The pearl was stolen from the curtain before Mohammed's tomb,' added Housa, when the other had given his explanation. I bent low before the Sultan and answered:

"'I have been imprisoned with t trial for a long time; if that were so, then the news of its loss would surely have reached Tangier by this time.'

"'Stay,' said the Sultan. 'We can soon settle that as right or wrong. The Prophet's tomb is at El-Medinah, and some pilgrims went there on their way to Mecca, who are now in the city.' He gave a command to one of the Moors about him, who left the Sultan's presence, returning shortly with a man of high rank in Tangier.

"'You have visited El-Medinah?' the Sultan asked.

"'Less than four months ago, your highness,' answered the Moor.

"'Did you hear of any act of spoliation having taken place at the Prophet's tomb?' The Moor stared in astonishment, while Housa looked correspondingly crestfallen, as he answered:

"'No one, at any time, has dared to touch the treasures there; that I can vouch for by the holy Koran.'

"The Sultan was evidently puzzled; then I obtained permission to tell the whole story, which I did in as clear a manner as possible.

"'Then you love the daughter of Housa?' asked the Sultan, 'and have been put to such straits as these in order to obtain her?'

"'That is indeed true,' I answered.

"'Where is the pearl?' asked the Sultan.

"'Your Majesty,' I responded, 'if you will grant me two requests I will tell you.'

"'You are a man of great spirit to dare ask such a question of me, but I know the princely line from which you spring. If you consent to be searched again before me, and the pearl is not found, yet after that you can show that it is really upon you, I will grant your requests. What are they?'

"'I will name them after the search has been made,' I replied.

"At a motion from the Sultan I was taken aside and underwent a minute examination, but my secret was undiscovered. Again I was taken into the Sultan's presence. He seemed considerably interested, and asked:

"'Tell me what your two requests are?'

"'One is that Housa, my accuser, be compelled to give me his daughter in marriage.'

"'And the second?'

"'That since his daughter is to become my bride, Housa be pardoned for his crime of tempting me to rob Mohammed's tomb.

"'Your first condition I accept; the second is, I fear, impossible.'

"At that moment Leah, whose name I had mentioned to the Sultan in my account, was conducted into his presence, and hearing my request, added her prayers and entreaties, so that at last my desire was granted.

"'Produce the pearl and I will keep my word,' said the Sultan.

"'Give me a dagger,' I said, turning to the nearest Moor. He held it out to me, and, taking it in the right hand, I bared my left arm.

"'What are you about to do?' asked the Sultan in astonishment.

"For reply I drew the dagger along a scar there, and a moment after there fell from the wound which I had made, something which rolled upon the rich carpet. I carelessly bound up my arm, and stooping down picked up the bloodstained pearl!

"'My arm will soon heal,' I said quietly. 'The stratagem which I adopted to secure the treasure is one peculiar to the Wahees from whom, years ago, I chanced to learn it.' The pearl was thrown into a crystal cup of water and afterwards passed to the Sultan to examine.

"'It is magnificent in hue,' he cried. 'What price did the merchant obtain from you for it?' I hesitated to name the sum but at last did so.

"'The pearl shall not leave my palace,' said the Sultan. 'Within an hour the money shall be in your possession,' and the promise was duly kept.

"'Go now, take Leah thy bride, and when next you enter my palace you shall see the pearl, which has been hidden so long, adorning the front of my turban.'

Again I prostrated myself and left the palace, walking with Leah and Ben Housa.

"'I have been sorely punished for trying to keep you apart,' said the latter; and the worst part of my chastisement is that you have saved me from the vengeance of the Sultan.'

"'Let us forget the past,' I cried; and in token of it we clasped each other's hand.

"Then it was that I vowed this pilgrimage;



I BARED MY LEFT ARM.

for by the aid of Allah and the Prophet my fate has been a happy one, since Leah soon after that became my bride."

"Well," said the supposed sheik, as the Moor finished his story. "Your vow of pilgrimage was well taken; may you reach fair Tangier and Leah in safety. Allah guide and prosper you."

The pilgrims embraced in Oriental fashion, and, leaving the barber's booth, departed each on his own journey homeward.

A Tour on the Continent.

(Completed.)

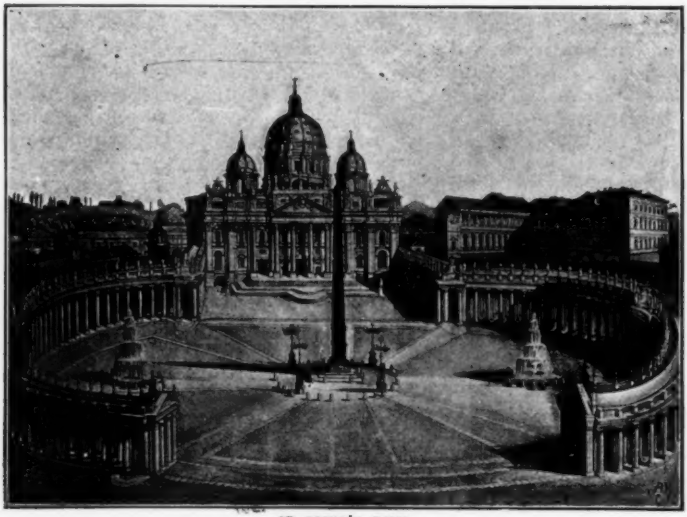
OUR next scene was Rome, and it is needless to say we looked forward with eagerness to our visit to the eternal city. We left Florence and passed through Chiusi, the ancient Clusium, one of the twelve Etruscan cities which waged war against ancient Rome. Here Porsena lived. No doubt my readers will remember the opening lines in Macaulay's "Horatius":

> "Lars Porsena of Clusium
> By the Nine Gods he swore," etc.

A very fine museum of Roman and Etruscan antiquities is to be found here; but, as we did not stop, we could not visit it. Porsena's tomb is also supposed to be here. Pliny, in his writings, mentions it.

Passing through Orvieto, a large town, we entered the valley of the Tiber. How full of interest the whole journey was: every town, every village teeming with historical reminiscences. Farther on we passed the ancient town of Cures, in the Sabine country. Here Numa Pompilius first saw the light of day. Now we get a glimpse of Rome in the distance, the dome of St. Peter's being distinctly visible; again it appears, this time to remain. We make a long detour round the city, and eventually we arrive—we are at last in Rome! Rome, the city on the seven hills, what memories thou callest forth. Scene after scene of ancient history passes before our mind's eye. Our Livy, our Cicero, our Cæsar, our Sallust, our schoolboy and college days, all are with us once more. The names of Servius, Tarquin, Agrippa, Appius Claudius, Clodius, Augustus, Flavius, Antonius, Brutus, Cæsar, all have their places in thy history. Romulus and Remus may have been a mythological tale, but thy present beauties and sights are linked together with the glorious names and memories of thy never-to-be-forgotten past.

Our first visit was to St. Peter's, where we witnessed the celebration of High Mass. There was a great crowd of bishops and priests, with attendant acolytes, and a full surpliced choir, but a very poor and meagre congregation, and these, for the most part, of the poorest class. The crowd of sightseers stood outside and at the threshold of the doors, and looked on while the congregation came and went. There was the usual restless movement of the priests and



ST. PETER'S, ROME.

attendant deacons and acolytes, from one side of the altar to the other; the constant changes of position, the frequent turning and bowing, which make the Romish ritual such a contrast to the quiet peacefulness of the Protestant service. I did not care for the singing: two men, with falsetto voices, did duty as soprano and alto. At the end of the service there was a splendid procession, first of men in cassocks of red, then others dressed in purple, with white surplices edged with lovely lace, then bishops in purple with deep mantles, and finally the three officiating priests in white satin and gold vestments, walking under a canopy.



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

It was a sorrowful day for the Romish Church, for it was the anniversary of the marriage of Rome to Italy, and the houses bore flags, while in the evening the squares were filled with excited throngs, listening to the bands playing Garibaldi's hymn. We went to the Piazza Colonna, where a very fine band plays, and the sight was impressive. The people were packed together round the elevated bandstand, and when Garibaldi's hymn was played, the cheering was so loud and continuous that it, the hymn, was repeated, the bandsmen seeming to be as much carried away by enthusiasm as the people.

I shall not try to describe St. Peter's. It is magnificent, and its noble dome is a wonder. There is an astonishing amount of gilding, fresco painting, inlaid work and statuary inside, some of the latter, by Canova, being masterpieces, while a great portion is very mediocre. There is a great



CLOISTERS OF ST PAUL'S, ROME.

want of stained glass, which makes the building look bare and cold. Under the centre of the dome stands a circular open crypt, called the Confessio, with the figure of a kneeling Pope, and round this there are eighty-nine brass lamps, made in the form of branches and flowers. These detract very much from the beauty of the enclosure: they are kept perpetually alight. Just beside these rises a lofty bronze canopy, very massive and ornate, but tasteless, supported on four bronze pillars, the material for which was taken by one of the Popes from the Pantheon. Under the canopy is an altar built over the tomb of St. Peter. Close by, at the right end of the nave, just at the entrance to the choir, stands the famous bronze statue of St. Peter, dating back to the fifth century. It represents the apostle in a sitting posture, with the right foot advanced, and this is the foot which is kissed by the faithful, and with so much devotion that the toes are quite worn away. Behind the High Altar stands the Tribune, where there is another massive work in bronze—a throne enclosing St. Peter's wooden chair. Everything is on the most massive scale and highly ornamented, but not in a style to please an English taste. The dome is the most striking feature, and is very effectively decorated with both mosaics and frescoes. The *tout ensemble* is magnificent, and the mind is deeply impressed by the splendour of the whole edifice, the cost of which must have been enormous. The ascent of the dome rewards you with a very fine view of the gardens and buildings of the Vatican, which adjoin St. Peter's. The cathedral is shown to great advantage by having a large circular piazza, containing fountains, before it. This piazza has two semicircular colonnades on the sides, which lead up direct to St. Peter's. We spent the whole forenoon in this grand building, and felt much rewarded for the care with which we examined it. We spent the afternoon at the Colosseum, the Palatine Hill and the Forum Romanum. I cannot find words to express the solemn feelings with which I approached these spots, so deeply and intimately connected with all the past history of the Roman



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, ROME.

people. All the old legends and tales and poems came thronging around me, and I went from one place of interest to another, feeling that I was treading on holy ground.

Very fortunately for us we engaged a guide, and he proved a perfect treasure. A quaint old man, with a surprising knowledge of his subject, strong opinions of his own on religion and politics and a great admiration for Rome, ancient and modern, but not the Rome of the Papal power. When he saw we knew something of our history and took an intelligent interest in all we saw, he waxed eloquent. He drew us a careful plan of Rome, in each of its stages, and at one point he stopped us and said: "Look around you; you see four Romes. This, where we stand, that of the power of the sword, material power; the second (pointing to the catacombs), that of the power of love; the third, to which I shut my eyes, ecclesiastical Rome, ruled by spiritual tyranny, ideal power; and the fourth, the 'baby Rome,' just beginning to walk alone, and full of promise for the future." He was most bitter against the Papacy, as, indeed, I found many Italians, and he told us that the greatest enemy to all the old monuments in Rome was the Church, which had carried away columns, bronzes, material of all kinds to build up the different churches. He showed us various spots famous in tradition, but always warned us that we were not obliged to believe them unless we liked. He expressed the greatest admiration for "Shakespeare," from whom he actually quoted! But he said the bard was wrong in one fact concerning Cæsar's death, which he had made take place in a wrong locality.

It was most interesting to go from one place to another, tracing the several palaces, of which there are five or six, and afterwards into the Forum, from one temple to another. We saw the monument of a Vestal virgin, who had her name erased because she had broken her vows, a very suggestive sight. We stood at the foot of the pulpit from which Mark Antony delivered his famous oration :—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones," etc.

We conjured up the bleeding body of Cæsar and the clamorous throng of citizens swaying backwards and forwards, as moved by Mark Antony's appeal.

We saw where the stern Brutus condemned his sons to death; where the chaste Lucretia's body had been shown to the people, and also the place where poor Virginia lost her innocent life. Once more Macaulay's picture passed before my mind, Virginius grasping his daughter, Virginia, by the one hand, while he held



CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

aloft in the other hand a butcher's cleaver:

"'And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.'
With that he lifted high the steel and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob, she died."

We passed along the Via Sacra, reserved for the progress of the triumphant general, and here our guide slyly said to me, "Caractacus found this a Via Dolorosa." Clever old man!

The Castello Angello was originally the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian. Some four hundred years after, when the Goths attacked Rome, the Romans converted this mausoleum into a fortress. Pope Gregory the Great is said to have seen the Archangel Michael here. There are several dungeons, and among many prisoners said to have been incarcerated here I may mention Cagliostro and Cellini.



THE HORNED MOSES.

The memories which cling round the Colosseum are of quite another nature. It is a grand ruin, and is especially impressive by moonlight. This was originally the Amphitheatrum Florium, and is still one of the most imposing structures in the world. It was finished by the Emperor Titus more than one thousand eight hundred years ago. The opening ceremonies consisted of gladiatorial combats and chariot races, etc. The festivities lasted over three months, and during this period five thousand animals were killed. The seating accommodation was tolerably large, some eighty-seven thousand people finding room at one time. It was in the eighth century its name was changed to the Colosseum, which then contained a colossal statue of Nero. In what is still preserved can be seen very excellent specimens of the three orders of pillars, viz, Corinthian, Doric and Ionic. Prophets in the eighth century prophesied thus:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

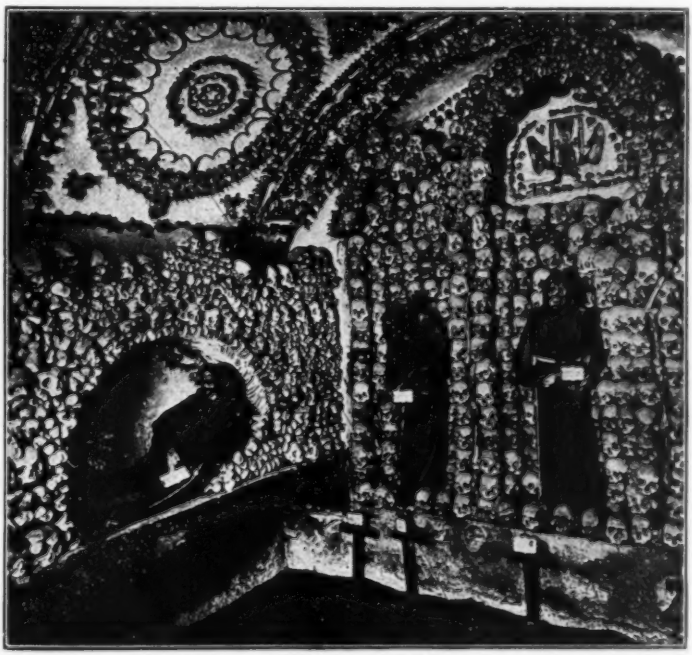
From the top of the Palatine we looked down on the Palace of Septimus Severus, on the Circus Maximus, where once the great games and equestrian shows took place; it is now covered with gasometers, and is an unpleasantly smelling place. From the same elevated spot we saw the far-stretching ruins of imperial Rome, the baths of Caracalla, the aqueduct of Claudius, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and among them the Catacombs, the refuge of the persecuted Christians under the Cæsars.

Our next visit was to the Church of St. Peter in Vincole, the two most interesting facts connected with which are the possession of St. Peter's chains and the renowned statue of the horned Moses.



THE SACRED STEPS.

The statue stands at the end of the right aisle, and is part of the monument of Julius II. The drapery is especially remarkable. The face does not agree with my conception of the "man Moses," nor does the mouth seem to me to be expressive of the meekness which was his chief characteristic, and I object to the length of his beard. It is very audacious of me to criticise such a masterpiece, but in doing so I am only trying to unfold to you, my reader, the ideas which passed through my mind. The church of St. John's Lateran is the principal church in Rome, after the time of Constantine the Great. It contains a most beautiful canopy in the centre, under which rest the relics of many saints, including the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and having built into its altar an old table, said to have been used as an altar by St. Peter. At the high altar, in this church, no one but the Pope himself celebrates high mass. Adjoining is the Lateran museum, where, in what was for long a residence of the Popes, is gathered together a very fine collection of sculptures, including some sarcophagi in a very beautiful state of preservation. Here also is the statue of Sophocles, which is considered one of the most beautiful portrait statues in existence, and is so highly valued that its pedestal is arranged to turn on a pivot, so that all parts may be carefully studied. From the Museum to the Baptistery was only a few steps, and we entered with interest what is said to have served as the model for all subsequent Baptisteries. Constantine the Great



THE CHAMBER OF SKULLS.

is said to have been baptised here by Pope Sylvester. The building is octagonal; and the roof is supported by large columns of porphyry, the gift of Constantine. On the right is the Oratory of St. John the Baptist, into which no woman is allowed to obtrude her unhallowed foot, because, said the smiling sacristan, "the Saint lost his life through a woman's hatred." The doors of this oratory are bronze, and, as they move stiffly in their marble settings, they give forth a musical sound, going through the common chord; the peculiar thing being that the pitch of one door is an octave higher than the other. Our last visit in the neighbourhood was to the Scala Santa, or Sacred Steps, said to have been trodden by our Saviour when He went up to the Palace of Pilate at Jerusalem. These steps, twenty-eight in number, and of white marble, were brought here by the Empress Helena, and are only to be ascended on the knees. The steps have been so worn away during fifteen hundred years that they are now protected by a covering of wood, through openings of which the marble can be seen. As I stood looking up these stairs, up which an old white-headed woman was with great difficulty making her way, kissing each step as she went, I seemed to see a monkish figure doing the same thing, and, suddenly, in the midst of his self-imposed task starting up and abandoning it; for it was here, while so engaged, that Luther said he heard a voice saying to him: "The just shall live by Faith," and that he gave up the thought of salvation by works. The sight of these places seemed to give life to what was before only an idea. Before coming to these interesting and revered places we had visited the Pantheon, the most perfectly-preserved of all Rome's ancient monuments, which, though shorn of much of its pristine beauty, is still a grand and noble relic of the past. In it lie its founder, M. Agrippa and Victor Emmanuel, the uniter of his country; and here also rests Raphael as well as several other artists. After visiting the Thermæ (baths) of Caracalla, now a ruin, but enough of which remains to show how magnificent they must have been, we went to the Catacombs of St. Callistus, a very different scene; for these dark and dreary vaults were not only the last resting-place of the persecuted Christians, but were also their cities of refuge during their lives. They are now under the care of the Monks of La Trappe, whose rule of silence is here in abeyance. The catacombs are simply narrow passages hewn out of the rock, opening every here and there into rooms, which not only served as chapels, but also as family burial vaults. It was saddening to think of people living in these gloomy shades shut out from the light of day. Over a million bodies were buried here.

In the Vatican we saw many fine pictures and frescoes and works of art by Raphael, Michael Angelo, etc. In the Capitoline Museum we saw the "Dying Gladiator," a replica of which we saw in Paris. Another statue of great beauty was the Capitoline Venus, discovered in almost perfect preservation Leaving this museum, we went to two churches, that of St. Maria Maggiore and St. Paolo fuori le Mura. In the former is said to be preserved five boards from the manger at Bethlehem. It is one of the oldest churches in Christendom. It contains a picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke on a board, and the body of St. Matthew. Over the entrance to this church stands the Loggia, from which the Pope used annually to pronounce the benediction on the 15th of August (Fête of the Assumption) A long drive brought us to the church of St. Paolo. Here are many objects of interest. Medallion portraits in mosaic of the Popes are to be seen. The canopy over the altar rests on four beautiful yellow and white alabaster pillars, presented by the Khedive of Egypt, with bases of malachite, the gift of the Emperor of Russia. Much interest attaches to one of the side chapels, of which there are four, for at its altar Ignatius Loyola and his followers took their vows, so this may be regarded as the cradle of that powerful order, the Jesuits.

Our last morning in Rome was spent in the Pincio, "the hill of gardens," from which a most perfect view of Rome and its surroundings may be obtained. Here stood the garden of Lucullus, associated with the orgies of the infamous Messalina, and on its slopes at the present day stand the Villa Borghese and Villa de' Medicis. Close beside the Pincio is the church of St. Maria del Popolo, on the site of the burial place of Nero. Besides many fine pictures, mosaics, stained glass and monuments, this church contains a chapel in honour of St. Mary of Loretto, constructed under Raphael's direction. Not far from it stands the Augustine monastery, in

which Luther lodged during his stay in Rome.

We went on from Rome to Naples and after an interminable drive we got to our hotel. The Metropole is a perfectly beautiful situation facing the sea, with a good view of Vesuvius at one side. We were out early next morning, to get tickets for both Vesuvius and Pompeii, and here began the worry with the cabbies. We were followed everywhere by these men, who importuned us to take their vehicles, and it was perfectly useless saying "No," for they persisted until they saw us safely seated in a carriage at the hotel, and then only did they leave us. Away we went up to the mountain railway, the Funicolare, which now belongs to Messrs. Cook and Son. We had a good, intelligent driver, who spoke French, and explained to us what were the objects we saw along the way. Driving through the streets as we did, we were able to study the manners and customs of the Neapolitans in their homes, and I can say, with the traveller of old, "manners they have none, and their customs are most objectionable." I never saw anything to equal the dirt and squalor of the streets and their inhabitants. With a frankness, which may be charming to the student of human nature, but is rather appalling to a weak-minded passer-by, the Neapolitan carries on all the operations of domestic life in the streets. Women perform their own toilet and that of their children on the pavement; food is cooked and eaten, the family washing, not over clean or too fastidiously whole, is suspended from lines stretched across the fronts of the houses, from balconies and even along the pathway; various trades are carried on, as boot-making and cobbling. The vendors of fruit, fish and vegetables all have their barrows in the street, and as the refuse and garbage are all thrown down into the street, the smell becomes intolerable as the day goes on. On all sides one is pestered by beggars and sellers of useless and trumpery curiosities, who refuse to believe you *can* be in earnest in refusing their wares. Everyone is glad to get out of Naples, for the people are most dishonest and treacherous, and, indeed, I have never seen a more villainous-looking set.

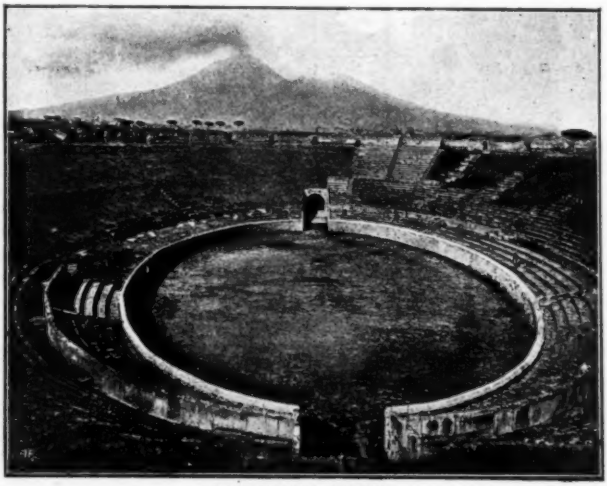


FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

We enjoyed the drive up Vesuvius exceedingly. It lasted four hours, the road winding gradually up till we reached the wide stretches of lava, and after a toilsome drag among them, the railway.

The slopes were clothed with vines trained over trellis work, from which hung bunches of purple grapes in rich clusters. From these the famous "Lacrima Christi" wine is made. The soil is entirely volcanic, and is of marvellous fertility. Our driver showed us the track taken by the lava in successive eruptions, and it was astonishing to see how far the molten rock had flowed and what an extent of country was covered with it. We had a good view of the bay and towns built along its shores, which constitute the chief charm of Naples. It was long past mid-day before we reached the railway, which carries one to within one hundred and fifty yards of the active cone of the volcano. After a lunch, which we much needed, we got into the railway car,

and were drawn up by a wire rope worked over drums. One carriage came down and the other ascended at the same time, and when we were midway, we both stopped, and the passengers changed cars, ours descending while we went up in that of the other visitors. At the top we had a scramble over very soft, yielding, black sand, from which clouds of dust arose. Men with straps over their shoulders offered us their assistance, but we declined, nor could we be persuaded to take a porte-chaise, much to the bearer's disgust. We walked across the late crater, from which steam and hot air were issuing in various parts, and so on to the active cone, into the crater of which we tried to look, but could not, for the clouds of blinding white steam and sulphurous smoke which came forth. We dared not go too near, for the brink is very treacherous; and only last year a tourist lost his life from the edge giving way and precipitating him into the depths below. In many places the ground was covered with incrustations of sulphur, and from the many cracks came a peculiar hissing sound as of escaping steam or rushing water. The view from the top was most extensive, and we were able to distinguish Pompeii at our feet, far away in the distance. On our way to Vesuvius we turned aside to see Herculaneum, over which stand two cities, Resina and Portici, and it is the existence of these cities which makes it impossible to remove the lava with which the city was overwhelmed. It was nightfall ere we returned from our wanderings.



AMPHITHEATRE, POMPEII.

The next morning we rose early to catch the train to Pompeii. The run is along the sea-coast, and is very enjoyable in the early morning. When we reached the ruined city we found a very large company, all eager to explore.

It was a strange and new sensation to walk through the deserted streets, with their roofless and ruined houses, temples and market-places. The streets were all paved with blocks of lava, and were crossed at intervals by large, round stepping-stones. Between these could be seen the deep ruts worn by the chariot wheels as they were roughly drawn along the uneven streets, which must have been water-courses as well in the rainy weather. In the days of its splendour, Pompeii must have been a gay and brilliant city, for the frescoes and mosaics and statues preserved in the Museum at Naples, show how lovely were the decorations with which the wealthy Romans and Neapolitans loved to adorn their country houses. All houses of importance were built on the same plan. A vestibule, or entrance, led into an uncovered atrium, in the centre of which stood a pond, and round which were arranged the men's sleeping rooms. From the atrium, and facing the vestibule, led the tablium, or men's sitting-room and the dining-room; behind these stood the garden, with its fountain, statues and trees, enclosed by a covered verandah, called the peristyle, into which all the women's bedrooms opened. In all the rooms the floors were paved with mosaic, and the walls were covered with plaster, either black or deep red, though green, yellow and other colours were used, polished to imitate marble, and upon these were painted various pictures, such as Bacchantes dancing, the Muses, or other women and goddesses, with flying and

diaphanous drapery, some almost nude, some draped. There were also scenes from mythology and the most dainty and attractive paintings and mosaics of birds, animals, fruits, etc. The mosaics were very fine and very superior to most that I have seen in the churches of later workmanship. Some of the paintings were coarse, both in subject and execution, and all showed how licentious the age was. The mosaics of the floor were of a coarser workmanship, as might have been expected. At some of the doors were "avete," "cave canem," with a dog or else a bear, while the mosaics of the dining-rooms were made to imitate a floor strewn with remains from the table, the bones of fowls, heads of shrimps and fish, leaves of salad, etc. The doors were mostly sliding ones, which moved in deep grooves in the stone which formed the threshold. There were no windows in our sense of the word, but some of the roofs that remain (as in the baths) are pierced by a circular opening, which slants in under the roof. In all the gardens statues were found, of both marble and bronze. As we stood at the theatre and looked up, we could easily understand how the destruction had come about. The eruption was from the peak called Mount Somma, which at the present day is lower than Vesuvius. There is a great deal of suppressed activity in the latter, for the day we made our ascent there was a steady flow of lava from one of the fissures half-way down the mountain. On returning from Pompeii, we went to the Museum, where we fully realised, from the inspection of the treasures contained there, how beautiful the buried city must have been.

Naples was the most curious of all the towns we saw: it was quite usual to see three horses yoked together; then, again, horses and oxen were to be seen drawing the same equipage, and mules and donkeys were similarly employed. The Neapolitan horses were miserable creatures, thin and badly kept; indeed, the people seemed too lazy for anything so prosaic as looking after their animals. After seeing (and smelling) Naples, a new and terrible meaning is given to the proverb, "Vidi Napoli e mori," for surely few could hope to survive a prolonged residence in that filthy town.

In Rome are to be seen monuments to the last three Stuarts. James III., Charles III. and Henry IX, as well as one to the young Pretender's wife. Keats and the heart of Shelley are both buried in Rome.

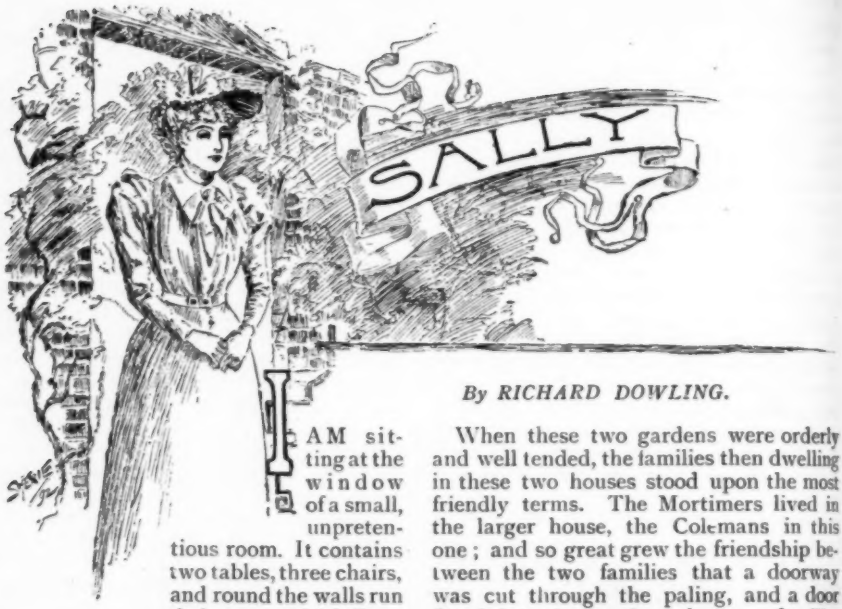
One of the curiosities at Rome is the buried vaults of the Capuchin monks. There are five small rooms, one of which is used as a Chapel, and around these are arranged in patterns, the bones of long since departed brethren. The picture depicts the chamber of heads; in some of the others, quite pretty effects are obtained by arranging the ribs, femurs, etc. in floral patterns. This seems to have been a common practice with the Capuchins, for there are similar chambers at Naples. The country south of Rome, between that city and Naples, seemed wonderfully fertile and well cultivated; we passed through miles of vines trained up poles, as hops are in Kent, and we saw regular plantations of olives, chestnuts, etc.

Everything must have an end and my wanderings also; here I turned, homeward-bound once more for busy London. If my notes and descriptions of scenes and places have afforded any one of my readers one tithe of the pleasure I derived from seeing the sights, then, indeed, I shall not have taken up my pen in vain, to write "A Tour on the Continent."

EPHATHA.



POMPEIAN POTTERY.



By RICHARD DOWLING.

I AM sitting at the window of a small, unpretentious room. It contains two tables, three chairs, and round the walls run shelves, on which lies a collection of books of no great value. The floor is stained oak colour ; a sober green paper covers the four walls. A green holland blind shuts out the window, for it is night. A fire burns in the grate, a shaded lamp upon the table. All the household except myself is asleep. The mistress, the little ones and the servants have gone to bed long ago.

If I raised the green holland blind at my elbow, and put out the gas, I could see dimly what lies beyond the window. But I have looked out of this window many times, and know all that may now be seen, and much connected with that place which never can be seen again.

There is nothing very striking abroad ; merely the small garden at the rear of this small suburban London house, and at the other side of a wooden paling the larger garden of a larger London suburban house backing it.

The house behind is idle. No one has lived in it for years. The gardens of both houses have fallen into decay ; one because there is no one to look after it, and the other because the person who ought to look after it is indifferent—or worse. Any neighbour who has lived within view for a few years will be able to tell you that these two gardens were at one time as carefully kept as the best within twenty miles of St. Paul's.

When these two gardens were orderly and well tended, the families then dwelling in these two houses stood upon the most friendly terms. The Mortimers lived in the larger house, the Colemans in this one ; and so great grew the friendship between the two families that a doorway was cut through the paling, and a door fitted into it, so that the two families might have uninterrupted intercourse with one another.

At that time the family of William Mortimer consisted of himself, his wife, and his only child—Alice ; the family of John Coleman, of himself, his wife and only child—Sally. Both girls were of about the same age. The elder people were more than friendly neighbours, they behaved towards one another as cordial familiars. But the chief bond between the two houses consisted in the affection of the two young girls for one another ; they were like sisters.

Alice was of the medium height, dark, and remarkable for the quiet beauty of her face and a rounded and perfected figure. Sally was tall, slender, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and full of light-hearted cheerfulness. The sight dearest to the elder people of both houses was that of Alice and Sally walking arm-in-arm round one or other of the gardens. For years the two families had been neighbours, and the girls had grown inseparable. Everyone admired Alice for her beauty ; but although Sally did not own regular features, she was a great favourite with all who knew her, and her parents idolised her.

Her father, who had business in the City, was a man then getting into years. He had married late in life, and was, when his daughter reached her eighteenth year,

in his sixtieth. He had been a silent, retiring man, much wrapped up in his business, and never given to demonstrativeness. He was somewhat taciturn and distant in his manner. In business he had the name of being honest and uncompromising; and, although he made little or no show of his feelings in his home, he dearly loved his wife and only child, Sally.

It will not be necessary to dwell at any length on the love Coleman bore his wife; but, as this is the history of an episode in Sally's life, a few words may be said of the way in which he regarded her.

The freshness of youth had left him when Sally came to him. She was the first young thing he had known intimately in his middle life. He had been educated at home, and his home had been the house of an uncle and aunt, a childless pair much older than his father and mother, both of whom had died when he was an infant.



ALICE AND SALLY ARM-IN-ARM.

Children brought up in the houses of elderly and childless aunts and uncles are always older-minded than those reared in their own homes. In such houses there are no echoes, however remote, of departed child-life. There are no marks on the walls or doors, no beds in the garden, no old rocking-horse in the store-room to tell of little hands quieted for ever, or little hands that have grown beyond the grasp of childish frolic or childish mischief. There are no reminiscences of youthful tempers or precocities. All things seem to have been always the same. The uncles and aunts show no signs of having been ever young. There is no suggestion of progress or development. The future and the past are blank alike.

In such a home John Coleman grew from boyhood to adolescence, without any marked consciousness of the transition period through which he was passing. He suddenly found himself a young man without any boyish or childish record. Although he knew, as a matter of fact, that he was young, he felt upon him the sobriety and discretion of age. He was young in years, in nothing more. He cared not for gaiety, or the pleasures proper to his season of life. Without being soured, he was cramped. During working hours he was attentive to his business. When the office was shut, he went home and spent his leisure with his books.

John Coleman's business hours were spent in his uncle's office in the City, thus the circle of dulness was complete.

At last, when Coleman was eight-and-twenty, his uncle died, leaving him a share in the business. Years went by, and in the end Coleman's aunt died, and he found himself absolutely alone in the world. Later he married, and ever since his marriage has lived in this house, where his wife and the little ones now lie sleeping.

When he married his wife, she was no longer young: she had passed her thirtieth year. Like himself, she was of a sober nature, and in all essentials his married life differed little from his single life, except that after dinner he now read his book in his own dining-room, while his wife sat by, instead of alone in his bedroom at his uncle's house.

In time a baby-girl was born and named Sally. At first, for a year or two, Coleman took little notice of the child. He was in easy circumstances by this time,



HE TOOK HER ON HIS KNEE.

and told his wife to see that the little thing had every comfort and attention befitting their position. But he contented himself with routine inquiries and occasional glances.

His wife one morning, greatly to his amazement—for he had not heeded the flight of time—told him that Sally was two years old that day.

Sally dined with her father and mother that day. She was allowed to remain up specially for the occasion. Coleman had never seen her for so long before. For the first time in his life he that evening took her on his knee. For the first time in his life he ran his hand through her curly, flaxen hair. For the first time in his life he looked long and curiously into her large, merry blue eyes. For the first time in his life he kissed her little hand as it lay in his. For the first time in his life he felt her arms cling about his neck. The beauty of her fresh, sweet youthfulness grew about him like a charm. To touch her soothed and cheered him. What could equal the pleasure of watching her and thinking to himself she was his—his own? It had been his duty to cherish her; henceforth it would be his joy.

What strange value his prosperity now took in his eyes! Money, which hitherto had seemed only a means of carrying on business successfully and satisfying tradesmen, had now acquired a new aspect for him. It had ceased to be the slave of ordinary folk, and had been created his high handmaiden.

Sally had a doll that closed its eyes when it lay down.

That night he stole up to the room where Sally slept, and, having raised the gas, he went over to the little cot where she lay. Half her curly head was concealed. He turned back the white counterpane. His little baby-girl lay on her back. The eyes were closed, and she was breathing so quietly he could scarcely hear her, although he bent low over the cot. In the loop of her left arm rested her dolly, its eyes closed also. He kissed the forehead of the sleeping baby, dimmed the gas, stole away to his book-room—the one in which I now am—and in the dark sat there for hours, musing over his child.

That evening and night were the beginning of the great love John Coleman conceived for his daughter, Sally, and from that time forward he looked on her and the world with a new eye from a new standpoint.

She was the first young being that had ever come near him. She had come to him in his mature manhood, and when life had already begun to seem narrowing around him. The manner of his bringing up and of his whole life had tended to make him unspeculative in all subjects, himself included. He had been successful in business; he had married a woman younger than himself, but not absolutely young. He had made a handsome settlement upon his wife. His will was in the hands of his solicitors; and although thirty years of life might still be before him, he was in no way curious as to what those years might bring, nor would the immediate approach of death have filled him with overwhelming regrets or terrors. His life had been cold, dull, uneventful; and he did not regard with great anxiety the possibility of that life running on much longer or being suddenly cut short. He had played no game but the poor one of living, and in that he felt no absorbing interest.

Now all was changed. The past fell back from him like an old robe that had encumbered without comforting him. The

present became supremely vitalised, and the future glowed before him as the Promised Land in the imagination of the Israelites of old.

His wife was of mature years and settled habits. Her sentiments, her intellect, her manners had long ago taken final shape, and would be modified in only a trifling degree by events now rising. But here was Sally, young Sally, baby Sally, soft and plastic to the hand. What a new feeling it was to have the privilege of directing a fresh mind—of fashioning a new nature! And then the being over whom he had acquired this wondrous power was his own, his own child—his own sweet little baby Sally!



EDWARD GARTON.

From that day John Coleman altered visibly. He ceased to be the retiring, taciturn man of old. He took an active interest in things passing around him. His neighbours became to him, in his mind, his friends. His house and all that was in it and around it took new colour and haunted him pleasantly. In the evenings now Sally came in with the sweets to the table, and stayed a while after dinner. When Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were alone—and they very rarely saw company—they never used the drawing-room, but sat the whole evening in the comfortable dining-room. Formerly he never spoke of household matters, and if his wife said anything about things of local interest, he would reply briefly and then take up his book. Now all this was changed. Often he never opened a book of an evening, but chattered until bed-time about the most trivial matters occurring in the district; for did not his little Sally live there, and was not everything occurring within the scope of her observation of consequence and prime interest, because it exercised an influence, no matter how slight, over her?

And so the days slid into months, and months into years, and Sally grew and prospered. These were happy days for John Coleman, and he made no secret of his happiness, but told any one to whom he mentioned the matter that he loved his little girl and that she loved him, and that she was the sweetest, and the brightest, and the gayest little maid in London.

Before he could believe it she was seven, and then in what seemed even a shorter time than those seven years she was thirteen, promising soon to be a tall, graceful young woman. And now his love and the cherishing ardour of his nature increased a thousandfold. He became jealous of her. Soon she would be a young woman, and then some one—some unknown and hateful one—would come and woo her and take her away from him, and leave his hearth bereft of her vivid youthfulness. It was when this thought first came with crushing weight into his mind that he spoke to Mr. Mortimer about the advantage of having a door of communication between the two gardens, that by such means their daughters might more easily enjoy the society of one another; the two families had been friends for years. Mr. Mortimer was delighted with the suggestion.

So the doorway was cut and fitted with a door which had no other fastening than a latch, and the two young girls of the houses could meet as often as they pleased without formality or going into what may be called the exterior air. The elder members of the families enjoyed also the new facilities of intercourse, and nothing was commoner in the fine summer time than to find a party of four elderly folk playing whist in one of the two houses, while the two young girls, arm-in-arm, walked about the modest grounds.

Looking from the room in which I now sit, Mortimer's house had on the right a coach-house and stables. In front, that is at the side, remote and invisible, there is a small carriage-drive, and, bending across the front of this house, the drive leads to the coach-house and stables. If you pass in at the stable door, you enter the garden at the back through a small door. Once in that garden, nothing prevents you com-

ing into this garden but a door secured by only a latch, which may be raised at either side of the door. These arrangements were as now when Sally Coleman was eighteen years of age, and when she was eighteen years of age an unusual event occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer had a guest, a young man visitor, named Edward Garton.

He was a short, broad-shouldered young man of four or five-and-twenty; pale-faced, collected-looking, self-satisfied, and very quiet. He was a distant cousin of the Mortimers, and had come to London on business likely to keep him in town for some time.

"I warn you," said Mortimer to Coleman with a smile, "I warn you against Edward Garton. Sally must not fall in love with him, for our Alice is as good as engaged to him. The young people have not yet, I believe, said anything to one another, but ——" and here he stopped and shook his head and smiled, as though to say all was as good as settled between the young people.

By one of those coincidences which are only remarkable because of the frequency of their occurrence, it so fell out that John Coleman became, in the way of business, acquainted with the matter which had brought Edward Garton to London, and, upon the knowledge so acquired formed a very poor estimate of that young man's character. The nature of the case and the means by which he gained the information did not warrant him in saying anything to his friend Mortimer about it. A young man may do a silly or even a wicked thing, and repent and fall no more; but while Coleman found himself under no obligation to divulge to Mortimer the secret he had discovered, he was not in his own home sparing of his opinion of Edward Garton. He did not go into particulars, but he said he had formed a very poor estimate of the young man.

For upwards of two months Edward Garton stayed with the Mortimers. Nothing definite had been arranged between Garton and Alice; indeed, the chance of an understanding between the young people daily decreased, and for this John Coleman was sincerely glad, because he loved Alice as though she were his own child, and he thought the woman who married Garton would have a life of misery before her.

At length the day for Garton's departure came. To the great joy of John Coleman he learned from William Mortimer in the City that morning that Garton had not spoken to Alice, and that if he had, Alice would to a certainty reject him. Mortimer was delighted. He told Coleman that they, too, had found out this young man, and that they were pleased he was going away, and that they thought his departure a good riddance.

Never in all his life did Coleman go home with a lighter or gayer heart than



SHE CARRIED A YOUNG CHILD IN HER ARMS AND LED ANOTHER.

that evening. He had bidden good-bye to Garton before setting out for town, and now, when he got back, he should find the home and neighbours he loved so well relieved of that man's odious presence.

He opened the front-door with his latch-key, left his hat in the hall, and went into the dining-room, where he found his wife alone.

"Where is Sally?" he asked.

Without looking up his wife handed him a letter.

Sally had been a fortnight married to Edward Garton, and had fled with him that day.

Four years passed and John Coleman never heard a word of his daughter Sally. He desired to hear nothing of her. His heart was broken. He went back to his old, dark, taciturn ways, and spent most of his evenings in the room I am now writing in. The Mortimers left the house backing this one, and it has never found a tenant since.

One night as he sat alone reading, he heard a noise in the garden of the empty house. He raised the blind and looked out. He saw coming through the doorway between the two houses the figure of a woman. The woman carried a young child in her arms and led another by the hand.

Coleman went down-stairs, opened the back door, and let his daughter in. Her husband had deserted her and she was starving. She did not know the Mortimers had left the neighbourhood. She had gone along the carriage-drive and up to the house. She had found the house vacant, and then made up her mind to come home. She remembered a flag under which old Mortimer's coachman used to hide the second key of the coach-house. The one key opened back and front door. She found the key; the coachman must have forgotten to give it up. She came through the coach-house and stable into the garden of the house in which the Mortimers once lived, and thence into the garden under the window of which I sat.

In a fortnight after that Sally's third baby was born. In a month Sally died. The three little ones now asleep under this roof are Sally's children, and the man who is writing this, as it now grows daylight is, God help him, Sally's father.



Famous Women.

PHILANTHROPISTS.

"They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a pl ce in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing nor a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, nor death, nor birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

Her Majesty The Empress Frederick.

IF, as the dictionary tells us, a philanthropist is one who has benevolence which is directed for the general good of mankind, no one can lay better claim to the title than the eldest daughter of our gracious Queen, who has devoted the greater portion of her life to promoting the happiness—socially, politically and artistically—of her husband's countrymen and women. Carefully educated as was our Princess Royal, she was called upon to fill at a very early age the somewhat difficult role of Crown Princess of Prussia. Like many other young wives, transported to a strange country and surrounded by a Court differing in many respects from the one she had been accustomed to in her early years, she had many things to learn and innumerable difficulties with which to contend. But when the German people once realised how sincere was her desire to benefit them in every way in her power, and how many sterling qualities she possessed, they could hardly fail to love and respect her. To a highly domesticated nation, her earnest devotion to her husband and family was another connecting link, and though her efforts to raise by culture the German Frau to a sense of her own importance were looked upon with suspicion at the time, this course gradually resulted in the women of the Fatherland obtaining many social advantages hitherto undreamed of by the feminine portion of this highly moral, extremely decorous, but at the same time, rather phlegmatic nation.



From a Photo. by] [*Vianelli, Venice.*
HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

The Empress Frederick has always had a great love of art, and particularly

of painting, in which she excels to an unusual degree for an amateur; and in the Palace at Berlin is a prettily arranged studio in which Her Majesty spent many pleasant hours before her great sorrow fell upon her.

The Kunst-Gewerbe Museum, an imitation on a small scale of our South Kensington Museum, owes its rise and progress to the initiative of the Empress as Crown Princess, and the assistance and encouragement of herself and the Crown Prince (who was always one with his wife on these matters) have had a very extensive influence on the improvement of taste in Germany. Both possessing an unusual degree of culture, they made it one of the principal aims of their lives to share with others what they knew or learned themselves.

Another branch of benevolence in which the Empress Frederick is greatly interested is the Berlin Home for British and American Governesses, founded by Her Majesty in 1887. An English lady attends to the management, and the usefulness of the work is increased by the assistance given by the widowed Empress and a general committee of English, German and American ladies, resident in Berlin.

All branches of education also receive her patronage, support and protection, as this gifted lady is an ardent believer in the golden rule *mens sana in corpore sano*. The Viktoria Fortbildungs Schule for girls is one of many similar schools founded for the purpose of providing girls of the working classes with opportunities of extending the knowledge they have gained at school, and supplementing it with practical instruction in cutting out under-garments, machining, dressmaking, ironing, etc. Her Majesty founded a number of scholarships in connection with this establishment, and has on many occasions attended the annual examinations of the students. The Luisenstift, for girls of the upper classes, the Friedrichstift, for soldiers' orphans, the Baruch Auertach School for Jewish orphan girls, and the Association for teaching boys some useful handicraft, are all places of interest to the Empress; but one intended for little Children, the Pestalozzi Fröbel House, founded in 1873 by Frau Schrader, a great niece of Fröbel's, has, perhaps, enlisted her warmest sympathies. Here straw-plaiting, weaving, and wood-carving employ the more advanced scholars, while little ones of four and five help to clean, dust and wash, with evident delight. One branch of the school is intended for training Kindergarten teachers. Here, in addition to the usual curriculum, every kind of household-work that pertains to the care of children is taught; such as the cooking of children's food, the washing and ironing their clothes, nursing, etc.

A short distance from the New Palace at Potsdam, where the Emperor Frederick was born, where he died and where so much of his married life was spent, is the village of Bornstedt. This is Crown property, and here is established on a large scale a Crêche for the children of working women. It was maintained at the Emperor's expense, and it was his wish that it should always be kept up in memory of him. For these reasons it is looked upon by her Majesty as a sacred legacy. The maintenance of the house is insured by a special grant from the present Emperor, and any deficit there may be in the funds is quickly made up by the Empress.

In this imperfect sketch it will be seen how much time is spent by this royal and sorrowing lady in ministering to the wants of others, and for her the most sincere sympathy must be felt, who, at one blow, by the sad calamity of June 15th, 1888, lost husband and throne: while the hopes and plans of a life-time were frustrated for ever.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian.

It would be difficult to find in the whole of England a more happy and united family circle than that at Cumberland Lodge, presided over by Princess Christian. Her children's health, lessons, training and companionship, have ever been her first care, and living through her entire married life under the shadow of her early girlhood's home, Windsor Castle, she has had more opportunity of taking counsel from her Royal Mother and the benefit of her bright example than any of her sisters, with the exception of Princess Beatrice. Princess Christian leads a quiet, unpretentious life, full of sympathetic interest for the welfare of others; combining the avocations of the mistress of a country house with the duties and responsibilities of a member of the Royal

Family. Her Royal Highness is an excellent linguist, a skilled musician and has literary tastes of no mean order. During the season she makes many visits to town and is frequently to be seen at smart social functions, and is indefatigable in her exertions for charitable objects. The Princess takes a great interest in and is the President of the Royal British Nurses' Association. She is also President of the Princess Helena College, Ealing, an institution for training governesses and those who are preparing for the Cambridge Women's Higher



From a Photo by] [*H. Wittc, Baden-Baden.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Local, London Matriculation, and other examinations. A lady was chosen from this establishment by the Princess to fill the responsible post of governess to the Emperor of Germany's sons. Much of the success, too, of the Royal School of Art Needlework, at South Kensington, is owing to the very active part Her Royal Highness has taken in its organization, and to her practical knowledge of the craft of the needle. In her, the Windsor Charities find a ready helper, for time, money and personal convenience are of secondary importance if



CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR, THE HOME OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

by Her Royal Highness's presence and influence, she can assist the poor and needy. In co-operation with other ladies, and at her instigation, free dinners for the destitute have been provided in Windsor during the Winter months.

I have already referred to Princess Christian as an able wielder of the pen; and with a kindly desire to promote the welfare of women journalists and others engaged in literary work, Her Royal Highness has accepted the post of President of the Writers' Club, a society which already numbers about two hundred members and includes such well known names as the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Jeune, Mrs. Arthur Stannard, Edna Lyall, etc. etc.

Cumberland Lodge, the home of Princess Christian, is a long, red-brick house, surrounded by trees, and within a four mile drive of Windsor. The hall is ornamented by antlers of stags, shot by Prince Christian, each having a small ivory shield with its date. There is also some fine Gobelin Tapestry, and quaint Chinese cabinets of old lacquer work. The Princess's boudoir is a simply-furnished room, ornamented with numerous photographs and portraits of members of her family. There is also a large one of the Emperor Frederick. The piano occupies the place of honour: embroidery and an open work-basket give a hint of the favourite employment of Her Royal Highness, and at a convenient angle near the couch is drawn up a pretty writing-table. The drawing-room is an apartment of many windows, draped with white brocade, which harmonises well with the carpet of Eastern design. The furniture is eclectic in character, but thoroughly comfortable, and the interior suggests to the casual observer, a general rendezvous for the family, rather than a place for state receptions. The grounds are prettily laid out and contain a shady tennis court, on which the young prince and princesses play a great deal. All in connection with Cumberland Lodge is simple and home-like, and absolutely devoid of grandeur, but nevertheless a perfect type of what an English gentlewoman's house should be.



From a Photo. by] [*Kingsbury and Notcutts.*
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF TECK

is the daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge and is a cousin of the Queen. She has always held a warm place in the hearts of the English people, and is an especially popular member of society. Such a favourite is the Duchess, her presence is much sought at the opening of bazaars, the laying of foundation-stones, meetings at public institutions and similar functions all over the country, and very few days are allowed to pass without her making a public appearance. On these occasions she is generally accompanied by her only daughter, Princess Victoria, who also takes an active interest in work of this nature, and renders valuable assistance to her mother in various ways.

Most of the Duchess's married life has been spent at the White Lodge, Richmond, a charming residence, overlooking the park, and covered from basement to roof with ivy and flowering creepers. Passing the front entrance door into the corridor, one notices the doors leading into the dining-room, an oblong apartment, with a fine copy of Van Dyck's "Children of Charles I." over the mantelpiece. From the central hall you approach the drawing-room and principal staircase, leading to the bed-rooms and the Duke's smoking-room. To the left, at the entrance end of the hall corridor, is what is known as the green corridor, leading to

more bed-rooms and the Duchess's boudoir. Every living-room at the White Lodge is a marvel of comfort and good taste, which is owing in a large measure to the Duke of Teck, who has made a special study of furniture and art decoration.

The corridors as well are filled with priceless bric-a-brac, and one window opens on to a balcony hung with Indian tapestry, a cosy nook which is often used for afternoon tea.



THE WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.

The principal apartment, however, is the drawing-room, which extends nearly the whole length of the house, and from its three large windows one looks out upon the garden and a glorious avenue of chestnuts.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate the various societies and charities which enjoy the patronage of the handsome and kind-hearted Duchess, but a brief reference should be made to one upon which she expends a considerable portion of her time. This is the Needlework Guild, which was established for providing clothing for the poor and suffering, and of which the only condition of membership is a promise to contribute at least two articles of clothing each year. Last year, in London alone, there were three thousand members, and there are besides numerous branches in the country, so it will at once be understood what a large and important work is being carried on. As president, the Duchess sent in last year two thousand four hundred and ninety-five articles; an equal number was forwarded by her daughter, Princess Victoria, and other ladies of the committee followed suit. These were distributed amongst the neediest charitable agencies, to parish missions, homes, schools, hospitals, etc.

The great cloud of sorrow which rested over the White Lodge just a year since is gradually passing away, as all griefs do in time, however severe the blow may be, and there is every prospect of a bright and happy future for the pretty and amiable daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts.

Though all who hear her name naturally turn to consider the gigantic acts of philanthropy associated with her long and honourable career, I should like briefly to refer to another side of the Baroness's character, before enumerating those good works in different parts of the world which have become a matter of history. How many men of letters, how many actors, how many artists, during the present century, owe to her liberal assistance, encouragement and patronage, their marked success in life?

Only a few remain to answer the question personally; but still there are some who knew the early struggles of those who afterwards rose to name and fame, who are ready to testify what a large measure of their good fortune is to be attributed to her.

To the late Edwin Long, R.A., the Baroness was a well-tried and generous friend; to Charles Dickens and his family she extended the sympathy and help of which he stood in such need at various periods of his life. To Henry Irving, and two other famous Hamlets, Fechter and



From a Photo by [*Elliott and Fry.*
THE BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS.

Charles Kean, she has been a fairy Godmother. Gustave Doré highly valued her friendship; indeed, what celebrity in need of prompt assistance who has enlisted the sympathies of this noble woman during the Victorian Era has ever been turned empty away from her hospitable home?

To the Church too she has ever been one of the most staunch and liberal helpers, and no less than three colonial bishoprics — Adelaide, Cape Town and British Columbia—owe their existence to her munificence. St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, one of the handsomest in the metropolis, was built and endowed by the Baroness Burdett Coutts; and Columbia Market and Square, the latter consisting of a number of model dwellings, intended for the occupation of those engaged in the business of the market, was, previous to her purchase of the district, one of the most degraded neighbourhoods in London. For frail and erring women, her kind hand provided a home, in the best sense of the word, at Shepherd's Bush; and she has equipped hundreds of boys for the Royal Navy. Tanners in Bermondsey, silk weavers in Spitalfields, poverty-stricken men and women of various trades in the East End of London arise and call her blessed. The Turkish Compassionate Fund received £30,000 from her purse, and the starving fishermen and peasants of Skibbereen, in Ireland, and Girvan, in Scotland, owed their salvation from death and misery to her generosity. Even at the present moment she has taken a long and trying journey, to one who is almost an octogenarian, so as to render valuable assistance in the women's handicraft department of the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago. But within the limits of a short article it is impossible to more than touch upon a few of the most widely known schemes which the Baroness has promoted for the benefit of the human race.

One would almost expect the woman who has undertaken these overwhelming responsibilities to be of commanding presence and imposing physique, but when one sees her in the flesh, one is rather impressed with the gentleness of her voice, the simplicity of her manner and her unobtrusive personality. She is the kindest and most genial of hostesses; and when entertaining at her house, No. 1, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, or at Holly Lodge, Highgate, one is vaguely conscious that the most humble of her guests is the subject of as much solicitous attention as the princes, diplomatists, foreign potentates, philosophers and other celebrities who are assembled round her hospitable board

Angela Burdett Coutts is one of the truest types of the English gentlewoman; and neither the luxury of her surroundings, her social position, or the coronet which an admiring sovereign bestowed upon her is needed to show that she possesses an inward nobility of character which is natural, not acquired.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts inherited the large fortunes left by her father, Sir Francis Burdett, and her grandfather, the famous banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, who married the celebrated actress, Harriet Mellon, afterwards the wife of the Duke of St. Albans. Miss Burdett Coutts was raised by Her Majesty to the Peerage in 1871, and a few years later, married Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who assumed the name of Burdett Coutts. This gentleman has distinguished himself in political circles, and has ably assisted the Baroness in her philanthropic work.

H H

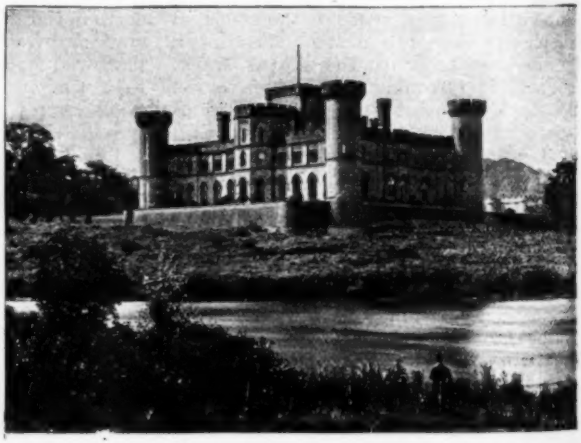


From a Photo. by] LADY HENRY SOMERSET. *[W. H. Grove.*

LADY HENRY SOMERSET has a physical and mental beauty which is rarely seen, even in those, who like herself, can lay claim to long descent and have enjoyed for many generations the advantages of culture and a life free from the petty worries incidental to limited means. She possesses, moreover, a charming manner, great administrative powers, and has the gift of impassioned oratory, which delights those who come in contact with her, and who, having once experienced her magnetic influence, remain true to her for life, and to the cause for which she has made so many sacrifices.

The honoured and beloved President of the British Women's Temperance Association is the daughter and heiress of the late Lord Somers, from whom she inherited Eastnor Castle. She is also the owner of large estates in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Surrey, including the greater part of the town of Reigate. Lady Henry's interest was first aroused in the cause of Temperance by the tendency shown by the labourers and others in her employment to satisfy the cravings of nature by an undue use of stimulants, and the misery which ensued. After considering the question in all its bearings, she herself signed the pledge at Eastnor in 1885, and has since advocated, both in England and America, the temperance cause with considerable success.

Lady Henry Somerset succeeded Mrs. Margaret Lucas Bright as President of the British Women's Temperance Association, and under her leadership, the campaign against strong liquors has been carried on with the greatest vigour and perseverance. In collaboration with her sister, the Duchess of Bedford, a paper, which is devoted to the dissemination of principles of abstinence, has been started with the appropriate title of "The White Ribbon." Feeling deeply, as Lady Somerset does, the importance of temperance, she does not allow it to absorb all her interest, and in her earnest desire to lighten the labours of the heavy-laden, has warmly supported the West London Mission, and for many years has invited weary workers from the slums of



EASTNOR CASTLE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

Soho to her country house, where they have been enabled to regain health and strength so as to fit them once more for the struggles of life.

Eastnor Castle, the home of Lady Henry Somerset, is indeed a princely edifice, and was built by the first Earl Somers in 1812. The mansion is one of the show places of Herefordshire, and was constructed of stone brought on the backs of mules from the quarries in the forest of Dean, at a cost of £12,000 before it was dressed for building purposes; and all the wood-work throughout the house was made from oak grown on the estate. The architecture resembles, as far as is consistent with modern requirements, the Norman baronial castellated buildings which were scattered over Britain during the Plantagenet period. The decorations of the hall are of a Gothic character, and it is further embellished with a fine collection of armour, thirty-three suits in all, of different periods; and other curiosities of great value brought from foreign countries.



From a Photo. by] THE COUNTESS OF MEATH. *[H. Mendelssohn.*

The library is a splendid room, containing many rare volumes, and the space above the bookcases is covered with tapestry. This beautiful fabric, and other examples in different parts of the house, are well worthy of the attention of those who admire this form of mural decoration. The dining-room contains a number of family portraits, by famous artists of a bygone age; and from the ceiling hangs Pugin's chandelier, an exact copy of the one in Nuremberg Cathedral.

Perhaps the most interesting room in this lordly pleasure house is Lady Henry's study, in which she spends a good portion of her time when staying at Eastnor, and which is fitted with writing-tables, letter cabinets, speaking tubes and other modern necessaries to the busy worker.

The drawing-room, which proclaims the woman of culture by the numerous books which fill up every available space, is decorated in soft tones of green. The most noticeable feature is a handsome terra-cotta fireplace, over which hangs Macbeth's "Reaper." Lovely cabinets, filled with Dresden and Sevres, engravings, by Burne Jones, silken draperies and softest cushions of green and brown, fine sculpture and the portrait of her only son combine to make this charming interior redolent with the personality of the fair châtelaine who presides with such charm and grace over all these treasures.

THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.

Lady Meath's name has become a household word as foundress of the

Ministering Children's League, which was started in 1885 and already numbers upwards of thirty-five thousand members in England, America, India and other parts of the world.



KILRUDDERY, CO. WICKLOW.

The object of this children's association is to promote kindness, unselfishness and a habit of usefulness among boys and girls of every class, and to create in their minds a desire to assist the needy and suffering and to aid the necessities of those in a worse position than themselves by supplying them with warm garments of their own making, and other comforts, according to their means. The first and most important rule is, that members should pledge themselves "to try to do *at least* one act of kindness every day."

Besides the moral influence which is so beneficent to the young and such excellent discipline at the same time, the children are encouraged to take part in the practical work of the Society, which includes providing outfits for poor servants, mending toys and making scrapbooks for distribution in the proper quarters, or to be sold for the support of an orphan in the Ministering Children's League Homes. The maintenance of cots in hospitals, and sending ailing little ones to the sea-side or country are other branches of this interesting work. The cottage homes are situated at Ottershaw, about two miles from Chertsey. Boys and girls received here are taught some useful employment, and encouraging letters are received daily from those who have passed their early years under the guardianship of one who has their truest welfare at heart. A visit to the dormitories, in either the girls' or boys' home, at once reveals the care, cleanliness and comfort bestowed on the little waifs and strays, who tell some sad stories of the hardship and destitution which was their lot before an over-ruling Providence placed them in such comfortable quarters. When one remembers that an annual subscription of £14 will endow a cot, one can only be surprised, large as the scheme is, that it is not double the size, for many a father and mother who have lost a child, if this deserving society were brought under their notice, would be glad to assist so good a cause. All inquiries on the subject should be made to Lady Meath, 83, Lancaster Gate, London, her town house, where particulars can be obtained.

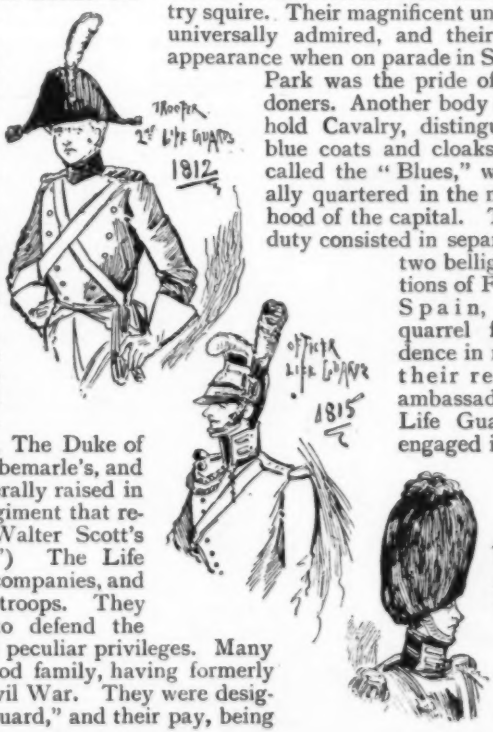
Another work of usefulness promoted by this kind-hearted lady, in conjunction with a noble band of women, is the Pauper Employment Scheme, which has been worked successfully in workhouse infirmary wards in Kensington, Paddington and St. Pancras, also in various country unions. The object aimed at is to afford light and interesting work for men and women who are too weak or old to take part in the ordinary routine of workhouse life. Writing on this subject, Lady Meath says: "Sad clusters of men and women may be seen with hands lying idly before them, dreaming away precious weeks, months and years. Such an existence is not life, or, if it must be thus designated, it is the life of the brute, not of the man." Lady Meath willingly contributes £20 to cover the expenses of material for starting each scheme, after which it generally becomes self-supporting by the sale of the articles made.

By her marriage with the Earl of Meath, then Lord Brabazon, she was united to a man of lofty aims and ambitions similar to her own. She is the only daughter of the eleventh Earl of Lauderdale and the mother of a family of four sons and two daughters.

The readers of this magazine will be interested in the sketch of Lady Meath's country house, Kilruddery, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland. It is a handsome modern mansion, standing in extensive grounds, and furnished with that exquisite taste for which the Countess of Meath is renowned.



IT has often been said that the familiar sentries of the Household Cavalry in Whitehall are to the Londoners of to-day nearly as much a national institution as are the Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. The origin of the Household Cavalry emphasises its intimate relations with Royalty. Both the Life Guards and the Horse Guards were raised in 1661, the former being chiefly recruited from the scattered cavaliers who had fought for Charles I., and the latter from a number of Colonel Crook's regiment, which had served under the Protectorate. The Life Guards originally consisted of three troops, called respectively The King's Own, The Duke of York's, and The Duke of Albemarle's, and of these one troop was generally raised in Scotland. (It is to this regiment that reference is made in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Old Mortality.") The Life Guards now formed three companies, and were separated into three troops. They were specially retained to defend the sovereign, and thus enjoyed peculiar privileges. Many of the privates were of good family, having formerly held commissions in the Civil War. They were designated "Gentlemen of the Guard," and their pay, being higher than the usual military allowance, would have been thought a respectable allowance for even the elder son of a country squire. Their magnificent uniform was universally admired, and their splendid appearance when on parade in St. James's Park was the pride of all Londoners. Another body of Household Cavalry, distinguished by blue coats and cloaks, and still called the "Blues," was gradually quartered in the neighbourhood of the capital. Their first duty consisted in separating the two belligerent factions of France and Spain, on the quarrel for precedence in regards to their respective ambassadors. The Life Guards were engaged in quelling

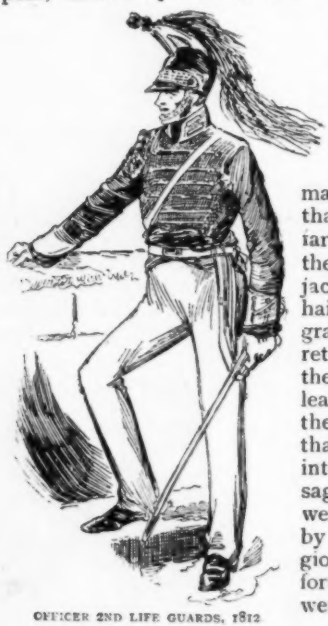




UNIFORM LIFE GUARDS TIME OF CHARLES II.

the luckless invasion of the unfortunate Monmouth, and it was at the head of the Scottish troop, now the 2nd Life Guards, that Claverhouse, "the gallant Viscount Dundee, of a nobler strife and time," rode against the Covenanters. The Life Guards suffered severely at Drumclog, owing to their small number — intrepid Claverhouse had his horse shot under him, an animal as identified with his master's fortune, as was the famous black charger of General Boulanger in recent times. In fact, the Covenanters ascribed to it Satanic powers; so fleet was the horse and so clever was the rider, that we are told "they outstripped and turned a hare on the Burn Law, where the descent is so precipitous that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or no merely mortal rider keep the saddle." At one time all was confusion amongst the Life Guards at Drumclog. Many were dragged from their saddles, and, struggling in the damp peat, absolutely locked their foes in deadly embrace. Claverhouse was riding to and fro, doing all a commander could do to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Like the Great Napoleon, he seemed to possess a magic power over his men; they averred that he was proof against lead, and the majority honestly believed that he was; even going so far as to say that "they saw the bullets recoil from his jack boots and buff coat like hailstones from a rock of granite." In the end the retreat was sounded, and the baffled troops withdrew, leaving nearly forty dead on the field. Despite the fact that the Covenanters rushed into the fray yelling passages from Scripture, and were, no doubt, animated by a certain amount of religious zeal, many of the unfortunate Life Guardsmen were horribly mutilated. At





OFFICER 2ND LIFE GUARDS, 1812



OFFICER ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1812

Bothwell Bridge, however, Claverhouse found ample revenge for the reverse at Drumclog. Burning to avenge their defeat, the Guards fought with desperate valour, and, to use the words of a contemporary, "rode through the living masses as through a field of ripened corn." In 1780 the Life Guards were employed in putting down the Gordon riots, but their deeds in this transaction were merely confined to a kind of guerilla warfare with a London mob, and are not worthy of lengthened comment. Prior to 1788 the corporals were commissioned officers and in official documents were styled "captains," while all the privates were styled "gentlemen;" in fact, the "old regime" was exceedingly aristocratic, not to say exclusive. There is a story told of some of the old troopers refusing to serve in the regiment after the drastic changes effected in 1788. "Serve in the Life Guards!" they exclaimed; "no! they are no longer gentlemen, but cheesemongers." The nickname of cheeses stuck to them for many years. The State Officials, "Gold Stick" and "Silver Stick," are always officers of the Household Troops, chosen in rotation. This privilege, as regards the Life Guards, dates from the time of the Rye House Plot, as during that period their loyalty was considered infallible. The Household Cavalry seem to have had no regular barracks at first; and so late as 1690 we find them billeted in different hostelries in the Strand. Soon after this they were stationed in Whitehall, and in 1750, the present "Horse Guards," considered a triumph of architectural beauty, was erected. The famous cream-coloured charger, ridden by the drummer of the Life Guards, was presented by the Queen, and the splendid drums by King William the Fourth. The drums are described as being of "fine silver, richly ornamented with Royal and Regimental devices in frosted silver and in high relief, with the name of the Sovereign, and number and title of regiment, with date of presentation on each drum." We may give a retrospective glance at the change which has taken place in the costume of these splendid troops. The first dress was a scarlet coat, with a quantity of gold lace, wide sleeves, slashed in front with lace, from shoulder to wrist, broad white collars, round hats with broad brims, in which were innumerable feathers, sashes of deep crimson, full ruffles at the wrist and long hair worn in the cavalier fashion; jack boots, cuirasses, and for headpieces, at times "iron hats," commonly called "Potts." Their arms were short carbines, pistols and swords, and, when on royal duty, they carried the carbine with the butt resting on the thigh. In 1812 brass helmets took the place of the cocked hat. In 1817 steel helmets were worn, and in 1820 bear-skins, like those of the Grenadier Guards, were used.



EARL OF OXFORD THE FIRST COLONEL OF ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.



OFFICER'S COSTUME (WILLIAM III.).

The "Blues" date from 1661, and at the Restoration received the title of "Royal." At the battle of the Boyne they were called "Oxford Blues," to

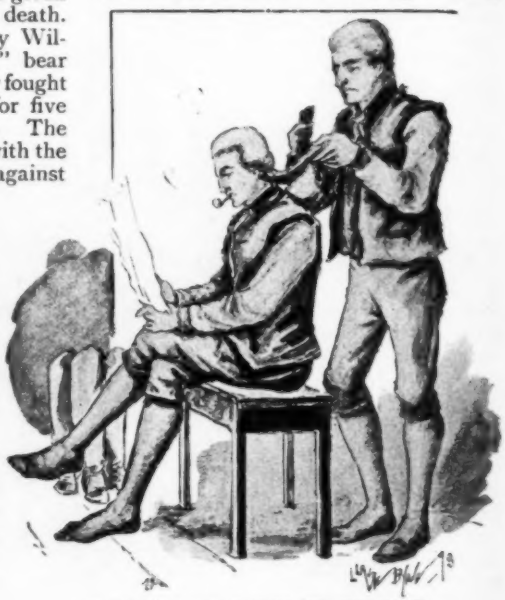


OFFICER, TIME GEORGE III.

distinguish them from a Dutch regiment. The "Blues" were a favourite regiment with George III., and it was "Farmer George who gave them their drums, and the colonel's uniform he wore was given to the regiment at the time of his death. Their great standard was given by William IV. Well may the "Blues" bear "Dettingen" on their colours. They fought with marked courage, and were for five hours exposed to a deadly fire. The charge of the Household Cavalry, with the 7th Dragoon Guards, at Waterloo, against Kellerman's Cuirassiers, is a matter of history.

The manner in which the Earl of Uxbridge acted on the field of Waterloo has won unstinted praise from military critics ever since that memorable battle. On perceiving the advance of the French cavalry, he decided upon a simultaneous charge of the heavy cavalry brigades of Lord Edward Somerset and Sir William Ponsonby; the former against the enemy's cavalry, the latter against the masses of infantry. The resolution was scarcely formed when it was carried into execution. Riding up to Lord Edward Somerset, he ordered him to prepare to form line, keeping the Blues in support; and, galloping on to Ponsonby's brigade on the opposite side of the high road, he ordered that officer to wheel into line as soon as he saw the other Brigade do so, and to hold the Scots Greys in support. He then returned to the Household Brigade and put the whole in motion. Lord Uxbridge was very anxious to prove the superior prowess of the British cavalry, and to cause it to be held in respect by its opponents.

Nobly and bravely did the Household Cavalry fulfil his expectations. His eager desire to render this charge a brilliant affair led him to assume the post of danger, and consequently of honour. The French line of cavalry, as it advanced, presented an imposing appearance. These veteran warriors bore with them an air of confident and anticipated victory, and amidst cries of "Vive l'Empereur," these heroes rushed on to the attack. On the other hand, the British Household Brigade, animated by an equal degree of enthusiasm, had already charged. The shock was terrific. The English, in order to close as much as possible upon the Cuirassiers, whose swords were much longer and whose bodies were encased in steel, while their own were without such defence, seemed for a moment striving to wedge



OFFICER'S TOILET 90 YEARS AGO—THE PIGTAIL.

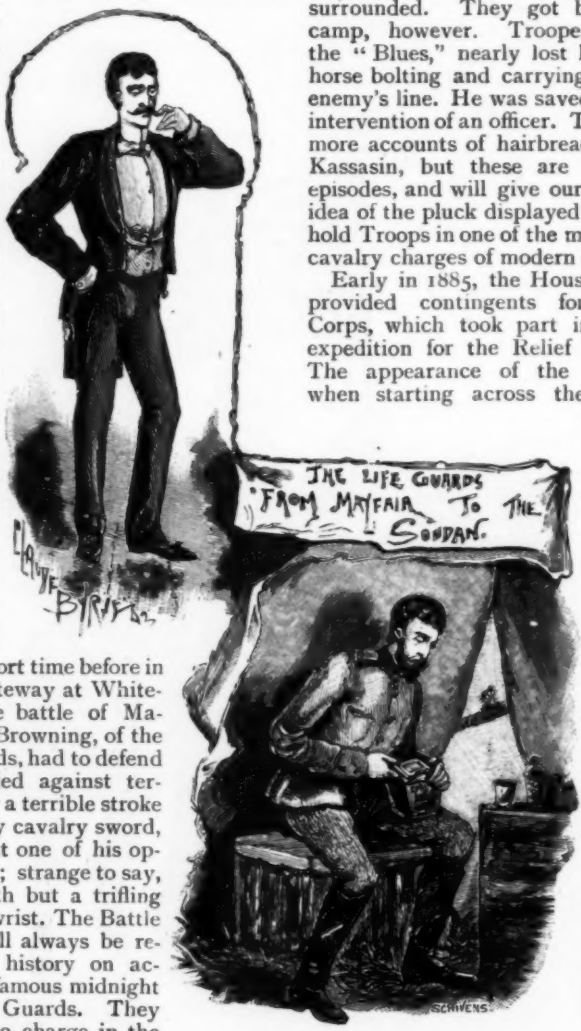
themselves in between the horses of their furious antagonists. Desperate and bloody as was the fight, it was of brief duration. The physical superiority of the British cavalry was soon made apparent. The French horsemen were driven off the ridge which a short time before they had ascended in all the confidence of tried veterans. This first collision at the charge did not occur, however, throughout the entire extent of the opposing lines. Somerset's line was not parallel to that of the Cuirassiers; and as its right was thrown somewhat forward, this came first in contact with the enemy, and the collision, in consequence of the rapidity of the charge on both sides, followed in instantaneous succession in the direction of the Allied left, until intercepted in its further progress by a natural obstruction, consisting of a hollow-way, through which the cross roads lead into the Charleroi Road. The Cuirassiers on the right of the French line were suddenly thrown out of their speed, by coming unexpectedly on this hollow-way, into which they consequently fell in confusion; and as they began to urge their horses up the opposite bank, they beheld the 2nd Life Guards in full speed towards them. All idea of resistance in such a situation was abandoned as hopeless. They immediately filed away, and struck across the Charleroi Road, followed by the 2nd Life Guards, who were in equal disorder, from having to pick their way, as best they could, down the steep bank adjoining the intersection of the two roads. The French Cuirassiers finding themselves, practically speaking, "at bay," reined in their steeds, and, fronting their pursuers, engaged them individually in hand-to-hand combat. Among the combatants was one whose prowess acquired for him universal fame. This was Corporal Shaw, of the 2nd Life Guards, a well-known pugilist, possessing great strength combined with an equal amount of courage. When in the thick of the French cavalry, he rendered himself conspicuous by the bold manner in which he met every opponent. Rapid and deadly were the strokes he dealt, and it is said that no less than nine Frenchmen met their death at his hands. His career, however, was suddenly cut short. A Cuirassier, who had proceeded some little distance, so as to clear the left of the 2nd Life Guards, turned round, and, taking a deliberate aim with his carbine, deprived Shaw of



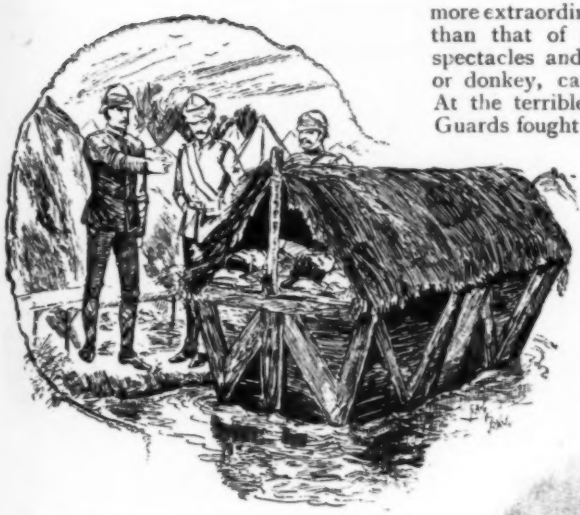
CORPORAL-MAJOR, WITH STANDARD, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

that life which his powerful arm and daring had made proof against the sword of the enemy.

From the time of Waterloo until 1882, the Household Brigade had not been called into active service; but in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 they proved the fallacy of the popular idea that they are "featherbed soldiers." At Mahuta they had the first opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and this they did, as proved by the following tribute paid to them by Lord Wolseley: "Under the bursting shells, the colossal troopers sat like statues amid a conflagration, as quietly as they had been wont to sit a short time before in the arched gateway at Whitehall." At the battle of Mahuta, trooper Browning, of the 2nd Life Guards, had to defend himself unaided against terrible odds. By a terrible stroke from his heavy cavalry sword, he literally cut one of his opponents in two; strange to say, he escaped with but a trifling wound on the wrist. The Battle of Kassasin will always be remembered in history on account of the famous midnight charge of the Guards. They literally had to charge in the dark, the only light being from a pale and watery moon and from the flashes of the guns. There were some miraculous escapes. Sir Baker Russell's horse was shot under him as he led the way; he, however, got another riderless horse and kept up. Colonel Milne Holme, who was with the "Blues," got separated from his companions, with only a wounded trooper near him. The latter was dismounted, so the Colonel found him a riderless horse, and together the pair went through the night, in danger of being surrounded. They got back safely to camp, however. Trooper Bennett, of the "Blues," nearly lost his life by his horse bolting and carrying him into the enemy's line. He was saved by the timely intervention of an officer. There are many more accounts of hairbreadth escapes at Kassasin, but these are representative episodes, and will give our readers some idea of the pluck displayed by the Household Troops in one of the most memorable cavalry charges of modern times.



Early in 1885, the Household Cavalry provided contingents for the Camel Corps, which took part in the ill-fated expedition for the Relief of Khartoum. The appearance of the Camel Corps when starting across the desert must have been pre-eminently picturesque—mounted upon the strange and somewhat weird-looking "ships of the desert," the unfortunate "Guards" could have felt anything but in their native element, and must have, in all sincerity, wished themselves back in Whitehall. Needless to say that the uniform for the Nile expedition bore little resemblance to the gorgeous apparel in which we are accustomed to see the Household Troops. The burnished breast-plate and helmet were discarded, as were also the high "jack" boots. Their place was taken by the Indian "pith" helmet and the light undress jacket worn by our troops in the Colonies; while in



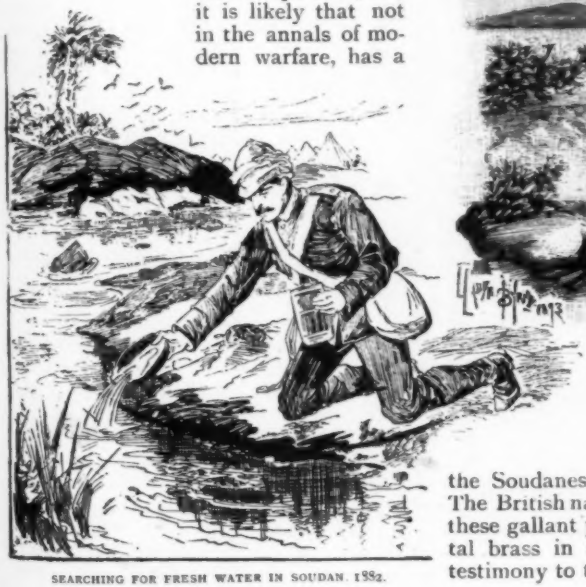
TRANSPORT OF WOUNDED IN FRESH-WATER CANAL AFTER KASSASIN.

more extraordinary picture been presented than that of a Life Guardsman, with spectacles and veil, mounted on a mule or donkey, careering across the desert. At the terrible battle of Abu Klea, the Guards fought gallantly; and it was here that Colonel Fred. Burnaby fell, sword in hand. It was at this time that so many new-paper correspondents fell, martyrs to duty. Among the victims in this respect were Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, and Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*. Frank Power, who accompanied General Gordon to Khartoum, and



OFFICER LIFE GUARDS IN SOUDAN, WITH SUN SPECTACLES AND VEIL.

place of the heavy boots, the legs were protected by a series of bandages composed of a stout canvas cloth. To protect the eyesight from the glare of the sun, and the almost as intense glare from the hot and parched sand of the desert, both officers and men wore spectacles, many wore crape veils, and it is likely that not in the annals of modern warfare, has a



SEARCHING FOR FRESH WATER IN SOUDAN. 1882.

who was subsequently created British Consul in the Soudanese Capital, also lost his life. The British nation have paid all honour to these gallant pressmen; and a monumental brass in St. Paul's Cathedral bears testimony to their heroic conduct.

At Metammeh, the Camel Corps won fresh laurels. During the Egyptian war of 1882 and the Nile campaign of 1885, both the horses and men of the Household Cavalry suffered terribly by the intense heat and the scarcity of water. All the press correspondents bore unanimous testimony to the sufferings of the troops in this respect. The appearance presented by many of the unfortunate horses on their return to their old quarters in Windsor, Albany Street and Knightsbridge was pitiful in the extreme. We are happy to say that a grateful country treated these dumb heroes with the same generosity that they extended to their gallant masters. On their return from the Eastern campaign of 1882, a most enthusiastic reception awaited them in London. Not since the return of the troops from the Crimea, had such scenes of enthusiasm been witnessed in the streets of the metropolis. Banquets and balls were given in their honour, and unusual tokens of public favour and gratitude met them on every side. From the Heir Apparent to the humblest mechanic, all vied with each other in doing honour to the heroes of Kassasin. We have thus proved that the Horse Guards and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards are not merely ornamental warriors, and that the splendid qualities which distinguished them at Dettingen, Waterloo and Kassasin place them in a foremost rank in the famous regiments of the British Army.



IN HOSPITAL AT SUAKIM (AFTER KASSASIN).



OFFICER OF LIFE GUARDS ON MULE (SOUDAN, 1884).

Having thus briefly sketched the history of the Household Cavalry when fighting for their Sovereign, a duty for which they were specially raised, we may



AFTER SOUDAN CAMPAIGN, 1882 (BACK AT WINDSOR).

give a retrospective glance at their doings in the "piping times of peace." As we said before, the accusation that the "belted knights" of Windsor and Albany Street are but "featherbed soldiers," has often been hurled at the heads of soldiers who have proved themselves imbued with all the military ardour and dash which has distinguished the more "fighting" regiments of the British army on many a hotly-contested field. Every European nation maintains a "Royal Body Guard," and naturally they are dressed in uniforms of unusual magnificence, a fact which is absolutely necessary when one takes into consideration that they have to appear on all state occasions, whether as mounted escort or guarding the ante-room of the royal palace. No one at all conversant with military matters would for a moment imagine that the cumbrous, if gorgeous, uniform of the Household Cavalry is adapted to fin de siècle warfare. The cuirass as a defensive accoutrement is completely absolete. During the Egyptian campaigns of 1882 and 1885, the orthodox uniform was altogether discarded. We have already described and illustrated the appearance of the troops during these expeditions; and it is needless to say that the plumed helmet did not make its appearance on the African desert.

As we write the attention of the empire is directed to the House of Teck, and it may not be out of place to mention the fact that the father of the august lady who will, in the course of nature, most likely become Queen of England and Empress of India, saw service in the Egyptian war of 1882. During this campaign he shared the fortunes of the Guards, and, like the Duke of Connaught, proved himself a thorough soldier. He returned to England with the Guards on board the *Assyrian Monarch*, and was met by the Duchess of Teck and other Royal personages. At all the banquets subsequently given in honour of the return of the troops, no name was more enthusiastically toasted than that of the Duke of Teck. It is not our intention to make any lengthened allusion to recent events in connection with the 2nd Life Guards, beyond mentioning the fact that the troopers who were transferred from Windsor to Shorncliffe earned fresh laurels in the latter station as regards good conduct. The quarrel which led to the transfer to Shorncliffe was a purely "military" affair, and outside the pale of civilian criticism.



GOLD LACE UNIFORM OF BANDSMAN, 2ND LIFE GUARDS.



Words by GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE. Music by ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY.

Andante.

PIANO.

p *f*

1. Hush, my dar - ling, do not sigh
2. In the twi - light of your life,

For the world's great by- and - by; . . You will find that child-hood's day,
Grey and worn with care and strife, . . You will pray with tear-dimm'd eye

rit. . . . . . *accellerando.*

Ah, will drift too soon a - way. With each morn the dawn doth bring
But for one great by-and - by. There is rest, my lit - tle one,

colla voce. *a tempo.* *accellerando.*

f rit.

Full grown hearts *re* more than sing, Hu - man hopes live but to die:
When life's race is past and done; Hush, my boy, ah, do not cry,

f rit.

a tempo.

Ah, don't sigh, . . . ah, don't sigh . . .
'Mid the stars . . . none shall sigh . . .

a tempo.

ff rall.

For the world's great by - and - by. . . . . .
In that great sweet by - and - by. . . . . .

D.C. to 𝄋

ff colla voce. *a tempo.*

After last verse only.

dim.





From a Photo by] [*W. & A. Downey.*

MR. ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY.



From a Photo by] [*Walery.*

MR. GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE.

The Composer and Writer of Music and Words of "By and By."

Alfred Scott-Gatty (York Herald).

Mr. Alfred Scott-Gatty is the second surviving son of the Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield, in the County of York, and Sub Dean of York Cathedral. He was born at the Vicarage, Ecclesfield, on the 26th of April, 1847. Mr. Scott-Gatty was educated at Cambridge, where he devoted all his energies to music. In 1866 Mr. Gatty commenced writing songs for children in his mother's magazine, published later in volume form, entitled "Little Songs for Little Voices," and which are very popular with children. In 1868, there appeared two of the most popular songs Mr. Scott-Gatty has ever written, viz., "O, Fair Dove, O, Fond Dove," and "True till Death." Others, to the number of over two hundred, have appeared from time to time. Amongst his latest songs are "The Waves' Answer," and "Love Built his Nest," and a pretty tenor song, "Love's Sentinel," words by George Arthur Binnie. In 1880 Mr. Scott-Gatty was appointed Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms, of the College of Arms, and in 1886 was advanced to the office of York Herald, which appointment he still holds.

George Arthur Binnie.

Mr. George Arthur Binnie is the son of the late W. Binnie, Esq., of Glasgow, and step-son of the late Sir John Malcom, of Balbeadie, Fifeshire. He is thirty-two years of age; he was educated in private schools in Scotland, England and France, the late Fred Leslie being a schoolfellow of his. His first efforts in literature occurred in America, where he proved very successful. Since his return to England he has become a very popular lyric author and contributor to several successful journals; he has written over two hundred songs, and his name is coupled with the best composers of the day. Amongst his best known songs the adaptation to the famous popular French melody, "La Perè la Victoire," "England, Home and Victory," "An Old Love Dream," "The Spell of Love," and "Carita" are the most popular, the latter having been sung with great success during the Patti tour. Mr. Binnie is the proud possessor of a framed testimonial for rescuing a woman from fire, presented to him by a Fire Office in London, which proves that the sentimental and physical are wedded in the nature of the subject of this sketch.

Young England at School.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.



IN the heart of the City of London, overlooked by that noble edifice, St. Paul's Cathedral, and having as closer neighbours the huge buildings of the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the ancient Hospital of St. Bartholomew, stands an institution, loved by thousands who have been fortunate enough to have studied within its walls. In the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, published in a Parliamentary Blue Book, 1868, the following words, in beautifully-chosen language, describe the exalted position of Christ's Hospital so correctly that I have selected them as the basis of my early remarks:

"Christ's Hospital is a thing without a parallel in the country, and *sui generis*. It is a grand relic of the mediæval spirit, a monument of the profuse munificence of that spirit, and of that constant stream of individual beneficence which is so often found to flow around institutions of that character. It has kept up its main features, its traditions, its antique ceremonies almost unchanged for a period of three centuries. It has a long and goodly list of worthies. It is quite as strong as Eton or Winchester in the affection of those who have been brought up in the school."

Christ's Hospital (or, as some call it, The Blue Coat School, arising from the circumstance of the boys wearing blue coats or gowns) arose from the dissolution of the once famous Priory of the Grey Friars—that favoured Sanctuary, as we read, in which the great and noble were anxious that their remains should repose, and to be buried within whose precincts, "wrapped in the tattered mantle of one of the fraternity," was regarded as a kind of passport to heaven.

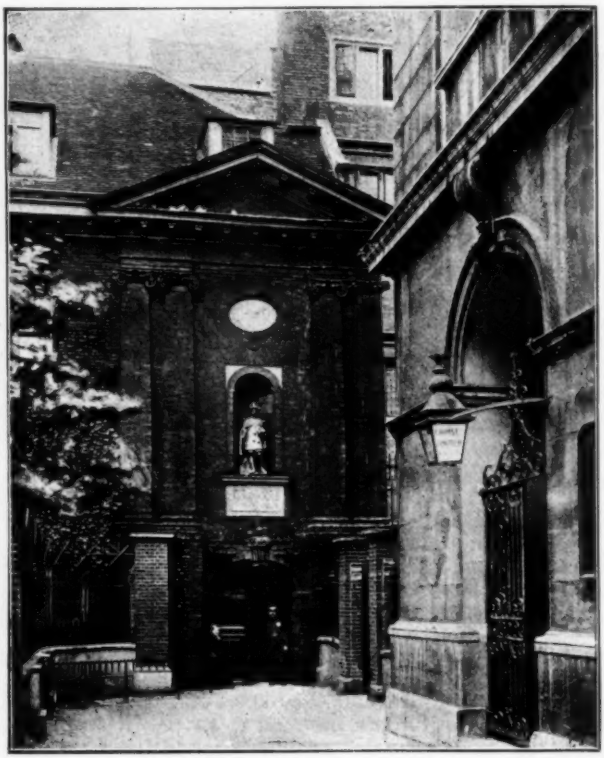
The main entrance is in Newgate Street, but the Old Gateway in Christ Church Passage is the only official entrance, which forms one of our illustrations. Over the porch, in a recess, stands a statue of "Edward the Sixth, of famous memory, King of England," the benevolent founder of this illustrious institution.

Christ's Hospital was inaugurated in the year 1552, and is said to have been the outcome of a sermon upon the excellence of charity, preached before the King (Edward)

at Westminster by the pious Bishop Ridley, although credit is given to the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Thomas Leaver, 1551–3, for a good proportion of the valuable work. Besides the statues to the memory of the Royal Founder, a valuable painting, said to have been executed by Holbein, hangs in a most prominent position in the Court Room.

Written in Latin, under the date 26th June, 1553, the foundation Charter, of "The Royal Hospitals" of Edward VI., of Christ, Bridewell and St. Thomas the Apostle, still remains preserved among the Archives of Christ's Hospital. It included the grant of the Palace of Bridewell, and of certain lands, tenements and revenues of the annual value of £450, belonging to the dissolved Hospital of Savoy; together with a licence to take lands in mortmain, or otherwise, to the yearly amount of four thousand marks, for the maintenance of these three foundations in common. When the noble King signed the patent (and, as we are told, with hardly strength to guide the pen) he said within the hearing of his council: "Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the Glory of thy Name."

King Henry VIII.'s grant, whereby he bestowed upon the Mayor and Commonalty of London the Monastery of the Grey Friars, and confirmed by Edward VI., had the effect of providing Christ's Hospital with its local habitation. It has been somewhat fortunate in being located in such a central position in so important a city; and considering it stands on close upon two-and-a-half acres of land, it would be hard for me to compute its value. The buildings are a splendid pile, with plenty of playing ground, and cloisters in abundance, which afford the boys capital shelter in inclement weather.



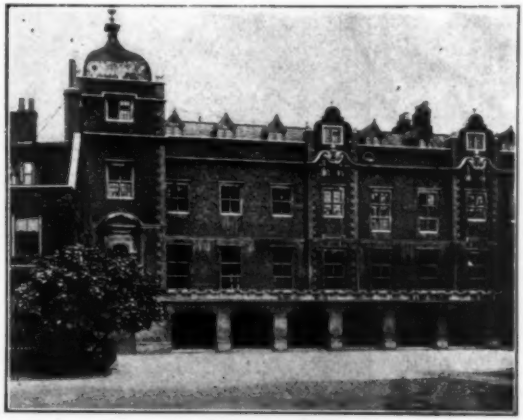
ENTRANCE FROM NEWGATE STREET.

Upon entering the porch, you are immediately saluted by the stalwart college porter, who, from his lodge, eyes you almost instanter, and from his countenance you can soon see if you are deemed an intruder. After the usual "All right, sir," you pass on a few yards, where you reach on your left the old cloisters, a relic of the Monastery itself, which also forms one of our illustrations.

Many an old tale would these weather-beaten walls tell, if they could but speak. and the small tablet near the roof (shown in our picture), is noted for the following curious wording, in memoriam of some old worthy—"Here lies a benefactor, let no one move his bones." These cloisters are known amongst the boys by the name of "Jiff's Cloisters;" this appears to have been given by the boys themselves, in the

days of the old Beadle, with J. I. F. for his initials, whose beat was along this old remnant of the monastery.

We need not proceed down the cloisters which lead into the "Hall playground," for a more attractive picture meets us from this point, as we look into the Garden playground (so called from the old Monastery Garden), where we have a most interesting view of "Young England at School."



GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The Garden is alive with the chatter of the youngsters, bareheaded, with their long blue coats either flying in the air, displaying the yellow stockings and shoes, or tucked up under their waist-belt. Each arch in the Cloister is a goal, and you are lucky if, in attempting to cross the yard, you escape colliding with the small ball they are driving from one side to the other at shinney or hockey. Then, again, in the Garden, as shown in our illustrations, we have the New Cloisters, or, as it was called, "Grecian Cloister," so named because the Grecians used to keep it sacred to themselves, no one else being allowed to pass through. The Grecians are the head boys in the school. It is still a favourite haunt with them; and in our group of the Grecians now at Christ's Hospital the Cloister forms the background. I have previously spoken of the interior of "Jiff's," the Old Monastery Cloister, and have now to make reference to the exterior, which faces the New Cloister. This certainly at once tells us it is the most ancient portion of the building; in the centre is a great institution—yes, an institution stamped on the memory of all Blues, past or present—"The School Shop," better known as "The Tuck Shop." I took quite a fancy to this interesting branch of Christ's Hospital, and when I could pilot myself through the dozens of shinney-sticks that were threatening closer friendship than was comfortable, I managed to get inside, and while chatting with the good-tempered proprietor, I could not help feeling the gnawings of a boy's appetite, and I was therefore compelled to indulge in a "pastry" on the spot.



WRITING SCHOOL AND WARDEN'S HOUSE.

"Times are not nearly so good as they used to be," said the Tuck Shop proprietor, while a number of pastry trays were being carried in; but I failed to see where the slight grumble came in, for I was soon pushed on one side, and in came the boys for puffs, tarts and all manners of pastry, while Fry's chocolate was in great demand. Footballs and every requirement for their games are supplied here; in fact, the wants of the boys are thoroughly

catered for, which obviates the danger of boys frequenting the streets of such crowded thoroughfares as those in the immediate vicinity of the school, besides allowing the officials to thoroughly investigate what the boys are purchasing.



MIDDLE ARCH, FRENCH CLOISTERS (GROUP OF HOCKEY-PLAYERS).

After an interesting ten minutes round the tuck shop, I made my way to the counting-house, reached after passing under an archway on the right in the Library Cloister as you enter. Mr. W. Lemprière, one of the chief clerks, was extremely kind in showing me over several places of interest, including the Court Room, which forms one of the subjects of our illustrations. This splendid room is approached by a fine oak staircase: it is a spacious apartment with vaulted roof supported by four Doric columns and lighted by windows, with double sashes, on the eastern side. The President's chair, with the Arms of England over it raised on a canopy, occupies the chief position at the upper end of the room, behind which is the portrait of the Royal Founder I have previously referred to. The walls are covered with portraits of former presidents, treasurers, benefactors and other worthies, past and present.

The painting of Sir Richard Dobbs, Kt., Lord Mayor in 1553, I was told ranks next in age to that of the founder. It bears the inscription "Ætatis suæ 65," and the following lines in old English characters:—

Christe's Hospitall erected was a passinge dede of pittie,
Wnat tyme Sir Richard Dobbs was Maior of yis most ıam's cittie,
Who carefull was in gouernment a furthered muche the same,
Also a Benefactor, good, who loyed to see it frame,
Whose picture heare his friends haue sett, to putt eache wight in minde
To imitate his vertuous dedes as God hath vs assinde.

The building known as the Counting-house, where the Court Room is situated, was erected about two hundred years ago, on the first rebuilding of the Hospital after the Great Fire of London. The Court Room as the name suggests, is where the General Courts, Committee, and meetings of the Governors, etc., take place from time to time.

In the immediate vicinity of the Counting house there is little that calls for special attention, and we therefore proceed through the "Grecian Cloister" and pay a visit to the "Great Hall," perhaps one of the largest now in existence without pillars. To Londoners, this grand fabric is well known, as each day, from twelve to one, the frequenters of Newgate Street cannot help halting to see the dinner parade in the Hall playground, certainly a most impressive sight, which visitors to the School should not miss. At a given bugle call the boys are all marshalled in front of the Hall on the North side of Newgate Street for dinner, at 1.15, by the Drill Sergeant—a Crimean hero.

The school band, conducted now by Mr. H. A. Godfrey, an old Blue, and a nephew of the great "Dan," plays some march, while the small army, upwards of six hundred strong, file up, and after dividing into their little companies, or wards, sixteen in number, march into dinner.

Ten minutes before dinner is served, it is amusing to see some of the little blue coats dancing round the tables, laying the cloths and bringing in the bread, etc. The Grecians are the first to enter, marching up the centre of the hall to their table at the far end, near the visitors' gallery.

From this gallery visitors can view the whole school at dinner.



NEW CLOISTER (THE GARDEN PLAYGROUND).

One of the Grecians reads the long prayers, composed expressly for the School by Bishop Crompton, of London.

The Hall stands partly on the foundation of the ancient refectory, and partly on the site of the old City wall, and was completed, after four years' building, in 1829. The style is Gothic, built of Portland stone with spacious Cloisters of Heytor granite.

Large kitchens occupy the basement, and the Governor's room, the wardrobe, the buttery, etc., take the greater portion of the ground floor.

When I say that the Hall and lobby measure 187 feet long by 51½ wide, and 46½ high, my readers will be able to form an idea of its magnitude.

Numerous old paintings cover the great walls, two of their number being famous, not for their value so much as their portraits; these are Edward VI. renewing his father's gift to the Hospital, and of St. Thomas and Bridewell to the City, and a colossal picture, 80 feet in length, by Verrio, representing James II. receiving an audience of Christ's Hospital boys and girls.

A splendid organ adorns the east end of the Hall, over the lobby, and the organist, an old Blue, has set some pretty music to equally well-chosen words specially for the use of the School. Sunday services in the Hall render a pleasant Sabbath to those who are fortunate enough to witness them; and the Lent Suppers are looked forward to with great joy by the boys. Annu-



GROUP OF "GRECIANS."

ally, on the anniversary of King Edward's birthday, the old boys dine together; and these reunions are of the most enjoyable description, when an Old Blue of distinction generally occupies the Chair.

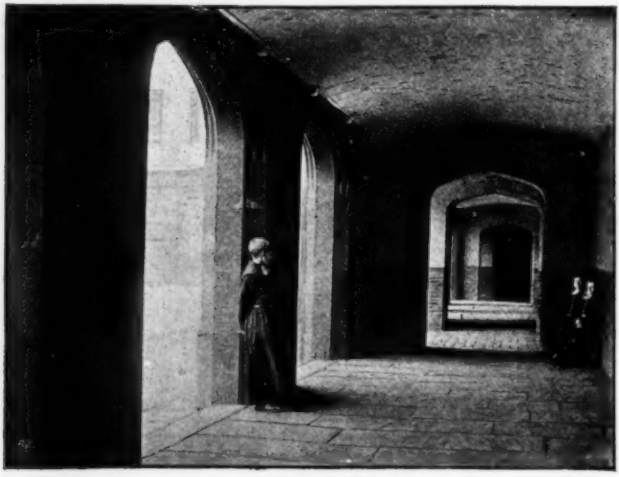
Amongst the latest additions to the adornments of the Hall are handsome Coats-of-Arms in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. They are fixed to the fronts of the galleries—the Royal Arms of England on the western, and those of the Hospital, flanked by two Bluecoat Boys, at the eastern end of the Hall, on the Organ loft.

The dietary scale now, as compared to the earlier days, is indeed liberal, and every care and attention is paid by the officials to give the boys that food most suitable to growing youths.



OLD CLOISTER (JIFF'S CLOISTER).

The general breakfast for each boy consists of 7½ oz. of bread, and half-a-pint of milk, with or without hot or cold water at the boy's choice.



FRENCH CLOISTERS.

The special breakfast (in cases where it is ordered by the medical officer) comprises, in addition to the above-named allowance of bread: ½ oz. of butter and 4 oz. of cold meat, with cocoa or coffee. The Grecians have 7½ oz. of bread, 1 oz. of butter and 8 oz. of cold meat, or 4 oz. of bacon and a pint of coffee. The monitors 7½ oz. of bread, 1 oz. of butter and a pint of coffee.

The general dinner consists each day of 3 oz. of bread and, on Monday, 4 oz. of mutton and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Tuesday, 4 oz. of pork, 4 oz. of potatoes, and an allowance of greens; on Wednesday, 4 oz. of mutton and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Thursday, 4 oz. of beef and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Friday, 4 oz. of mutton, 4 oz. of potatoes, and an allowance of greens; on Saturday, 4 oz. of beef and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Sunday, 4 oz. of beef or veal, and 8 oz. of potatoes; half-a-pint of ale is allowed to each boy on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—upwards of eighty boys receiving it daily—

and on two days in the week each boy has 6 oz. of Yorkshire pudding in addition to the rest of the ration, while occasionally 4 oz. of suet pudding are also allowed.

This, of course, is varied from time to time, and the joints are supplemented by hash, stewed rabbits or meat pies.

The Grecians receive a double allowance of meat and beer, together with 1 oz. of cheese.

Supper consists of 6 oz. of bread, ¾ oz. of butter, a half pint of milk and water; and the late supper for some 200 of the elder boys is 4 oz. of bread and 1 oz. of cheese. Bread is not stinted to the boys, who can at any meal procure an additional quantity by asking for it.



GRECIAN CLOISTERS, AND CHAPEL IN DISTANCE.

From this it will be seen that the boys now at Christ Church have a much better time than their predecessors, whose old school rhyme tells us they had somewhat scanty fare. The following is the verse, which all Crugs will remember well:—

"Sunday, all Saints;
Monday, all souls;
Tuesday, all trenchers;
Wednesday, all bowls;
Thursday, tough Jack;
Friday, no better;
Saturday, pea soup, with bread and butter."

Some of the essays by Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb are particularly interesting on this subject. When speaking on the diet question some few years after he had left the school, Charles Lamb says: "I remember L—— at school, and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town and were near at hand, and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in the morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our 'crug'—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from.

"Our Monday's milk porridge, blue and tasteless, and the pea-soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of 'extraordinary bread and butter' from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—we had three banyan to four meat days in the week—was endeared to his palate by a lump of double-refined and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly), or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled*, Sundays, or quite fresh-boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*),

with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth, our scanty mutton scrags on Friday, and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten, roasted or rare, on the Tuesday — the only dish which excited our appetites and disappointed our stomachs in equal proportions — he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin—exotics unknown to our palates—cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing) and brought him daily by his maiden aunt. I remember the good old relative, in whom love forbade pride, squatted down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens administered to the Tishbite), and the contending passions of L — at the unfolding."



COURT ROOM.

The scholars rise at six o'clock sharp during the summer mornings, and are allowed an extra hour's indulgence throughout the winter. Before breakfast, in the summer, they spend about half-an-hour in the swimming-bath, or in the gymnasium, or at "fives." The swimming-bath at Christ's Hospital, an exceptionally good one, was opened in 1869, and has been found so capitally appointed that Rugby has taken it as a model for their school. Prior to the building of the present bath and washhouses, the ancient "Peerless Pool," in City Road, was the recognised haunt of the boys, but the old open-air bath having been demolished, the want of a good bath was speedily recognised by the authorities, with the result that one was soon erected. The dimensions are 25 feet by 60 feet, with a varying depth of from 3 to 5 feet, and capable of holding 33,000 gallons of water, in which between eighty and ninety boys can bathe at one time.

After this half-hour's recreation, break-



STATUE OF THE FOUNDER, EDWARD VI.

fast takes place at eight o'clock; morning school begins at 9.15 and ends at 12.15; from the latter time to one o'clock, in the summer, away the boys go to either "fives," tennis, gymnastics, or cricket, although the latter cannot be played properly, owing to the asphalte. Afternoon school starts at 2.30, ending at 4.30.

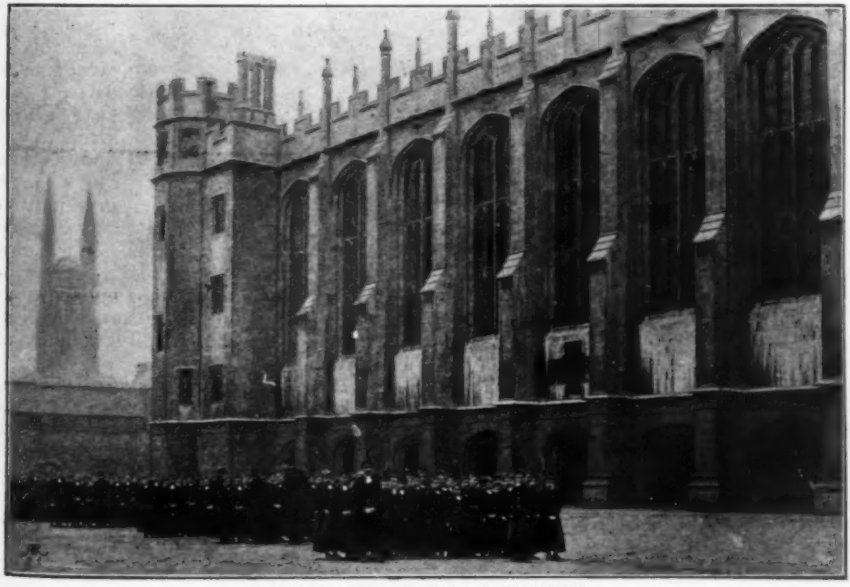
In the winter the ward football matches are held in the Hall playground.

The school, being essentially for those who must work to gain their living and not simply earn "a bubble reputation" on the football field or on the river, cannot boast of a great list of heroes in the athletic world. A. Back, in 1874, and A. K. Lewis, in 1886, are two football blues emanating from Christ's Hospital, and C. W. Dix, the present captain of Kensington Rugby Club, also hails from the Newgate Street School. It should be, however, mentioned that the physical education is by no means neglected, as at the gymnasium or fives courts (erected in the new playground, on the site of the old Giltspur Street Comptor or Debtor's Prison, which the Governors secured some forty-five years ago) all boys undergo a certain amount of compulsory gymnastic training under a competent instructor.

The carpenter's shop at the rear of the bath is also a valuable addition to the useful and instructive appendages to the school, thanks to the liberality of the treasurer, Mr. Allcroft, who has been instrumental in working many improvements in the hospital, taking a lively interest in the recreation and doings of the boys out of school. A feature that cannot be left unmentioned is the Cricket Field at Dulwich, where, on the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays, the boys revel in football or cricket, and during the long summer evenings they are able to have an hour or two outside of smoky London at specially reduced fares by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway from Holborn Viaduct.

The Annual Sports are generally a bumping success at Lillie Bridge, held under the supervision of a committee of the masters and officers, who at all times evince the keenest interest in the welfare of the boys—young and old.

A capital library, containing some five thousand volumes, in almost all branches of literature, has been established upwards of thirty years and is a favourite resort of the boys during half-holidays and play hours, and to those of good behaviour on Sunday afternoons. The museum, instituted some thirteen years ago, must not be forgotten; it



HALL PLAYGROUND. FORMING UP FOR DINNER.

owes its birth to the generosity of one of the Governors (Mr. Jeremiah Long), and contains a valuable collection of natural history and geological specimens, etc., together with some of the ancient clothing and school money coined at the Mint specially for Christ's Hospital.

The dormitories are sixteen in number, known by their respective numbers, and beautifully clean. They contain from forty to fifty beds each, the total number of beds being close upon seven hundred and fifty, not including the infirmary. Each ward has a matron's apartments, and without a doubt the boy's ward is his "Mecca," and I was pleased to notice how feelingly the Matron spoke of "her boys." A partition down the centre of the ward divides the room into two parts, one half having two rows of small beds without gas, and the other has two rows of beds with tables running right down the centre, over which plenty of light enables the boys to construe their tasks. The walls are adorned with the work of young Blues at school, and should the ward happen to have pulled off one or other of the challenge cups, a prominent position is given it near the Matron's apartments, and it is prized by all in the ward. Christ's Hospital, as at all other public schools, rejoices in a rare and extensive vocabulary of slang, far too long for me to attempt to describe.



HOUSE OF RESIDENT DOCTOR.

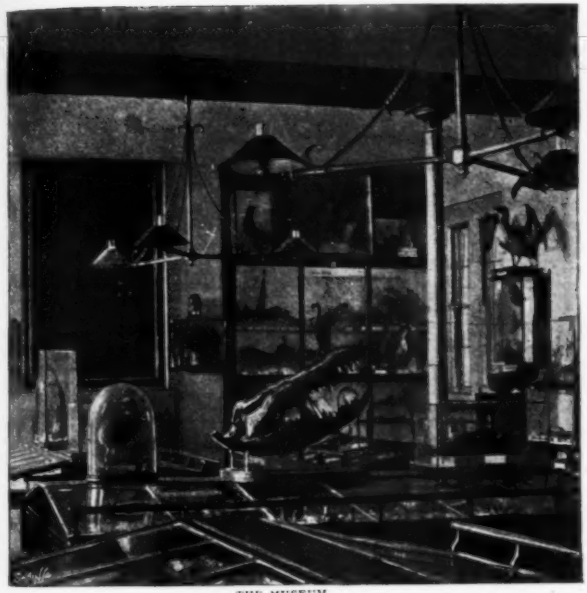
The school has its monthly magazine, appropriately entitled "The Blue," written by "Blues for Blues." The magazine is most admirably got up and carefully edited by the Captain of the school, and appeals not only to the cloistered, capless youths, but to the large army of Old Blues outside the walls. I should have liked to have devoted much more attention to what I consider the greatest School in the City of London, more especially as a great change is about to take place before the century closes with us.

After so many centuries in our midst we are about to lose this old and renowned institution, although I must admit it will be a move in the right direction; close upon eleven hundred acres of land have been secured in Horsham, Sussex, and the contracts are out for estimates for the buildings. All must agree that the fresh country air is a great advantage to a large school, thereby almost insuring good health.

Christ's Hospital will not only gain this, but the Girls' School and Preparatory School at Hertford, containing ninety beds for girls and three hundred and forty for boys, upon which I shall be unable to give much detail in this short article, will find quarters in closer proximity to the governing body, with plenty of more suitable recreation grounds. When this comes about I hope to make a journey to the New School, and renew my acquaintance with my young friends at their New Country Home of the Royal foundation of Edward the Sixth.

Besides this approaching great change, the Hospital is now undergoing a transition for regulating the presentations and admission of children into the schools. This is called the New Scheme of the Charity Commissioners, which came into operation in 1891, but it cannot be said it is yet in full working order.

Children are admitted by presentation: firstly, of a Governor; secondly, of the



THE MUSEUM.

Council of Almoners, for children of persons distinguished in Literature, Science, or Art, or in the service of the Crown, or those who have rendered services to the public or to Christ's Hospital; thirdly, of certain City Companies for children of Liverymen. Of such Companies boys are admitted by competition, from the ages of ten to thirteen, on the nomination of a Governor, from Public Elementary Schools within the London School Board district, from certain Parishes which have hitherto exercised right of presentation, and from certain endowed schools.

The boys presented are sent to the preparatory school at Hertford; and are drafted from there—periodically, according to progress—to London; but boys admitted by competition join at once the original foundation.

Even presented children are now subjected to examination and required to read with facility and intelligence, write legibly and correctly, know the four simple and compound rules in arithmetic; and a fair knowledge of geography and English grammar is expected.

The subjects for the competitive examinations are fairly stiff, and if only our forefathers could have had the opportunities of attaining the knowledge, or half of what is now expected of a boy under thirteen to gain admittance to Christ's Hospital, they would have considered themselves fairly good scholars.

In preparing this article on Christ's Hospital I must acknowledge the courtesy and valuable assistance I have received from the Headmaster, the Rev. Richard Lee, M.A.



EXTERIOR OF OLD CLOISTERS AND TUCK SHOP.

Our readers will be glad to possess copies of the school "Carmina," both being from the pen of the Rev. W. Haigh Brown, LL.D., an old blue, and now Headmaster of Charterhouse School.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.



DORMITORY NO. 12.—HOLDERS OF SWIMMING CUP.

CARMINA.

I.

Unum concentum tollite
Læto, sodales, sono;
Et vota bona fundite
Pro Christiana domo.

Nostro favete carmini,
Amici, quotquot estis,
Quos cura tangit Hospiti
Cæruleæque vestis.

Ut per priora sæcula
Sic tempus in futurum
Det fausta Deus omnia
Et Ipsum adjuturum.

Ne noceat concordiæ
Contentio proterva
Neu tabes obsit corpori
Neu febrium caterva.

Mores honesti suppetant
Et utilis doctrina
Et litterarum gloria
Et recta disciplina.

Ludi viriles floreant,
Qui præbeant salutem
Fraterna per certamina
Et nutriant virtutem.

Sit indies felicior
Vigore domus verno
Et floreat, ut floruit,
Honore sempiterno.



BLUE-COAT BOY.
(From an old Drawing dated 1819.)

II.

IN the far distant days when the Tudor bore sway,
And a dead past in ruins was crumbling away,
Rose the home of the Blue, as the Phœnix of old
From the funeral ashes ere yet they were cold.

Like a well nourish'd sapling, as seasons roll by,
It struck its root deeper, its summit rose high;
Till the good seed once planted, at Edward's command
With wide-spreading branches o'ershadowed the land.

And for ages on ages that bountiful shade
Has faithfully nurtured the youth and the maid;
Till their sinews were strong for the toil of the strife,
And their courage was high for the battle of life.

And there, too, in lavish profusion unrolled,
Goodly treasures of learning, more precious than gold
Have lured on the student to win him a name
And to gain him a niche in the Temple of Fame.

But though proudly we reckon our brothers among
Men foremost in arms, and in arts, and in song,
Yet a far better boast in the thousands we find,
Who have done honest service for God and mankind.

Then all honour to Edward, the King and the boy,
He has earned him a glory no time can destroy:
Let us circle his brow with a wreath all his own,
A garland more splendid than conqueror's crown.

Hurrah for the Blue! 'tis the ensign of youth,
'Tis the symbol of hope, 'tis the emblem of truth;
And may we, one and all, to our colour be true,
And maintain still untarnished the fame of the blue.

The Arrest of Deerfoot:

A Tale of the Mounted Police.

By ROGER POCOCK.

I'M only a Blackfoot squaw, Major, and you're a chief of the Mounted Police; but the little voice of Truth lives in my mouth and it shall be heard. I alone know the story; so what's the good of your trial unless I talk? And don't let me catch this new interpreter telling lies out of my mouth.

Major, your prisoner there is as innocent as a prairie-dog. Be still, Beef Hardy; I will be heard, in spite of you! Look at him, Major; big Beef Hardy, your Mounted Police scout and interpreter—the handsomest white man on the Plains—he swears to you that he killed Dried Meat, my husband. I tell you that he lies! I say, in the presence of the Big Spirit, I, and I alone, killed Dried Meat! Come, I am yours: take me—kill me! I deserve to die; but that man shall go free!



HARDY, THE SCOUT.

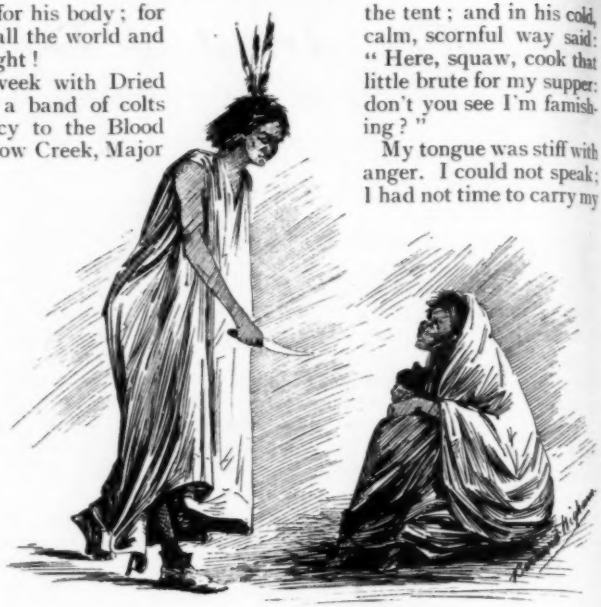
Dried Meat bought me for his wife last year. My father told me that he was very wise, waited for in council, the best scholar at the Agency—yes, like a paper book full of black marks. I can't read: and, oh, how I hated him!

He sat in the lodge all day and gave orders: his very presence more than I could bear; his voice rasping my ears like a file; and his sneer made me want his blood. Not for days and weeks, but for years, he was to be my master; not wearing off like a sickness, or killing me like the plague, but always there in the tent, making my little life as bitter as frozen berries, till my hour of death. He'd no more soul than a stretched skin; no tears, no laughter. He would not love me, nor could I fight with him. He didn't care for me so much as the dogs he beat, the colts he broke, the stones he threw at the crows. Can a woman bear that? Oh, I would rather have been chained to the dead!—I—I, who loved—another man!

He had one virtue: he could run. No pony could beat him in a fair race. They called him Deerfoot, after our great Indian runner. He used to keep a paper in the tepee—a printed paper, many moons old—to say that Deerfoot was to race with a white man in the Calgary Rink. He was proud of being called after him, especially as both had Dried Meat for their birth-name; and—set my words down on a white skin with ink—*they were sometimes mistaken for one another.* My master had been taken for the great hero: for him who, on the Iron Trail, stood off three Mounted Policemen with an axe; for him whose hands are red, so that the Govern-

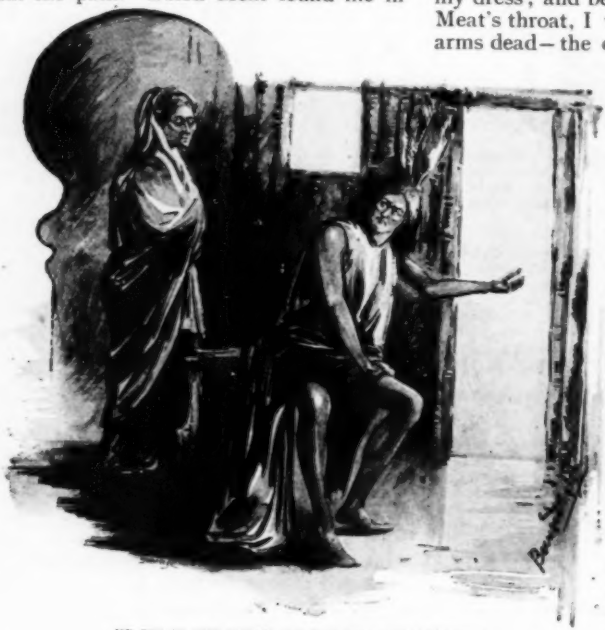
ment offers great money for his body; for him who stands alone in all the world and defies the white man's might!

I was travelling last week with Dried Meat. We were taking a band of colts from our Blackfoot Agency to the Blood Reserve. You know Willow Creek, Major—the little coulee where Wade-the-Coward keeps a trading store. It was there we camped on the flat by the Creek where the wind had whisked away the snow and left grass for pasture. There was nothing to eat all night; there'd been nothing to eat all day, and we were hungry. Perhaps our hearts had grown evil for the want of food. I had a little dog, Major—just a wee scrap of a thing that whisked about the camp and loved me. That day a horse had kicked him and he was lame. Poor little trembling, crying thing! gazing into my face, licking my cheek, trying to bear the pain. Dried Meat found me in the tent; and in his cold, calm, scornful way said: "Here, squaw, cook that little brute for my supper: don't you see I'm famishing?"



HERE, SQUAW, COOK THAT LITTLE BRUTE.

My tongue was stiff with anger. I could not speak; I had not time to carry my pet away. His knife struck straight into its throbbing heart; its life-blood fouled my dress; and before I could get at Dried Meat's throat, I was alone. It lay in my arms dead—the one creature I cared for in the world; and there in the dusk I swore by the Big Ghost above: Blow for blow—blood for blood—life for life!



HE SAT IN THE LODGE ALL DAY AND GAVE ORDERS.

A minute before I'd seen from Wade's corrall a horse tied to the door of the trading house. I had noticed the brand, the clipped tail, the big saddle: it was a horse of the Mounted Police. The owner of that animal must know of the search for Deerfoot, and of the great money offered for his capture. My master had sometimes been mistaken for the Blackfoot hero. I took his running shoes and wrapped them in the old printed paper about Deerfoot. What if I took them so wrapped

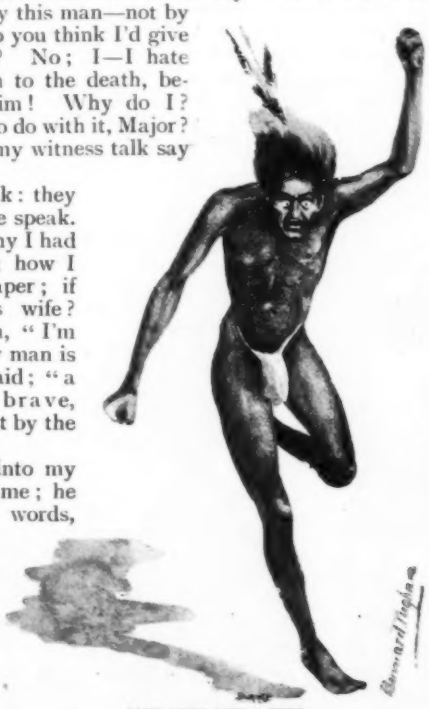
and sold them to Wade for food—would not the soldier see? Suppose my master resisted arrest and were shot!

I stole out of the tepee and found that Dried Meat was away among the horses. I crept to Wade's door unseen, knocked, was let in. Major, the owner of the horse was not the red-coat I expected; he was not one of the Police, but big Beef Hardy, the interpreter—your prisoner!

I tried to run away, but Wade held me. I screamed and struggled to escape. Major, I wanted to be saved from my master, but not by this man—not by Beef Hardy. Do you think I'd give him the chance? No; I—I hate him! I hate him to the death, because—I hate him! Why do I? What's that got to do with it, Major? If you don't like my witness talk say so, and I'll go.

I wouldn't speak: they couldn't make me speak. Beef asked me why I had Deerfoot's shoes; how I got Deerfoot's paper; if I was Deerfoot's wife? "No," I told him, "I'm not his wife. My man is Dried Meat," I said; "a young Piegan brave, camped on the flat by the corrall."

Hardy looked into my eyes. He knows me; he believes all my words, and let me go like a man. Then I saw Wade-the-Coward sneer at him for being taken in; and I heard Wade-the-Coward say that Dried Meat is Deerfoot's birth-name—that the little squaw had lied.



CAME DOWN LIKE A DEER.

I never slept that night; I never spoke to Dried Meat, and I ate nothing. Beef would not try to arrest him before daylight; for no living man would attempt to take the great Deerfoot in the dark. At dawn my master awakened; ordered me to take down the tepee, and ran out to gather his horses for the march. At that instant a voice rang out in the cold air—"Halt!" I looked out of the tent, and found Beef Hardy and Wade coming from the house. Both had rifles, but Beef was in Cowboy clothes; and there was nothing in the look of the men to make Dried Meat think of the police. He seemed surprised, and went up to find out what was wanted.

I saw Beef take something from a paper packet. Now I know that this was Deerfoot's picture; but the two men are so like that this seemed only one more fact against my master. Beef said nothing, wondering, I thought, that Deerfoot should be so careless about meeting white men; and while he hesitated, Dried Meat, thinking to show off his famous running before the strangers, set off to round up his herd. His feet seemed to leave no mark on the crisp snow; he ran like a young antelope, and no mounted cowboy could have been quicker in gathering a band of horses. He came back trotting behind the colts; and then, blushing and smirking with conceit, went back to hear his skill praised by the white men. The name Dried Meat, the shoes, the printed paper, had been all against him—but the running settled all doubt. Beef laid his hand on my master's shoulder.

"Are you Deerfoot?" he said.

Dried Meat smiled at the pretty compliment, and answered "Yes."

Beef held tight, Wade covered him with his rifle; and the three moved away towards the house. I began to fear that Dried Meat would submit to the arrest like a coward; but I suppose he didn't understand at first what had happened. The moment he saw the police horse in the corrall he knew all. With a sudden twisting wrench, he slid from the white man's grasp, left the blanket in his hand, and, naked, came down like a deer towards the camp.

"Quick, squaw, my rifle!" he yelled, as he neared the tent. The evil was in my heart, the gun was in my hand. There were cartridges, and as I ran I made pretence of pumping them into the magazine.

He snatched the *empty* rifle from my hand, took Willow Creek with a bound, and in an instant was on top of the cut bank, and behind a fallen tree.

Beef Hardy and the Coward came blundering after him, then stood on the bank in the smoke of their empty revolvers, looking up at Dried Meat's ambush with the frozen creek between. The cut bank was steep and of frozen gravel; the rifle was like a little blue eye looking over the log, they could hear the clicking trigger, and expected death.

Wade took aim with his Winchester and shouted "I'll finish the brute from here:" But Beef turned, looked straight at the Coward and said "Down with that gun." The giant, the beautiful white giant, stood waiting there for his death; and the Coward sneaked away. Beef Hardy looked straight into the rifle's eye, and never flinched—I tell you I saw him charge straight up the bank believing that Deerfoot's first shot would instantly strike him down. There might be a charge in that rifle—a cartridge I'd left by mistake—my hero was in danger; I nearly died of fear.

I heard the click of my master's empty gun, saw him leap to his feet, and knew that he was praying to the Great Ghost for help. Beef Hardy had fallen on the frozen gravel and was scrambling helplessly on the bank below. The rifle barrel flashed in Dried Meat's hands, the butt swung round his head—and he waited, flourishing the weapon, till the white man's head should come within his reach.

I dared not see, my eyes seem blinded, my brain was reeling—then—then it was all clear! I stole behind Wade-the-Coward, I sprang, I struck him down with an axe! I lifted Wade's rifle as Dried Meat prepared to strike; but still Beef Hardy was scrambling on the stones and did not see. Wade's weapon was in my hands, alive in my clutch—it pointed at Dried Meat's head—and dashed his eyes with blood! He leaped in the air, and floundered—and fell—but my hero was saved alive!



I STOLE BEHIND WADE-THE-COWARD.

What have I said? Major, I lied! Didn't I tell you I hate this Mounted Police scout to the death?

Hands off, Beef Hardy! Hands off, I say, or I'll kill you! What—you will! Of course I did—of course I saved you from the brute—my hero! My master! My love!

Tired Love.

A Fin-de-Siècle Episode.

By S. A. KAPPEY (Mrs. Alfred Hart), Author of "A Modern Martyr," "A Double Ruin," &c.

"Heart by heart for a little while,
Bright and brief as a maiden's smile
That comes and goes as thoughts beguile.

"Mouth on mouth for a breathing space,
And tears that burn each frozen face:
Wild thoughts for coming nights and days."

FOR a whole sweet year they had loved each other passionately. They had drunk to the full of nearly every cup at life's feast—now, sad satiety was creeping upon them, and they knew it.

Gold there was enough for a week's royal pleasure: love, perhaps, for as many days—then?

"What shall we do when our glory is ended, *belle amie?*" asked Syd Trevellian of the woman at his side. He was looking at her hair, her eyes, her mouth, and wondering why it was that the scrutiny did not bring him the old thrill of delight.

"*Die,*" said Claire Ivana briefly.

This word, launched as it was upon the intense life of a June afternoon, impressed Trevellian strangely. Die—yes, it would be a fit ending to their mad career.

"Do you mean it, Claire?" he demanded, eyeing his companion with a momentary revival of interest.

"Yes, I mean it," affirmed the woman, her small face, Russian in type and Russian in its mysterious beauty, flushing to the brow only to leave her cheek paler than its wont. "What are we, after all, but two poor *fin-de-siècle* creatures, tainted with the pessimism of the day, utterly incapable of treading the narrow path of conventionality, and, above all, tired—tired of everyone, of everything—tired of Love!"

"Aye, that's the pity of it."

"It seems strange," said Claire, with a sort of contemptuous irony, "that one little year has killed what we swore should be deathless — and yet outwardly we are unchanged. Do you remember, Syd, the day we defied the world—how far removed all earthly considerations appeared in comparison with our great need, the one for the other? How we looked into the sky, upon the sea, toward the green fields stretching beyond, and at the flowers by our side. The air was full of the perfume of roses and the sound of your voice, and



THEY HALTED AND SURVEYED THE BUSY LIFE BELOW.

I was happy—happy—happy as it is only given to a woman to be once in her life. Now, I lay my hand in yours—you do not even know it; I touch your cheek—you do not even smile; I sing to you—and my songs leave you unmoved. Yes, of what use to live since habit only chains us to each other's side?"

"I almost love you," replied her listener dreamily. "I *should* love you if—if ——"

"You knew we were to part for ever."

He smiled. "To-day is Thursday, is it not? Some gold yet remains to us—it may last till next Thursday—then?—well, I shall have had the honour of ruining myself for you—and we will leave this world as portionless as we entered it. Come, place your arm in mine—let us walk; only seven days of sunshine are left to us."



"WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME SO STRANGELY?"

He offered her his support with almost the same tenderness as that of the old glad days. Aye, it seemed that the expiring embers of love had blazed into fresh flame, for each felt that they had drawn closer together within the last half-hour than they had been for many a blank day.

They languidly paced the sea front of the fashionable watering place at which they were staying—all eyes contemplating with curiosity the couple who had kicked aside the trammels of Society, and, seemingly, only to find that the sacrifice had been made in vain. The men looked at the woman; the women at the man; but the two looked at neither. They were in the world, not of it, and their thoughts were busy with the future.

Presently they came to the end of the front, and they halted and surveyed in silence the busy life on the sands below—even trivialities possessed a new meaning for them. They watched the little children in large sun-bonnets making tiny castles, which were swept away almost immediately by the slow-creeping tide, the white-capped bonnes intent upon the safety of their charges, the strolling musicians, gaudily attired bathers, and many other tawdry incidents which characterise the ordinary sea-side life. Yes, they halted and wondered how it was that anyone is ever missed with so many to fill the gaps in the ranks of life. In a few years those little children would have grown into manhood and womanhood, their sand castles replaced by others, just as transient, and, perhaps some of them would be standing, even as they were standing, and dimly questioning why they were born and what was the use and end of all things.

For a long while they were silent, and then, by a mutual impulse, they looked into each other's eyes, and each thought they saw tears.

"Where shall we go to-night?" asked Trevellian, eager to break a stillness charged with electric meaning. "You are queen, I bondman."

"Somewhere where there are music and flowers. To the Rose Garden, if you will; and perhaps the stars may shine and we may think it is—a year ago."

"Don't!" cried Trevellian sharply.

"You love me a little still, then, Syd?"

"Perhaps; I know not—come, you look tired."

That evening saw them at the Rose Garden—a lovely retreat, where in the distance could be heard the ghostly sorceries of the sea and, at intervals, the voluptuous melodies of a trained orchestra. As Claire had hoped, the stars were shining brightly, and they enhanced with tender radiance the beauty of her weary face. For she was beautiful; few women

could boast so faultless a skin, so pure a profile, such a wealth and length of hair. Syd had never thought her so lovely – or was it that the starlight, like death, tempers all imperfections?

She, in turn, gazed at her lover's face, and the past lent an acute pathos to the hungry glance. How well she had loved that face; there had been a time when she had thought nought could compare with the high white brow, those blue eyes, the amorous mouth, that showed so fine and clear beneath the golden-brown moustache. She had not learnt then how cold could be the glance of those eyes, the touch of that mouth.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" asked Syd, drawing his chair close to his friend's and encircling her waist with his arm. "Do you know, Claire, yon music makes me think of my childhood. I recall my boyhood's dreams, before I had caught the contagion of a world I abhor, or paltered with pleasures that please not. I *had* my dreams, child; I was not always the cynical brute I now am; but they turned me grey, and the dust of broken purposes clogs my brain. What is the air they are playing—'The Last Rose of Summer?'



"TAKE ME AWAY ——'

the roses are not *yet* dead. Claire, will you marry me?"

The words escaped him, he knew not how nor why, save that he experienced a vague yearning to take her life into his own hands and shape it anew.

But the little mocking laugh of Claire Ivana soon dispelled the weakness.

"Are you mad?" she cried; "and am I a child to be duped by a passing caprice? A foolish woman would take advantage of your present mood, would steal from you a promise you would ever regret; I am wiser. Just now you are suffering from one of those mental exaltations that would make you willing to die for me; but to-morrow – the inevitable morrow of reason —you will sneer at yourself for a fool. Think, if I were to accept your offer and marry you, what an unpleasant shock to your nerves. Dear Syd, I will allow you the privilege of ruining yourself for me, but certainly not that of marrying me."

"I like you in this mood, you whimsical witch," said Trevellian. "But, Claire, you are horribly wicked."

She smiled, one of her complex little smiles. "If to be frank is to be wicked, then I grant you I more than deserve the epithet. You are a curious man," she continued, brushing a rose across his lips. "I understand you, after all, so well: you are tired of me and yet you resent my regarding the fact philosophically. It piques your vanity that I do not weep and rail and plead, but simply resign myself to the inevitable."

"Yes, you are right," returned he, stretching himself and yawning. "It would be difficult to imagine ourselves en famille; you one side of the hearth, demurely sewing, I on the other, slippered and smoking. Certainly, we should be bored!"

"Most certainly."

He frowned. "Did you ever love me, I wonder?"

The woman leaned her head against the back of the high rustic bench on which she was sitting, and Syd, bending forward, had a full view of the upturned face. "If to love is to feel utterly at rest when by the side of him your heart has elected to honour—if to love is to forsake the world and follow only where his finger

beckons—if to love is to compass all music in one voice, all heaven in a kiss, all sunshine in two eyes—then I loved!"

"Claire!"

"If to love is to prefer death rather than suffer the martyrdom of disillusion then I *love!*"

"Oh! *mon amie!*"

"Hush! there is pity in your voice, and I will none of it. I have lived every day of one surpassing year—could the gods grant more? Ah! listen! they are playing *our* waltz—come," and this extraordinary woman held out her hand in invitation, while in the sequestered corner of the



AT A BAL MASQUÉ.

Rose Garden the two swung round to a few measures of the luring melody. Suddenly she halted, and fell upon his breast weeping: "Oh, I am glad it is all to end soon—take me away, let us die to-night!"

He held her from him, then drew her again to his breast. He kissed her eyes, her lips, with all the old ardour, but of comfort he offered none. How could he, in the face of such keen perception, insult her with assurances as tame as they were hollow?

Did he not know that she had grasped the whole sad situation? Was he not aware that they had reached the utmost limit of Love's domain, and that if they were unwise enough to peer above the walls of the enchanted country, they would see only the wide and dreary waste of disillusion? They had made the mistake that so many make—they had been too lavish of their mutual worship, leaving nothing to desire—and the result was a tiredness as profound as the grave. Besides, to watch for each white hair, each wrinkle, each joyless laugh—ghastly!

Nevertheless, in the days that followed, they, conscious of what lay between them, were drawn towards each other with an *entrain* that even their first days of friendship had not known. A hectic tenderness distinguished their very words till they grew to think that they were about to die for love's sake instead of for weariness.

It was the eve of their last day upon earth, and they were taking their farewell pleasure. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," had said Claire recklessly. Women are more terrible than men in such crises, consequently, this Wednesday night saw them at a bal masqué, in the very heart of a whirling throng of dancers, she attired in a wonderful Egyptian costume, he in something equally old world. How they danced! How they laughed and jested! Once or twice they separated, and instantly a masked figure would glide up to Claire with honeyed words of compliment; or Syd would seek some passing woman and astonish and command attention by his extravagant words of admiration. How unreal everything was! The music, the glare of light, the pungent odour of flowers! And yet the hearts of this man and woman were filled with an impotent sense of wrath, that all this life was of no concern to them. Nevertheless, once or twice some new thought chilled their feverish gaiety and made them pause in childlike helplessness. To-morrow—where would they be to-morrow? what would they have learnt? Not very far off was *something*—what? Hell or Heaven or the deep, dreamless slumber from which no man awakeneth? Why did this nearness to the Infinite bring no message, and the absolute isolation of each human soul inspire them in this moment with such acute agony?

It was past midnight, and they stood in final survey of the animated scene before them. Syd felt the hand of the woman on his arm tremble a little as she wistfully watched the throng of dancers.



LETTING HIS LIPS WANDER ACROSS IT.

It was a terrible thought that all these fellow creatures knew nothing of the tragedy being enacted in their midst. Suppose this little flower-girl, standing near, looking with all her soul into the eyes of her handsome partner, were to become suddenly aware that by her side were two people in league with Death. Would the colour have faded from her cheeks? Would she have shivered, as though feeling his chill presence? Perhaps.

Slowly Claire and Trevelian left the scene of almost boisterous merriment, and presently they were driving towards their hotel, hands clasped and very silent.

By-and-bye, when standing by the window of their room, Syd suddenly unfastened the pins that confined the meshes of his friend's hair, contemplating with admiration the glory that fell about her shoulders and literally enwrapped her in its luxuriant length.

"Claire," he said, running his fingers through the heavy tresses and drawing her to him, "Claire, I am going to make you a last request. Will you grant it, I wonder?"

"First tell me what it is," she replied, not losing, even in this supreme hour, her pride and desire not to appear servile.

"It is that you will let me cut off all these curls. I want them for a purpose."

"They are yours," said she, and going to a drawer, she took therefrom a pair of scissors and handed them to him.

"It is a shame to sever them," he cried tenderly, holding out one long strand in all its wonderful length, and letting his lips wander across it. "What would your mother have said, had she lived to see you thus robbed?"

"I never knew my mother," replied Claire unsteadily; "if I had perhaps—well, are you afraid that the steel will not cut? I am waiting," and she extended her graceful neck as might Marie Antoinette have done, when offering her head to the axe of the executioner.

"How strange it is to think," he continued musingly, "that you were once a little girl, Claire; that your little shoes were put on for you, your little bonnet tied beneath your chin. You must have been a charming child."

"Why do you think of my childhood?" she questioned, with a sad smile. "Is it that when one is at the end of a journey, one instinctively turns to the starting-point. I don't think I was ever quite young, Syd, for as soon as I could reason, I felt that at one period or another, I was destined to experience great happiness, and I also felt that it would not endure. Before I met you, I had fed on the bitter meat of pessimism and discontent—I now reap the effect; and there is no help for it—none."

"Claire, my darling, is it too late to retrace old ways? God knows, I am a graceless creature enough, but it seems to me that there may be yet some little bye-road we have left untrodden, some little harbour into which we might steer our belated lives."

"Syd," she whispered softly; "you almost make me weep. You make me long for something nobler, wider than my destiny has hitherto fulfilled. If Christ were to pass down yonder road, I, like the Magdalen of old, would rise up and follow him, bathing his feet with my tears; wiping them with my hair.

She laid her head on his breast, and together they watched the gradual approach of dawn—watched it as the pale kiss quivered above the heaving bosom of the ocean and touched the sails of distant

ships with tender radiance. It filled them with bitter-sweet reflections, this dawn, creeping so ruthlessly towards them; yet it bore for them no message, no promise of brighter days. Would that it had!

At noon he left her, returning after the space of an hour. With immense tenderness, he glanced at the head, shorn of all its beautiful hair, for he had relentlessly fulfilled his purpose, and he smiled as the effect of those short, uneven curls presented itself in a new light. How young and boyish she looked. Was it possible that the loss of a mere outward sign could lend such an entirely new aspect? She vaguely wondered what he had done with the locks he had gathered together in leaving her, but did not ask him—after all she did not care. Simply she came to where he was standing, and, with a charming little gesture, took his hand and guided it above her brow.

"I am cold, Syd," she said.

"Little child," he answered, for there was something very childish about her at this moment; "have I robbed her? You shall learn to what use I have put my theft—to-night!"

"To-night?"

"Yes; have you forgotten? Look," taking her to the window and pointing to a distant cliff; "*that* is the point from which we shall be lowered."

"It is very steep," she muttered; "and one peak seems to touch the clouds."

"You are trembling," and he gathered her to him.

"No, no, I am absolutely without fear! Only, I was looking at that man and woman—see, there—who have been married a year. They have brought their little one with them. Do they not seem happy? I wonder what their home is like? Does she have many flowers and books in her rooms? Does she like to dress and make herself dainty for his home-coming? And does she run to him full of joy because their baby has sneezed or done something equally wonderful? It must be very peaceful to have a nest quite one's own—very sweet!"



TAKING HER TO THE WINDOW.

"Claire! look at me! Why do you refuse to marry me?"

"Very sweet," she continued musingly, "to be queen over a tiny kingdom. A husband could not tire of his wife with a child's wee hands to bind them. Don't smile, but when I saw that young mother leaning over her boy—I heard it was a a boy—the last verse of a poem I learnt when a very little girl came to my mind with ridiculous inconsequence. It is painfully bucolic, painfully simple, and yet—The lines are these:—

> 'Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
> Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
> He is called by thy name,
> For He calls Himself a Lamb
> He became a little child,
> I a child and thou a lamb,
> We are called by His name,
> Little Lamb, God bless thee,
> Little Lamb, God bless thee!'"

He drew closer to her.

"Claire, why do you refuse to marry me?"

"Why? why? For the last time let me tell you why. First. I have forfeited your respect. Secondly, if you wearied of me, the weariness would take a more terrible form than it does now. As it stands, we shall at least, depart this life with a semblance of the old passion."

"And so you would never care to bend above a little one and murmur, 'Little Lamb, God bless thee!'"

"Mercy! Have mercy, Syd! Better die than delude ourselves with impossible hopes."

A deep disappointment shadowed his face. It was evident that neither trusted the other. Perhaps she was right; for, after all, were they not ruined? "As you say, much better die," he replied. "Will you sing to me, Claire? that song with Victor Hugo's words—you remember?"

"Yes, I sang it the night we first met."

"You were in white, Claire, and some violets were in the bosom of your dress. When you had finished the song, I echoed the last words of the refrain—"Oh, *ma fleur!*"

She rose, and, without a word, ran her fingers across the keys of the piano, touching the notes with the touch of an artiste. Syd had ever loved her playing, and when she sang her face became transfigured. For an hour, through the medium of the music, she talked to him as he lay in his chair, his head resting upon the uplifted palm of his hand, watching her, fascinated. Why did she sing in French? She knew full well how that language maddened him, how it stretched his heart-strings to their fullest tension.

"Claire, leave off!" he suddenly entreated. "Oh, I love you! I love you! I love you!" and he came behind her and drew her head back against his heart, whilst his lips sought hers and rested.



HE DREW HER HEAD BACK AGAINST HIS HEART.

She suffered herself to remain thus, but her fingers still busied themselves with the air they had been playing. Softly the melody stole through the room, plaintive and sweet—unresistingly her head lay upon his bosom—then a weird little smile flitted across her lips as she changed the wooing of the music to the solemn strains of a dirge.

"Is this your answer?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Clair.

It is night. On a cliff towering high above the sea, lying in green treachery beneath, stand a man and woman. The hour has at last arrived, and Trevellian and Claire are looking into the Heaven above as though hoping that some unseen force may take their fate into its own hands and spare them the terrible consciousness that they are flinging away their lives as carelessly as one does an old coin.

They had never realised, somehow, till now all that they contemplated; never understood how beautiful life had been, and all that it might still hold; to bid good-bye for ever to the sun, the flowers, and all the tumult that comprises existence. Never again to sing the old songs, to murmur the old words, to smile and weep and hope. How cold and cruel the sea looked!

Presently Syd turned and spoke to her. "This morning I told you I would show you to what use I had put my theft. I keep my promise—see!" He put his hand into the bosom of his coat and took therefrom what appeared to be a cord. "We will tie ourselves together with your hair —so," and he lassoed her waist and his with the long slender rope her woven tresses had made.

She drew very close to him, and shivered.

"Are you afraid, dear?" he queried tenderly. "Our leap——"

"You love me?" and she approached a little nearer the edge of the cliff.

"Je t'aime!"

"All past weariness is forgotten?" and she drew yet closer.

"All, darling."

"You regret nothing—neither the fact of living for me, nor dying with me?"

"I love you!"

Something in the voice of the man, an all mastering accent of *truth*, made her pause in this, the eleventh hour.

"If I could but believe you!"

"What then?"

"I would unloose this rope—I would place my hand in yours, and dare pain, poverty and sorrow for a union blessed of God and man."

She felt something sever the cord that bound them in its sinister slenderness, and then the hand of her lover steal within the

coldness of her own.

"Come!" he said solemnly; "it is not yet too late."

They turned, and, hand in hand, like two pilgrims bound for some far shore, left the lonely peak; left it with the cross of victory upon their brows, and the radiance of a new resolve flashing in their tired eyes.

Will they triumph — will their victory endure?

God knows!



IT IS NIGHT. ON A CLIFF STAND A MAN AND WOMAN.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

The Drawing-Room.

THE drawing-room is devoted to our leisure hours, to the lighter occupations of life, and to the reception of our friends; therefore, our best efforts should be expended on its furniture and decoration, to render it a fitting casket for those cherished possessions which every woman, worthy of the name, is sure to gather round her during her pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

Though I would be the last to counsel a more lavish expenditure than a moderate income justifies, I do feel that in this particular apartment the purse-strings might, in most cases, be relaxed with advantage, even if such a course necessitated a certain amount of restraint in other portions of the dwelling.

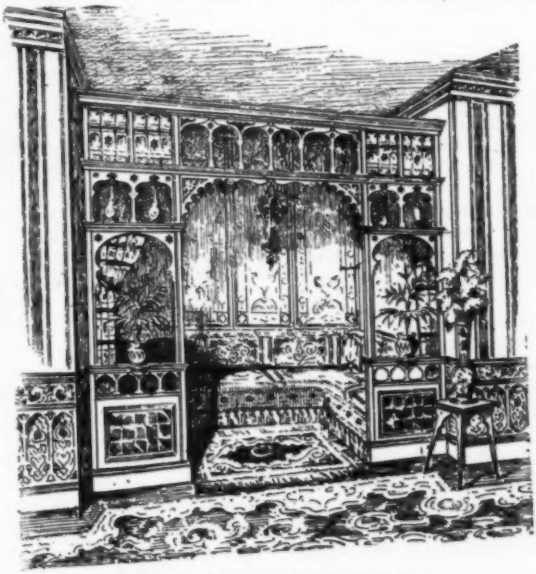
This is essentially the ladies' room, the centre of her home, the shrine, where her highest aspirations are evoked; and the most utilitarian woman in the world, though she may repudiate the idea with scorn, is ever a creature of circumstances, influenced for good or ill by her surroundings.

Few of us, I think, realize how harsh and disagreeable colours act upon our optic nerves to their fatigue and injury; for if we did, surely most of us would change the positively hideous wall decorations which are still to be found in some of the older houses, when, for a few pence per yard, we can obtain triumphs of artistic beauty, which present a pleasant and harmonious contrast to the eye. Without being able to define the exact shade of colouring of any room we enter, we should be pleasurably affected or the reverse, by its general tone and treatment.

Having in previous papers referred to wall decorations, I do not propose here to more than hint that the secret of success depends in a large measure upon following the advice of Dufresnoy:—

> "Forbid two hostile colours close to meet,
> And win with middle tints their union sweet."

The lower part of the wall should be heavier and more solid in colour than the upper portion, or it is apt to give the room a top-heavy appearance, which is anything but pleasant to contemplate. All staring patterns should be avoided, also those French papers in which a moiré silk ground appears to be covered at regular intervals with blotchy bunches of gilt or naturally coloured flowers, whose monotonous repetition wearies one beyond endurance. Imitations of all kinds should be dispensed with by those who



DECORATIVE TREATMENT FOR A BAY-WINDOW.

lay claim to good taste, and for this reason one would avoid paint grained to resemble expensive wood or marble, floor-cloths which are intended to look like parquetry or mosaic, and innumerable other examples of misapplied art in common use. Nothing breaks up a room and makes it more easy to furnish than plenty of nooks and corners; these lend themselves to artistic grouping, and of late years many pretty contrivances have been invented with this end in view. The window fitment of which I have given a sketch is an excellent example of its kind, particularly if the view is not an attractive one, and there are other windows affording necessary light. The framework is filled with stained glass, a means of decoration which is not so much employed as it deserves to be. It is, however, gradually making headway, and doubtless in a few years' time, it will be as much used in domestic, as it is now in ecclesiastical architecture, for many of the finest draughtsmen of the day have turned their attention to this branch of art. A comfortable divan seat is fitted round the window, and the following proportions have been found satisfactory for practical use. Seat from front to back, twenty-seven inches, allowing six inches for the padding at the back. The height of the latter must depend upon the window-seat. For the necessary slope, the seat should be eighteen inches from the ground in front, and seventeen at the back.



THE INTERCHANGEABLE COSY CORNER.

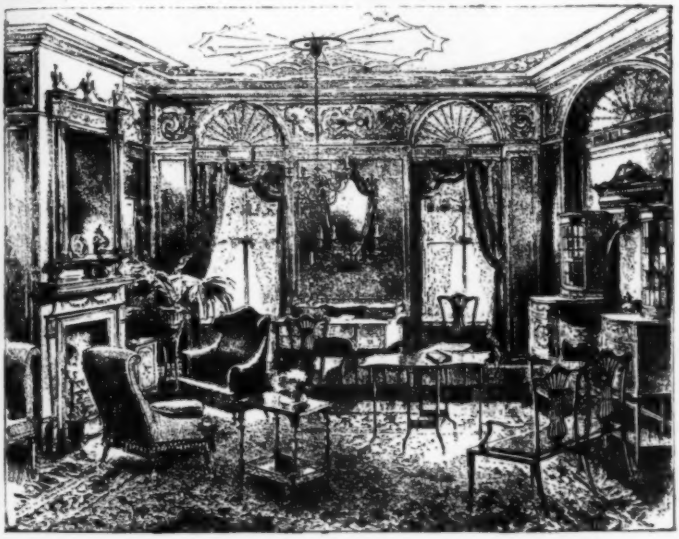
A couple of narrow curtains of Oriental silk are fixed to the upper portion of the screen, and smaller ones to match are fastened by rings to a brass rod, to be drawn at pleasure over the lower openings, which are further embellished with plants and Eastern pottery. The antique lamp of hammered iron and softly-tinted glass is another attractive feature in this part of the room, which I notice is particularly popular with my younger guests, who seem to imagine that it is specially provided for their edification, and therefore appropriate it for their own use.

As we all like to be cosy, in self-defence I have been obliged, by the circumstances of the case, to procure further accommodation, which has taken the form of a delightful corner seat, which is capable of being removed from one part of the room to another, or even into a different apartment altogether.

It is so ingeniously devised that without any sacrifice of its decorative charm, or any possible injury to the wall against which it has been resting, every part may become separate, and every fitting be unfitted so as to be rejoined as a whole, or else be separately disposed about the room, with good effect. For a double drawing-room such a piece of furniture has many advantages, and each article may be bought separately if desired. The entire fitment consists of two settees, curtains with removable brass rods, two china brackets, a corner cupboard, a

screen with shelves and a square tea-table, with shelf underneath.

My artist has so faithfully portrayed the drawing-room that it requires very little further description from me. I may mention, however, that on the side of the room which does not appear, laziness is encouraged by one of those up-to-date luxuries, a Chesterfield couch, carefully stuffed to adapt it to the various angles of the human frame; and, as a votive offering to the Goddess of Music, there is a cottage piano, dainty with marquetry, and corresponding with the rest of the furniture, which is inlaid in a similar manner. Tawny orange, brown and turquoise



A MODERN DRAWING-ROOM.

shades prevail in the decorations, and the parquet flooring is covered by a Persian carpet of mixed colourings and of softest texture.

When looking at the plenishing of *fin de siècle* dwellings, I often wonder if it has anything to do with the difficulties all classes encounter in their search after reliable domestic servants, for art in the home has certainly largely increased the labour required to keep it in order, and, at the same time, the mistress is, in nine cases out of ten, unable for many reasons, even if she be willing, to take that active part which housewives of a previous generation did as a matter of course. Compare the sparsely-furnished rooms, modest entertainments and simple service which satisfied our grandfathers and grandmothers, not to go further back still, with the requirements of the present day. There was less furniture to polish, fewer social functions, and, even in the matter of meals, greater simplicity in all respects. The fruit, the flowers, delicate china, glass and silver, in a word, the ordinary garnishings of the table which now accompany every meal, were only asked for on state occasions by our predecessors; and in this item alone it will at once be seen what an abyss there is between the demand put upon the persons who have to lay the tables now and that which existed at the commencement of the present reign. Education, too, has worked both ways, and has led to a very natural desire on the part of the household "maids of the mill" to demand more time and opportunities for the improvement of their minds and the recreation of their bodies.

Perhaps some of the friction which at present exists would be smoothed away if those of us who have the control of a household showed a feeling of sympathy for servants, and occasionally administered judicious praise, in place of the frequent rebuke to which even the best mistresses are more or less prone.

Many, I know, who are naturally kind-hearted, refrain from this course for fear their servants should think they cannot do without them. It is no use disguising the fact any longer; they know and we know that we cannot; so what end is gained by pretending that we can? And if for no higher reason, we should recollect that though—

"We may live without friends, and may
live without books;
Civilised man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without love: what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

But, to be serious, we owe something more than wages to those upon whom the comfort of our home depends, and a few encouraging words by the way, and a little extra help given, will generally bring about in the servant a feeling of respect for her mistress; while unreasonable demands, too much restriction, and stern tones instead of quiet ones, naturally have a contrary effect.

The respective duties of a mistress and servant are justice and obedience; but often the obedience is expected without the corresponding justice being given. Ruling the household is not such an easy task as many seem to think, and must only be undertaken by those who have the priceless qualities of firmness, patience, prudence, benevolence and self-possession; firmness, in requiring obedience, strict and prompt; patience to point out and mend faults and failures; prudence, in making rules, and giving commands; benevolence to sympathise with the troubles and cares of their servants, and to interest themselves in their improvement; and self-possession, that they may never appear at a disadvantage, for "she who commands others must first command herself."

But when I get on this most fascinating subject of the household, I am afraid I may weary my readers, especially the younger ones, who are naturally more anxious about their personal appearance than the more serious affairs of life, which include many domestic worries to which they are at present happily oblivious. I will, therefore, for their benefit, describe some of the newest and prettiest Spring fashions, so that they may take counsel with their guide, philosopher and friend, and prepare for themselves some ravishing costumes, which I can promise will raise the demon of envy in the breasts of those of their acquaintances who have been lax in their efforts to appease Madame la Mode, that high-priestess of the gentler sex who never suffers her votaries to render her half-hearted worship.



A SPRING WALKING COSTUME.

There is a decided tendency to make skirts fuller, and no objection can be raised to this (as the sheath-like dresses in which we have disported ourselves during the last few months are only adapted to the slightest figures) if we stop short of that *bête noire* of all sensible women—the crinoline. Velveteen is still worn, both for house and walking gowns, and Astrakan is a favourite trimming.

The pretty princess walking costume of mouse grey cloth, trimmed at the foot of the skirt with three rows of black ribbon velvet, will, I feel convinced, find favour with the readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY, accompanied, as it is, with a novel pelerine with rolled-back collar of the popular fur, and a charming toque of cloth and Astrakan to correspond. Two visiting toilets are shown in the following sketch. The first has a long skirt of *eau de Nil* poplin, trimmed with narrow bands of



VISITING TOILETS.



SPRING MILLINERY

velvet. The short jacket and toque are also of velvet, and the bodice is relieved with soft folds of cream lace. The other gown is of petunia velveteen; the bodice handsomely trimmed with black passementerie. With this dress is worn a hat of black felt with large bows of petunia velvet and shaded ostrich plumes. I have also given two useful examples of Spring millinery. A hat of chestnut-brown felt, almost covered with brown feathers and further ornamented with the fashionable Ich Dien plumes. The bonnet is a modification of the 1830 period; and is composed of vieux rose felt, lined and trimmed with bows of black velvet and shaded feathers.

At a smart dinner lately, the hostess had a lovely gown of canary Bengaline, with berthe, plastron and ruffles of Honiton lace, and large sleeves of black velvet. This dress was most charming and very becoming to the wearer, who is a brunette, with a commanding presence, and renowned for her taste in matters of the toilet.

Is not the child's dress of pale-blue Pompadour silk, trimmed with turquoise velveteen, a charming model? but not prettier, I think, than the young girl's house dress, which is of soft crimson cloth, with slashed sleeves and vest of faille.



CHILD'S DRESS. GIRL'S INDOOR DRESS.



A DINNER GOWN.

The most cunning little bows are appearing in the hair, and form a pretty finish to the coiffure, which, without this addition, is rather trying to the average face, which

looks best with the hair dressed higher than the fashion of the day allows.

I long since came to the conclusion that our manners, to a great extent, depend upon our clothes. Therefore, I think it is the duty of all women to cultivate dress as a fine art.

> "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,"

said the 16th Century philosopher; and if he could treat of the styles now in vogue the same advice would equally apply. For though the kaleidoscope of public taste alters, there are certain broad principles applied to women's apparel which have been the same for centuries and will be for centuries to come.

Cookery and Domestic Training for Girls.

Since introducing as one of the features of this article paying professions for girls of the middle classes, it has been suggested to me that, as many by nature and education are unfitted for a prolonged course of mental study, and that large numbers are better adapted to work with their hands than their heads, I should give some particulars of the best methods of training for cookery lectureships, and other branches of domestic work.

A knowledge of housewifery is not merely a useful profession, but a directly remunerative one, and in many cases women are paid so handsomely to lecture on cookery, nursing and the care of children, that some, even now (though their numbers are not overwhelming at present), are beginning to ask themselves, with the congested state of the marriage market in Britain, if the professional demonstration of these arts in the lecture hall is not to be preferred to their practical and gratuitous exercise on a limited income, beneath the domestic roof.

Taking all things into consideration, there seems every reason to predict an immediate and startling increase in the ranks of middle-class spinsterhood. During the last fifteen or twenty years, we have been living through a great educational and social crisis, so it is not surprising that the advance of civilisation has opened various branches of work to women, which hitherto were confined to the sterner sex. This cause alone is sufficient to insure a decline in the marriage rate. But though there may be a decrease in the number of unions, the total of happiness is, I believe, far greater than when marriage was the only profession open to girls, for which they must qualify, *nolens volens*. With an assured but modest income, the result of her own labour, a woman can insure the means of living in moderate comfort; the same freedom is now accorded to her which has so long been the prerogative of those who happen to have been born of the masculine gender, and that obnoxious stigma, "old maid," is now rarely applied to the unmarried woman. Possessing these undoubted advantages, matrimony naturally becomes an ideal existence, which is only entered upon by those who possess all the qualifications for a perfect union.

Those, however, who do not agree with me will be open to conviction that the time employed in obtaining a technical knowledge of housewifery, and similar subjects, will not be wasted, whether the students do or do not intend to take the yoke of matrimony upon them.

About three years since, the Chancellor of the Exchequer placed large sums under the management of the County Councils of England and Wales for the furtherance of education; a certain portion of which was set aside for providing salaries for women, competent to teach with method and intelligence the principles of household sewing, dress-cutting, elementary laundry work, hygiene, cookery, etc.

To prepare for such employment, some months must be given to training. A cookery diploma takes the longest time to acquire; but under ordinary circumstances from six to nine months, according to the aptitude of the pupil, will be found sufficient. For the other branches enumerated three months each is a fair allowance.

A special course of lectures, etc., has been arranged by Miss Rae Lankester, the talented secretary of the National Health Society, who will send particulars to those anxious to qualify, if a letter with stamped envelope for reply is addressed to her at the office of the Society, Berners Street, London. Diplomas and certificates, recognised by the Education Department, can also be obtained in various parts of the country. An excellent School of Domestic Economy and Cookery, which has turned

out some first-class workers under the management of Miss Romilly Wright, is to be found at 5, Athol Crescent, Edinburgh. A boarding house for students has been opened in connection with this establishment and is a great convenience to those residing at a distance. Another equally good training school, under the patronage of the Duchess of Fife is managed by Mrs. Hall and Miss Grigg (the former teachers at the School of Domestic Economy) is in George Street, Edinburgh.

The Northern Union Schools of Cookery also afford certain facilities, as does the Liverpool School of Cookery and Technical College for Women, which gives diplomas and certificates for cookery, laundry work and housekeeping. At Leeds, Glasgow, Sheffield, Wakefield, Birmingham, etc., there are also opportunities for obtaining the necessary training. The life is healthful, the hours comparatively short and the remuneration satisfactory. Salaries generally begin at £2 2s. per week for short terms of engagement or at the rate of £80 a year for terms of six or twelve months, the latter generally leading to permanent appointments. Those who show special aptitude for teaching and for organisation can generally rely upon larger emoluments than those mentioned. Travelling expenses are always defrayed by the Fund, not by the teacher. The present supply of suitable women is by no means adequate for the requirements of the County Council, and as the work is expected to increase in the near future, I have no hesitation in recommending active, willing workers to take up the calling of domestic science teachers and thus to find a fitting outlet for the practical tastes inherent in a woman's nature.

Those who wish only to be instructed in cookery and reside in London could not do better than go to the National School of Cookery in the Buckingham Palace Road. Here a lady can be received for ten weeks and taught the rudiments of cookery and housework for about £8. Such a course, however, is only intended for private life, and is of no practical use to one who wishes to become a teacher. Students are expected to go through a much more severe curriculum and must agree to obey all the rules of the school as set down by the Executive Committee. They may be discharged for any infraction of these regulations at a day's notice, without redress of any kind. At the conclusion of the course, if they prove efficient, they must be prepared to accept a position on the teaching staff at a salary ranging from £1 to £2 weekly; but the committee are not responsible for finding any paid employment in the school or out of it, the employment of persons certified depending, in a large measure, on the public. Teachers, while on the staff and employed in the school, are not free to take any engagement without a written permission from the committee, though those not on the staff, but holding diplomas, can make any engagement they think proper, and may apply to the Lady Superintendent, who will act as a reference for them. The complete course includes scullery-work and cleaning—the management of ranges, ovens and patent fire-places, the proper means of cleaning copper pots and pans and enamelled ironware; practice in plain and high-class cooking, and in teaching both branches. Students training for teachers pass the first month in the scullery and demonstration class. This meets daily from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. During the second month the pupil is employed in plain cookery practice, and in teaching what she has learnt. Two months more are consumed before she is considered perfect. Staff teachers average £75 per annum and a meal daily if employed in the metropolis. When sent out of London an allowance of £52 per annum is granted for board and lodging. Second-class travelling expenses are also paid. Those desirous of further particulars can obtain them on applying to the Secretary, The National School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, London.

In these hints of a practical and general nature, it has, of course, only been possible to speak of a few of the establishments where training of a technical character can be obtained, and many of my readers will doubtless be acquainted with others equally worthy of support and, from situation and other causes, perhaps better suited to their requirements than those to which I have referred.

I wish to thank Messrs. Gregory and Co., Regent Street, London, for the sketches of A Modern Drawing-room and the Interchangeable Cosy Corner.

The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "Lady Lovelace," &c. &c.

THE MURDER AT TROYTE'S HILL.

"GRIFFITHS, of the Newcastle Constabulary, has the case in hand," said Mr. Dyer; "those Newcastle men are keen-witted, shrewd fellows, and very jealous of outside interference. They only sent to me under protest, as it were, because they wanted your sharp wits at work inside the house."

"I suppose throughout I am to work with Griffiths, not with you?" said Miss Brooke.

"Yes; when I have given you in outline the facts of the case, I simply have nothing more to do with it, and you must depend on Griffiths for any assistance of any sort that you may require."

Here, with a swing, Mr. Dyer opened his big ledger and turned rapidly over its leaves till he came to the heading "Troyte's Hill" and the date "September 6th."

"I'm all attention," said Loveday, leaning back in her chair in the attitude of a listener.

"The murdered man," resumed Mr. Dyer, "is a certain Alexander Henderson—usually known as old Sandy—lodge-keeper to Mr. Craven, of Troyte's Hill, Cumberland. The lodge consists merely of two rooms on the ground floor, a bed-room and a sitting-room; these Sandy occupied alone, having neither kith nor kin of any degree. On the morning of September 6th, some children going up to the house with milk from the farm, noticed that Sandy's bed-room window stood wide open. Curiosity prompted them to peep in; and then, to their horror, they saw old Sandy, in his night-shirt, lying dead on the floor, as if he had fallen backwards from the window. They raised an alarm; and on examination, it was found that death had ensued from a heavy blow on the temple, given either by a strong fist or some blunt instrument. The room, on being entered, presented a curious appearance. It was as if a herd of monkeys had been turned into it and allowed to work their impish will. Not an article of furniture remained in its place: the bed-clothes had been rolled into a bundle and stuffed into the chimney; the bedstead—a small iron one—lay on its side; the one chair in the room stood on the top of the table; fender and fire-irons lay across the washstand, whose basin was to be found in a farther corner, holding bolster and pillow. The clock stood on its head in the middle of the mantelpiece; and the small vases and ornaments, which flanked it on either side, were walking, as it were, in a straight line towards the door. The old man's clothes had been rolled into a ball and thrown on the top of a high cupboard in which he kept his savings and whatever valuables he had. This cupboard, however, had not been meddled with, and its contents remained intact, so it was evident that robbery was not the motive for the crime. At the inquest, subsequently held, a verdict of 'wilful murder' against some person or persons unknown was returned. The local police are diligently investigating the affair, but, as yet, no arrests have been made. The opinion that at present prevails in the neighbourhood is that the crime has been perpetrated by some lunatic, escaped or otherwise, and enquiries are being made at the local asylums as to missing or lately released inmates. Griffiths, however, tells me that his suspicions set in another direction."

"Did anything of importance transpire at the inquest?"

"Nothing specially important. Mr. Craven broke down in giving his evidence when he alluded to the confidential relations that had always subsisted between Sandy and himself, and spoke of the last time that he had seen him alive. The evidence of the butler, and one or two of the female servants, seems clear enough, and they let fall something of a hint that Sandy was not altogether a favourite among them, on account of the overbearing manner in which he used his influence with his master. Young Mr. Craven, a youth of about nineteen, home from Oxford for the long vacation, was not present at the inquest; a doctor's certificate was put in stating that he was suffering from typhoid fever, and could not leave his bed without risk to his life. Now this young man is a thoroughly bad sort, and as much a gentleman-blackleg as it is possible for such a young fellow to be. It seems to Griffiths that there is something suspicious about this illness of his. He came back from Oxford on the verge of delirium tremens, pulled round from that, and then suddenly, on the day after the murder, Mrs. Craven rings the bell, announces that he has developed typhoid fever and orders a doctor to be sent for."

"What sort of man is Mr. Craven senior?"

"He seems to be a quiet old fellow, a scholar and learned philologist. Neither his neighbours nor his family see much of him; he almost lives in his study, writing a treatise, in seven or eight volumes, on comparative philology. He is not a rich man. Troyte's Hill, though it carries position in the county, is not a paying property, and Mr. Craven is unable to keep it up properly. I am told he has had to cut down expenses in all directions in order to send his son to college, and his daughter from first to last, has been entirely educated by her mother. Mr. Craven was originally intended for the church, but for some reason or other, when his college career came to an end, he did not present himself for ordination—went out to Natal instead, where he obtained some civil appointment and where he remained for about fifteen years. Henderson was his servant during the latter portion of his Oxford career, and must have been greatly respected by him, for although the remuneration derived from his appointment at Natal was small, he paid Sandy a regular yearly allowance out of it. When, about ten years ago, he succeeded to Troyte's Hill, on the death of his elder brother, and returned home with his family, Sandy was immediately installed as lodge-keeper, and at so high a rate of pay that the butler's wages were cut down to meet it."

"Ah, that wouldn't improve the butler's feelings towards him," ejaculated Loveday.

Mr. Dyer went on: "But, in spite of his high wages, he doesn't appear to have troubled much about his duties as lodge-keeper, for they were performed, as a rule, by the gardener's boy, while he took his meals and passed his time at the house, and, speaking generally, put his finger into every pie. You know the old adage respecting the servant of twenty-one years' standing: 'Seven years my servant, seven years my equal, seven years my master.' Well, it appears to have held good in the case of Mr. Craven and Sandy. The old gentleman, absorbed in his philological studies, evidently let the reins slip through his fingers, and Sandy seems to have taken easy possession of them. The servants frequently had to go to him for orders, and he carried things, as a rule, with a high hand."

"Did Mrs. Craven never have a word to say on the matter?"

"I've not heard much about her. She seems to be a quiet sort of person. She is a Scotch missionary's daughter; perhaps she spends her time working for the Cape mission and that sort of thing."



THEY SAW OLD SANDY LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR.

"And young

Mr. Craven: did he knock under to Sandy's rule?"

"Ah, now you're hitting the bull's eye and we come to Griffiths' theory. The young man and Sandy appear to have been at loggerheads ever since the Cravens took possession of Troyte's Hill. As a schoolboy Master Harry defied Sandy and threatened him with his hunting-crop; and subsequently, as a young man, has used strenuous endeavours to put the old servant in his place. On the day before the murder, Griffiths says, there was a terrible scene between the two, in which the young gentleman, in the presence of several witnesses, made use of strong language and threatened the old man's life. Now, Miss Brooke, I have told you all the circumstances of the case so far as I know them. For fuller particulars I must refer you to Griffiths. He, no doubt, will meet you at Grenfell—the nearest station to Troyte's Hill, and tell you in what capacity he has procured for you an entrance into the house. By-the-way, he has wired to me this morning that he hopes you will be able to save the Scotch express to-night."

Loveday expressed her readiness to comply with Mr. Griffiths' wishes.

"I shall be glad," said Mr. Dyer, as he shook hands with her at the office door, "to see you immediately on your return—that, however, I suppose, will not be yet awhile. This promises, I fancy, to be a longish affair?" This was said interrogatively.

"I haven't the least idea on the matter," answered Loveday. "I start on my work without theory of any sort—in fact, I may say, with my mind a perfect blank."

And anyone who had caught a glimpse of her blank, expressionless features, as she said this, would have taken her at her word.

Grenfell, the nearest post-town to Troyte's Hill, is a fairly busy, populous little town—looking south towards the black country, and northwards to low, barren hills. Pre-eminent among these stands Troyte's Hill, famed in the old days as a border keep, and possibly at a still earlier date as a Druid stronghold.

At a small inn at Grenfell, dignified by the title of "The Station Hotel," Mr. Griffiths, of the Newcastle constabulary, met Loveday and still further initiated her into the mysteries of the Troyte's Hill murder.

"A little of the first excitement has subsided," he said, after preliminary greetings had been exchanged; "but still the wildest rumours are flying about and repeated as solemnly as if they were Gospel truths. My chief here and my colleagues generally adhere to their first conviction, that the criminal is some suddenly crazed tramp or else an escaped lunatic, and they are confident that sooner or later we shall come upon his traces. Their theory is that Sandy, hearing some strange noise at the Park Gates, put his head out of the window to ascertain the cause and immediately had his death blow dealt him; then they suppose that the lunatic scrambled into the room through the window and exhausted his frenzy by turning things generally upside down. They refuse altogether to share my suspicions respecting young Mr. Craven."

Mr. Griffiths was a tall, thin-featured man, with iron-grey hair, cut so close to his head that it refused to do anything but stand on end. This gave a somewhat comic expression to the upper portion of his face and clashed oddly with the melancholy look that his mouth habitually wore.

"I have made all smooth for you at Troyte's Hill," he presently went on. "Mr. Craven is not wealthy enough to allow himself the luxury of a family lawyer, so he occasionally employs the services of Messrs. Wells and Sugden, lawyers in this place, and who, as it happens, have, off and on, done a good deal of business for me. It was through them I heard that Mr. Craven was anxious to secure the assistance of an amanuensis. I immediately offered your services, stating that you were a friend of mine, a lady of impoverished means, who would gladly undertake the duties for the munificent sum of a guinea a month, with board and lodging. The old gentleman at once jumped at the offer, and is anxious for you to be at Troyte's Hill at once.

Loveday expressed her satisfaction with the programme that Mr. Griffiths had sketched for her, then she had a few questions to ask.

"Tell me," she said, "what led you, in the first instance, to suspect young Mr. Craven of the crime?"

"The footing on which he and Sandy stood towards each other, and the terrible scene that occurred between them only the day before the murder," answered Griffiths, promptly. "Nothing of this,

however, was elicited at the inquest, where a very fair face was put on Sandy's relations with the whole of the Craven family. I have subsequently unearthed a good deal respecting the private life of Mr. Harry Craven, and, among other things, I have found out that on the night of the murder he left the house shortly after ten o'clock, and no one, so far as I have been able to ascertain, knows at what hour he returned. Now I must draw your attention, Miss Brooke, to the fact that at the inquest the medical evidence went to prove that the murder had been committed between ten and eleven at night."



PRETTY MISS CRAVEN

"Do you surmise, then, that the murder was a planned thing on the part of this young man?"

"I do. I believe that he wandered about the grounds until Sandy shut himself in for the night, then aroused him by some outside noise, and, when the old man looked out to ascertain the cause, dealt him a blow with a bludgeon or loaded stick, that caused his death."

"A cold-blooded crime that, for a boy of nineteen?"

"Yes. He's a good-looking, gentlemanly youngster, too, with manners as mild as milk, but from all accounts is as full of wickedness as an egg is full of meat. Now, to come to another point—if, in connection with these ugly facts, you take into consideration the suddenness of his illness, I think you'll admit that it bears a suspicious appearance and might reasonably give rise to the surmise that it was a plant on his part, in order to get out of the inquest."

"Who is the doctor attending him?"

"A man called Waters; not much of a practitioner, from all accounts, and no doubt he feels himself highly honoured in being summoned to Troyte's Hill. The Cravens, it seems, have no family doctor. Mrs. Craven, with her missionary experience, is half a doctor herself, and never calls in one except in a serious emergency."

"The certificate was in order, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly. And, as if to give colour to the gravity of the case, Mrs. Craven sent a message down to the servants, that if any of them were afraid of the infection they could at once go to their homes. Several of the maids, I believe, took advantage of her permission, and packed their boxes. Miss Craven, who is a delicate girl, was sent away with her maid to stay with friends at Newcastle,

and Mrs. Craven isolated herself with her patient in one of the disused wings of the house."

"Has anyone ascertained whether Miss Craven arrived at her destination at Newcastle?"

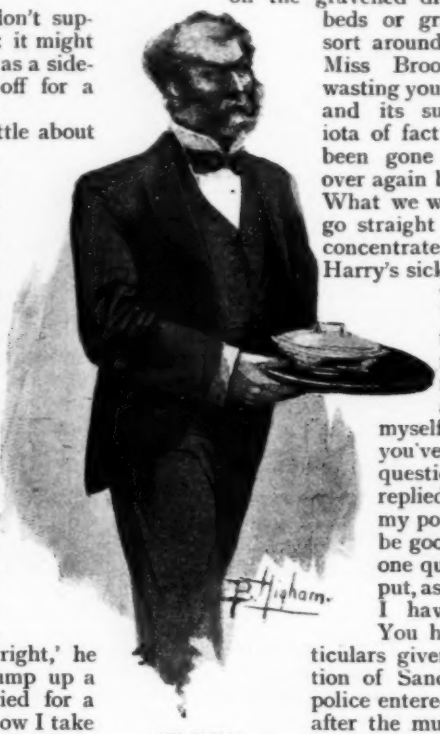
Griffiths drew his brows together in thought.

"I did not see any necessity for such a thing," he answered. "I don't quite follow you. What do you mean to imply?"

"Oh, nothing. I don't suppose it matters much: it might have been interesting as a side-issue." She broke off for a moment, then added:

"Now tell me a little about the butler, the man whose wages were cut down to increase Sandy's pay."

"Old John Hales? He's a thoroughly worthy, respectable man; he was butler for five or six years to Mr. Craven's brother, when he was master of Troyte's Hill, and then took duty under this Mr. Craven. There's no ground for suspicion in that quarter. Hales's exclamation when he heard of the murder is quite enough to stamp him as an innocent man: 'Serve the old idiot right,' he cried: 'I couldn't pump up a tear for him if I tried for a month of Sundays!' Now I take it, Miss Brooke, a guilty man wouldn't dare make such a speech as that!"



THE BUTLER.

"You think not?"

Griffiths stared at her. "I'm a little disappointed in her," he thought. "I'm afraid her powers have been slightly exaggerated if she can't see such a straightforward thing as that."

Aloud he said, a little sharply, "Well, I don't stand alone in my thinking. No one yet has breathed a word against Hales, and if they did I've no doubt he could prove an *alibi* without any trouble, for he lives in the house, and everyone has a good word for him."

"I suppose Sandy's lodge has been put into order by this time?"

"Yes; after the inquest, and when all possible evidence had been taken, everything was put straight."

"At the inquest it was stated that no marks of footsteps could be traced in any direction?"

"The long drought we've had would render such a thing impossible, let alone the fact that Sandy's lodge stands right on the gravelled drive, without flower-beds or grass borders of any sort around it. But look here, Miss Brooke, don't you be wasting your time over the lodge and its surroundings. Every iota of fact on that matter has been gone through over and over again by me and my chief. What we want you to do is to go straight into the house and concentrate attention on Master Harry's sick-room, and find out what's going on there. What he did outside the house on the night of the 6th, I've no doubt I shall be able to find out for myself. Now, Miss Brooke, you've asked me no end of questions, to which I have replied as fully as it was in my power to do; will you be good enough to answer one question that I wish to put, as straightforwardly as I have answered yours? You have had fullest particulars given you of the condition of Sandy's room when the police entered it on the morning after the murder. No doubt, at the present moment, you can see it all in your mind's eye—the bedstead on its side, the clock on its head, the bedclothes half-way up the chimney, the little vases and ornaments walking in a straight line towards the door?"

Loveday bowed her head.

"Very well. Now will you be good enough to tell me what this scene of confusion recalls to your mind before anything else?"

"The room of an unpopular Oxford freshman after a raid upon it by undergrads.," answered Loveday promptly.

Mr. Griffiths rubbed his hands.

"Quite so!" he ejaculated. "I see, after all, we are one at heart in this matter, in spite of a little surface disagreement of ideas. Depend upon it, by-and-bye, like the engineers tunnelling from different quarters under the Alps, we shall meet at the same point and shake hands. By-the-way, I have arranged for daily communication between us through the postboy who takes the letters to Troyte's Hill. He is trustworthy, and any letter you give him for me will find its way into my hands within the hour."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Loveday drove in through the park gates of Troyte's Hill, past the lodge where old Sandy had met with his death. It was a pretty little cottage, covered with Virginia creeper and wild honeysuckle, and showing no outward sign of the tragedy that had been enacted within.

The park and pleasure-grounds of Troyte's Hill were extensive, and the house itself was a somewhat imposing red brick structure, built, possibly, at the time when Dutch William's taste had grown popular in the country. Its frontage presented a somewhat forlorn appearance, its centre windows—a square of eight—alone seeming to show signs of occupation. With the exception of two windows at the extreme end of the bedroom floor of the north wing, where, possibly, the invalid and his mother were located, and two windows at the extreme end of the ground floor of the south wing, which Loveday ascertained subsequently were those of Mr. Craven's study, not a single window in either wing owned blind or curtain. The wings were extensive, and it was easy to understand that at the extreme end of the one the fever patient would be isolated from the rest of the household, and that at the extreme end of the other Mr. Craven could secure the quiet and freedom from interruption which, no doubt, were essential to the due prosecution of his philological studies.

Alike on the house and ill-kept grounds were present the stamp of the smallness of the income of the master and owner of the place. The terrace, which ran the length of the house in front, and on to which every window on the ground floor opened, was miserably out of repair: not a lintel or door-post, window-ledge or balcony but what seemed to cry aloud for the touch of the painter. "Pity me! I have seen better days," Loveday could fancy written as a legend across the red-brick porch that gave entrance to the old house.

The butler, John Hales, admitted Loveday, shouldered her portmanteau and told her he would show her to her room. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, with a ruddy face and dogged expression of countenance. It was easy to understand that, off and on, there must have been many a sharp encounter between him and old Sandy. He treated Loveday in an easy, familiar fashion, evidently considering that an amanuensis took much the same rank as a nursery governess—that is to say, a little below a lady's maid and a little above a housemaid.

"We're short of hands, just now," he said, in broad Cumberland dialect, as he led the way up the wide staircase. "Some of the lasses downstairs took fright at the fever and went home. Cook and I are single-handed, for Moggie, the only maid left, has been told off to wait on Madam and Master Harry. I hope you're not afeared of fever?"

Loveday explained that she was not, and asked if the room at the extreme end of the north wing was the one assigned to "Madam and Master Harry."

"Yes," said the man; "it's convenient for sick nursing; there's a flight of stairs runs straight down from it to the kitchen quarters. We put all Madam wants at the foot of those stairs and Moggie comes down and fetches it. Moggie herself never enters the sick-room. I take it you'll not be seeing Madam for many a day, yet awhile."

"When shall I see Mr. Craven? At dinner to-night?"

"That's what naebody could say," answered Hales. "He may not come out of his study till past midnight; sometimes he sits there till two or three in the morning. Shouldn't advise you to wait till he wants his dinner—better have a cup of tea and a chop sent up to you. Madam never waits for him at any meal."

As he finished speaking he deposited the portmanteau outside one of the many doors opening into the gallery.

"This is Miss Craven's room," he went on; "cook and me thought you'd better have it, as it would want less getting ready than the other rooms, and work is work when there are so few hands to do

it. Oh, my stars! I do declare there is cook putting it straight for you now."

The last sentence was added as the opened door laid bare to view, the cook, with a duster in her hand, polishing a mirror; the bed had been made, it is true, but otherwise the room must have been much as Miss Craven left it, after a hurried packing up.

To the surprise of the two servants Loveday took the matter very lightly.

"I have a special talent for arranging rooms and would prefer getting this one straight for myself," she said. "Now, if you will go and get ready that chop and cup of tea we were talking about just now, I shall think it much kinder than if you stayed here doing what I can so easily do for myself"



IN SILENCE AND SOLITUDE SHE PARTOOK OF THE SIMPLE REPAST.

When, however, the cook and butler had departed in company, Loveday showed no disposition to exercise the "special talent" of which she had boasted.

She first carefully turned the key in the lock and then proceeded to make a thorough and minute investigation of every corner of the room. Not an article of furniture, not an ornament or toilet accessory, but what was lifted from its place and carefully scrutinised. Even the ashes in the grate, the debris of the last fire made there, were raked over and well looked through.

This careful investigation of Miss Craven's late surroundings occupied in all about three quarters of an hour, and Loveday, with her hat in her hand, descended the stairs to see Hales crossing the hall to the dining-room with the promised cup of tea and chop.

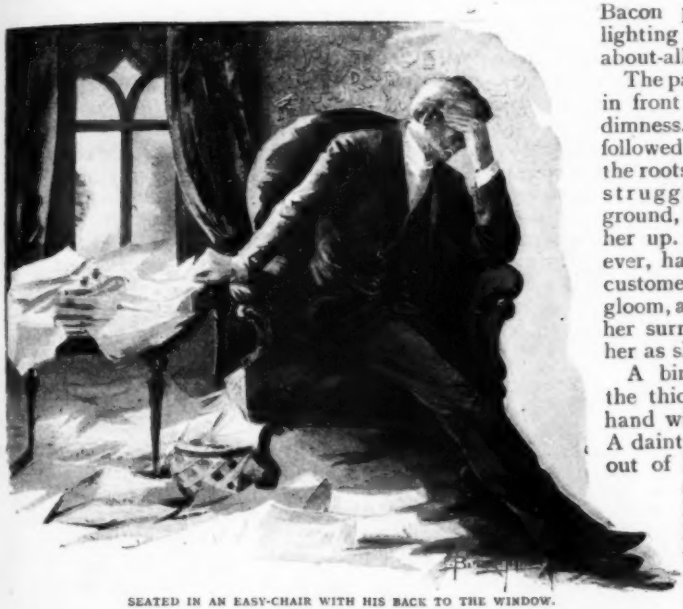
In silence and solitude she partook of the simple repast in a dining-hall that could with ease have banqueted a hundred and fifty guests.

"Now for the grounds before it gets dark," she said to herself, as she noted that already the outside shadows were beginning to slant.

The dining-hall was at the back of the house; and here, as in the front, the windows, reaching to the ground, presented easy means of egress. The flower-garden was on this side of the house and sloped downhill to a pretty stretch of well-wooded country.

Loveday did not linger here even to admire, but passed at once round the south corner of the house to the windows which she had ascertained, by a careless question to the butler, were those of Mr. Craven's study.

Very cautiously she drew near them, for the blinds were up, the curtains drawn back. A side glance, however, relieved her apprehensions, for it showed her the occupant of the room, seated in an easy-chair, with his back to the windows. From the length of his outstretched limbs he was evidently a tall man. His hair was silvery and curly, the lower part of his face was hidden from her view by the chair, but she could see one hand was pressed tightly across his eyes and brows. The whole attitude was that of a man absorbed in deep thought. The room was comfortably furnished, but presented an appearance of disorder from the books and manuscripts scattered in all directions. A whole pile of torn fragments of foolscap sheets, overflowing from a waste-paper basket beside the writing-table, seemed to proclaim the fact that the scholar had of late grown weary of, or else



SEATED IN AN EASY-CHAIR WITH HIS BACK TO THE WINDOW.

dissatisfied with his work, and had condemned it freely.

Although Loveday stood looking in at this window for over five minutes, not the faintest sign of life did that tall, reclining figure give, and it would have been as easy to believe him locked in sleep as in thought.

From here she turned her steps in the direction of Sandy's lodge. As Griffiths had said, it was gravelled up to its door-step. The blinds were closely drawn, and it presented the ordinary appearance of a disused cottage.

A narrow path beneath over-arching boughs of cherry-laurel and arbutus, immediately facing the lodge, caught her eye, and down this she at once turned her footsteps.

This path led, with many a wind and turn, through a belt of shrubbery that skirted the frontage of Mr. Craven's grounds, and eventually, after much zig-zagging, ended in close proximity to the stables. As Loveday entered it, she seemed literally to leave daylight behind her.

"I feel as if I were following the course of a circuitous mind," she said to herself as the shadows closed around her. "I could not fancy Sir Isaac Newton or Bacon planning or delighting in such a wind-about-alley as this!"

The path showed greyly in front of her out of the dimness. On and on she followed it; here and there the roots of the old laurels, struggling out of the ground, threatened to trip her up. Her eyes, however, had now grown accustomed to the half-gloom, and not a detail of her surroundings escaped her as she went along.

A bird flew from out the thicket on her right hand with a startled cry. A dainty little frog leaped out of her way into the shrivelled leaves lying below the laurels. Following the movements of this frog, her eye was caught by something black and solid among those leaves. What was it? A bundle—a shiny black coat? Loveday knelt down, and using her hands to assist her eyes, found that they came into contact with the dead, stiffened body of a beautiful black retriever. She parted, as well as she was able, the lower boughs of the evergreens, and minutely examined the poor animal. Its eyes were still open, though glazed and bleared, and its death had, undoubtedly, been caused by the blow of some blunt, heavy instrument, for on one side its skull was almost battered in.

"Exactly the death that was dealt to Sandy," she thought, as she groped hither and thither beneath the trees in hopes of lighting upon the weapon of destruction.

She searched until increasing darkness warned her that search was useless. Then, still following the zig-zagging path, she made her way out by the stables and thence back to the house.

She went to bed that night without having spoken to a soul beyond the cook and butler. The next morning, however, Mr. Craven introduced himself to her across the breakfast-table. He was a man of really handsome personal appearance, with a fine carriage of the head and

shoulders, and eyes that had a forlorn, appealing look in them. He entered the room with an air of great energy, apologized to Loveday for the absence of his wife, and for his own remissness in not being in the way to receive her on the previous day. Then he bade her make herself at home at the breakfast-table, and expressed his delight in having found a coadjutor in his work.

"I hope you understand what a great—a stupendous work it is?" he added, as he sank into a chair. "It is a work that will leave its impress upon thought in all the ages to come. Only a man who has studied comparative philology as I have for the past thirty years, could gauge the magnitude of the task I have set myself."

With the last remark, his energy seemed spent, and he sank back in his chair, covering his eyes with his hand in precisely the same attitude as that in which Loveday had seen him over-night, and utterly oblivious of the fact that breakfast was before him and a stranger-guest seated at table. The butler entered with another dish. "Better go on with your breakfast," he whispered to Loveday, "he may sit like that for another hour."

He placed his dish in front of his master.

"Captain hasn't come back yet, sir," he said, making an effort to arouse him from his reverie.

"Eh, what?" said Mr. Craven, for a moment lifting his hand from his eyes.

"Captain, sir—the black retriever," repeated the man.

The pathetic look in Mr. Craven's eyes deepened.

"Ah, poor Captain!" he murmured; "the best dog I ever had."

Then he again sank back in his chair, putting his hand to his forehead.

The butler made one more effort to arouse him.

"Madam sent you down a newspaper, sir, that she thought you would like to see," he shouted almost into his master's ear, and at the same time laid the morning's paper on the table beside his plate.

"Confound you! leave it there," said Mr. Craven irritably. "Fools! dolts that you all are! With your trivialities and interruptions you are sending me out of the world with my work undone!"

And again he sank back in his chair, closed his eyes and became lost to his surroundings.

Loveday went on with her breakfast.



HE LAID THE MORNING'S PAPER BESIDE HIS PLATE.

She changed her place at table to one on Mr. Craven's right hand, so that the newspaper sent down for his perusal lay between his plate and hers. It was folded into an oblong shape, as if it were wished to direct attention to a certain portion of a certain column.

A clock in a corner of the room struck the hour with a loud, resonant stroke. Mr. Craven gave a start and rubbed his eyes.

"Eh, what's this?" he said. "What meal are we at?" He looked around with a bewildered air. "Eh!—who are you?" he went on, staring hard at Loveday. "What are you doing here? Where's Nina?—Where's Harry?"

Loveday began to explain, and gradually recollection seemed to come back to him.

"Ah, yes, yes," he said. "I remember; you've come to assist me with my great work. You promised, you know, to help me out of the hole I've got into. Very enthusiastic, I remember they said you were, on certain abstruse points in comparative philology. Now, Miss—Miss—I've forgotten your name—tell me a little of what you know about the elemental sounds of speech that are common to all languages. Now, to how many would you reduce those elemental sounds—to six, eight, nine? No, we won't discuss the matter here, the cups and saucers distract me. Come into my den at the other end of the house; we'll have perfect quiet there."

And utterly ignoring the fact that he had not as yet broken his fast, he rose from the table, seized Loveday by the wrist, and led her out of the room and down the long corridor that led through the south wing to his study.

But seated in that study his energy once more speedily exhausted itself.

He placed Loveday in a comfortable chair at his writing-table, consulted her taste as to pens, and spread a sheet of foolscap before her. Then he settled himself in his easy-chair, with his back to the light, as if he were about to dictate folios to her.

In a loud, distinct voice he repeated the title of his learned work, then its subdivision, then the number and heading of the chapter that was at present engaging his attention. Then he put his hand to his head. "It's the elemental sounds that are my stumbling-block," he said. "Now, how on earth is it possible to get a notion of a sound of agony that is not in part a sound of terror? or a sound of surprise that is not in part a sound of either joy or sorrow?"

With this his energies were spent, and although Loveday remained seated in that study from early morning till daylight began to fade, she had not ten sentences to show for her day's work as amanuensis.

Loveday in all spent only two clear days at Troyte's Hill.

On the evening of the first of those days Detective Griffiths received, through the trustworthy post-boy, the following brief note from her:

"I have found out that Hales owed Sandy close upon a hundred pounds, which he had borrowed at various times. I don't know whether you will think this fact of any importance.—L. B."

Mr. Griffiths repeated the last sentence blankly. "If Harry Craven were put upon his defence, his counsel, I take it, would consider the fact of first importance," he muttered. And for the remainder of that day Mr. Griffiths went about his work in a perturbed state of mind, doubtful whether to hold or to let go his theory concerning Harry Craven's guilt.

The next morning there came another brief note from Loveday which ran thus:

"As a matter of collateral interest, find out if a person, calling himself Harold Cousins, sailed two days ago from London Docks for Natal in the *Bonnie Dundee?*"

To this missive Loveday received, in reply, the following somewhat lengthy despatch:

"I do not quite see the drift of your last note, but have wired to our agents in London to carry out its suggestion. On my part, I have important news to communicate. I have found out what Harry Craven's business out of doors was on the night of the murder, and at my instance a warrant has been issued for his arrest. This warrant it will be my duty to serve on him in the course of to-day. Things are beginning to look very black against him, and I am convinced his illness is all a sham. I have seen Waters, the man who is supposed to be attending him, and have driven him into a corner and made him admit that he has only seen young Craven once—on the first day of his illness—and that he gave his certificate entirely on the strength of what Mrs. Craven told him of her son's condition. On the occasion of this, his first and only visit, the lady, it seems, also told him that it would not be necessary for him to continue his attendance, as she quite felt herself competent to treat the case, having had so much experience in fever cases among the blacks at Natal.

"As I left Waters's house, after eliciting this important information, I was accosted by a man who keeps a low-class inn in the place, McQueen by name. He said that he wished to speak to me on a matter of importance. To make a long story short, this McQueen stated that on the night of the sixth, shortly after

eleven o'clock, Harry Craven came to his house, bringing with him a valuable piece of plate—a handsome epergne—and requested him to lend him a hundred pounds on it, as he hadn't a penny in his pocket. McQueen complied with his request to the extent of ten sovereigns, and now, in a fit of nervous terror, comes to me to confess himself a receiver of stolen goods and play the honest man! He says he noticed that the young gentleman was very much agitated as he made the request, and he also begged him to mention his visit to no one. Now, I am curious to learn how Master Harry will get over the fact that he passed the lodge at the hour at which the murder was most probably committed; or how he will get out of the dilemma of having repassed the lodge on his way back to the house, and not noticed the wide-open window with the full moon shining down on it?

"Another word! Keep out of the way when I arrive at the house, somewhere between two and three in the afternoon, to serve the warrant. I do not wish your professional capacity to get wind, for you will most likely yet be of some use to us in the house.

"S. G."

Loveday read this note, seated at Mr. Craven's writing-table, with the old gentleman himself reclining motionless beside her in his easy-chair. A little smile played about the corners of her mouth as she read over again the words—"for you will most likely yet be of some use to us in the house."

Loveday's second day in Mr. Craven's study promised to be as unfruitful as the first. For fully an hour after she had received Griffiths' note, she sat at the writing-table with her pen in her hand, ready to transcribe Mr. Craven's inspirations. Beyond, however, the phrase, muttered with closed eyes—"It's all here, in my brain, but I can't put it into words"—not a half-syllable escaped his lips.

At the end of that hour the sound of footsteps on the outside gravel made her turn her head towards the window. It was Griffiths approaching with two constables. She heard the hall door opened to admit them, but, beyond that, not a sound reached her ear, and she realised how fully she was cut off from communication with the rest of the household at the farther end of this unoccupied wing.

Mr. Craven, still reclining in his semi-trance, evidently had not the faintest suspicion that so important an event as the arrest of his only son on a charge of murder was about to be enacted in the house.

Meantime, Griffiths and his constables had mounted the stairs leading to the north wing, and were being guided through the corridors to the sick-room by the flying figure of Moggie, the maid.

"Hoot, mistress!" cried the girl, "here are three men coming up the stairs—policemen, every one of them—will ye come and ask them what they be wanting?"

Outside the door of the sick-room stood Mrs. Craven—a tall, sharp-featured woman with sandy hair going rapidly grey.

"What is the meaning of this? What is your business here?" she said haughtily, addressing Griffiths, who headed the party.

Griffiths respectfully explained what his business was, and requested her to stand on one side that he might enter her son's room.

"This is my daughter's room; satisfy yourself of the fact," said the lady, throwing back the door as she spoke.

And Griffiths and his confrères entered, to find pretty Miss Craven, looking very white and scared, seated beside a fire in a long flowing robe de chambre.

Griffiths departed in haste and confusion, without the chance of a professional talk with Loveday. That afternoon saw him telegraphing wildly in all directions, and despatching messengers in all quarters. Finally he spent over an hour drawing up an elaborate report to his chief at Newcastle, assuring him of the identity of one, Harold Cousins, who had sailed in the *Bonnie Dundee* for Natal, with Harry Craven, of Troyte's Hill, and advising that the police authorities in that far-away district should be immediately communicated with.

The ink had not dried on the pen with which this report was written before a note, in Loveday's writing, was put into his hand.

Loveday evidently had had some difficulty in finding a messenger for this note, for it was brought by a gardener's boy, who informed Griffiths that the lady had

said he would receive a gold sovereign if he delivered the letter all right.

Griffiths paid the boy and dismissed him, and then proceeded to read Loveday's communication.

It was written hurriedly in pencil, and ran as follows:

"Things are getting critical here. Directly you receive this, come up to the house with two of your men, and post yourselves anywhere in the grounds where you can see and not be seen. There will be no difficulty in this, for it will be dark by the time you are able to get there. I am not sure whether I shall want your aid to-night, but you had better keep in the grounds until morning, in case of need; and above all, never once lose sight of the study windows." (This was underscored.) "If I put a lamp with a green shade in one of those windows, do not lose a moment in entering by that window, which I will contrive to keep unlocked."

Detective Griffiths rubbed his forehead—rubbed his eyes, as he finished reading this.

"Well, I daresay it's all right," he said, "but I'm bothered, that's all, and for the life of me I can't see one step of the way she is going."

He looked at his watch; the hands pointed to a quarter past six. The short September day was drawing rapidly to a close. A good five miles lay between him and Troyte's Hill—there was evidently not a moment to lose.

At the very moment that Griffiths, with his two constables, were once more starting along the Grenfell High Road behind the best horse they could procure, Mr. Craven was rousing himself from his long slumber, and beginning to look around him. That slumber, however, though long, had not been a peaceful one, and it was sundry of the old gentleman's muttered exclamations, as he had started uneasily in his sleep, that had caused Loveday to pen, and then to creep out of the room to despatch, her hurried note.

What effect the occurrence of the morning had had upon the household generally, Loveday, in her isolated corner of the house, had no means of ascertaining. She only noted that when Hales brought in her tea, as he did precisely at five o'clock, he wore a particularly ill-tempered expression of countenance, and she heard him mutter, as he set down the tea-tray with a clatter, something about being a respectable man, and not used to such "goings on."



MISS CRAVEN LOOKING VERY WHITE AND SCARED.

It was not until nearly an hour and a half after this that Mr. Craven had awakened with a sudden start, and, looking wildly around him, had questioned Loveday who had entered the room.

Loveday explained that the butler had brought in lunch at one, and tea at five, but that since then no one had come in.

"Now that's false," said Mr. Craven, in a sharp, unnatural sort of voice; "I saw him sneaking round the room, the whining, canting hypocrite, and you must have seen him, too! Didn't you hear him say, in his squeaky old voice: 'Master, I knows your secret——' He broke off abruptly, looking wildly round. "Eh, what's this?" he cried. "No, no, I'm all wrong—Sandy is dead and buried—they held an inquest on him, and we all praised him up as if he were a saint."

"He must have been a bad man, that old Sandy," said Loveday sympathetically.

"You're right! you're right!" cried Mr. Craven, springing up excitedly from his chair and seizing her by the hand. "If ever a man deserved his death, he did. For thirty years he held that rod over my head, and then—ah where was I?"

He put his hand to his head and again sank, as if exhausted, into his chair.

"I suppose it was some early indiscretion of yours at college that he knew of?" said Loveday, eager to get at as much of the truth as possible while the mood for confidence held sway in the feeble brain.

"That was it! I was fool enough to marry a disreputable girl—a barmaid in the town—and Sandy was present at the wedding, and then——" Here his eyes closed again and his mutterings became incoherent.

For ten minutes he lay back in his chair, muttering thus; "A yelp—a groan," were the only words Loveday could distinguish among those mutterings, then, suddenly, slowly and distinctly, he said, as if answering some plainly-put question: "A good blow with the hammer and the thing was done."



GRIFFITHS LOOKED AT HIS WATCH.

"I should like amazingly to see that hammer," said Loveday; "do you keep it anywhere at hand?"

His eyes opened with a wild, cunning look in them.

"Who's talking about a hammer? I did not say I had one. If anyone says I did it with a hammer, they're telling a lie."

"Oh, you've spoken to me about the hammer two or three times," said Loveday calmly; "the one that killed your dog, Captain, and I should like to see it, that's all."

The look of cunning died out of the old man's eye—"Ah, poor Captain! splendid dog that! Well, now, where were we? Where did we leave off? Ah, I remember, it was the elemental sounds of speech that bothered me so that night. Were you here then? Ah, no! I remember. I had been trying all day to assimilate a dog's yelp of pain to a human groan, and I couldn't do it. The idea haunted me—followed me about wherever I went. If they were both elemental sounds, they must have something in common, but the link between them I could not find; then it occurred to me, would a well-bred, well-trained dog like my Captain in the stables, there, at the moment of death give an unmitigated currish yelp; would there not be something of a human note in his death-cry? The thing was worth putting to the test. If I could hand down in my treatise a fragment of fact on the matter, it would be worth a dozen dogs' lives. So I went out into the moonlight—ah, but you know all about it—now, don't you?"

"Yes. Poor Captain! did he yelp or groan?"

"Why, he gave one loud, long, hideous yelp, just as if he had been a common cur. I might just as well have let him alone; it only set that other brute opening his window and spying out on me, and saying in his cracked old voice: 'Master, what are you doing out here at this time of night?'

Again he sank back in his chair, muttering incoherently with half-closed eyes.

Loveday let him alone for a minute or so; then she had another question to ask.

"And that other brute—did he yelp or groan when you dealt him his blow?"

"What, old Sandy—the brute? he fell back—Ah, I remember, you said you would like to see the hammer that stopped his babbling old tongue—now, didn't you?"

He rose a little unsteadily from his chair, and seemed to drag his long limbs with an effort across the room to a cabinet at the farther end. Opening a drawer in this cabinet, he produced, from amidst some specimens of strata and fossils, a large-sized geological hammer.

He brandished it for a moment over his head, then paused with his finger on his lip.

"Hush!" he said, "we shall have the fools creeping in to peep at us if we don't take care." And to Loveday's horror he

suddenly made for the door, turned the key in the lock, withdrew it and put it into his pocket.

She looked at the clock; the hands pointed to half-past seven. Had Griffiths received her note at the proper time, and were the men now in the grounds? She could only pray that they were.

"The light is too strong for my eyes," she said, and rising from her chair, she lifted the green-shaded lamp and placed it on a table that stood at the window.

"No, no, that won't do," said Mr. Craven; "that would show everyone outside what we're doing in here." He crossed to the window as he spoke and removed the lamp thence to the mantelpiece.

Loveday could only hope that in the few seconds it had remained in the window it had caught the eye of the outside watchers.

The old man beckoned to Loveday to come near and examine his deadly weapon. "Give it a good swing round," he said, suiting the action to the word, "and down it comes with a splendid crash." He brought the hammer round within an inch of Loveday's forehead.

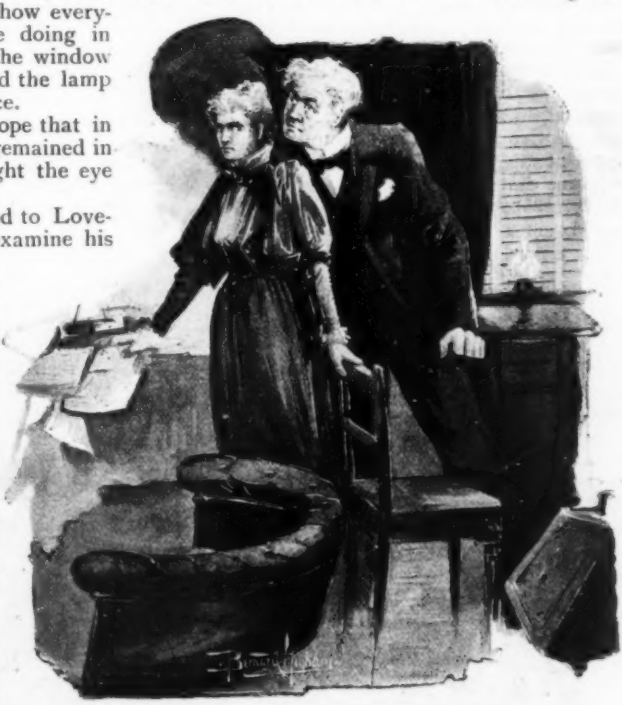
She started back.

"Ha, ha," he laughed harshly and unnaturally, with the light of madness dancing in his eyes now; "did I frighten you? I wonder what sort of sound you would make if I were to give you a little tap just there." Here he lightly touched her forehead with the hammer. "Elemental, of course, it would be, and ——"

Loveday steadied her nerves with difficulty. Locked in with this lunatic, her only chance lay in gaining time for the detectives to reach the house and enter through the window.

"Wait a minute," she said, striving to divert his attention; "you have not yet told me what sort of an elemental sound old Sandy made when he fell. If you'll give me pen and ink, I'll write down a full account of it all, and you can incorporate it afterwards in your treatise."

For a moment a look of real pleasure flitted across the old man's face, then it faded. "The brute fell back dead without a sound," he answered; "it was all for nothing, that night's work; yet not altogether for nothing. No, I don't mind owning I would do it all over again to get the wild thrill of joy at my heart that I had when I looked down into that old man's dead face and felt myself free at last! Free at last!" his voice rang out excitedly — once more he brought his hammer round with an ugly swing.



WITH HIS LIPS CLOSE TO LOVEDAY'S EAR.

"For a moment I was a young man again; I leaped into his room—the moon was shining full in through the window—I thought of my old college days, and the fun we used to have at Pembroke—topsy turvey I turned everything——" He broke off abruptly, and drew a step nearer to Loveday. "The pity of it all was," he said, suddenly dropping from his high, excited tone to a low, pathetic one, "that he fell without a sound of any sort." Here he

drew another step nearer. "I wonder —" he said, then broke off again, and came close to Loveday's side. "It has only this moment occurred to me," he said, now with his lips close to Loveday's ear, "that a woman, in her death agony, would be much more likely to give utterance to an elemental sound than a man."

He raised his hammer, and Loveday fled to the window, and was lifted from the outside by three pairs of strong arms.

"I thought I was conducting my very last case—I never had such a narrow escape before!" said Loveday, as she stood talking with Mr. Griffiths on the Grenfell platform, awaiting the train to carry her back to London. "It seems strange that no one before suspected the old gentleman's sanity—I suppose, however, people were so used to his eccentricities that they did not notice how they had deepened into positive lunacy. His cunning evidently stood him in good stead at the inquest."

"It is possible," said Griffiths thoughtfully, "that he did not absolutely cross the very slender line that divides eccentricity from madness until after the murder. The excitement consequent upon the discovery of the crime may just have pushed him over the border. Now, Miss Brooke, we have exactly ten minutes before your train comes in. I should feel greatly obliged to you if you would explain one or two things that have a professional interest for me."

"With pleasure," said Loveday. "Put your questions in categorical order and I will answer them."

"Well, then, in the first place, what suggested to your mind the old man's guilt?"

"The relations that subsisted between him and Sandy seemed to me to savour too much of fear on the one side and



WANTED A HUNDRED POUNDS.

power on the other. Also the income paid to Sandy during Mr. Craven's absence in Natal bore, to my mind, an unpleasant resemblance to hush-money."

"Poor wretched being! And I hear that, after all, the woman he married in his wild young days died soon afterwards of drink. I have no doubt, however, that Sandy sedulously kept up the fiction of her existence, even after his master's second marriage. Now for another question: how was it you knew that Miss Craven had taken her brother's place in the sick-room?"

"On the evening of my arrival I discovered a rather long lock of fair hair in the unswept fireplace of my room, which, as it happened, was usually occupied by Miss Craven. It at once occurred to me that the young lady had been cutting off her hair and that there must be some powerful motive to induce such a sacrifice. The suspicious circumstances attending her brother's illness soon supplied me with such a motive."

"Ah! that typhoid fever business was very cleverly done. Not a servant in the house, I verily believe, but who thought Master Harry was upstairs, ill in bed, and Miss Craven away at her friends' in Newcastle. The young fellow must have got a clear start off within an hour of the murder. His sister, sent away the next day to Newcastle, dismissed her maid there, I hear, on the plea of no accommodation at her friends' house—sent the girl to her own home for a holiday and herself returned to Troyte's Hill in the middle of the night, having walked the five miles from Grenfell. No doubt her mother admitted her through one of those easily-opened front windows, cut her hair and put her to bed to personate her brother without delay. With Miss Craven's strong likeness to Master Harry, and in a darkened room, it is easy to understand that the eyes of a doctor, personally unacquainted with the family, might easily be deceived. Now, Miss Brooke, you must admit that with all this elaborate chicanery and double dealing going on, it was only natural that my suspicions should set in strongly in that quarter."

"I read it all in another light, you see," said Loveday. "It seemed to me that the mother, knowing her son's evil proclivities, believed in his guilt, in spite, possibly, of his assertions of innocence. The son, most likely, on his way back to the house after pledging the family plate, had met old Mr. Craven with the hammer in his hand. Seeing, no doubt, how impossible it would be for him to clear himself without incriminating his father, he preferred flight to Natal to giving evidence at the inquest."

"Now about his alias?" said Mr. Griffiths briskly, for the train was at that moment steaming into the station. "How did you know that Harold Cousins was identical with Harry Craven, and had sailed in the *Bonnie Dundee*?"

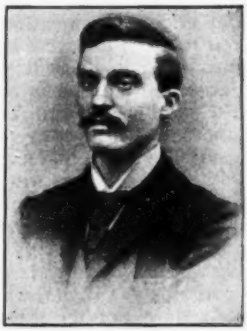
"Oh, that was easy enough," said Loveday, as she stepped into the train; "a newspaper sent down to Mr. Craven by his wife, was folded so as to direct his attention to the shipping list. In it I saw that the *Bonnie Dundee* had sailed two days previously for Natal. Now it was only natural to connect Natal with Mrs. Craven, who had passed the greater part of her life there; and it was easy to understand her wish to get her scapegrace son among her early friends. The alias under which he sailed came readily enough to light. I found it scribbled all over one of Mr. Craven's writing pads in his study; evidently it had been drummed into his ears by his wife as his son's alias, and the old gentleman had taken this method of fixing it in his memory. We'll hope that the young fellow, under his new name, will make a new reputation for himself—at any rate, he'll have a better chance of doing so with the ocean between him and his evil companions. Now it's good-bye, I think."

"No," said Mr. Griffiths; "it's au revoir, for you'll have to come back again for the assizes, and give the evidence that will shut old Mr. Craven in an asylum for the rest of his life."

Football.

By CHAS. BENNETT.

AGAIN have I to sing the praises of the Sunderland team, who, with Newport in the Rugby world, appear to be masters of their respective games. Undoubtedly the Wear-siders have shown us that last season's form was not a one season's flutter, having more than surprised us with their constant superior play and combination that baffles all attempts to disorganize them. Their place at the head of the League Championship looks fairly established, with an advantage over the "all powerful Deepdale Team" of four points.



E. A. C. THOMSON.

Sheffield Wednesday, who boast of lowering the champions' colours at Sheffield, had the tables turned upon them at the return combat at Sunderland.



R. E. SANDILANDS.



C. A. HOOPER.

The first round of the English Cup Competition was indeed remarkable for its results, Sunderland, of course, having an easy task against the Royal Arsenal. The Cracks from the Border have lately been receiving better patronage at home, which must be a great source of pleasure to my esteemed friend, Tom Watson, who had a long face on this point when I saw him in London, and when we consider that the finest team in England should hesitate about playing important matches away from home on account of gate, I cannot help but ask: What are we to do to excite interest in the far North?

A glance at the result of the first round almost makes us imagine there is a deal in the choice of ground, as few victories were achieved away from home. Everton who, I have said before, can boast of drawing a larger crowd at a Cup-tie or League match than any other club, were visited by the holders of the National trophy (the West Bromwich Albion).

The great Liverpool club had a good and enthusiastic audience of twenty-five thousand on their new ground (which occupies part of the site of the Old Stanley Cricket Club Ground, about two-and-a-half miles from the centre of Liverpool, northward, and might be said to be almost on the once famous Skirving's Nurseries, and surrounded by Stanley Park and Anfield Cemetery.

As far as the name Everton goes, it is not now in the land of "toffy," and might be more appropriately called "Walton," should locality count. Walton, the mother to Liverpool, is a name I should like to see attached to a combination such as now plays within her territory.

Previously I have had occasion to comment upon the somewhat irregular play shown at times by the Evertonians since

SHEFFIELD UNITED.



F. H. DAVIES. H. H. STONES. J. SCOTT. J. W. LILLEY.
D. PATTERSON. R. HOWELL. R. CAIN. C. H. HOWLETT. W. HENDRY. E. H. LILLEY. W. NISBET. J. HOUNSELEY.
MR. C. STOKES. A. WALLACE. S. DOBSON. W. H. HAMMOND. A. WATSON. J. DRUMMOND. M. WHITHAM.

their success in gaining first honours in the League championship. I am, however, pleased to see they delighted their supporters by vanquishing the Albion, who are now completely shut out of National honours for this season.

Aston Villa, who retained a place in the competition up to the final tie last year, succumbed to Darwen, the Second Division League Team, on the latter's ground—rather a surprise, I must admit.

Preston North End, Notts Forest, Notts County, Sheffield Wednesday and United, with others, pulled through the first round. On February 4th, in the second round, Everton, with another gate of 25,000 persons, which represents close upon £600, proved too strong for Notts Forest by four goals to two.

Sunderland visited the Sheffield United at Bramwell Lane, Sheffield, a very promising club, possessing one of the best grounds in England – the Yorkshire County Cricket Ground—and under the same management as the County Cricket Club, with Mr. J. B. Wostenholm as secretary, a name respected throughout Yorkshire in connection with county sport. The United Club is but young, compared with the Wednesday Club, and it is one of my greatest wishes to see them work up to the first division of the League. Although not head of the second division yet, a glance at the list shows a fair probability of the United gaining a better place than they now hold. The result of the Sunderland match gave satisfaction to the United executive, as the most ardent of their supporters could not have anticipated a victory over the "all conquering" team; therefore, considering they were beaten only by three goals to one, I also say the Sheffield Club did all that could have been expected of them.

Middlesbrough Ironopolis, on their own ground, vanquished Notts County by three

goals to two before ten thousand spectators, though it may be said for the losers they are working this season somewhat under a cloud of bad luck, through accidents to some of their best players, and with strife amongst others. Sheffield Wednesday are still playing in good style, but their narrow victory over Burnley by a goal to nil was certainly a win, and praise should be due to their opponents for making such a good fight.

The competition is now reaching a very interesting stage, and by the time my readers receive my few remarks there will be nothing to talk of but the semi-finals and the deciding contests, as February 18th will see the eight clubs battling for survival in another round. As we go to press before this date, I am unable to make any comment upon the third round beyond giving the draw and my selections without prejudice.

YORKSHIRE COUNTY (RUGBY).



D. JOWETT. M. FLETCHER. H. SPEED. W. E. BROMETT. C. RICHARDSON. W. H. EAGLAND.
J. TOOTHILL. H. BRADSHAW. F. FIRTH. R. E. LOCKWOOD (Captain). A. RIGG. J. DYSON. T. BROADLEY.
H. DUCKETT. W. H. KEEPINGS.

Wolverhampton Wanderers defeated Middlesbrough by the narrow margin of a goal: Darwen, who are showing good form this season, qualified for the third round by winning a good game with Grimsby Town.

The ties between Preston North End, *v.* Accrington, and Blackburn Rovers *v.* Northwich Victoria, resulted in a victory for the first clubs named by four goals to one in each case.

Sunderland *v.* Blackburn Rovers, played on the ground of the latter, should, of course, on form, result in favour of the team of "all talent," though it is gratifying to once more find the Rovers, after such a list of victories in this national competition in the past, make a bold bid. Lieut. Simpson, who appears in the Clapton and Crusaders groups in this issue, will act as referee in this tie.

Everton should beat the Sheffield Wed-

nesday, though this, I expect, will prove a tight struggle; but, having centred my hopes on the "Liverpudlians," I give them my choice.

Preston North End should easily beat Middlesbrough Ironopolis; and I must predict a win for the Wolverhampton Wanderers against Darwen.

A question for discussion now is the *venue* for the "grand finale," looked forward to in the past with such great pleasure when decided at the favourite haunt, "The Oval."

The executive of the Surrey County Cricket Club have, however, declined to allow their ground to be utilised for the greatest event of the season, and have notified the Football Association to that effect, in order that they may find another ground. Where will the 1893 "Final" be played? is now on the tongues of all lovers of the game. London certainly cannot provide such a convenient spot to accommodate a multitude as the famous Kennington Oval, though, no doubt, a good try will be made; therefore the general opinion is that the provinces will this year receive this great event. Were it not for the fact that both semi-final and final ties are to be played on neutral ground, I would venture to suggest that Everton should be fairly considered as the next most likely place; but against this, the Liverpool club have a good chance of appearing at the contest, in which case their ground could not be used. Sheffield is able to support two good clubs, I therefore would choose the home of the Sheffield United after Everton. The ground at Bramwell Lane is capable of holding a vast number of spectators, and is therefore in every way adaptable for the final for this year, as it has proved in past years for the semi-finals.

The Crusaders and Clapton Football Teams, which form illustrations for my article, are both prominent London clubs: the former being holders of the London

MIDDLESEX COUNTY (RUGBY).



W. WOTHERSPOON. E. FIELD. G. T. CAMPBELL. G. MCGREGOR. F. W. J. GOODHUE. W. P. WELLS. E. BONHAM-CARTER.
A. E. STODDART. J. C. ORR. A. J. GOULD. R. G. MCMILLAN. H. P. SURTEES. E. W. BISHOP.
E. PRESCOTT. (Captain). J. HAMMOND.

CLAPTON TEAM.



J. ARMSTRONG. W. H. RUSSELL. J. AMBLER. J. SMITH. LIEUT. SIMPSON. E. H. JACKSON.
H. O. WORRALL. A. E. CASSLETON H. V. HEWETT. H. BARBOUR. H. BRIGGS.
J. IDE. E. J. WATTS.

Charity Cup, and the winners in 1888–89 of the London Association Cup and the Middlesex Cup. In both the London Cup and the Charity Cup competitions these two clubs have been drawn together this season. The Crusaders, before playing in the former contest, withdrew from the competition, owing to their not being able to get together a team eligible to play, therefore deciding to play a friendly game. The Charity game was played at Leyton, the home of the Crusaders, February 4th, and, after a very fast game, the Claptonians were out-played, their opponents winning by five goals to three.

C. A. Hooper is a rising player in the Rugby football world, having attracted great attention for his capital forward play in connection with the Middlesex Wanderers, for which club he holds the reins of Hon. Secretary.

For the representative team of the South of England *v.* the North of England, Hooper played an important part and was much admired for his pace and good tackling; and I fail to see any reason why he should not win his international cap before long.

R. R. Sandilands is a footballer of the highest order in the Association game, of whom, together with such players as Moon, Winckworth, Veitch, Fox, etc., the Westminster School boasts with great pride. Sandilands is a great enthusiast in the Old Westminster Football Club, and probably one of the best forwards in England, possessing marvellous pace and a thorough knowledge of the dribbling game. Last season, he won his international cap, playing for England *v.* Wales. For London, he has been selected on several occasions; and has more than once battled for the Corinthians, against our most noted Northern professional teams, who have been compelled to consider themselves well beaten by

the amateurs. Mr. Sandilands holds a good appointment at the Bank of England.

Mr. E. A. C. Thomson is honorary Secretary of the South London League, an organisation formed this season between the South London clubs. Sir J. Blundell Maple, M.P., president, has provided the League with a handsome shield for annual competition, and with the Marquis of Carmarthen, M.P., as vice-president, and a goodly list of patrons, I do not see why it should not grow each year and provide a fair amount of attraction in the south of London.

The following clubs are affiliated, and a good season so far has been enjoyed by all:—Anerley, East Laboratory Swifts, Goldsmith's Institute, Lewisham St. Mary, Magpie, West Croydon, Westminster, Alexander Institute, Beaufoy Institute, Hanover, Herne Hill, Kennington St. Mark, Rabbitts and Sons, Stockwell St. Matthew and Waterloo Institute.

The great match between the two counties, Yorkshire and Middlesex, for county championship honours, decided on Jan. 30th, is almost too old for me to give details of the game beyond that Yorkshire won a good battle by two goals (one penalty) and three tries (fourteen points), to one goal (five points).

Seldom has the Richmond Athletic Ground been honoured by such an array of defending talent, as will be seen by the teams; but the Yorkshire forwards quite outclassed the Metropolitans. With A. E. Stoddart, A. J. Gould (Wales' Captain), G. McGregor and G. T. Campbell, it is at once seen Middlesex was well represented, leaving alone the famous Scottish Captain, R. G. McMillan. R. E. Lockwood, as usual, played splendidly for Yorkshire, as did Bromett, Toothill and Jowett.

THE CRUSADERS.

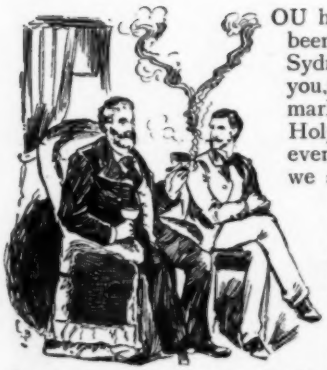


Lieut SIMPSON. G. P. DEWHURST. T. G. SCOTT. G. SYKES. G. H. LAURENCE. — NICKISON.
W. G. CONNELL. C. H. LAURENCE. A. M. DANIEL B. BLOUNT. F. J. DIXON.
A. C. BROWN. (Captain). P. SHAW.

Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 6.—The Missing Passenger.



"YOU have never been out to Sydney, have you, Guy?" remarked Capt. Holybone one evening, as we sat meditatively smoking our cigars after dinner. I shook my head in negative reply. It was a sweltering hot summer's eve, and although the sun was now setting, the air around us seemed as though it had just been wafted from a furnace, so stifling and oppressive was the atmosphere. "Well, the feel of this heat reminds me of the last time I was there," said he, and, settling himself in his chair, continued as follows:—

It was the summer of 18— and it was a dry summer. There hadn't been any rain for weeks and weeks, and the whole country was as parched and dry as a ship's biscuit. The sheep up country were dying by thousands, and water in many of the towns was getting so scarce that matters were beginning to look very serious. Vegetables were practically unobtainable, and everyone was praying for rain. We had been lying in Sydney Harbour for a long time, unable to complete our loading, owing to the rush to the interior of every man who could beg, borrow or steal enough money to get away with; for a new gold field had been found, and the fabulous stories that had been told of its wealth had sent the whole population off its head.

Sailors, navvies, bricklayers, mechanics, clerks, men who didn't know the difference between gold and pyrites; all were off to the El Dorado and the commerce of the port was at a dead lock.

I was then first mate, and besides the captain, second mate and cook, all our ship's company had deserted. All the vessels in the harbour were in a similar plight, some partly loaded or unloaded, others in ballast, but none could proceed with their business, and there we had to lie with the sun boiling the pitch in the seams of the decks, and the whole place like a city of the dead.

Days and weeks went by, and in twos and threes, men who had departed earlier began to return, disappointed with their luck, and by degrees one ship after another got a gang together and resumed work. So in time we got loaded, and after awhile succeeded in getting a fairly decent crew together for the homeward voyage.

We did not advertise to carry passengers, but there were three spare berths in the cabin, and one of them had been booked for some time, but the other two remained empty until the afternoon of the day before we sailed, when a second was booked by our agents at the office.

Our pilot was to come on board on the following afternoon to take us out of the harbour, and we were getting things shipshape for our departure. The two passengers were to come on board in the morning, and I had just been into the cabin to see that everything was ready for them when the steward called me to come on deck.

"There's a gentleman alongside the gangway, sir," said the steward, "asking for the Captain, and when I told him he

was ashore, he said he wanted to see someone about taking a passage."

Proceeding to the gangway, I found the young fellow anxiously waiting my appearance.

"Can you give me a berth for London?" he demanded. "I hear you are sailing to-morrow, and it is most important that I should arrive in England as soon as possible."

This put me in a bit of a fix, for I didn't know whether our agents might not have let the remaining berth at the last minute; however, I thought, as it was so late—it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening—and they had not sent us any notice of their having let the last berth, that I would chance it and take him, and send one of the men up to the office to tell them we were full.

We arranged terms all right, and desiring me to have his hide trunk and another bag which he had with him stowed in his cabin, he bade me good-night, saying he would be alongside early next morning.

Some little time after he had gone, I remembered that I had forgotten to ask him for the customary deposit of his passage money; however, he had left his traps, so I didn't feel very anxious on this head. His trunk and bag I noticed were both branded with the initials "W. M.," and as I was getting our clearance papers ready for sailing, I called the steward to ask him for the name of our last passenger.

"Mr. Moody, I think it was, sir," said the steward; so I entered him thus on our list.

Next day I was pretty busy all the morning preparing for our departure, and until I went below to dinner I had not thought about our passengers; however, when I got into the cabin, there were two of them, and as I had not seen them before, Captain Sanders introduced me. Mr. Wilson, the elder, was a pleasant, ruddy-faced man, of fifty or fifty-five years of age, pretty grey as to hair and whiskers, with a portly figure; whilst the other, Mr. Freeman, was a perfect specimen of English manhood, with fair, curly hair and flaxen moustache, deep dark-blue eyes and clear, but sunburnt, complexion. He was a little above the medium height, and appeared to be on the sunny side of thirty.

After the usual commonplace conversation had been exchanged between us, I said to Captain Sanders: "Isn't Mr. Moody aboard yet?"

"No, I have not seen him," he replied; "do you know, steward, if the other passenger has arrived?" he continued.

"No sir, not yet."

"Strange," I remarked; "he said he would be down early."

Before we had finished dinner the pilot arrived, and, as everything was ready, we commenced to get in our mooring cables and prepare for sea. Still no Mr. Moody.

"We will give him another fifteen minutes," said the Captain, "and not another se-



"CAN YOU GIVE ME A BERTH?"

cond." This time was nearly up when we saw a boat, with three men in her, pulling towards us from one of the wharves.

"Here he comes," said the steward.

"It's a pretty near squeak for him," remarked our Captain. "Moody or no Moody, I wouldn't have waited another minute for him."

As the boat drew alongside I glanced at the occupants, and was astonished to see that Mr. Moody was not in her.

"Captain on board?" queried one of the strangers, addressing me.

"Yes," I replied, "we are just sailing."

"I must see him at once. Have a ladder thrown down, will you? and I'll come up," he continued.

A rope-ladder was placed over the vessel's side, and the two strangers came on deck.



MR. FREEMAN.

Captain Sanders went up to them, and, after talking with them for a minute or so in a low tone, called me to him.

"These are two police officers, Holybone. They want to know if we have a passenger on board named Walter Matthews. I have told them no, but they would like to make a search. Of course they are welcome to do so if they wish. You must make haste, gentlemen, please," continued the Captain, "as I have lost nearly an hour already, waiting for a passenger. We made sure your boat contained him as we saw you pulling towards us."

"When did he book his passage?" said one of the officers. "Late last night," I answered. "What name did he give?" "Mr. Moody," replied I. "Did he pay his money and send his luggage on board?" Then I told him what had transpired on the previous evening, and how I had forgotten to demand the passage money.

"We will have a look at his luggage now," said the officer, after hearing what had occurred; and with that, we all went down into the cabin.

"W. M.!" exclaimed the officer, as soon as he saw the initials on the bag; "that's identically the same as our man's. What was this Moody like in appearance?" he asked, turning to me. "I didn't notice him very carefully," I returned; "he was fairly tall, with dark or black hair, and small beard and moustache of the same colour; rather sallow face, but good looking; he was dressed in darkish clothes and wore a black overcoat and a round felt hat." "Well, if you didn't notice him particularly, you've a remarkably keen appreciation of details," he replied; "and now we will see what the inside of these bags can tell us. I will take all responsibility of opening them, Captain." With that he tried to force the trunk open, but the lock would not give, so, opening his pocket-knife, he slit the leather across the top from side to side. The bag was filled with clothing—shirts and the usual necessaries. Closely examining the linen, he exclaimed, "Here it is!" and, as we glanced at a shirt he held up, we saw it was marked "W. Mat-



"HERE IT IS!"

thews." All the shirts were so marked, and various other garments bore the initials "W. M."

"I will take possession of these bags, Captain," said the officer; "our man smelt a rat at the last moment, evidently, and funked coming on board. I suppose he couldn't have got on the ship without being seen?"

"Hardly possible," replied Captain Sanders; "the hatches are all battened down, and there's only the fo'castle and cabins to hide in, and he would most certainly have been found if he had tried to stow away in either."

"Well, if by any chance he has managed to hide himself, you must secure him, and I will advise the London authorities to send a man down to your ship directly you arrive, and now I will take myself off and not detain you any longer." Within half-an-hour of the officers' departure we were on our voyage.



WHEN I CAME TO THE SURFACE.

Our missing passenger formed the topic of many conversations during the voyage, and we were all inquisitive to learn whether he had been captured. It appeared, from the officers' information, that this Walter Matthews had robbed his employers, with whom he was engaged as assistant cashier, of one hundred pounds in notes. He was a bachelor, and lived with his married brother in one of the suburbs of Sydney. The brother was employed in the same office as chief cashier.

The notes were missed about noon on the same day that Moody had seen me. One of the partners wished to send a remittance to a customer in the country, and remembering the notes were in the safe, desired them to be brought to him so that they could be despatched instead of a cheque. However, they were not to be found anywhere, and as the numbers of the notes had fortunately been entered in the firm's books, notice was later on given to the police, and the notes were stopped at all the Sydney banks. All this happened on the same day that Moody, or Matthews, as I may as well call him, booked his passage. He evidently saw there was no hope for him, and he had determined to bolt. Next morning, the day on which we sailed, one of the banks notified to the police that they had been tendered some of the notes by a well-known bookmaker, who asserted that he had received them, on the afternoon of the day previous, from a Mr. Matthews, with whom he had done business for some time past, and as the amount owing was getting larger than he cared to keep open, he had insisted on having some money, and Matthews had paid him eighty pounds on account.

When the police visited Matthews's house they found he had confessed his theft to his brother and left the house, and then they had come off to our ship, as we were the only vessel leaving Sydney that day.

The missing man never turned up during the voyage. Of course we had never expected him to, and in due time we arrived in the English Channel. We had made a splendid voyage—one of the fastest on record in those times—and had charming weather the whole time; but when we got off the Lizard, we ran into a regular Channel fog, and for days we had to grope along, scarcely able to see a yard before us.

We had been enveloped in this fog for four days, and I was standing aft by the wheel, which I was holding, while the man at the helm had gone forward with a message from me to the bo'sun. Mr. Freeman, the younger passenger, was leaning against the starboard taffrail chatting to me, when suddenly he started forward, exclaiming, "Look out, Holybone, there's a ship——" Before he finished I had turned round, and at the same instant I was struck in the stomach by the bowsprit of a large ship that appeared to

be running into our stern, and, unable to recover myself, I was knocked over the rail into the sea.

When I came to the surface there was nothing to be seen of either ship, but I heard some shouting a little way off. I tried to hail out, but the pain in my stomach was so acute I couldn't get out a respectable shout; however, my stifled cry was heard, for, in reply, came an answering halloa, and I recognised the voice of Mr. Freeman. "Hold up, Holybone. Where are you?" "Here," I called, as loudly as I could; and in a short space he had hold of me and helped me to get off some of my heavy clothing, so I could swim lighter. In some way I had knocked or hurt my right arm, and it pained me fearfully whenever I tried to move it, and this, with the pain in my chest, would soon have rendered me incapable, if he hadn't come to my help in such a brave manner. "They're lowering a boat, and won't be long finding us," said he. "I'll give them a shout," and, suiting the deed to the word, he gave a holloa which showed that his lungs were pretty right. An answering call came back at once, and in a few minutes we were safe in the boat. I had a hot bath directly I got on board, and, with a stiff glass of grog, I turned into my bunk, and when I woke up next morning, beyond a little soreness and stiffness, I felt no bad effects from my ducking. Mr. Freeman, however, had not escaped so fortunately, as the steward informed me he had not left his berth that morning; so as soon as I was up, I went to see him. When I went into his cabin, he had his head turned from me, and in answer to my inquiry, he said he felt sick and should rest a bit, but he didn't turn round, and so, thanking him for his gallant deed in coming to my rescue, I was about to leave the cabin when he called me back.

"Holybone," said he "I think I can trust you. Will you swear that whatever your answer to my request may be, you will never divulge to any living soul, until I give you permission, what I am about to confide to you."

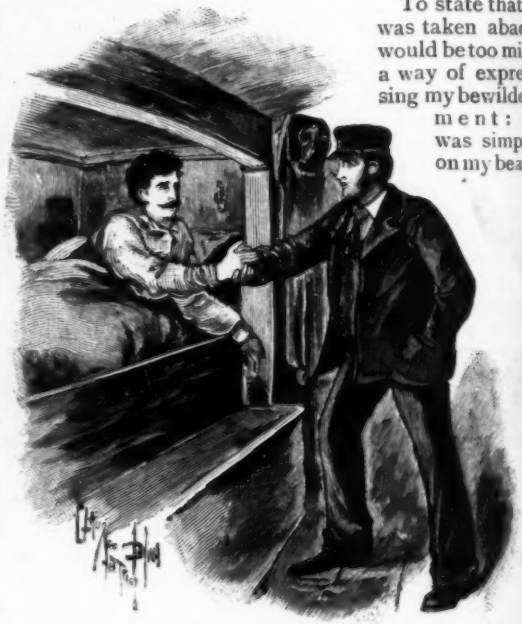
"Yes, sir, I shall be glad to be of service to you and I promise," I replied.

"Give me your hand on it, then," and with that, he turned round and put out his hand, and, as I clasped it, I looked in his face and started back. The light from the port-hole shone full upon him, and as I gazed in his face I could scarcely recognise him.

"What is it—what's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"The dye has come off my hair, Holybone. I am Matthews, alias Moody, alias Freeman, but I am guiltless, so you can still hold my hand."

To state that I was taken aback would be too mild a way of expressing my bewilderment: I was simply on my beam ends. How was it possible for this man to be Moody, or Matthews? My perplexity was evidently so plainly apparent that he exclaimed, half peevishly: "Don't stand staring there like that; sit down, and I will tell you all about it." So, seating myself on his locker, he spun his yarn.



"GIVE ME YOUR HAND ON IT, THEN."

"My name is Walter Matthews. I and my brother John, who is married, were employed in the same firm, he as chief, I as assistant, cashier. Now, remember your promise; not a word to anyone on earth of what I am telling you, or all my pains will be for nothing." I murmured that I had given my promise. "All right,"

he replied, and then he went on: "John was always dabbling in horse-racing, which I abhored; but I didn't dream he was in any difficulties, as, knowing how I hated everything connected with betting, he seldom spoke to me on these matters. I said John was married?"

"Yes."

"Well, his wife, Alice, was the dearest girl you can imagine. She had been ill for a long time from typhoid fever, and was just beginning to get better when the notes were taken. Of course, immediately they were missed every man in the office was hunting high and low to see if they had got covered up somewhere, but naturally they were not found. After the place had been searched and there were no signs of the notes, the office quieted down, and John said to me, 'I am going to get something to eat—will you come, Walter?' On our way John confessed the whole thing. He had received a letter on the previous day from the bookmaker threatening that unless he received a substantial sum by twelve o'clock next day, he should write to his employers. How to raise the money he knew not, and that night, when he was closing the safe, his eyes caught sight of the notes; then he hesitated. Two days later a big race was to be run. He had backed the favourite months ago, and expected to win four hundred pounds if the horse came in first, and it was considered bound to win. He had seen the bookmaker and tried to get him to wait till then; but he wouldn't; and so, looking on his winning as a certainty, he took the notes. Now he called himself a fool and a thief, and then commenced about his wife, Alice: it would kill her; and truly I believe it would—they were devotedly attached to each other. We talked it over again and again; neither could see where or how to raise the money, and as the numbers of the notes were known, they were bound to be traced.



THE DEAREST GIRL YOU CAN IMAGINE.

"After turning over in my mind scheme after scheme, I at last hit upon what has so far proved a way out of the difficulty for John.

"'I think I can help you, John, if you will promise me two things,' I commenced. 'Only get this wretched business settled, Walter, and I will promise and do anything you wish.'

"'Swear on your honour and by your love for Alice you will do exactly as I say,' I replied. 'I promise you, Walter, and may God help me,' he responded.

"'Now, first of all, from to-day you will never make another bet, Jack?' 'On my oath, no.' 'All right, old man, now I'll tell you what we will do.

"'I will take a passage to London by the *Southern Cross*, she sails to-morrow morning, you know we are shipping by her.' 'But I don't see——' he began. 'Wait a bit,' I went on; 'I will secure a berth under a false name, then, when my absence is noticed to-morrow, they will think I am the wrong-doer.' 'No, I'm d—d if you do,' he broke in. 'Remember your promise, Jack, old man, and remember Alice.' Then he placed his head in his hands and groaned in his misery. 'Don't go on like that, Jack, my dear fellow,' I said, as I put my arm round his shoulder; 'help me to help you; we can square up accounts by-and-bye.' Then I continued. 'When I get to London I will sell the little farm that our aunt left me, and you can repay the money, and then, if you like, but only if really you do want to,



"DON'T GO ON LIKE THAT, JACK!"

you can tell the governor the whole affair, and I'm sure he will overlook it, and then I will come back to you again.'

"You may be sure, John didn't give in for some time, but he had to, you know.

"I now went and engaged my berth for the voyage.

"When we got back to the office we found that one of the partners had gone to the police and the banks, and I feared at once I should not be able to sail in your ship without being discovered. However, after a little thought, I fancied I could outwit them, and I determined to have a second mystery to hide my own self behind.

"So I left the office early, and went home and put on a false beard, packed a trunk and bag with some clothes marked with my name, and came down to the ship late and took your last berth, as Mr. Moody, you remember?" "Yes." "Well, then I bought some golden hair dye, and pretty rubbish it is, and met Jack at the house of a friend of his, and I dyed my hair and moustache a lovely golden auburn. I looked nice, didn't I?" This he said with a gleam of merriment in his eyes. "Then we went out and bought a trunk and some clothes for *Mr. Freeman*, and took them to the house and marked them with that name, and I came on board early next morning, and saw the detectives play their little game and collar my, I mean Mr. Moody's, trunks.

"Now you know all, Holybone—do you blame me?"

"Blame you! you're a downright brick!" I exclaimed. "But what about your hair? You can't go on deck or land like that—and don't forget the police are to come on board."

"No, that's the deuce of it, and I have finished up my hair dye," he replied. "The only thing you can do for me is to get ashore at your first chance and get me a bottle, and meantime keep everyone out of the cabin."

"Well, I did it. We fetched Deal in the fog, and I went ashore and bought a bottle of the stuff, and by the time we took our tug on to tow up the Thames Mr. Freeman was well again.

Then the happy termination was to come. When we arrived in London, the ship's letters were sent on board and there were two for Mr. Freeman. As he read them, I saw his face pale and flush, then beckoning me to his cabin, he handed them to me, and this is what I read:

"MY DEAR OLD WAL.—The Don won, and I have repaid the hundred pounds and told the governor everything. He was very good to me and forgave me in the kindest way possible. He said he should write you to return. Now, old fellow, I cannot, cannot thank you in a letter, as I feel I ought, so come back at once. I have told Alice, and she sends her dearest love, and says if you don't take the next ship back she will cry her eyes out till you do. Send us a cable that you are coming and make us all happy.—Your loving brother, JACK.

"P.S.—Don't sell the farm unless you want to. One hundred pounds herewith for your expenses."

The other letter was from the governor. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MR. MATTHEWS.—Your strange conduct in leaving us without any explanation has just been accounted for. I beg you will oblige us by returning at once. None outside myself and partners know what has happened. In haste to catch the mail. God bless you.—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM GRETTON.

"P.S.—Fifty pounds enclosed for passage money."

As I returned the letters Mr. Matthews remarked, "All's well that ends well. Holybone, my boy, made money over it too, haven't I?" But with all his cheerfulness I could see he was deeply affected.

We had a jolly time in London together before his vessel sailed, and I have heard several times from him since, and when we parted he gave me this gold compass I wear on my watch-chain. He is now a partner with his governor and a rich and popular man.



February has been a busy month in the theatrical world, several new pieces being produced, more than one of which looks like being a distinct success—and several old friends still continue to hold their own.

"Niobe," by Harry and Edward Paulton, maintains its successful career at the Strand. Strange to say, this play, which has proved such a big hit—it is now in its twelfth month—was offered to managers innumerable, and was unanimously rejected as a play not worthy of production, as there was no money in it. Yet it had run in America for nearly a year prior to its seeing the footlights of a London theatre. At last, however, it found a home in London; Mr. Mackay Robertson, with that business acumen and perspicacity for which he is famous, decided to produce it at the Strand, and I think it will be admitted he did well.



Photo. by] [*Alfred Ellis.*
NIOBE COMES TO LIFE.

It was a clever idea of the brothers Paulton to blend ancient mythology with up-to-date science. It was a daring experiment, but was justified by its success. The plot briefly is:—

An art enthusiast, Mr. Hamilton Tompkins, purchases the celebrated statue of Niobe, and for the moment keeps it in the house of his friend, Dunn, for safety.

Dunn is having the electric light laid on, and the workmen, at the end of the day's work, twist the wires round the pedestal of the statue, just to get them out of the way.



Photo. by] [*Alfred Ellis.*
MISS BEATRICE LAMB AS NIOBE.

Dunn is a very much married man, in fact, he has not only a mother-in-law very much in evidence, but also a brother and sister-in-law. The family have gone to the theatre, leaving Dunn at home. In due time the electric current is switched on, and imparts life to the statue. Dunn's amazement and consternation at the resuscitation of Niobe is to be seen to be appreciated. He doubts his own senses; has he been dreaming, or has he "got 'em again?" However, there it is, staring him in the face: the statue is alive. Niobe comes down from her pedestal, and asks Dunn his name. This he gives as Peter Amos Dunn; and Niobe, catching the Christian names, dubs him Petremos, which she calls him to the end of the chapter. The question now arises, how to get her away? Tell the truth? No: the truth is too preposterous—no one would believe it. He must invent some plausible story before his wife and relations return from the theatre.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave," etc.

Happy thought: the new governess, Miss Mifton, is expected in a few days—in fact, her luggage has already arrived. What is easier? She shall be—she is—the new governess; and Niobe is hurried off to change her flowing Grecian robe for the garb of Miss Mifton, and is introduced to the household as the new governess, Miss Mifton.

Niobe is tall, and shows her affection for Petremos, who is short, by constantly embracing him, much to the dismay of Peter.

Dunn undertakes to clothe Niobe in modern raiment and measures her for new dresses; here, again, a very amusing scene takes place. Eventually, truth is triumphant and everything ends happily; and Niobe transfers her affections to Mr. Tompkins, the art enthusiast.

Miss Beatrice Lamb as



Photo. by] [*Alfred Ellis*
HARRY PAULTON MEASURES NIOBE.

Niobe is splendid; indeed, I think it is the best part she has ever played. Mr. Harry Paulton, as the very much mother-in-lawed, and bewildered Peter Amos Dunn is excruciatingly funny. Mr. Forbes Dawson, as Cornelius Griffin, the not-to-be-worried young man, adds one more character to his already long roll of successful performances. Miss Georgie Esmond gives a charming and naive performance as the rebellious school-girl.



Photo. by] [*Alfred Ellis*
MISS GEORGIE ESMOND.

"Niobe" seems likely to fill the bill at the Strand Theatre for many months to come.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal received a very hearty welcome home on the occasion of their reviving Mr. Grundy's "White Lie" at the Avenue. Since the piece was presented to us before, it has undergone material alterations, but even now it cannot be considered a play in which these two favourites are seen to the best advantage. It starts away with serious interest, and this continues through two acts, in the latter of which the very obvious white lie is perpetrated. It then develops into a farcical comedy of a very weak order, and the curtain falls without anything further to arrest our attention. Mr. Kendal is still very amusing as Sir John, and Mrs. Kendal does her best with the foolish character of Mrs. Desmond. Miss Annie Irish plays in a somewhat uncertain and hesitating manner, which is the author's rather than her own fault, and she receives no assistance from Mr. York, whose Captain Tempest is a most awkward and crude performance.

* * *

"La Rosière" at the Shaftesbury should do well, but it wants shortening, and the comedians might have a little more scope for their humour with advantage. Mr. Harry Monkhouse, who has provided the libretto, is brimming over with fun as an actor, and it is a great pity he has not infused a little more into his writing. The music is tuneful and bright, and the orchestration harmonious. Some of the love ballads are charming, and likely to become popular, as also is the laughing song sung by Miss Halton. The dresses are beautiful and the opera is mounted on a magnificent



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

scale. "Vaudrey en Fête," where Joséphine is crowned La Rosière, being a most gorgeous combination of colour. The plot is slight and bears a resemblance to "Dorothy," transplanted to French soil. Two hussars fall in love with two school girls, and to test their sincerity, each makes declarations of love to the other's sweetheart. The girls have overheard their plan, and have their revenge by pretending to accept their new suitors. The gallants then join some wandering minstrels, and the girls follow disguised as gipsies, more love-making taking place as a natural consequence. Eventually they discover that they still long for their first loves, and all ends happily.

* * *

Miss Halton is delightfully fresh and pleasing as Joséphine, and sings her numbers with a charming naiveté and vivacity. Valuable assistance is also rendered by Miss Violet Cameron; but Miss Lucile Saunders, although displaying a fine contralto voice, is sadly lacking in point in her acting. Mr. Frank Thornton and Mr. William Elton provide the fun, but they have little opportunity of doing much with the parts given them, and Messrs. Robertson and Foote sing well as the two hussars.



MISS MARIE HALTON AS LA ROSIÈRE.

* * *

Mr. Irving has produced the late Lord Tennyson's "Becket" at the Lyceum too late for an extensive notice this month. It is a most magnificent production, superbly staged; and Mr. Irving in the title role has never been seen to better advantage.

* * *

Oscar Barrett has brought his Crystal Palace pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," to a close after a most successful run. This pantomime was one of the best in or around London. His son, Mr. Pritchard Barrett, was responsible for most of the scenery, which redounds to his credit. His transformation scene, "The Seasons," being one of the prettiest things we have seen for some time.



MR. W. ELTON IN "LA ROSIÈRE."

* * *

Verdi's long talked of opera, "Falstaff," was produced at La Scala, Milan, last month, and was described as an unqualified success.

* * *

"Hypatia," which we hope to notice next month, has already passed its 50th night, and is going strong.

* * *

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our January Number—to whom the 3-vol. novels have been sent: S. Nightingale, 19, College Street, Stratford-on-Avon; Miss N. L. Foster, North Huish Rectory, Ivybridge; J. A. McDonald, 14, Emmet Street, Dublin; E. Orrillard, 48, Madoc Street, Llandudno; Miss G. Matthews, Foxbury, Sevenoaks.

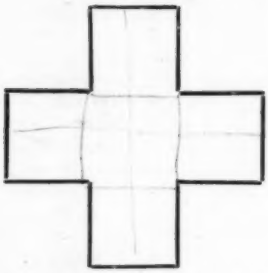
* * *

The words of the song in our last number, "The Sands of Time," were written by Mr. G. Hayes Marshall, a popular writer of lyrics.



Puzzledom







15. Divide a cross, of the same shape as above, by *two* straight cuts, into *four* pieces, so that the pieces may be arranged to form a square.



16. Wny is a perfumer like an editor?

17. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?

18. What relation is a doormat to a door?

19. Why is a palm tree like a chronologer?



20. *Charade.*—My first is what all do after sleeping; my second is a plot of ground; my whole is a town in England.

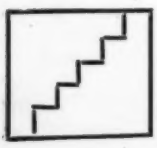
21. A farmer was going to market with his pigs, when he met a friend who asked him how many he had. The farmer replied, "If I had as many more and half as many more, less one, I should have two dozen." How many pigs had he?

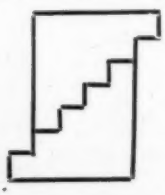


Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th March. Competitions should be addressed "March Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards preferred.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

No. 8.





9. *Fourteen marbles.*
10. *When it's a teething* (*tea-thing*).
11. *Rather the elephant killed the gorilla.*
12. *When he takes orders.*
13. *Because his tale comes out of his head.*
14. *For fear of falling out.*

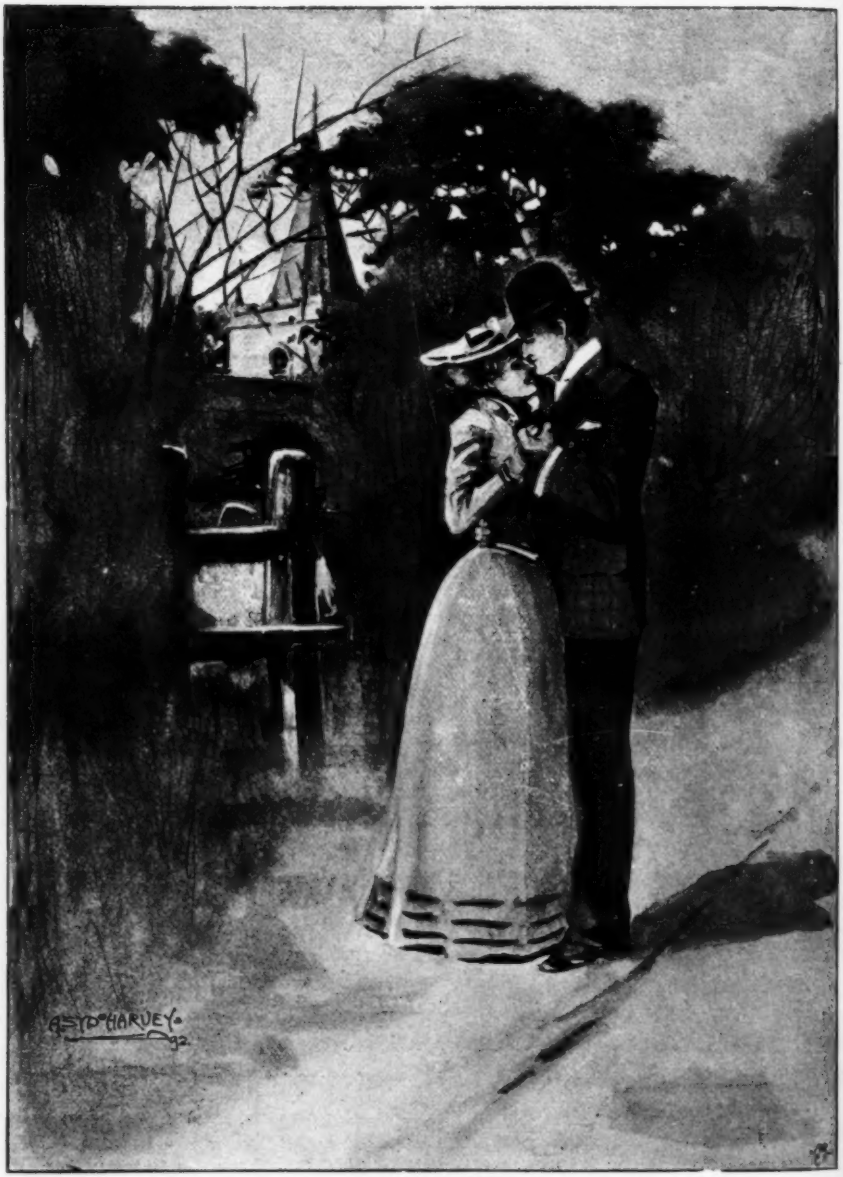


First
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d.

XUM



"THEN KISS ME ONCE AGAIN, JACK." (*Page* 570.)

THE QUEEN'S CADET.



Author of "The Romance of War," &c &c.

"I HAVE been forced to believe in the existence and influence of an unseen world, of something which is described in that line of Dryden's:

'With silent steps I follow you all day.'

I have felt the influence of the spiritual and invisible on the senses, though I know nothing of the complications, the deceptions and alleged perils forming a portion of that which is now termed spiritualism; and which affirms that the unseen world cannot become manifest, save in obedience to certain occult laws which regulate the phenomena of Nature."

What rigmarole was this?

Could the speaker—this man with the melancholy tone and saddened eye—actually be the same handsome Jack Arkley, my old college chum at Sandhurst, who was always rather sceptical, even in religious matters, who was one of the merriest fellows there, who had been once nearly rusticated for breaking the lamps and dismounting the guns to spite the adjutant, but who, as a Queen's cadet, had more marks of excellence than any of us; who was afterwards the beau ideal of a fine young English officer—a prime bat and bowler, who pulled a good stroke oar, had such a firm seat in his saddle, and who was the best hand for organising a pic-nic, a ball, or a scratch company for amateur theatricals; and who in the late expedition against the Looshais, had won the reputation of being a regular fire-eater—a fellow who would face the devil in his shirt-sleeves?

Could the champagne of "the Rag" have affected him, thought I, as he continued earnestly and sadly, and while manipulating a cigar selected from the silver stand on the table:

"I have somewhere read that very few persons in this world have been unfortunate enough to have seen those things that are invisible to others."

"By Jove! Do you mean a—ghost?"

"Not exactly the vulgar ghost of the nursery," said he, his pale face colouring slightly."

"But we have all met with those who knew someone else who had seen something weird, unearthly, unexplainable."

"Precisely; but I shall speak from personal experience—so now for a little narrative of my own."

We had dined that evening at the club, where D——, of the Greys, had given a few fellows a dinner, in honour of being gazetted to his troop, and to "wet" the new commission; and though it seemed to me that, like the rest of us, Jack Arkley had done justice to all the good things set before him, from the soup to the coffee and curaçoa, he had been, during dinner, remarkably *triste* or abstracted, and took but little interest in the subjects discussed by the guests, who were mostly all upon short leave from Aldershot, and, the Spring drills being over, were thankful to exchange the white dust of the Long Valley, for the Row or Regent Street.

We were alone now, and lingering over some iced brandy-pawnee (as we called it

in India) in the cool bay-window of his room in Piccadilly, where it overlooked the pleasant Green Park, and where the clock of Westminster was shining above the trees, like a red harvest moon. So I prepared to listen to him with more curiosity than belief, while he related the following singular story, which he would never have ventured to relate to the circle of heedless fellows whom we had just left.

"My parents died when I was little more than an infant, leaving me to the care of two uncles, a maternal one, named Beverley, a man of considerable wealth, who, in consequence of a quarrel with my father, whose marriage with his sister he resented, totally ignored my existence, and was ever a kind of myth to me; the other a paternal one, a bachelor curate in North Wales, poor old Morgan Apreece Arkley, than whom there was no better nor more kind-hearted man in all the Principality.

"His means were most limited; but to share the little he possessed he made me freely and tenderly welcome, all the more so that to two appeals he had made to the generosity of my Uncle Beverley, no response was ever returned—a cutting coldness and rudeness bitterly resented by my hot-tempered but warm-hearted old Welsh kinsman.

"A career was necessarily chosen for me.

"The death of my father on duty at Benares, enabled me to be borne on the strength of the Military College at Sandhurst as one of the twenty Queen's cadets; and to that seminary I repaired, a few months after you did, when in my sixteenth year, leaving with sincere sorrow the lonely white-haired man who had been as a parent to me, and whose secluded parsonage by the margin of Llyn Ogwen, and under the shadow of Carneydd Davydd, had been the only home I could remember. There for years he had been my earnest and anxious tutor, mingling with the classics a store of quaint old Welsh legends and ancient songs, for he was an excellent and enthusiastic harper, and had come of a long line of harpers.

"Prior to this change in my life, I encountered an adventure which has had considerable influence in my after career.

"From childhood I had been familiar with the mountains that overhang Llyn Ogwen. I knew every track and rock and fissure of Carneydd Davydd, of "the Black Ladders" of Carneydd Llewellyn, and the brows of the greater giant of the three, cloud-capped Snowdon. For miles upon miles among them I had been wont to wander with my gun, and at times to aid the shepherds in tracking out lost sheep or goats, by places where we looked down upon the grey mist and vapour that floated below us, and where the mountain peaks seemed to start out of it like isles amid a sea. In the heart of such solitudes as these I found food for much reflective thought, and was wont to give full swing to my boyish fancies.

"Under every variety of season and weather I was wont to wander among these mountains; sometimes when their sides seemed to vibrate under the hot rays of a cloudless summer sun; at others when the glistening snow lay deep in the passes and valleys, or when height and hollow were alike shrouded in thick and impenetrable mist; but my favourite spot was ever Llyn Idwal, the wildest and most savage of all our Welsh lakes. It fills the crater of an ancient volcano, and is the traditional scene of the murder of Idwal, a prince of Wales, who was flung over its precipice—a place which for gloomy grandeur has no equal, as the bare rocks that start out of it, sheer as a wall, darken by their shadows its depth to the most intense blackness; and the peasants aver that no fish can swim in it, and no bird fly over it and live.

"Lying upon the mountain tops, amid the purple heather or the scented thyme-grass, I was wont to watch the distant waters of the Channel, stretching far away beyond the Puffin Isle and Great Orme's Head, ever changing in hue as the masses of cloud skimmed over them; and from thence I followed, with eager eyes, the white sails of the ships, or the long smoky pennants of the steamers that were bound for—ah! where were they bound for?—and so, far from the solitary parsonage of the good old man who loved me so well, I was ungrateful enough to follow to distant isles and shores these vanishing specks, in the spirit.

"I see that you are impatient to know what all this preamble has to do with Sandhurst and the melancholy which now oppresses me; but, nevertheless, I am fast coming to the matter—to 'that keystone of the soul, which must exist in every nature.'

"One day I was up a wild part of the mountains, far above Llyn Ogwen, a long and narrow sheet of water which occupies the whole pass between Braich-ddu and the shoulder of Carneydd Davydd. My sole companion was my dog, Cidwm—in English, "Wolf"—which lay beside me on the sunny grass, when from one of my day-dreams I was suddenly roused by voices, and found three persons close beside me.

"Mounted on sturdy Welsh ponies, two of these were a gentleman in the prime of life and a very young lady, apparently his daughter, attended by David Lloyd, one of the guides for the district, who knew me well. He led the bridle of the girl's pony with one hand, and grasped his alpenstock with the other. This group paused near me, and some conversation ensued. Lloyd had evidently mistaken the path and was loth to admit the fact, or to suggest that they should retrace their steps, and yet he knew enough of the mountains to be well aware that to advance would be to court danger. During the colloquy that ensued between him and his employer, a haughty and imperious-looking man, I was earnestly gazing in the half-averted face of the girl, who was watching an eagle in full flight.

"She was marvellously beautiful. Her features—save in profile—were perhaps far from correct, yet there was a divine delicacy, a charming purity of complexion, and brightness of expression over them all; and her minute face seemed to nestle amid the masses of her fair, rippling hair. She turned towards me, and her eyes met mine. They were dark violet blue, and shaded by brown lashes so long that they imparted much of softness to their dove-like expression, and she smiled, for no doubt the little maid saw that there was something of unequivocal admiration to be read in my ardent gaze; and so absorbed was I that, for a few seconds, I was not aware that the guide was addressing me, and inquiring if I knew how far the path was traversable in this particular direction. Ere I could reply:

"'How should this mere lad know, if *you* don't?' asked the male tourist, haughtily and sharply.

"'Few here can know better, sir,' replied Lloyd. 'I have seen him climb where the eagles alone can go.'

"'Shall we proceed, then?' he asked of me, sharply.

"'I think not, sir,' said I; 'Moel Hebog was covered with mist this morning, and——'



I WAS AROUSED BY VOICES.

"'But Moel Hebog is clear enough now,' said David Lloyd with irritation—the mountain so named being deemed an unerring barometer, as regards the chances of mist upon its greater brethren—'so I think we may proceed,' he added, touching his hat to his employer. 'I don't require, sir, to be taught my trade by a mere lad, a gentleman thof you be, Master Arkley.'

"'*Arkley!*' repeated the stranger, starting, and eyeing me keenly, and yet with a lowering expression of face.

"I warned them of the danger of farther progression, but the avaricious guide derided me; and I heard his employer, as they passed on, asking him some questions, amid which—but it might be fancy—I thought my own name occurred. I gazed after them with interest, and with much of anxiety, for their path was perilous, and the sweet, soft beauty of the girl had impressed me deeply; and, as she disappeared, with all her wealth of golden hair, the brightness seemed to have departed from the mountain side.

"What was the magic this creature, whom I had only seen for a few minutes, possessed for me? She was scarcely a

woman, yet past childhood; and her features remained as distinctly impressed upon my memory as if they were before me still. Do not infer from this strange interest that 'love at first sight,' as the novels used to have it, was an ingredient of this emotion. No; it was something deeper—a subtle magnetism—something that I know not how to define or to express; and, with a repining sigh, I thought of my lonely life, and longed to go forth on the career that awaited me beyond those green mountains that were bounded by the sea.

"Had I ever seen that fair little face before, or dreamed of it, by night or by day, that already it seemed to haunt me so?

"The little group had not disappeared above five minutes, when a sound like a cry was borne past me on the mountain breeze. I started up, my heart beating wildly, and, with undefined apprehension, hastened in the direction of the sound, while Wolf careered in front of me. There now came the sound of hoofs, and with bridle trailing, saddle reversed and nostrils distended, the pony on which I had so recently seen the young girl came tearing over the crest of the hill, and galloped madly past me towards Llyn Idwal.

"Quicker beat my heart, and my breath came thick and fast. Something dreadful had taken place! True to his instincts as ever was the faithful Gelert of the Welsh tradition, Wolf sped in haste to the edge of what I knew to be a frightful ravine. There the hoof-marks were fresh in the turf, the edge of which was broken; the grass, too, was crushed and torn, as if something had fallen over it. The dog now paused, lifted up his nose, and howled ominously. I peered over; and far down below, on a ledge of green turf, but perilously overhanging a chasm in the mountain side, lay that which appeared at first to be a mere bundle of clothes, but which I knew to be the little maiden, dead—doubtlessly dead—and a wail of sorrow escaped me.

"Her father and the guide had disappeared.

"Partly sliding, partly descending as if by a natural ladder, finding footing and grasp where many might have found neither, mechanically, and as one in a dream, I reached her in about ten minutes; and, as I had a naturally boyish dread of facing death, with joy I saw her move, and then took her in my arms tenderly and caressingly, while she opened her eyes and sighed deeply, for the fall had stunned and shaken her severely. Otherwise she was, happily, uninjured; but I had reached her just in time, for if left to herself, she must have tottered and fallen into the terrible profundity below.



PARTLY SLIDING, I REACHED HER.

"'Papa; oh, where is my papa? I was thrown suddenly from my pony—a bird scared it—and remembered no more;' then a passion of tears and terror came over her, with the consciousness of the peril she had escaped and that which still menaced her, for to ascend was quite impracticable, and to descend seemed nearly equally so. Above us the mountain side seemed to rise like a wall; on the other hand, at the bottom of the ravine, where the shadows of evening were dark and blue, though sunset still tipped Snowdon's peaks with fire, and clouds of crimson and gold were floating above us, I could see a rivulet, a tributary of the Ogwen, glittering like a silver thread far down, perhaps a thousand feet below.

"'Courage,' said I, while for a time my heart died within me; 'I shall soon conduct you to a place of safety.'

"'But papa—he will die of fright. Where is my papa?' she exclaimed piteously.

"'Gone round some other way,' I suggested. And subsequently this proved to be the case. Placing an arm round her for aid, we now began to descend, but slowly, the face of the hill, which was there so steep and shelved so abruptly, that to lose one step might have precipitated us to the bottom with a speed that would have insured destruction. From rock to rock, from bush to bush, and from cleft to cleft, I guided and often lifted her, sometimes with her eyes closed; and gazed the while with boyish rapture on the beautiful girl, as her head drooped upon my shoulder. She had lost her hat, and the unbound masses of her golden hair, blown by the wind, came in silken ripples across my face; and delight, mingled with alarm, bewildered me.

"Till that hour no sorrow could have affected a spirit so pure as hers; and certainly love could not have agitated it—she was so young. But when we drew nearer the base of the hill, and reached a place of perfect safety, the soft colour came back to her face, and the enchantment of her smile was as indescribable as the clear violet blue of her eye, which filled with wonder and terror as she gazed upward to the giddy verge from which she had partly fallen; and then a little shudder came over her.

"With a boy's ready ardour, I was already beginning to dream of being beloved by her, when excited voices came on the wind; and round an angle of the ravine into which we had descended came Lloyd, the guide, several peasants, and her father, who had partially witnessed our progress, and whose joy in finding her alive and well, when he might have found her dashed perhaps out of the very semblance of humanity, was too great for words. The poor man wept like a very woman as he embraced her again and again, and muttered in broken accents his gratitude to me, and praise of my courage. Suddenly he exclaimed to the guide:

"'You said his name was—Arkley, I think?'

"'Yes, sir,' replied Lloyd.

"'John Beverley Arkley, nephew of the curate at the foot of the mountain yonder?' he added, turning to me.

"'The same, sir.'

"'Good heavens! I am your Uncle Beverley!' said he, colouring deeply, and taking my hand again in his. 'The girl you have saved is your own cousin—my darling Eve. I owe you some reparation for past neglect, so come with me to the parsonage at once.'

"Here was a discovery that quite took away my breath. So this dazzling little Hebe was my cousin! How fondly I cherished and thought over this mysterious tie of blood—near almost as a sister. It was very sweet to ponder over and to nurse the thoughts of affection, and all that yet might be.

"What a happy, happy night was that in the ancient parsonage! The good old Curate forgave Uncle Beverley all the shortcomings in the years that were past, and seemed never to weary of caressing the wonderful hair and the tiny hands of Evelyn Beverley, for such was her name, though familiarly known as Eve.

"'It is quite a romance, this,' said kind Uncle Arkley to his brother-in-law; 'the young folks will be falling in love!'

Eve grew quite pale, and cast down her eyes; while I blushed furiously.

"'Stuff!' said Uncle Beverley, somewhat sharply. 'She has barely cut her primers and pinafores, and Jack has Sandhurst before him yet.'

"He presented me with his gold repeater, and departed by the first convenient train, taking my newly-discovered relation with him. I had a warm invitation to visit them for a few weeks before entering at Sandhurst; and, to add to my joy and impatience, I found that Beverley Lodge was in Berkshire, and within a mile of the College: and so, but for the presence of the golden gift, and the memory of a kind and grateful kiss from a beautiful lip—a kiss that made every nerve thrill—I might have imagined that the whole adventure on the slopes of Carneydd Davydd was but a dream.

"Naturally avaricious, cold and hard in heart, Mr. Beverley had warmed to me for a time, but a time only; yet I revered and almost loved him. He was the only brother of my dead mother, whom I had never known. *She*—this golden-haired girl—was of her blood, and had her name; so my whole soul clung to her with an amount of youthful ardour such as I cannot portray to you—for I was always much of an enthusiast—and I was again

alone to indulge in the old tenor of my ways amid the voiceless mountain solitudes.

"Again and again in my lonely wanderings had my mind been full of vague longings and boyish aspirations after glory, pleasure and love: and now the memory of Eve's minute and perfect face—so pure and English in its beauty—by its reality filled up all that had been a blank before; and I was ever in fancied communion with her, while lying on the hill-slopes and looking to the sea that sparkled at the far horizon, into the black ravines through which the mountain brooks went foaming to the rocky shores, or where our deep Welsh *llyns* were gleaming in the sunshine like gold and turquoise blue—amid the monotony of the silent woods; and so the time passed on, and the day came when I was to start for Beverley Lodge, and thence to Sandhurst; while love and ambition rendered me selfishly oblivious of poor old Uncle Morgan and the fervent wishes and blessings with which he followed my departing steps.



MANY AN HOUR SPENT TOGETHER.

"A month's visit to Beverley Lodge, amid the fertility of Berkshire, many a ride and ramble in the Vale of the White Horse, many an hour spent by us together in the shady woods, the luxurious garden, in the beautiful conservatory, and in the deep leafy lanes where we wandered at will, confirmed the love my cousin and I bore each other. A boy and a girl, it came easily about; while many were our regrets and much was our marvelling that we had not known each other earlier.

"No two men make a declaration of love, perhaps, in precisely the same way, though it all comes to the same thing in the end; but it might be interesting to know in what precise terms, and having so little choice, Father Adam declared his passion for Mother Eve, and in what fashion she responded.

"I know not now how my love for *my* little Eve was expressed; but told it was, and I departed for college the happiest student there, every hour I could spare from study and drill being spent in or about Beverley Lodge.

"With an income of forty pounds per annum till gazetted I almost thought myself rich; and I had three years before me—it seemed an eternity of joy—to look forward to. At Sandhurst I was, as you know, entered as a Queen's cadet, *free*, and a candidate for the infantry. I had thus to master algebra, the three first books of Euclid, French, German and "Higher Fortification;" but in the pages of Straith, amid the ravelins of Vauban and the casemates of Coehorn, I seemed to see only the name and the tender eyes of Eve. The daily drills, in which I was at first an enthusiast, became dull and prosaic, and hourly I made terrible mistakes, for Eve's voice was ever in my ear, and her delicate beauty haunted me; for wondrously delicate it became, as consumption—which she fatally inherited from her mother—shed over it a medium that was alike soft and alluring.

"Since then I have met girls of all kinds everywhere. Though only a sub, I have been dressed for, played for, sung for; but never have I had the delight of those remembered days that were passed with Eve Beverley in our dream of cousinly love; however, a rude waking was at hand.

"When she was eighteen, and I a year older, she told me one day that her father had been insisting upon her marrying an old friend of his, a retired Sudder Judge,

who had proposed in form; but she had laughed at the idea.

"'Absurd! It is so funny of papa to have a husband ready cut and dried for me; is it not, Jack?' said she.

"I did not think so; but my heart beat painfully as I leaned caressingly over her, and played with her beautiful hair.

"'I don't thank him for selecting a husband for me, Jack, dear,' she continued, pouting; 'do you?'

"'Certainly not, Eve.'

"'But I must prepare my mind for the awful event,' said she, looking up at me with a bright, waggish smile.

"The time was fast approaching, however, when neither of us could see any thing 'funny' in the prospect; for 'the awful event' became alarmingly palpable, when one day she met me with tears, and threw herself on my breast, saying:

"'Save me, dearest Jack—save me!'

"'From whom?'

"'Papa and his odious old Sudder Judge, Jack, love. You know that I must marry you, and you only!'

"'The devil he does!' said a voice sharply; and there, grim as Ajax, stood Uncle Beverley, with hands clenched and brows knit. 'My sister married his father, a beggar, with only his pay; and now, minx, you dare to love their son, by heavens, with *no* pay at all! Leave this house, sir — begone instantly!' he added, furiously, to me. 'I would rather that she had broken her neck on the mountains than treated me to a scene like this.'



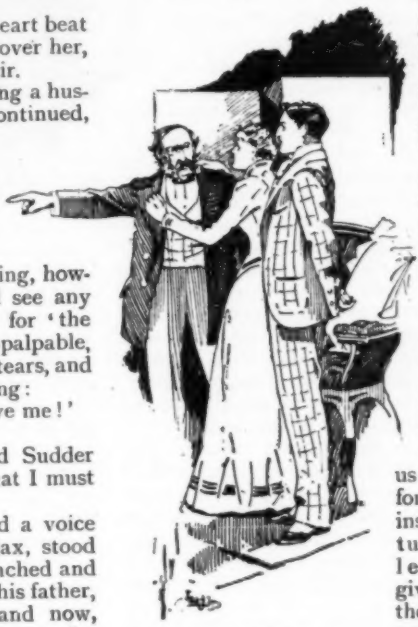
"The gates of Beverley Lodge closed behind me, and our dream was over.

"Half my life seemed to have left me. After three years of such delightful intercourse I could not adopt the conviction that I should never see her again; and in a very unenviable state of mind I entered the college, where you may remember meeting me under the Doric portico, and saying:

"'What's up, Jack? But let me congratulate you.'

"'On what?' I asked sulkily.

"'Your appointment to the Buffs. The *Gazette* has just come from town. They are stationed at Jubbulpore.'



"LEAVE THIS HOUSE, SIR."

"And so it proved that the very day I lost her, saw me in the service, with India, and a far and final separation before us. Necessity compelled us to prepare for an almost instant departure; short leave was given me by the adjutant-general, and I had to join the Candahar transport, going with drafts from Chatham for the East, on a certain day.

"Rumours reached me of Eve being seriously ill. She was secluded from me, and there was every chance that I should see her no more. A letter came from her imploring me to meet her for the last time at a spot known to us both—a green lane that led to a churchyard stile—the scene of many a tender tryst and blissful hour, as it was a place where overhanging trees, with the golden apple, the purple damson and the plum, formed a very bower, and where few or none ever came, save on Sunday; and there we met for the last time!

"There once again her head lay on my shoulder, my circling arm was round her, and her hot, tremulous hand was clasped in mine. I was shocked by the change I perceived in her. Painful was her pallor to look upon; there were circles dark as her lashes under her sad melancholy

eyes; her nostrils and lips were unnaturally pink; she had a short, dry cough; and blood appeared more than once upon her handkerchief.

"Consumption on one hand, and parental tyranny on the other, were fast doing their fatal work.

"Her father was pitiless and inexorable — wonderfully, infamously so, as he was so rich that mere money was no object, and as she was his only child, and one so tender and so fragile. His studied system of deliberate "worry" had wrung a consent from her; she was to marry the old Judge; and in more ways than one I felt that too surely I was losing her for ever. She could not go out with me. I felt desperate, and in silence folded her again and again to my breast. At last the ting-tong of the old church clock announced the hour when we must part, never to meet again, and the fatal sound struck us like a shock of electricity.

"'Jack, my dearest—my dearest,' she whispered wildly; 'I don't think I shall live very long now. I may—nay, I must die very soon; but the spirit is imperishable, and I shall always be with you, wherever you may be, wherever you may go, hovering near you, I hope, *like a guardian angel*."

"Her words struck me as strange and wild; I did not attach much importance to them then, but they have had a strange and terrible significance since.

"'Would you welcome me?' she asked, with a mournful smile.

"'Dead or living shall I welcome you!' I replied, with mournful ardour.

"'Then kiss me once again, dear Jack; and now we part—in this world, at least!'

"Another wild, passionate embrace, and all was over. In a few minutes later I was galloping far from the villa to reach the railway. I saw her beloved face no more; but voice and face, eye and kiss, were all with me still. Would a time ever come when I might forget them?

"Adverse winds detained us long in the Channel, but we cleared it at last; and the last *Times* that came on board announced the marriage of this unhappy girl.

"Six months subsequently found me in cantonments at Neemuch, with a small detachment of ours, and in hourly expectation of the mutiny which had broken out at Meerut and Delhi with such horrors, being imitated there, though we had sworn the Sepoys to be "true to their salt," the Mahometans on the Koran, the Hindoos on the waters of the Ganges, and the other darkies on whatever was most sacred to them; and if they revolted, all Europeans were to seek instant shelter in the fort.



LIKE A GLORIFIED SPIRIT.

"It was the night of *the 3rd of June*—one of the loveliest I ever saw in India—the moonlight was radiant as mid-day and not a cloud was visible throughout the blue expanse of heaven. I was lying in my bungalow, with sword and revolver beside me, as we could not count upon the events of an hour, for all Hindostan seemed to be going to chaos in blood and outrage.

"The cantonment ghurries had clanged midnight; my eyes were closing heavily; and when just about to sleep I thought that my name was uttered by someone near me, very softly, very tenderly, and with an accent that thrilled my heart's core. Starting, I looked up, and there—oh my God! —there, in the slanting light of the moon, like a glorified spirit, with a brightness all about her, was the figure of Eve Beverley, bending over me, with all her golden hair unbound, and a garment like a shroud or robe about her.

"Entranced, enchained by love as much as by mortal terror, I could not move or speak, while nearer she bent to kiss my brow; but I felt not the pressure of her lips, though reading in her starry, violet eyes a divine intensity of expression — a mournful, unspeakable tenderness, when, pointing in the direction of *the fort*, she disappeared.

"'It is a dread—a dreadful dream!'

said I, starting to my feet, preternaturally awake, to hear the sound of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the yells of 'Deen! Deen!' and the shrieks of those who were perishing; for the mutineers had risen, and the 1st Cavalry, the 72nd Native Infantry, and Walker's artillery, had commenced the work of massacre. I rushed forth, and at the moment I left my bungalow on one side it was set in flames and fired through from the other. I fled to the fort, which, thanks to my dream – for such I supposed it to be—I reached in safety, while many perished, for all the station was sheeted now with flame.

"Once again I had that dream, so wild and strange, when a deadly peril threatened me. I was hiding in the jungle, alone and in great misery, near Jehazghur, a fugitive. The time was noon, and I had dropped asleep under the deep, cool shadow of a thicket, when that weird vision of Eve came before me, soft and sad, tender and intense, with her loving eyes and flowing hair, as, with hands outstretched, she beckoned me to follow her. A cry escaped me, and I awoke.

"'Was my Eve indeed dead?' I asked of myself; 'and was it her intellectual spirit, her pure essence, that imperishable something engendered in us all from a higher source that followed me as a guardian angel?' I remembered her parting words. The idea suggested was sadly sweet and terrible; and so, a sense of her perpetual presence as a *spirit-wife* hovering at all times about me, controlling all my actions, rendered me unfit for society, till at Calcutta, a crisis was put to all this.

"With some of the 72nd, and other Europeans who had escaped from Neemuch, or had 'distinguished themselves,' as the 'Hurkaru' had it, I once went to be photographed at the famous studio near the corner of the Strand I sat in succession, alone and in a group, after being posed in the usual fashion, with an iron hoop at the nape of my neck. On examining the first negative, an expression of perplexity and astonishment came over the face of the artist.

"'Strange sir,' said he, 'most unaccountable!'

"'What is strange—what is unaccountable?' asked several.

"'Another figure that is *not* in the room appears at Captain Arkley's back—a woman, by Jove!' he replied, placing the glass over a piece of black velvet; and there—there—oh, there could be no doubt of it—was faintly indicated the outline of one whose face and form had been but too vividly impressed on my heart and brain, bending sorrowfully over me, with her soft, bright eyes and wealth of long bright hair.

"From my hand the glass fell on the floor, and was shivered to atoms. A similar figure, hovering near me, was visible among the picture group of officers, but faded out. I refused to sit again, and quitted the studio in utter confusion, and with nerves dreadfully shaken, though my comrades averred that a trick had been played upon me. If so, how was the figure that of my dream—that of my lost love—who, a letter soon after informed me, had burst a blood-vessel and expired on *the night of the 3rd of June*, with my name on her lips!"

Such was the story of Jack Arkley. Whether it was false or true, in this age of spiritualism, and many other *isms*, of mediums with the world unseen, and in which Enemoser has ventilated his theory of polarity, I pretend not to say, and leave others to determine. He became a moody monomaniac. I rejoined my regiment, and from that time never saw my old chum again. The last that I heard of him was that he had quitted the service, and died a Passionist Father in one of the many new monastic institutions that exist in the great metropolis.



"A PASSIONIST FATHER."

Famous Women.

NOVELISTS.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard (John Strange Winter).

OF all the branches of the journalistic profession, perhaps that known as "interviewing" is the most agreeable, for it brings one in close contact with those who have made name and fame, and whose lives have, therefore, become matters of public interest.

By this means opportunities frequently offer themselves of forming valuable and life-long friendships; though, on the other hand, the interviewer must be endowed with an average amount of the three T's—Talent, Tact and Temper—or she will stand an excellent chance of making a speedy appearance in the Courts of Justice in a libel action brought against her paper by some irate celebrity, upon whose sensitive toes she has unwittingly trampled, and whose *amour propre* has been less delicately handled than the circumstances of the case required.

I must freely confess that my first effort in this direction was undertaken with a trepidation that almost amounted to cowardice. When I stood on the threshold of a lady well known in the fashionable world, an insane desire seized me to make some trivial excuse to the gorgeous footman, who was regarding me with a lofty scorn more easily realised than described, and to offer the driver of a passing hansom double fare to get me out of the neighbourhood with the smallest delay possible. However, by a supreme effort of mind over matter, I managed to make the lordly menial understand that his mistress was expecting me; so, with a look of condescension which would have been worth £10,000 a-year to a dignitary of the Church, he deigned to usher me into the presence of his mistress, who was, without exception, one of the simplest, most charming and unaffected women it has ever been my lot to encounter.

It was with sentiments of a very different character that I found myself one morning lately at Waterloo, en route for Merton, in response to the cordial invitation of the popular lady whose portrait graces this article, and whose name is a household word in every English-speaking country in the world. Henrietta Eliza Vaughan Palmer, now Mrs. Arthur Stannard, is the only daughter of the late Reverend Henry Vaughan Palmer, Rector of St. Margaret's, York, who, previous to taking holy orders, was an officer in the Royal Artillery. This fact, and three previous generations having also belonged to the Army, as well as her association with the garrison town of York, very naturally accounts for the bias towards a military life shown in her writings. A story contributed gratuitously to a York newspaper, when she was about eighteen, was her first public appearance in print; and elated by this success, she decided to adopt a literary career, and, without further delay, proceeded, as a preliminary step, to make a careful study of some of the finest English prose writers of the present century, including such masters of their craft as Ruskin, Thackeray, Kingsley, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade and Whyte Melville.

During the next eight years stories were written for *London Society*, *The Family Herald* and other magazines, under the pseudonym of Violet White. Many of those which were connected with the army were afterwards incorporated in "Cavalry Life," which, by the desire of the publisher, was issued under the masculine *nom de plume* of John Strange Winter—the name of one of the characters—as it was suggested that the avowal of feminine authorship might prejudice the sale of such a work.

In 1884, Miss Palmer became the wife of Mr. Arthur Stannard, a civil engineer, who, at one period, served under General Gordon. This has proved an ideal union, and one has only to see them together to feel sure that their lives form a direct



From a Photo. by [*Vernon Kaye.*
MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD.

contradiction to that ridiculous question English people are so fond of asking, "Is marriage a failure?" Mrs. Stannard's present position in the literary world is sufficient proof of her talent as a novelist; but she would be the first to acknowledge that her success is to be attributed in a large measure to the business faculties, and the co-operation and assistance she has received from her husband, who spends so large a portion of his time in relieving her of all the irksome commercial details associated with her work. As an instance of her administrative powers, and the broad grasp she takes of the mundane affairs of life, may be mentioned the establishment of The Writers' Club, for women journalists and others engaged in literary work. Mrs. Stannard, as the first president, had a difficult role to play, for members of the fair sex have occasionally been known "not to dwell in love and unity together;" but thanks to her earnest co-operation with the committee for the mutual benefit of those who enjoy the advantages of the club, not to mention the tact she has shown, and the kindly encouragement and help she has ever been ready to give to the younger and more struggling members of her flock, it has become a bright and shining example to other institutions of a similar nature, and a priceless boon to a number of hard-working women, not too largely endowed with the money which is erroneously supposed to be the root of all evil.

As a popular hostess, John Strange Winter has few equals, but never for a moment does she allow motherhood to hold a subservient position to social life. Her three bonnie children are evidently her first thought and consideration, and entirely on their account, and at considerable inconvenience to herself, she elects to live far from the madding crowd, in quiet little Merton, rather than subject them, during their earlier years, to the disadvantages of a London atmosphere.

Spring House, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stannard, is a quaint mansion of the Stuart Period, and was formerly the residence of Lord Nelson. This historically interesting building is covered with ivy and flowering creepers, and stands in



SPRING HOUSE, MERTON (FRONT VIEW)



SPRING HOUSE (VIEW FROM THE GARDEN).

prettily laid out grounds, suggestive of garden parties and other festivities later in the season. There is a charm about these old-time dwellings, with their oak-panelled rooms, deeply-recessed windows, and ample fireplaces, which the modern house lacks, and they lend themselves to charming schemes of decoration, which would be altogether inappropriate in the jerry-built nineteenth century erections, dear to the heart of the average British architect.

The furniture at Spring House is eclectic in character, rather than belonging to any particular period. Dutch marqueterie cabinets, Chippendale chairs, Sheraton tables and black oak of an earlier date still, are combined with more recent examples of the upholsterer's art. The drawing-room is a delightful apartment, looking on to the garden, with deep window seats and downy lounges inviting repose; the oaken walls are lined with family portraits and curiosities, all of which have a history, and above the fireplace is a quaint overmantel composed of ancient blue and white Dutch tiles, representing various Biblical subjects. A very curious and valuable specimen of pyrography, or burned woodwork, is a portrait of an ancestor of Mrs. Stannard's, who died at the advanced age of one hundred and two. Both here and in the dining-room, may be seen a fine collection of Delft and Blue Nankin pottery; for John Strange Winter, among her numerous avocations, is an enthusiastic china collector.

I also noticed in the dining-room a fine piece of painting on canvas, which, except on very close inspection or touch, appears to be old tapestry. It is the work of a Madame Alice Danyell, of Florence. She discovered the secret of producing this effect some years ago, almost by accident, and has produced a number of these tapestry paintings since, which have been largely purchased by the public.

To the right of the drawing-room is the library, where all business and correspondence in connection with her literary work is carried on by Mr. Stannard; and in the front of the house, leading out of the dining-room, is Mrs. Stannard's own particular sanctum, a pretty and homely room, reflecting many of the tastes and aspirations of the owner.

Those readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY who have spent many pleasant hours in perusing the works of this up-to-date novelist, will, I am sure, feel special interest in these sketches, which were specially taken for this magazine.

A large and roomy writing-table, with countless drawers, stands at a convenient angle between the windows. A Persian carpet forms a good background to the Chippendale furniture, covered with crimson Utrecht velvet, and in the corner is a cabinet filled with old Worcester china. It also holds one of Mrs. Stannard's most treasured possessions, the withered remains of a bouquet presented to her on her birthday by Mr. Ruskin, at whose house she was visiting when this anniversary occurred. One of the fire-place recesses is filled with shelves, on which



MRS. STANNARD'S WORK ROOM.

rest the many volumes bound in red morocco, which bear the well-known signature of John Strange Winter. Some cleverly executed sketches by Bernard Partridge of "Bootles' Children," form pleasing reminiscences of one of her most popular books, which appeared first in serial form in the *Lady's Pictorial*. Besides these, there are numerous photographs of celebrities who are personal friends of the authoress, and various trifles to the outside world, but which, by the associations they recall, have a special value for the possessor.

Mrs. Stannard devotes the morning to her literary pursuits and accomplishes a large amount of work by aid of a stenographer, who takes down the sentences in shorthand and afterwards makes a fair copy by means of a typewriter. Without some method of this kind it would be impossible for one person to get through the required amount of copy each week. For not only is *Winter's Weekly* (Mrs. Stannard's paper) largely contributed to by the Editor, but there are constant demands from publishers for fresh novels, and applications from various newspapers for articles from her pen.

The first popular novel was "Bootles' Baby," which was written before, but published after, her marriage, in the *Graphic*. This book has been dramatised with great success, and has also been translated into French and German: yet no less than six short-sighted publishers refused it before Mr. Locker, then editor of the *Graphic*, appreciating its charm and delicacy of style, promptly transferred it to the pages of that periodical. A delightful story, "Beautiful Jim," has been, perhaps, the greatest financial success, and critical readers award a very high place to "A Soldier's Children," on the fly-leaf of which is inscribed:—"To my three children, Beaufil, Bootles and Betty, I, with much love, dedicate this story, which will, in after years, somewhat remind them of their own childhood." The entire proceeds of this volume have been generously presented by the writer to the Victoria Hospital for Children. Besides the works already referred to, "Houp-la," "In Quarters," "On March," "Army Society," "Mignon's Husband," and "Bootles' Children," John Strange Winter has written a number of other books, of which there are over a million copies in circulation in England and the Colonies, irrespective of foreign translations and an immense American sale.

There is a breezy freshness about Mrs. Stannard's writing which appeals to young and old alike. They are redolent of her own personality, which is interesting, straightforward and honest to a marked degree. Her characters are boldly portrayed, the plots are carefully thought out, and the stories possess a charm and subtlety which at once places the writer in the front rank of the British novelists of the nineteenth century.

Miss Betham Edwards.

Matilda Barbara Betham Edwards, the popular author of "The White House by the Sea," "The Romance of a French Parsonage," "John and I," "Dr. Jacob," "Kitty," "The Sylvestres," and other charming novels, besides works of a somewhat deeper character, was born in the beautiful old Elizabethan manor house of Westerfield, Suffolk. Her literary talent is certainly hereditary on the mother's side, as she comes from a long line



From a Photo. by] *[Barraud.*
MISS BETHAM EDWARDS.

of Bethams, who have distinguished themselves in the world of letters. Her father, of whom Miss Betham Edwards speaks with the most loving reverence and affection, himself possessed a ready wit and humour, which has descended to his clever daughter, and forms no small part of her equipment as a successful writer of fiction. She is also a cousin of the late Miss Amelia Blandford Edwards, the well-known novelist, lecturer and Egyptologist.

While in her girlhood, she wrote her first published story, "The White House by the Sea," which met with the success it merited, and has recently been republished. "John and I" gives us some graphic pictures of German life, and "Dr. Jacob" is founded on facts which have come within the personal knowledge of the writer. "Kitty" has also been very popular, and resulted in an offer being made to Miss Betham Edwards from Messrs. Moody and Sankey for a story on similar lines, but written upon a strictly evangelical basis, for their religious magazine. This proposal, after due consideration, was firmly, but courteously declined.

A most important work of Miss Betham Edwards was recently published simultaneously in England, America, Germany, Canada, France and Australia, and is entitled, "A Survey of France; Rural, Social and Economic, from Personal Observation, One Hundred Years after the Revolution."

This cultured woman has made her home on the Sunny South Coast, and when not engaged in literary pursuits, devotes a considerable portion of her time to music. She is of medium height, slender in build, with hazel eyes and thick, dark hair, slightly tinged with grey. Her entire life has been devoted to her work. In odd moments she has acquired sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to read Tacitus and Plato in the originals, and speaks fluently French, German, Spanish and Italian, as she considers a complete mastery of modern languages absolutely necessary to one who takes up literature as a serious calling.

Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Arnold, M.A., second son of the famous Dr. Arnold, of Rugby; and was born at Hobart, in Tasmania, in 1851. She came to England when only five years of age, and resided at Birmingham, then at Dublin, and afterwards at Oxford.

In 1872 she married Thomas Humphry



From a Photo. by] *[Barraud.*
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Ward, Esq., Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford, who afterwards occupied the important position of art critic and leader writer to the *Times*, and is well known as the Editor of "The English Poets," "The Reign of Queen Victoria," and other books.



From a Photo. by] MRS. L. B. WALFORD. *[Barraud.*

By descent and marriage her literary tastes were stimulated in a remarkable degree, and coming from such a stock, it would have been strange, indeed, if she had not shown considerable talent in this direction. During the earlier years of her married life, Mrs. Ward remained in Oxford, studied hard, and contributed, from time to time, to many of the magazines and reviews. She also assisted in compiling Smith & Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography," a valuable work of reference, published by John Murray in 1880 and the following years. In 1881 Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward left Oxford, and came to reside in London; and soon after appeared her first essay in fiction, a bright little story for children, called, "Milly and Olly." A year or two later it was followed by a more elaborate venture, entitled, "Miss Bretherton;" a novel forming a deep study of the dramatic art, which is already in its third edition. Her great success, "Robert Elsmere," was commenced in 1885, and took two and a half years to complete. This work has been freely discussed and widely read, touching, as it does, upon many important points in the Christian faith. Mrs. Humphry Ward's last book, "David Grieve," has also attracted considerable attention, and though, as an analysis of character, it may be considered one of the finest works of fiction of the Victorian Era, its popularity hardly equals that of "Robert Elsmere."

The gifted lady to whom we owe these remarkable books is a great reader, and is particularly interested in German Historical criticism, and such fiction as that of Tolstoi, and similar authors. She is the mother of a fast-growing-up family, and a well-known figure in London society.

MRS. WALFORD

is a Scotswoman, a native of the little seaport of Portobello, near Edinburgh, and a granddaughter of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart. Not till four years after her marriage with Mr. Alfred Saunders Walford (which event took place in 1869) did this talented lady seriously contemplate publishing her work, but being confined to the house for three or four years by delicate health, during this period she wrote a novel, "Mr. Smith: A Part of his Life," which was sent anonymously to Mr. John Blackwood, who published it shortly after. Owing to its popularity, the writer was invited to contribute to *Blackwood*, which resulted in a series of sketches and stories by Mrs. Walford in that magazine. "The Baby's Grandmother," published in 1885, was followed by "A Stiff-Necked Generation." In 1881, a story of Scottish Life, called "Dick Netherby," ran through *Good Words*, and "Dinah's Son" appeared the same year in *Life and Work*. "The History of a Week" formed the Christmas Number of the *Graphic* in 1885; and in 1890, "The Mischief of Monica" was *Longmans'* serial for the year. Besides this, two other books, especially dedicated to girls, should be mentioned: "A Sage of Sixteen" and "A Pinch of Experience," both admirable in style, but as delineations of character hardly up to the high level of Mrs. Walford's other novels. Her dialogue is crisp, dramatic and full of point, and she possesses a keen sense of the ludicrous — a characteristic which

she introduces into her writings with excellent effect.

Mrs. Walford also undertakes a fair amount of journalistic work. Once a fortnight, as London Correspondent to the *New York Critic*, an article of hers is to be found in its columns; and various English and American magazines publish welcome contributions from her facile pen.

Mrs. Walford enjoys the advantage of a country home, where she can write free from the many interruptions attendant on a residence in the mighty Metropolis, and is surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature and art. This, to a certain extent, has influenced her work, and accounts for the buoyancy and vitality which she has the power of infusing into her most insignificant creations.

Those who know Mrs. Walford appreciate her kindliness of character and absence of affectation. In appearance she is a charming and attractive woman, with grey eyes, a bright smile, and is absolutely free from any outward and visible signs of the blue-stocking.



From a Photo. by] [*Barraud.*
MISS RHODA BROUGHTON.

Miss Rhoda Broughton.

This popular novelist was born on the 29th of November, 1840, at Segrwyd Hall, Denbighshire, the home of her maternal grandfather. Her education was mainly conducted by her father, a clergyman (who held a family living in Cheshire), a man of refined sympathies and wide attainments. Under his guidance, she was instructed in Shakespeare and the English classics, and the rudiments of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Her acquaintance with humanity, and her knowledge of the virtues, weaknesses and foibles of the two sexes appear to have been picked up from various sources, but with a perspicacity and thoroughness which at once render her characters life-like and attractive personalities.

The perusal of Miss Thackeray's "Story of Elizabeth," when she was twenty-two, was the incentive which induced her to write stories on her own account. After one or two futile efforts, "Not Wisely but Too Well" was accepted by Joseph Sheridan le Fanu (her uncle) for the *Dublin University Magazine*, and, by his influence, Mr. Bentley promised Miss Broughton to bring out her book in three-volume form. This was succeeded by "Cometh up as a Flower," a book that was well received and favourably criticised in the *Times*. Since then, we have had from Miss Broughton's pen, "Red as a Rose is She," published in 1869, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," in 1871 (both these stories appeared first in *Temple Bar Magazine*), "Nancy," in 1873, "Twilight Stories," "Second Thoughts," "Joan," "Belinda," founded on the life of the present Lady Dilke, "Dr. Cupid," etc. etc. Miss Broughton possesses a humorous disposition, which conspicuously appears in her books. Her heroines are of the piquant, racy kind, and are quite unlike the conventional young ladies one finds in the ordinary novels of the day. Her brilliant vivacity of style has done much to secure for her books the great popularity which they enjoy, and she is unquestionably one of the most widely-read of English authoresses.

Miss Broughton has resided for many years in a quaint, old-fashioned house at Oxford, with a delightfully secluded garden, filled with roses. This is her favourite resort, and where, surrounded by her dogs, she spends a considerable portion of her time in summer, engaged in reading and study. Miss Broughton is accustomed to writing in the early morning, but never forces her work, and sometimes intervals of two or three years elapse between the appearance of her books, and by following this wise plan, she is never induced to offer hurried or inartistic work to the public, with the happy result that her works are always appreciated.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge.

Those who are now in middle life look back with pleasure to the many happy hours spent in their girlhood over the charming conceptions and healthy, natural stories which owed their existence to Miss C. M. Yonge. Such novels as "The Daisy Chain," "The Trial," "The Heir of Redclyffe," and similar books, were a new departure in youthful literature, and as such found a ready sale and numerous readers. The plots were carefully constructed, and the style was above reproach, and mainly consisted of simple histories of family life, which appealed to all classes of the community.



From a Photo. by] [*Barraud.*

MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE.

Miss Yonge, writing of this period of her life, specially dwells upon the loving encouragement she received in these early efforts from members of her own family, and appears to have been somewhat surprised at the enthusiasm of the public over "The Heir of Redclyffe," which had an immense sale.

This versatile lady has for some years edited *The Monthly Packet*, a high-class magazine; and though her literary career is of forty years standing, from time to time she still issues novels which are, in all respects, finished works of art, and models to those who are less experienced, but quite as desirous of excelling as herself.

Our photograph illustrating these remarks shows Miss Yonge at the present day.

Mrs. Reeves (Miss Helen Mathers.)

Helen Buckingham Mathers, now Mrs. Reeves, was born at Misterton, near Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, on the 26th of August, 1852. "Comin' thro' the Rye," one of her best known books, is founded on the experiences of her own early life, and that of her numerous brothers and sisters, for she was the fifth of a family of twelve children. To this fact alone we owe many of the pleasant situations which are such amusing features of her stories.

Like others who have made a name for themselves in literature, she began to write at an early age, and there is still in existence an old pocket-book which contains a story she conceived when only nine years old. Mrs. Reeves, moreover, by her early success has been saved many of the hopes and fears and ambitions and despondencies which so often fall to the lot of those who seek to make an income by the pen; and her assured position as the wife of the eminent surgeon, Mr. H. A. Reeves (to whom she was married in 1876), has enabled her to devote time and attention to books of artistic merit, rather than in frittering away her talents in vain efforts to keep the domestic pot at the highest possible temperature. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves have one child, a boy, to whom his mother especially is devotedly attached. Her home, husband and child have for her greater attractions even than literary composi-



From a Photo. by] [*Barraud.*

MRS. REEVES.

tion, and though frequently seen at the various functions indispensable to "Vanity Fair," she is scarcely a "Society Woman" in the strict acceptation of the term, as her social duties are performed from necessity rather than choice.

At her house in Grosvenor Street one meets all the cleverest and best men and women of the day. She is a bright and capable hostess and a good conversationalist. Her rooms are artistically furnished, and filled with flowers: roses, whenever in season, which Mrs. Reeves prefers to all others. She has also an oak panelled room, which looks as if it had been transferred bodily from some country house. The carved doors and oak chairs are also exceedingly beautiful.



From a Photo. by] [*Barraud.*
MRS. LYNN LINTON.

Among Mrs. Reeves's best known works are "Cherry Ripe," "The Land o' the Leal," "My Lady Green Sleeves," "The Story of a Sin," "Eyre's Acquittal," and "Sam's Sweetheart."

She has never written anonymously, nor engaged in journalistic work: that very commom apprenticeship to the art of the novelist. She composes rapidly, writes cleverly of children and young people, and is especially happy in her delineation of passionate love, which she describes with that delicacy and gentleness of touch, which is to be expected from a woman with so true and sympathetic a nature.

Mrs. Lynn Linton.

From Mrs. Lynn Linton's earliest years her great ambition has been to become "an author," and for this end she has worked with unswerving energy and perseverance till she has attained for herself a high position in the world of letters, and one of which she is justly proud.

Her girlhood was spent at Keswick, afterwards at Gads Hill; which eventually became the home of Charles Dickens, another remarkable instance of one who determined to overcome all obstacles on the stony paths of literature. Here she studied languages, so as to become thoroughly acquainted with the works of other nations, which she desired to read in the originals, and acquired a fair knowledge while in her teens of French, German, Italian, Spanish and Hebrew. When about eighteen, she sent a poem to Mr. Ainsworth, editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, for which she received two guineas. This encouraged her to commence a more ambitious composition, a novel entitled, "Azeth the Egyptian," which was published at Miss Lynn's own expense — a risky course for any young authoress to pursue, but one which was justified by its success. When twenty-three years of age, she fulfilled one of her greatest desires, and took up her residence in London, at one of the many boarding-houses in the neighbourhood of the British Museum which have sheltered budding talent. Her knowledge of Greek literature induced her to write "Amymone," a book which received the highest commendation from the critics. After this followed a long-spell of press work. At the age of twenty-five, Miss Lynn wrote three Leaders a week for the *Morning Chronicle*, and suggested the "Remarkable Women Series" in the *Saturday Review*. About this period she married Mr. Linton, the distinguished art engraver and writer, and a man of great intellectual strength. Of late years Mrs. Lynn Linton has principally devoted herself to articles for the various magazines and reviews, of which "The Girl of the Period" and "Wild Women" may be taken as fair examples. Her style is terse, lucid and concise, and in business matters she is punctuality itself.

Mrs. Lynn Linton does most of her literary work early in the day, and has made her home in the block of buildings, known as Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, where she receives a large and valued circle of friends.

F. M. G.

The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "Lady Lovelace," &c. &c.

THE REDHILL SISTERHOOD.

"THEY want you at Redhill, now," said Mr. Dyer, taking a packet of papers from one of his pigeon-holes. "The idea seems gaining ground in many quarters that in cases of mere suspicion, women detectives are more satisfactory than men, for they are less likely to attract attention. And this Redhill affair, so far as I can make out, is one of suspicion only."

It was a dreary November morning; every gas jet in the Lynch Court office was alight, and a yellow curtain of outside fog draped its narrow windows.

"Nevertheless, I suppose one can't afford to leave it uninvestigated at this season of the year, with country-house robberies beginning in so many quarters," said Miss Brooke.

"No; and the circumstances in this case certainly seem to point in the direction of the country-house burglar. Two days ago a somewhat curious application was made privately, by a man giving the name of John Murray, to Inspector Gunning, of the Reigate police—Redhill, I must tell you, is in the Reigate police district. Murray stated that he had been a greengrocer somewhere in South London, had sold his business there, and had, with the proceeds of the sale, bought two small houses in Redhill, intending to let the one and live in the other. These houses are situated in a blind alley, known as Paved Court, a narrow turning leading off the London and Brighton coach road. Paved Court has been known to the sanitary authorities for the past ten years as a regular fever nest, and as the houses which Murray bought—numbers 7 and 8—stand at the very end of the blind alley, with no chance of thorough ventilation, I dare say the man got them for next to nothing. He told the Inspector that he had had great difficulty in procuring a tenant for the house he wished to let, number 8, and that consequently when, about three weeks back, a lady, dressed as a nun, made him an offer for it, he immediately closed with her. The lady gave her name simply as 'Sister Monica,' and stated that she was a member of an undenominational Sisterhood that had recently been founded by a wealthy lady, who wished her name kept a secret. Sister Monica gave no references, but, instead, paid a quarter's rent in advance, saying that she wished to take possession of the house immediately, and open it as a home for crippled orphans."

"Gave no references—home for cripples," murmured Loveday, scribbling hard and fast in her note-book.

"Murray made no objection to this," continued Mr. Dyer, "and, accordingly, the next day, Sister Monica, accompanied by three other Sisters and some sickly children, took possession of the house, which they furnished with the barest possible necessaries from cheap shops in the neighbourhood. For a time, Murray said, he thought he had secured most desirable tenants, but during the last ten days suspicions as to their real character have entered his mind, and these suspicions he thought it his duty to communicate to the police. Among their possessions, it seems, these Sisters number an old donkey and a tiny cart, and this they start daily on a sort of begging tour through the adjoining villages, bringing back every evening a perfect hoard of broken victuals

and bundles of old garments. Now comes the extraordinary fact on which Murray bases his suspicions. He says, and Gunning verifies his statement, that in whatever direction those Sisters turn the wheels of their donkey-cart, burglaries, or attempts at burglaries, are sure to follow. A week ago they went along towards Horley, where, at an outlying house, they received much kindness from a wealthy gentleman. That very night an attempt was made to break into that gentleman's house—an attempt, however, that was happily frustrated by the barking of the house-dog. And so on in other instances that I need not go into. Murray suggests that it might be as well to have the daily movements of these sisters closely watched, and that extra vigilance should be exercised by the police in the districts that have had the honour of a morning call from them. Gunning coincides with this idea, and so has sent to me to secure your services."

Loveday closed her note-book. "I suppose Gunning will meet me somewhere and tell me where I'm to take up my quarters?" she said.

"Yes; he will get into your carriage at Merstham—the station before Redhill—if you will put your hand out of window, with the morning paper in it. By-the-way, he takes it for granted that you will save the 11.5 train from Victoria. Murray, it seems, has been good enough to place his little house at the disposal of the police, but Gunning does not think espionage could be so well carried on there as from other quarters. The presence of a stranger in an alley of that sort is bound to attract attention. So he has hired a room for you in a draper's shop that immediately faces the head of the court. There is a private door to this shop of which you will have the key, and can let yourself in and out as you please. You are supposed to be a nursery governess on the lookout for a situation, and Gunning will keep you supplied with letters to give colour to the idea. He suggests that you need only occupy the room during the day, at night you will find far more comfortable quarters at Laker's Hotel, just outside the town."

This was about the sum total of the instructions that Mr. Dyer had to give.

The 11.5 train from Victoria, that carried Loveday to her work among the Surrey Hills, did not get clear of the London fog till well away on the other side of Purley. When the train halted at Merstham, in response to her signal a tall, soldier-like individual made for her carriage, and, jumping in, took the seat facing her. He introduced himself to her as Inspector Gunning, recalled to her memory a former occasion on which they had met, and then, naturally enough, turned the talk upon the present suspicious circumstances they were bent upon investigating.



HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF.

"It won't do for you and me to be seen together," he said; "of course I am known for miles round, and anyone seen in my company will be at once set down as my coadjuter, and spied upon accordingly. I walked from Redhill to Merstham on purpose to avoid recognition on the platform at Redhill, and half-way here, to my great annoyance, found that I was being followed by a man in a workman's dress and carrying a basket of tools. I doubled, however, and gave him the slip, taking a short cut down a lane which, if he had been living in the place, he would have known as well as I did. By Jove!"

this was added with a sudden start, "there is the fellow, I declare; he has weathered me after all, and has no doubt taken good stock of us both, with the train going at this snail's pace. It was unfortunate that your face should have been turned towards that window, Miss Brooke."

"My veil is something of a disguise, and I will put on another cloak before he has a chance of seeing me again," said Loveday.

All she had seen in the brief glimpse that the train had allowed, was a tall, powerfully-built man walking along a siding of the line. His cap was drawn low over his eyes, and in his hand he carried a workman's basket.

Gunning seemed much annoyed at the circumstance. "Instead of landing at Redhill," he said, "we'll go on to Three Bridges and wait there for a Brighton train to bring us back, that will enable you to get to your room somewhere between the lights; I don't want to have you spotted before you've so much as started your work."

Then they went back to their discussion of the Redhill Sisterhood.

"They call themselves 'undenominational,' whatever that means," said Gunning; "they say they are connected with no religious sect whatever, they attend sometimes one place of worship, sometimes another, sometimes none at all. They refuse to give up the name of the founder of their order, and really no one has any right to demand it of them, for, as no doubt you see, up to the present moment the case is one of mere suspicion, and it may be a pure coincidence that attempts at burglary have followed their footsteps in this neighbourhood. By-the-way, I have heard of a man's face being enough to hang him, but until I saw Sister Monica's, I never saw a woman's face that could perform the same kind office for her. Of all the lowest criminal types of faces I have ever seen, I think hers is about the lowest and most repulsive."

After the Sisters, they passed in review the chief families resident in the neighbourhood.

"This," said Gunning, unfolding a paper, "is a map I have specially drawn up for you—it takes in the district for ten miles round Redhill, and every country house of any importance is marked in it in red ink. Here, in addition, is an index to those houses, with special notes of my own to every house."

Loveday studied the map for a minute or so, then turned her attention to the index.

"Those four houses you've marked, I see, are those that have been already attempted. I don't think I'll run them through, but I'll mark them 'doubtful;' you see the gang—for, of course, it is a gang—might follow our reasoning on the matter, and look upon those houses as our weak point. Here's one I'll run through, 'house empty during winter months,' that means plate and jewellery sent to the bankers. Oh! and this one may as well be crossed off, 'father and four sons all athletes and sportsmen,' that means fire-arms always handy—I don't think burglars will be likely to trouble them. Ah! now we come to something! Here's a house to be marked 'tempting' in a burglar's list. 'Wootton Hall, lately changed hands and re-built, with complicated passages and corridors. Splendid family plate in daily use and left entirely to the care of the butler.' I wonder, does the master of that house trust to his 'complicated passages' to preserve his plate for him? A dismissed dishonest servant would supply a dozen maps of the place for half-a-sovereign. What do these initials, 'E. L.,' against the next house in the list, North Cape, stand for?"

"Electric lighted. I think you might almost cross that house off also. I consider electric lighting one of the greatest safeguards against burglars that a man can give his house."

"Yes, if he doesn't rely exclusively upon it; it might be a nasty trap under certain circumstances. I see this gentleman also has magnificent presentation and other plate."

"Yes. Mr. Jameson is a wealthy man and very popular in the neighbourhood; his cups and epergnes are worth looking at."

"Is it the only house in the district that is lighted with electricity?"

"Yes; and, begging your pardon, Miss Brooke, I only wish it were not so. If electric lighting were generally in vogue it would save the police a lot of trouble on these dark winter nights."

"The burglars would find some way of meeting such a condition of things, depend upon it; they have reached a very high development in these days. They no

longer stalk about as they did fifty years ago with blunderbuss and bludgeon; they plot, plan, contrive and bring imagination and artistic resource to their aid. By-the-way, it often occurs to me that the popular detective stories, for which there seems so large a demand at the present day, must be, at times, uncommonly useful to the criminal classes."

At Three Bridges they had to wait so long for a return train that it was nearly dark when Loveday got back to Redhill. Mr. Gunning did not accompany her thither, having alighted at a previous station. Loveday had directed her portmanteau to be sent direct to Laker's Hotel, where she had engaged a room by telegram from Victoria Station. So, unburthened by luggage, she slipped quietly out of the Redhill Station and made her way straight for the draper's shop in the London Road. She had no difficulty in finding it, thanks to the minute directions given her by the Inspector.

Street lamps were being lighted in the sleepy little town as she went along, and as she turned into the London Road, shopkeepers were lighting up their windows on both sides of the way. A few yards down this road, a dark patch between the lighted shops showed her where Paved Court led off from the thoroughfare. A side-door of one of the shops that stood at the corner of the court seemed to offer a post of observation whence she could see without being seen, and here Loveday, shrinking into the shadows, ensconced herself in order to take stock of the little alley and its inhabitants. She found it much as it had been described to her—a collection of four-roomed houses of which more than half were unlet. Numbers 7 and 8 at the head of the court presented a slightly less neglected appearance than the other tenements. Number 7 stood in total darkness, but in the upper window of number 8 there showed what seemed to be a night-light burning, so Loveday conjectured that this possibly was the room set apart as a dormitory for the little cripples.

While she stood thus surveying the home of the suspected Sisterhood, the Sisters themselves—two, at least, of them—came into view, with their donkey-cart and their cripples, in the main road. It was an odd little cortège. One Sister, habited in a nun's dress of dark blue serge, led the donkey by the bridle; another Sister, similarly attired, walked alongside the low cart, in which were seated two sickly-looking children. They were evidently returning from one of their long country circuits, and unless they had lost their way and been belated—it certainly seemed a late hour for the sickly little cripples to be abroad.

As they passed under the gas lamp at the corner of the court, Loveday caught a glimpse of the faces of the Sisters. It was easy, with Inspector Gunning's description before her mind, to identify the older and taller woman as Sister Monica, and a more coarse-featured and generally repellant face Loveday admitted to herself she had never before seen. In striking contrast to this forbidding countenance, was that of the younger Sister. Loveday could only catch a brief passing view of it, but that one brief view was enough to impress it on her memory as of unusual sadness and beauty. As the donkey stopped at the corner of



THEY START DAILY ON A SORT OF BEGGING TOUR.

the court, Loveday heard this sad-looking young woman addresed as "Sister Anna" by one of the cripples, who asked plaintively when they were going to have something to eat.

"Now, at once," said Sister Anna, lifting the little one, as it seemed to Loveday, tenderly out of the cart, and carrying him on her shoulder down the court to the door of number 8, which opened to them at their approach. The other Sister did the same with the other child; then both Sisters returned, unloaded the cart of sundry bundles and baskets, and, this done, led off the old donkey and trap down the road, possibly to a neighbouring costermonger's stables.

A man, coming along on a bicycle, exchanged a word of greeting with the Sisters as they passed, then swung himself off his machine at the corner of the court, and walked it along the paved way to the door of number 7. This he opened with a key, and then, pushing the machine before him, entered the house.

Loveday took it for granted that this man must be the John Murray of whom she had heard. She had closely scrutinised him as he had passed her, and had seen that he was a dark, well-featured man of about fifty years of age.

She congratulated herself on her good fortune in having seen so much in such a brief space of time, and coming forth from her sheltered corner turned her steps in the direction of the draper's shop on the other side of the road.

It was easy to find it. "Golightly" was the singular name that figured above the shop-front, in which were displayed a variety of goods calculated to meet the wants of servants and the poorer classes generally. A tall, powerfully-built man appeared to be looking in at this window. Loveday's foot was on the doorstep of the draper's private entrance, her hand on the door-knocker, when this individual, suddenly turning, convinced her of his identity with the journeyman workman who had so disturbed Mr. Gunning's equanimity. It was true he wore a bowler instead of a journeyman's cap, and he no longer carried a basket of tools, but there was no possibility for anyone, with so good an eye for an outline as Loveday possessed, not to recognise the carriage of the head and shoulders as that of the man she had seen walking along the railway siding. He gave her no time to make minute observation of his appearance, but turned quickly away, and disappeared down a by-street.



SISTER ANNA.

Loveday's work seemed to bristle with difficulties now. Here was she, as it were, unearthed in her own ambush; for there could be but little doubt that during the whole time she had stood watching those Sisters, that man, from a safe vantage point, had been watching her.

She found Mrs. Go-

lightly a civil and obliging person. She showed Loveday to her room above the shop, brought her the letters which Inspector Gunning had been careful to have posted to her during the day. Then she supplied her with pen and ink and, in response to Loveday's request, with some strong coffee that she said, with a little attempt at a joke, would "keep a dormouse awake all through the winter without winking."

While the obliging landlady busied herself about the room, Loveday had a few questions to ask about the Sisterhood who lived down the court opposite. On this



"GOOD MORNING, MISS BROOKE."

head, however, Mrs. Golightly could tell her no more than she already knew, beyond the fact that they started every morning on their rounds at eleven o'clock punctually, and that before that hour they were never to be seen outside their door.

Loveday's watch that night was to be a fruitless one. Although she sat, with her lamp turned out and safely screened from observation, until close upon midnight, with eyes fixed upon numbers 7 and 8, Paved Court, not so much as a door opening or shutting at either house rewarded her vigil. The lights flitted from the lower to the upper floors in both houses, and then disappeared somewhere between nine and ten in the evening; and after that, not a sign of life did either tenement show.

And all through the long hours of that watch, backwards and forwards there seemed to flit before her mind's eye, as if in some sort it were fixed upon its retina, the sweet, sad face of Sister Anna.

Why it was this face should so haunt her, she found it hard to say.

"It has a mournful past and a mournful future written upon it as a hopeless whole," she said to herself. "It is the face of an Andromeda! 'Here am I,' it seems to say, 'tied to my stake, helpless and hopeless.'"

The church clocks were sounding the midnight hour as Loveday made her way through the dark streets to her hotel outside the town. As she passed under the railway arch that ended in the open country road, the echo of not very distant footsteps caught her ear. When she stopped they stopped, when she went on they went on, and she knew that once more she was being followed and watched, although the darkness of the arch prevented her seeing even the shadow of the man who was thus dogging her steps.

The next morning broke keen and frosty. Loveday studied her map and her country-house index over a seven o'clock breakfast, and then set off for a brisk walk along the country road. No doubt in London the streets were walled in and roofed with yellow fog; here, however, bright sunshine played in and out of the bare tree-boughs and leafless hedges on to a thousand frost spangles, turning the prosaic macadamised road into a gangway fit for Queen Titania herself and her fairy train.

Loveday turned her back on the town

and set herself to follow the road as it wound away over the hill in the direction of a village called Northfield. Early as she was, she was not to have that road to herself. A team of strong horses trudged by on their way to their work in the fuller's-earth pits. A young fellow on a bicycle flashed past at a tremendous pace, considering the upward slant of the road. He looked hard at her as he passed, then slackened pace, dismounted and awaited her coming on the brow of the hill.

"Good morning, Miss Brooke," he said, lifting his cap as she came alongside of him. "May I have five minutes' talk with you?"

The young man who thus accosted her had not the appearance of a gentleman. He was a handsome, bright-faced young fellow of about two-and-twenty, and was dressed in ordinary cyclist's dress; his cap was pushed back from his brow over thick, curly, fair hair, and Loveday, as she looked at him, could not repress the thought how well he would look at the head of a troop of cavalry, giving the order to charge the enemy.

He led his machine to the side of the footpath.

"You have the advantage of me," said Loveday; "I haven't the remotest notion who you are."

"No," he said; "although I know you, you cannot possibly know me. I am a north country man, and I was present, about a month ago, at the trial of old Mr. Craven, of Troyte's Hill—in fact, I acted as reporter for one of the local papers. I watched your face so closely as you gave your evidence that I should know it anywhere, among a thousand."

"And your name is —— ?"

"George White, of Grenfell. My father is part proprietor of one of the Newcastle papers. I am a bit of a literary man myself, and sometimes figure as a reporter, sometimes as leader-writer, to that paper." Here he gave a glance towards his side pocket, from which protruded a small volume of Tennyson's poems.

The facts he had stated did not seem to invite comment, and Loveday ejaculated merely:

"Indeed!"

The young man went back to the subject that was evidently filling his thoughts. "I have special reasons for being glad to have met you this morning, Miss Brooke," he went on, making his footsteps keep pace with hers. "I am in great trouble, and I believe you are the only person in the whole world who can help me out of that trouble."

"I am rather doubtful as to my power of helping anyone out of trouble," said Loveday; "so far as my experience goes, our troubles are as much a part of ourselves as our skins are of our bodies."

"Ah, but not such trouble as mine," said White eagerly. He broke off for a moment, then, with a sudden rush of words, told her what that trouble was. For the past year he had been engaged to be married to a young girl, who, until quite recently, had been fulfilling the duties of a nursery governess in a large house in the neighbourhood of Redhill.

"Will you kindly give me the name of that house?" interrupted Loveday.

"Certainly; Wootton Hall, the place is called, and Annie Lee is my sweetheart's name. I don't care who knows it!" He threw his head back as he said this, as if he would be delighted to announce the fact to the whole world. "Annie's mother," he went on, "died when she was a baby, and we both thought her father was dead also, when suddenly, about a fortnight ago, it came to her knowledge that instead of being dead, he was serving his time at Portland for some offence committed years ago."

"Do you know how this came to Annie's knowledge?"

"Not the least in the world; I only know that I suddenly got a letter from her announcing the fact, and at the same time, breaking off her engagement with me. I tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and wrote back saying I would not allow the engagement to be broken off, but would marry her to-morrow if she would have me. To this letter she did not reply; there came instead a few lines from Mrs. Copeland, the lady at Wootton Hall, saying that Annie had thrown up her engagement, and joined some Sisterhood, and that she, Mrs. Copeland, had pledged her word to Annie to reveal to no one the name and whereabouts of that Sisterhood."

"And I suppose you imagine I am able to do what Mrs. Copeland is pledged not to do?"

"That's just it, Miss Brooke," cried the young man enthusiastically. "You do such wonderful things; everyone knows you do. It seems as if, when anything is

wanted to be found out, you just walk into a place, look round you and, in a moment, everything becomes clear as noonday."

"I can't quite lay claim to such wonderful powers as that. As it happens, however, in the present instance, no particular skill is needed to find out what you wish to know, for I fancy I have already come upon the traces of Miss Annie Lee."



NORTH CAPE HOUSE.

"Miss Brooke!"

"Of course, I cannot say for certain, but it is a matter you can easily settle for yourself—settle, too, in a way that will confer a great obligation on me."

"I shall be only too delighted to be of any-the slightest service to you," cried, White, enthusiastically as before.

"Thank you. I will explain. I came down here specially to watch the movements of a certain Sisterhood who have somehow aroused the suspicions of the police. Well, I find that instead of being able to do this, I am myself so closely watched—possibly by confederates of these Sisters—that unless I can do my work by deputy I may as well go back to town at once."

"Ah! I see—you want me to be that deputy."

"Precisely. I want you to go to the room in Redhill that I have hired, take your place at the window—screened, of course, from observation—at which I ought to be seated—watch as closely as possible the movements of these Sisters and report them to me at the hotel, where I shall remain shut in from morning till night—it is the only way in which I can throw my persistent spies off the scent. Now, in doing this for me, you will be also doing yourself a good turn, for I have little doubt but what under the blue serge hood of one of the Sisters you will discover the pretty face of Miss Annie Lee."

As they had talked they had walked, and now stood on the top of the hill at the head of the one little street that constituted the whole of the village of Northfield.

On their left hand stood the village schools and the master's house; nearly facing these, on the opposite side of the road, beneath a clump of elms, stood the village pound. Beyond this pound, on either side of the way, were two rows of small cottages with tiny squares of garden in front, and in the midst of these small cottages a swinging sign beneath a lamp announced a "Postal and Telegraph Office."

"Now that we have come into the land of habitations again," said Loveday, "it will be best for us to part. It will not do for you and me to be seen together, or my spies will be transferring their attentions from me to you, and I shall have to find another deputy. You had better start on your bicycle for Redhill at once, and I will walk back at leisurely speed. Come to me at my hotel without fail at one o'clock and report proceedings. I do not say anything definite about remuneration, but I assure you, if you carry out my instructions to the letter, your services will be amply rewarded by me and by my employers."

There were yet a few more details to arrange. White had been, he said, only a day and night in the neighbourhood, and special directions as to the locality had to be given to him. Loveday advised him not to attract attention by going to the draper's private door, but to enter the shop as if he were a customer, and then explain matters to Mrs. Golightly, who, no doubt, would be in her place behind the counter; tell her he was the brother of the Miss Smith who had hired her room, and ask permission to go through the shop to that room, as he had been commissioned by his sister to read and answer any letters that might have arrived there for her.

"Show her the key of the side door—

here it is," said Loveday; "it will be your credentials, and tell her you did not like to make use of it without acquainting her with the fact."

The young man took the key, endeavoured to put it in his waistcoat pocket, found the space there occupied and so transferred it to the keeping of a side pocket in his tunic.

All this time Loveday stood watching him.

"You have a capital machine there," she said, as the young man mounted his bicycle once more, "and I hope you will turn it to account in following the movements of these Sisters about the neighbourhood. I feel confident you will have something definite to tell me when you bring me your first report at one o'clock."

White once more broke into a profusion of thanks, and then, lifting his cap to the lady, started his machine at a fairly good pace.

Loveday watched him out of sight down the slope of the hill, then, instead of following him as she had said she would "at a leisurely pace," she turned her steps in the opposite direction along the village street.

It was an altogether ideal country village. Neatly-dressed, chubby-faced children, now on their way to the schools, dropped quaint little curtsies, or tugged at curly locks as Loveday passed; every cottage looked the picture of cleanliness and trimness, and although so late in the year, the gardens were full of late flowering chrysanthemums and early flowering Christmas roses.

At the end of the village, Loveday came suddenly into view of a large, handsome, red-brick mansion. It presented a wide frontage to the road, from which it lay back amid extensive pleasure grounds. On the right hand, and a little in the rear of the house, stood what seemed to be large and commodious stables, and immediately adjoining these stables was a low-built, red-brick shed, that had evidently been recently erected.

That low-built, red-brick shed excited Loveday's curiosity

"Is this house called North Cape?" she asked of a man, who chanced at that moment to be passing with a pickaxe and shovel.



THERE WAS TO BE A MEETING OF THE "SURREY STAGS."

The man answered in the affirmative, and Loveday then asked another question: could he tell her what was that small shed so close to the house — it looked like a glorified cowhouse — now what could be its use?

The man's face lighted up as if it were a subject on which he liked to be questioned. He explained that that small shed was the engine-house where the electricity that lighted North Cape was made and stored. Then he dwelt with

pride upon the fact, as if he held a personal interest in it, that North Cape was the only house, far or near, that was thus lighted.

"I suppose the wires are carried underground to the house," said Loveday, looking in vain for signs of them anywhere.

The man was delighted to go into details on the matter. He had helped to lay those wires, he said: they were two in number, one for supply and one for return, and were laid three feet below ground, in boxes filled with pitch. These wires were switched on to jars in the engine-house, where the electricity was stored, and, after passing underground, entered the family mansion under its flooring at its western end.

Loveday listened attentively to these details, and then took a minute and leisurely survey of the house and its surroundings. This done, she retraced her steps through the village, pausing, however, at the "Postal and Telegraph Office" to despatch a telegram to Inspector Gunning.

It was one to send the Inspector to his cipher-book. It ran as follows:

"Rely solely on chemist and coal-merchant throughout the day.—L. B."

After this, she quickened her pace, and in something over three-quarters of an hour was back again at her hotel.

There she found more of life stirring than when she had quitted it in the early morning. There was to be a meeting of the "Surrey Stags," about a couple of miles off, and a good many hunting men were hanging about the entrance to the house, discussing the chances of sport after last night's frost. Loveday made her way through the throng in leisurely fashion, and not a man but what had keen scrutiny from her sharp eyes. No, there was no cause for suspicion there: they were evidently one and all just what they seemed to be—loud-voiced, hard-riding men, bent on a day's sport; but—and here Loveday's eyes travelled beyond the hotel court-yard to the other side of the road—who was that man with a bill-hook hacking at the hedge there—a thin-featured, round-shouldered old fellow, with a bent-about hat? It might be as well not to take it too rashly for granted that her spies had withdrawn, and had left her free to do her work in her own fashion.

She went upstairs to her room. It was situated on the first floor in the front of the house, and consequently commanded a good view of the high road. She stood well back from the window, and at an angle whence she could see and not be seen, took a long, steady survey of the hedger. And the longer she looked the more convinced she was that the man's real work was something other than the bill-hook seemed to imply. He worked, so to speak, with his head over his shoulder, and when Loveday supplemented her eyesight with a strong field-glass, she could see more than one stealthy glance shot from beneath his bent-about hat in the direction of her window.

There could be little doubt about it: her movements were to be as closely watched to-day as they had been yesterday. Now it was of first importance that she should communicate with Inspector Gunning in the course of the afternoon:



SEATED HERSELF IN FULL VIEW.

the question to solve was how it was to be done?

To all appearance Loveday answered the question in extraordinary fashion. She pulled up her blind, she drew back her curtain, and seated herself, in full view, at a small table in the window recess. Then she took a pocket inkstand from her pocket, a packet of correspondence cards from her letter-case, and with rapid pen, set to work on them.

About an hour and a half afterwards, White, coming in, according to his promise, to report proceedings, found her still seated at the window, not, however, with writing materials before her, but with needle and thread in her hand with which she was mending her gloves.

"I return to town by the first train to-morrow morning," she said as he entered, "and I find these wretched things want no end of stitches. Now for your report."

White appeared to be in an elated frame of mind. "I've seen her!" he cried, "my Annie — they've got her, those confounded Sisters; but they sha'n't keep her—no, not if I have to pull the house down about their ears to get her out."

"Well, now you know where she is, you can take your time about getting her out," said Loveday. "I hope, however, you haven't broken faith with me, and betrayed yourself by trying to speak with her, because, if so, I shall have to look out for another deputy."

"Honour, Miss Brooke!" answered White indignantly. "I stuck to my duty, though it cost me something to see her hanging over those kids and tucking them into the cart, and never say a word to her, never so much as wave my hand."

"Did she go out with the donkey-cart to-day?"

"No, she only tucked the kids into the cart with a blanket, and then went back to the house. Two old Sisters, ugly as sin, went out with them. I watched them from the window, jolt, jolt, jolt, round the corner, out of sight, and then I whipped down the stairs, and on to my machine, and was after them in a trice and managed to keep them well in sight for over an hour and a half."

"And their destination to-day was?"

"Wootton Hall."

"Ah, just as I expected."

"Just as you expected?" echoed White.

"I forgot. You do not know the nature of the suspicions that are attached to this Sisterhood, and the reasons I have for thinking that Wootton Hall, at this season of the year, might have an especial attraction for them."

White continued staring at her. "Miss Brooke," he said presently, in an altered tone, "whatever suspicions may attach to the Sisterhood, I'll stake my life on it, my Annie has had no share in any wickedness of any sort."

"Oh, quite so; it is most likely that your Annie has, in some way, been inveigled into joining these Sisters—has been taken possession of by them, in fact, just as they have taken possession of the little cripples."

"That's it! that's it!" he cried excitedly; "that was the idea that occurred to me when you spoke to me on the hill about them, otherwise you may be sure ——"

"Did they get relief of any sort at the Hall?" interrupted Loveday.



THAT MAN WITH A BILL-HOOK.

"Yes; one of the two ugly old women stopped outside the lodge gates with the donkey-cart, and the other beauty went up to the house alone. She stayed there, I should think, about a quarter of an hour, and when she came back, was followed by a servant, carrying a bundle and a basket."

"Ah! I've no doubt they brought away with them something else beside old garments and broken victuals."

White stood in front of her, fixing a hard, steady gaze upon her.

"Miss Brooke," he said presently, in a voice that matched the look on his face, "what do you suppose was the real object of these women in going to Wootton Hall this morning?"

"Mr. White, if I wished to help a gang of thieves break into Wootton Hall to-night, don't you think I should be greatly interested in procuring for them the information that the master of the house was away from home; that two of the men servants, who slept in the house, had recently been dismissed and their places had not yet been filled; also that the dogs were never unchained at night, and that their kennels were at the side of the house at which the butler's pantry is not situated? These are particulars I have gathered in this house without stirring from my chair, and I am satisfied that they are likely to be true. At the same time, if I were a professed burglar, I should not be content with information that was likely to be true, but would be careful to procure such that was certain to be true, and so would set accomplices to work at the fountain head. Now do you understand?"

White folded his arms and looked down on her.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, in short, brusque tones.

Loveday looked him full in the face. "Communicate with the police immediately," she answered; "and I should feel greatly obliged if you will at once take a note from me to Inspector Gunning at Reigate."

"And what becomes of Annie?"

"I don't think you need have any anxiety on that head. I've no doubt that when the circumstances of her admission to the Sisterhood are investigated, it will be proved that she has been as much deceived and imposed upon as the man, John Murray, who so foolishly let his house to these women. Remember, Annie has Mrs. Copeland's good word to support her integrity."

White stood silent for awhile.

"What sort of a note do you wish me to take to the Inspector?" he presently asked.

"You shall read it as I write it, if you like," answered Loveday. She took a correspondence card from her letter case, and, with an indelible pencil, wrote as follows—

"Wootton Hall is threatened to-night—concentrate attention there

"L. B."

White rea the words as she wrote them with a curious expression passing over his handsome features.

"Yes," he said, curtly as before. "I'll deliver that, I give you my word, but I'll bring back no answer to you. I'll do no more spying for you—it's a trade that doesn't suit me. There's a straight-forward way of doing straight-forward work, and I'll take that way—no other—to get my Annie out of that den."

He took the note, which she sealed and handed to him, and strode out of the room.

Loveday, from the window, watched him mount his bicycle. Was it her fancy, or did there pass a swift, furtive glance of recognition between him and the hedger on the other side of the way as he rode out of the court-yard?

Loveday seemed determined to make that hedger's work easy for him. The short winter's day was closing in now, and her room must consequently have been growing dim to outside observation. She lighted the gas chandelier which hung from the ceiling and, still with blinds and curtains undrawn, took her old place at the window, spread writing materials before her and commenced a long and elaborate report to her chief at Lynch Court.

About half-an-hour afterwards, as she threw a casual glance across the road, she saw that the hedger had disappeared, but that two ill-looking tramps sat munching bread and cheese under the hedge to which his bill-hook had done so little service. Evidently the intention was, one way or another, not to lose sight of her so long as she remained in Redhill.

Meantime, White had delivered Loveday's note to the Inspector at Reigate, and had disappeared on his bicycle once more.

Gunning read it without a change of ex-

pression. Then he crossed the room to the fire-place and held the card as close to the bars as he could without scorching it.

"I had a telegram from her this morning," he explained to his confidential man, "telling me to rely upon chemicals and coals throughout the day, and that, of course, meant that she would write to me in invisible ink. No doubt this message about Wootton Hall means nothing ——"

He broke off abruptly, exclaiming: "Eh! what's this!" as, having withdrawn the card from the fire, Loveday's real message stood out in bold, clear characters between the lines of the false one.

Thus it ran:

"North Cape will be attacked to-night—a desperate gang—be prepared for a struggle. Above all, guard the electrical engine-house. On no account attempt to communicate with me; I am so closely watched that any endeavour to do so may frustrate your chance of trapping the scoundrels. L. B."



SHE LIGHTED THE GAS.

That night when the moon went down behind Reigate Hill an exciting scene was enacted at "North Cape." The *Surrey Gazette*, in its issue the following day, gave the subjoined account of it under the heading, "Desperate encounter with burglars."

"Last night, 'North Cape,' the residence of Mr. Jameson, was the scene of an affray between the police and a desperate gang of burglars. 'North Cape' is lighted throughout by electricity, and the burglars, four in number, divided in half—two being told off to enter and rob the house, and two to remain at the engine-shed, where the electricity is stored, so that, at a given signal, should need arise, the wires might be unswitched, the inmates of the house thrown into sudden darkness and confusion, and the escape of the marauders thereby facilitated. Mr. Jameson, however, had received timely warning from the police of the intended attack, and he, with his two sons, all well armed, sat in darkness in the inner hall awaiting the coming of the thieves. The police were stationed, some in the stables, some in out-buildings nearer to the house, and others in more distant parts of the grounds. The burglars effected their entrance by means of a ladder placed to a window of the servants' staircase which leads straight down to the butler's pantry and to the safe where the silver is kept. The fellows, however, had no sooner got into the house than the police, issuing from their hiding-place outside, mounted the ladder after them and thus cut off their retreat. Mr. Jameson and his two sons, at the same moment, attacked them in front, and thus overwhelmed by numbers, the scoundrels were easily secured. It was at the engine-house outside that the sharpest struggle took place. The thieves had forced open the door of this engine-shed with their jemmies immediately on their arrival, under the very eyes of the police, who lay in ambush in the stables, and when one of the men, captured in the house, contrived to sound an alarm on his whistle, these outside watchers made a rush for the electrical jars, in order to unswitch the wires. Upon this the police closed upon them, and a hand-to-hand struggle followed, and if it had not been for the timely assistance of Mr. Jameson and his sons, who had fortunately conjectured that their presence here might be useful, it is more than likely that one of the burglars, a powerfully-built man, would have escaped.

"The names of the captured men are John Murray, Arthur and George Lee (father and son), and a man with so many aliases that it is difficult to know which is his real name. The whole thing had been most cunningly and carefully planned. The elder Lee, lately released from penal servitude for a similar offence, appears to have been prime mover in the affair. This

man had, it seems, a son and a daughter, who, through the kindness of friends, had been fairly well placed in life: the son at an electrical engineers' in London, the daughter as nursery governess at Wootton Hall. Directly this man was released from Portland, he seems to have found out his children and done his best to ruin them both. He was constantly at Wootton Hall endeavouring to induce his daughter to act as an accomplice to a robbery of the house. This so worried the girl that she threw up her situation and joined a Sisterhood that had recently been established in the neighbourhood. Upon this, Lee's thoughts turned in another direction. He induced his son, who had saved a little money, to throw up his work in London, and join him in his disreputable career. The boy is a handsome young fellow, but appears to have in him the makings of a first-class criminal. In his work as an electrical engineer he had made the acquaintance of the man John Murray, who, it is said, has been rapidly going down-hill of late. Murray was the owner of the house rented by the Sisterhood that Miss Lee had joined, and the idea evidently struck the brains of these three scoundrels that this Sisterhood, whose antecedents were a little mysterious, might be utilised to draw off the attention of the police from themselves and from the especial house in the neighbourhood that they had planned to attack. With this end in view, Murray made an application to the police to have the Sisters watched, and still further to give colour to the suspicions he had endeavoured to set afloat concerning them, he and his confederates made feeble attempts at burglary upon the houses at which the Sisters had called, begging for scraps. It is a matter for congratulation that the plot, from beginning to end, has been thus successfully unearthed, and it is felt on all sides that great credit is due to Inspector Gunning and his skilled coadjutors for the vigilance and promptitude they have displayed throughout the affair."

Loveday read aloud this report, with her feet on the fender of the Lynch Court office.

"Accurate, as far as it goes," she said, as she laid down the paper.

"But we want to know a little more," said Mr. Dyer. "In the first place, I would like to know what it was that diverted your suspicions from the unfortunate Sisters?"

"The way in which they handled the children," answered Loveday promptly. "I have seen female criminals of all kinds handling children, and I have noticed that although they may occasionally—even this is rare—treat them with a certain rough sort of kindness, of tenderness they are utterly incapable. Now Sister Monica, I must admit, is not pleasant to look at; at the same time, there was something absolutely beautiful in the way in which she lifted the little cripple out of the cart, put his tiny thin hand round her neck, and carried him into the house. By-the-way I would like to ask some rabid physiognomist how he would account for Sister Monica's repulsiveness of feature as contrasted with young Lee's undoubted good looks—heredity, in this case, throws no light on the matter."



A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE.

"Another question," said Mr. Dyer, not paying much heed to Loveday's digression; "how was it you transferred your suspicions to John Murray?"

"I did not do so immediately, although at the very first it had struck me as odd that he should be so anxious to do the work of the police for them. The chief thing I noticed concerning Murray, on the first and only occasion on which I saw him, was that he had had an accident with his bicycle, for in the right-hand corner of his lamp-glass there was a tiny star, and the lamp itself had a dent on the same side, had also lost its hook, and was fastened to the machine by a bit of electric fuse. The next morning as I was walking up the hill towards Northfield, I was accosted by a young man mounted on that self-same bicycle—not a doubt of it—star in glass, dent, fuse, all three.

'Ah, that sounded an important key-note, and led you to connect Murray and the younger Lee immediately."

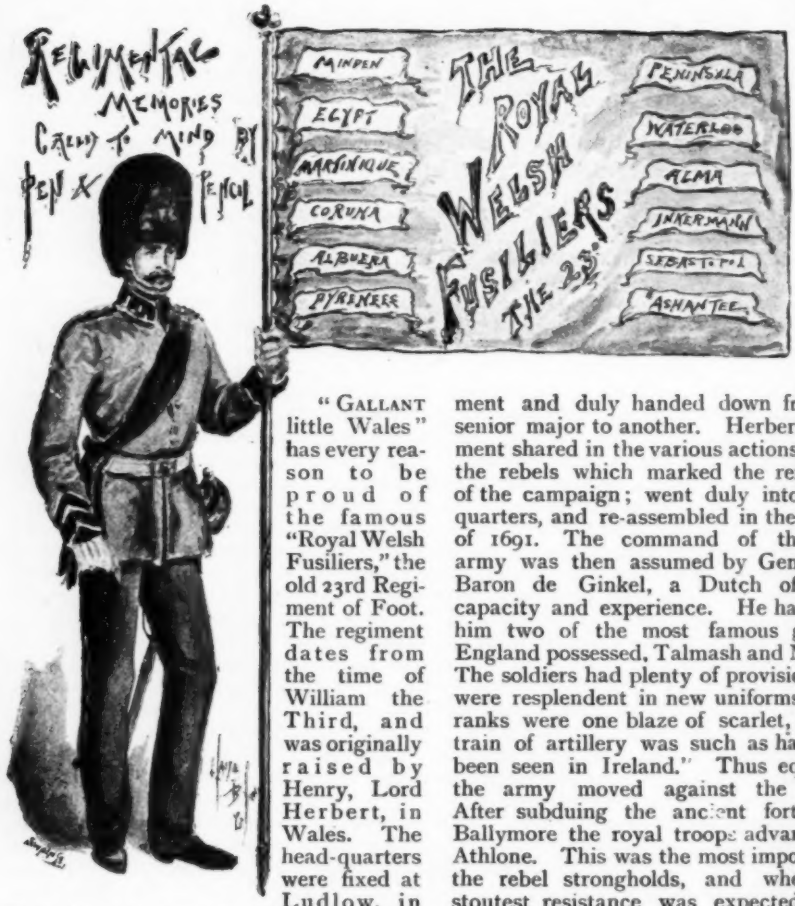
"It did, and, of course, also at once gave the lie to his statement that he was a stranger in the place, and confirmed my opinion that there was nothing of the north-countryman in his accent. Other details in his manner and appearance gave rise to other suspicions. For instance, he called himself a press reporter by profession, and his hands were coarse and grimy as only a mechanic's could be. He said he was a bit of a literary man, but the Tennyson that showed so obtrusively from his pocket was new, and in parts uncut, and totally unlike the well-thumbed volume of the literary student. Finally, when he tried and failed to put my latch-key into his waistcoat pocket, I saw the reason lay in the fact that the pocket was already occupied by a soft coil of electric fuse, the end of which protruded. Now, an electric fuse is what an electrical engineer might almost unconsciously carry about with him, it is so essential a part of his working tools, but it is a thing that a literary man or a press reporter could have no possible use for."

"Exactly, exactly. And it was no doubt, that bit of electric fuse that turned your thoughts to the one house in the neighbourhood lighted by electricity, and suggested to your mind the possibility of electrical engineers turning their talents to account in that direction. Now, will you tell me what, at that stage of your day's work, induced you to wire to Gunning that you would bring your invisible-ink bottle into use?"

"That was simply a matter of precaution; it did not compel me to the use of invisible ink, if I saw other safe methods of communication. I felt myself being hemmed in on all sides with spies, and I could not tell what emergency might arise. I don't think I have ever had a more difficult game to play. As I walked and talked with the young fellow up the hill, it became clear to me that if I wished to do my work I must lull the suspicions of the gang, and seem to walk into their trap. I saw by the persistent way in which Wootton Hall was forced on my notice that it was wished to fix my suspicions there. I accordingly, to all appearance, did so, and allowed the fellows to think they were making a fool of me."

"Ha! ha! Capital that—the biter bit, with a vengeance! Splendid idea to make that young rascal himself deliver the letter that was to land him and his pals in jail. And he all the time laughing in his sleeve and thinking what a fool he was making of you! Ha, ha, ha!" And Mr. Dyer made the office ring again with his merriment.

"The only person one is at all sorry for in this affair is poor little Sister Anna," said Loveday pityingly; "and yet, perhaps, all things considered, after her sorry experience of life, she may not be so badly placed in a Sisterhood where practical Christianity—not religious hysterics—is the one and only rule of the order."



"GALLANT little Wales" has every reason to be proud of the famous "Royal Welsh Fusiliers," the old 23rd Regiment of Foot. The regiment dates from the time of William the Third, and was originally raised by Henry, Lord Herbert, in Wales. The head-quarters were fixed at Ludlow, in Shropshire, and the Colonelcy conferred upon Charles Herbert, a relative of the nobleman whose exertions had mainly contributed to its formation. Its earliest military service was in Ireland, where it served under the command of the veteran Duke of Schomberg, a commander whom they lost at the Battle of the Boyne, a contest which practically decided the fortunes of the House of Stewart, and its anniversary is still celebrated—but with very different feelings—by the two rival parties in Ireland. The share taken by Colonel Herbert's regiment in this battle was not of such importance as to demand more than a cursory notice. It stood fire bravely and acquitted itself gallantly. The spurs worn by its Major (Tony Purcell) on this memorable occasion are still preserved in the regiment and duly handed down from one senior major to another. Herbert's regiment shared in the various actions against the rebels which marked the remainder of the campaign; went duly into winter quarters, and re-assembled in the Spring of 1691. The command of the royal army was then assumed by General the Baron de Ginkel, a Dutch officer of capacity and experience. He had under him two of the most famous generals England possessed, Talmash and Mackay. The soldiers had plenty of provisions, and were resplendent in new uniforms; "the ranks were one blaze of scarlet, and the train of artillery was such as had never been seen in Ireland." Thus equipped, the army moved against the rebels. After subduing the ancient fortress of Ballymore the royal troops advanced on Athlone. This was the most important of the rebel strongholds, and where the stoutest resistance was expected. Encamped within a short distance of the town was an army of 25,000 French, commanded by Marshal St. Ruth. During the night of June 19th, the English planted their cannon against the defences of the Irish quarter. The firing opened at daybreak: a breach was soon effected, and at five in the afternoon an assault was made. The Irish were discomfited and driven across the Shannon to the Connaught side. This success was cheaply purchased. The loss of Ginkel's army was only twenty killed and forty wounded. But, as Macaulay says in his "England," his work was only begun. The defence of the Irish quarter of Athlone was obstinately continued, and between Ginkel and the Irish town the Shannon ran fiercely; the bridge was so narrow that a few resolute men might keep it against an army.

Two mills which stood on it were strongly guarded, and it was commanded by the guns of the adjacent castle. That part of the Connaught shore where the river was fordable was defended by works, thrown up the year before under the direction of a French engineer. However, Ginkel did not hesitate. The cannonade opened on the 22nd. It was so effectual that in twenty-four hours one side of the castle was beaten down, the thatched houses of the Irish quarter were reduced to ashes, and one of the mills destroyed, with the sixty soldiers who guarded it. The defence, however, still continued, St. Ruth reinforced the garrison with successive detachments; entrusted the command to his son, Lieutenant D'Usson; and placed his own headquarters two miles from the town. He was confident that Ginkel had embarked in a hopeless cause. "His master ought to hang him," he said, "for trying to take Athlone, and mine ought to hang me if I lose it." Ginkel persevered, and at the instigation of his officers resolved to force the passage of the river. The afternoon of June 30th was selected for the attempt. The Irish, confident in their security, were keeping the loosest guard. Fifteen hundred grenadiers, each wearing in his hat a green bough, were mustered on the Leinster bank of the Shannon. Many of them remembered that, on that day year, they had, at the command of King William, put green boughs in their hats on the banks of the Boyne.



FUSILIER'S COSTUME, 1742.

Guineas had been liberally scattered among these picked men; but their alacrity was such as gold cannot purchase. The Duke of Wurtemburg, Talmash, and several other gallant officers, to whom no part of the enterprise had been assigned, insisted on serving that day as private volunteers, and their appearance in the ranks excited the fiercest enthusiasm amongst the soldiers.

It was six o'clock. A peal from the steeple of the church gave the signal. Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, and a brave soldier named Hamilton, whose services were afterwards rewarded with the title of Lord Boyne, descended first into the Shannon. Then the soldiers lifted the Duke of Wurtemburg on their shoulders, and with a great shout plunged twenty abreast up to their cravats in water. The Irish, taken unprepared, fired one confused volley and fled, leaving their commander, Maxwell, a prisoner. The conquerors clambered up the banks over the remains of walls shattered by a cannonade of ten days. Mackay, who was in command, heard his men swearing, as they stumbled amongst the rubbish. "My lads," cried the stout old puritan, in the midst of the uproar, "you are brave fellows; but do not swear. We have more reason to thank God for the goodness which he has shown us this day than to take his name in vain." The victory was complete.

St. Ruth, on learning that Athlone had fallen into the hands of the English was furious. "Taken!" he exclaimed; "it cannot be. A town taken and I close by with an army to relieve it!" He made no attempt to recover it, but, under cover of the night, struck his tents and proceeded in the direction of Galway.

Ginkel pursued. The French general first made a stand at Ballinasloe, but on the approach of the royal forces, retreated to Aughrim. Here he determined to meet his foes, and drew up his army on the slope of a green hill, which was almost surrounded by marshy ground. The battle, which was fought early in the evening of July 12th, was most sanguinary. Both sides fought gallantly, but no regiment in the English force distinguished itself more than the 23rd. A cannon ball literally carried off the head of Marshal St. Ruth, and a cloth was thrown over his remains so that his death might not become known to the soldiers, and the tide of battle rolled on more fiercely than ever. Victory was with the royal troops. The Irish were pursued from hedge to hedge; no quarter was given, as the con-

querors seemed to be in no mood for mercy. The carnage was terrible, and some thousand Irish corpses were piled upon the field. At least three thousand more marked the line of their retreat and the English pursuit. With the battle of Aughrim the Irish struggle practically ended, and in December, 1691, the 23rd embarked for England. In 1694, "Herbert's," then called "Ingoldsby's," from its new colonel, was called to Flanders to reinforce the army under King William. In one of the Flemish engagements, when fighting under the personal observation of the king, he was so pleased with the daring courage of his Welsh regiment that he could not refrain from remarking, in a tone of the utmost enthusiasm, to the Elector of Bavaria, "Look! Look at my brave English!"



OFFICER'S FULL DRESS, 1847.

Ingoldsby's regiment remained in the Low Countries until the Peace of Ryswick, in September, 1697. It again took the field at the outbreak of the War of Succession. As we are not writing a dry historical essay, we will not attempt to give the reasons which led to this war, but at once endeavour to follow the fortunes of the 23rd when assisting at the many victories which have immortalised the great Marlborough. In the great battle of Blenheim, August 13th, 1704, the 23rd fought with desperate valour. It formed a portion of the column which delivered the first onset, and attacked the French troops in the fortified village of Blenheim, their brigadier advancing to the very palisades and striking them with his sword before he gave the word "Fire!" Throughout the hard-fought engagement that on this famous day checked the tide of victory which so long had rolled in favour of France, the 23rd was foremost in the fight and nobly earned the praise, so dear to English soldiers, of having done its duty. The 23rd was destined to be present at each of the great victories by which Marlborough illustrated his own fame and raised to an extraordinary height the military fame of his country. At Oudenarde, July 11, 1708, it was engaged in the attack upon the village of Haynem, which resulted not only in the capture of the village but of the seven Swiss Battalions that defended it. The loss of 4,000 killed and wounded, of 7,000 prisoners and numerous guns and standards, rendered the day of Oudenarde a bitter memory for France. The year 1709 was signalised by two brilliant achievements: the capture of Tournay (September 3rd) and the bloody battle of Malplaquet (September 11th). In the latter engagement the 23rd formed part of the division under General Count Lotheran, which attacked the French entrenchments in the wood of Taismère, and, in spite of the desperate resistance offered by the enemy, completely succeeded. In 1710, the 23rd formed part of the force besieging the stronghold of Douay, which surrendered, after a gallant defence, on June 27th. During the siege it suffered severely, and the many casualties in the hard service it had so long performed had reduced its establishment to two effective captains. The War of Succession was closed, April 11, 1713, by the signature of the treaty of Utrecht; the 23rd, shortly after this event, returned to England. On the accession of George I. to the throne, it received, in compliment to the Heir Apparent, the title of the "Prince of Wales' Own Royal Regiment of Welsh Fusiliers." In 1715, it was despatched to Scotland, to aid the King's forces in quelling the rebellion in favour of the Pretender. Our rapid survey must now glance over a period of many un-



SAPPER'S COSTUME, 1847.



OFFICER'S UNIFORM, PRESENT DAY, SHOWING BOW AT BACK OF COLLAR.

eventful years, during which the 23rd was stationed at various places in the United Kingdom. Nor was it until the outbreak of the Seven Years' War that the Welsh Fusiliers were called upon to maintain in the field that reputation for prowess and steady discipline which the regiment had won under the great Marlborough. In May, 1742, they embarked for Flanders. In the following year George II. took the command of the allied army in person. At the battle of Dettingen, June 27th, the 23rd lost their colonel, and in other ways suffered severely; and at Fontenoy, the losses sustained by the Welsh Fusiliers alone gives one an idea of what a sanguinary struggle it must have been: four officers, four sergeants and one hundred and eighty-one rank and file were left dead on the field; ten officers, six sergeants and seventy-one privates wounded; eight officers, five sergeants and thirty-four privates missing. In all, three hundred and twenty-four officers and privates put hors de combat, or nearly one half of the effective strength of the regiment. The 23rd was recalled to England in 1745, when the Scotch rebellion broke out in favour of Prince Charles Edward, and remained in quarters on the South-east coast until the battle of Culloden had crushed for ever the hopes of the Stuarts. In 1747, it returned to the Netherlands and was present at the battle of Laffeldt (July 2), where the misconduct of the Dutch exposed it to a destructive charge from the French cavalry. This was its last service in the field in the inglorious "Seven Years' War," which was terminated by the treaty of Aix La Chapelle, 1748. But in those days England was never long at peace, and the Hanoverian tastes of her German Sovereigns were constantly leading her into Continental wars. The rivalry of France, which then possessed colonies both in India and America, furnished a constant incitement to hostilities, and her aggressions upon our North American Provinces, as well as her attempt to crush our influence in the East, led to an open rupture in 1756. In the summer of 1758, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers were attached to the army (fourteen thousand men) under the Duke of Marlborough, that was intended to make a formidable descent upon the French coast, but which its leader would not suffer to attempt the capture of St. Maloes, and a storm prevented from landing at Cherbourg. The failure of this expedition aroused the greatest scorn and indignation in England. Horace Walpole thus speaks of it: "This is the history, neither more nor less, of this mighty expedition. They found the causeway broken up; stayed



OFFICER'S UNIFORM, PRESENT DAY.



ST. DAVID'S DAY. ADJUSTING THE LEEK.

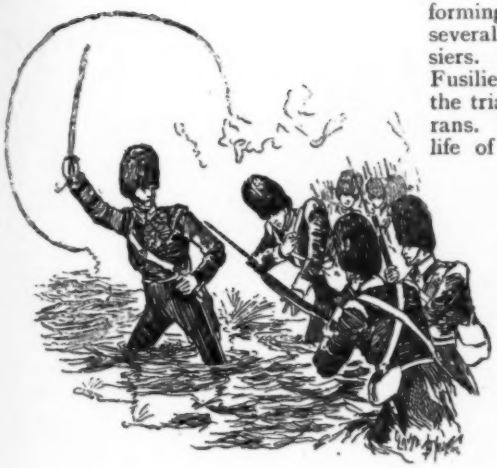
from Tuesday night till Monday morning in sight of the town; agreed it was impregnable; heard ten thousand French (which the next day here was created into thirty thousand) were coming against them; took to their transports, and are gone to play at hide-and-seek somewhere else . . . . . After dodging about the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, our Armada is returned; but in the hurry of the retreat from Saint Maloes, the Duke of Marlborough left his silver teaspoons behind. As he had generously sent back an old woman's finger and gold ring, which one of our soldiers had cut off, the Duc d'Aiguillon has sent a cartel ship with the prisoner's spoons. How they must be diverted with this tea equipage, stamped with the Blenheim eagles."

At the battle of Minden, August 1st, 1758, the Welsh Fusiliers earned undying fame. Perhaps at no other battle in the history of the English Army has the infantry fought better. Again and again the French cavalry charged upon them, but they were not dismayed by either dazzling sabre or fluttering pennon. Nothing seemed to stop the onrush of the British line; the repulse of the French was complete, and on the following day they abandoned Minden. The victory of Minden gave great satisfaction to the English people. "Every house in London is illuminated," writes Horace Walpole; "every street has two bonfires; every bonfire has two hundred squibs; and the poor, charming moon, that never looked so well in her life, is not at all minded, but seems only staring out of a garret window at the frantic doings all over the town."

In 1764 peace was again restored, and for ten years the 23rd remained in England. In 1774 it was removed to Boston, in North America, at the outbreak of the American War of Independence. In that dreary and unnatural struggle it shared in the alternate triumphs and disasters which befell the British arms. Happily for both countries, the madness for battle passed away, England acknowledged the independence of the United States, and a treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, January 20th, 1783. Another period of peace succeeded, and then the world was convulsed with the desolating outbreak of the French Revolution. England was at first loth to mix in the struggle, but it was inevitable that she should endeavour to stem the torrent which threatened to overwhelm her. War with France was therefore declared in February, 1793, and a British contingent was sent to Holland, under the command of the Duke of York, to join our Austrian



ROYAL WELSH ESCORTING A COMMISSARIAT WAGON IN THE CRIMEA



CROSSING THE RIVER AT ALMA.

and Prussian allies. It would be utterly impossible to give anything like a detailed account of the great war which England, at one time almost single handed, maintained against Republican and afterwards Imperial France. All that is necessary here is to recapitulate some of the stirring exploits in which the Royal Welsh Fusiliers bore a part. The Battles of Aboukir and Alexandria, the Copenhagen Expedition, the Battle of Corunna, the Walcheren Expedition, the Capture of Martinique, the Siege of Badajos, 1811, the Battle of Albuera, the Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, Battle of Salamanca, Battle of Vittoria, Battle of Sauroren, Storm of San Sebastian, the Battle of the Nivelle, the Battle of Orthes, and the Battle of Toulouse are the principal engagements in which the 23rd took an active part. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, and his resumption of the Imperial power, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers were ordered to join Wellington's army in the Netherlands. On arriving at Lessines they were attached to the 4th division, commanded by Lieutenant General the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, and marched with the utmost rapidity to the British position on the plain of Waterloo. In the earlier part of the struggle (June 18th, 1815) it was merely exposed to a distant cannonade, from which, however, it suffered severely. As the contest waxed fiercer, it was moved up into a line above Hougoumont, and forming a square, received and repulsed several desperate charges of the Cuirassiers. Despite the fact that many of the Fusiliers were new recruits, they endured the trial with all the composure of veterans. The battle, however, cost them the life of their beloved leader, Sir Henry Ellis, who was struck with a musket ball in the right breast while on horseback in the centre of the square; fainting from the terrible loss of blood, he rode to the rear; but at a few paces from the field, was thrown from his horse while in the act of jumping a ditch. He was found, some little time afterwards, almost in a state of collapse, and was removed to a neighbouring outhouse, where his wound was dressed. In the course of the night of the 19th, this rude shelter caught fire, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the regimental surgeon saved him from the flames. The shock proved too much for the dying hero, for he expired the following day at the early age of 32.

In the Battle of Waterloo the 23rd had sixteen men killed and eighty-four wounded. It afterwards marched into France



WILLIAM EVANS PLANTING THE COLOURS ON THE HEIGHTS AT ALMA.

and formed part of the army of occupation until October, 1818.

We shall now pass over a long period of general service — service abroad and at home — during which the 23rd fully maintained its glorious reputation, to glance at its achievements in the Crimea. The Welsh Fusiliers were attached to the Light Division under General Sir George Brown. At the Battle of the Alma they covered themselves with glory, and the way in which they fought was truly heroic. In front of them was the great redoubt of the Russians, armed with guns of heavy calibre, and the stronghold was flanked on the one side by the lesser redoubt and on the other by artillery, guarding the pass, or causeway road, to Sebastopol. Upon the slopes of the Kourgane Hill, and so posted as to look down into the great redoubt, there was a battery of field artillery, and in rear of this a battery and a half, besides other guns. The Kourgane Hill was, in all, defended by two redoubts, by forty-two guns and a force of infantry and cavalry seventeen thousand strong. Under a storm of shot and cannon balls, our young soldiers swept towards the enemy, through intermingled vineyards and across the rapid waters of the Alma. At length the whole of the Light Division, together with the 95th Regiment, which had "strayed into its company," was upon the Russian bank. The scene of carnage which ensued was fearful. Some of the men struck down had got up a good way on the slope; others were so nearly come to the top of the bank that they fell back dead and dying into the channel of the river, but all who were not struck down moved forward. The round shot, tearing cruelly through the advancing crowd, played terrible havoc with our soldiers. However, the gaps in the foremost ranks made by the Russian shot were constantly filled in by new comers, and despite the fact that the Russians brought their infantry to the edge of the parapet, and that they fired grape and canister, the Light Division went forward with all the alacrity which springs from a resolute determination. Before the spell of that firm advance the foe fled. Their guns ceased firing, and they were soon seen in full retreat. Observing this, Ensign Anstruther, who carried the Queen's colours of the Royal Welsh rushed for-



IN THE TRENCHES AT THE CRIMEA.



DEATH OF LIEUTENANT ANSTRUTHER AT THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

ward, and outstripping his companions, gained the redoubt, where he stuck the butt end of the flagstaff into the parapet. He stood in triumph for little more than a minute, when he was shot dead. In falling he drew the flag down with him, the silken folds of which enveloped him as in a shroud. William Evans, a swift-footed soldier, gathered up the flag, and raising it proudly aloft, made claim to the great redoubt on behalf of the "Royal Welsh." The "Alma" was thus added to the long list of British victories in which the 23rd figured. It was a hard-earned triumph, however. The Fusiliers lost their colonel, seven officers, three sergeants, and forty rank and file killed; five officers, nine sergeants, and one hundred and thirty-nine rank and file wounded. Such was the share borne by the "Royal Welsh" in the great Battle of the Alma. The news of the victory was received with the greatest enthusiasm in England, and in London the rejoicings partook of a public character: Dinners, fêtes and illuminations in the Metropolis showed how deeply the Londoners appreciated the services of their gallant defenders.



OBJECTS OF MUTUAL CURIOSITY—ASHANTEE WAR.

After the Battle of the Alma, the Royal Welsh did duty in the trenches before Sebastopol, and proved themselves brave soldiers and true sons of England.

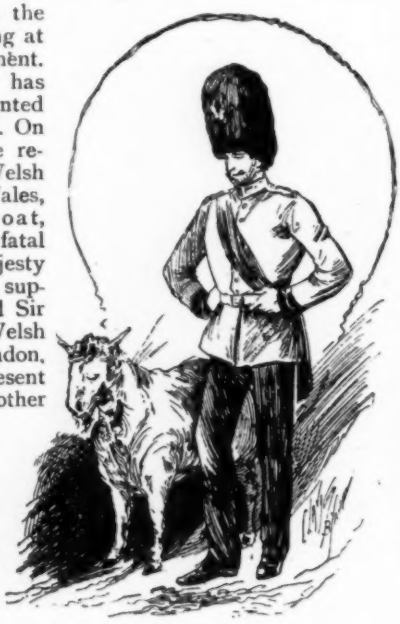
In 1874 we find the 23rd in South Africa, engaged in the Ashantee War. Everything seemed against the British force in this campaign. Their foes were savage, so were the regions in which the war raged. Having to force their way through swamps, and what we may, without exaggeration, call primeval forest, they had to be prepared at any moment to receive a deadly volley from the enemy, hidden in the luxuriant foliage, which served them as an ambush. However, after enduring unparalleled hardships, they succeeded in forcing their way, under the command of Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet Wolseley), to Coomassie, which stronghold was committed to the flames. The famous umbrella of King Koffee Kalawa found its way to England, as did also the fame of the glorious exploits of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who, on arriving home at Portsmouth, met with a most enthusiastic reception.



FIGHTING THE UNSEEN—ASHANTEE WAR, 1874.

Like many other regiments in the English army, the 23rd has its "regimental pet," and, in this instance, it takes the form of a goat, which

always accompanies the Drum Major, walking at the head of the regiment. From time to time has the 23rd been presented with their pet animal. On the occasion of the recent march of the Welsh Fusiliers through Wales, the regimental goat, "Billy," met with a fatal accident. Her Majesty the Queen, however, supplied its place; and Sir William Evans, the Welsh Lord Mayor of London, also offered to present the regiment with another goat.



THE REGIMENTAL PET.

The march of the 23rd through Wales was one continued triumph. In addition to its testing the physical powers of endurance possessed by the men, it proved, in a most emphatic manner, that the advent of a marching regiment in a country village, with colours flying and band playing, does more to arouse the enthusiasm of the would-be soldier than all the blandishments of the recruiting sergeant.

The officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers enjoy the privilege of wearing the black bow which formerly held the ends of the small powdered wig in position. In the absence of the "pigtail" the bow is merely affixed to the back of the collar. This privilege was, we believe, granted in memory of a popular officer in the Regiment.

We have thus briefly sketched the history of the "Royal Welsh Fusiliers," a regiment which has seen as much service as any in the British army.

In conclusion, we can fully endorse the statement of a well-known historian:

"Happy the nation which can send such men into the battle-field."



KING KOFFEE'S FAMOUS UMBRELLA.

Tales of Dreamland.

(For Little People.)

By MAY CUMBERLAND.

Conrad's Sacrifice.



IT certainly *was* a dull spot, say what you like about it, although it was planted right in the very heart of the fairy realm, and within walking distance of the great King Gezo himself. Just one long tract of marsh country, field stretching away into field, riddled with running streams—none of your cheerful, bubbling, pebbly streams, that invite you to lie beside them, and not only dream of noble actions, but spur you on to perform them—no: dirty, green, sluggish streams, that at times overflowed their marshy banks and covered almost the whole tract of land with their watery fingers.

I say almost, for however high the water came, it always left one little spot dry, and on that spot stood the cottage of Conrad's mother.

Two rooms and a few square yards of garden were all she owned, save one great treasure—little hunchbacked Conrad.

"What!" you say, "a hunchback a treasure!" Yes, even though he could not work to keep her, and, as he used to say, "was only a burden to her;" he was, indeed, the dearest thing she possessed on earth.

Little, I called him, and so he was, in size, at any rate, although he had turned sixteen years of age.

All day long he sat perched on the cottage step, and sang with the birds, murmured with the sluggish streams and looked with pride on his little garden. Nothing would grow in that wet, dank ground, save three sunflowers; two splendidly tall ones, that nodded and laughed at Conrad and each other in the sun, and bowed their golden heads when it rained; how Conrad loved them! But the great joy of his heart, was the poor



PRINCESS RUBY.

little straggling dwarf flower, that grew between the other two.

Oh, such a tiny, weak thing, "Just like me," Conrad would say, as he pointed it out each day to his mother; "and I always fancy that it is trying to reach the other two and push them apart. Look, mother, how it seems to leap up with every gust of wind, and yet," he would continue sadly, "it is always the same weak, shrivelled-up sunflower."



"WHAT, YOU?"

Day by day, as he watched the flowers grow—with them grew a great determination in his heart, that he would, like many another before him, go out into the world and make his fortune. True, he could not do much, but suppose he went to King Gezo and asked him for work that even a hunchback could do, surely that would be better than staying at home doing nothing

His mother at first laughed at the idea, but he meant what he said, and one fine morning he kissed his mother, pressed a petal from the little sunflower against his heart, "just to keep him company," and set out for the kingdom of King Gezo.

It was a long and tiring journey, through marshland and dark forest, but at last the city of the great king burst on his gaze, just as the last rays of the setting sun lit up the golden ball at the top of the palace.

"It will be too late to ask to-night," he thought; "I must wait outside the gates until the morning," and he sat down on a pile of stones to wait till the sun should rise again.

As he sat there he heard a merry laugh and the tramp of horses' feet, and looking up, he saw a brilliant array of riders entering the city. Their dresses and jingling harness dazzled his eyes at first, but as he grew accustomed to the glare, he gave a little gasp of ardent admiration as his eyes fell on the centre of the group.

He knew, by instinct, who it was in a moment—Princess Ruby, the eldest daughter of King Gezo. Who else but she had those glorious violet eyes, rippling golden hair, with the little blue riding-cap set jauntily on her curls? And from the first moment of seeing her, Conrad's heart leaped into his mouth, and was gone for ever.

He followed her with his eyes as she came to the gate, and they filled with glad tears as he saw her rein up and say to the handsome, black-haired Prince at her side:

"Look, Ardine, at that poor little fellow sitting there on the cold stones." And he heard the Prince give a gay laugh as he said carelessly:

"Yes, poor wretch; don't look at him, Ruby, he will make you sad."

But she bent down and pressed into his hand a tiny golden coin. He raised his great grey eyes, full of burning tears, in mute thanks to her, and she was gone. Then the coin found a resting-place, wrapped in the flower petal, close to his heart. Early next day he was up at the palace.

"Might he mind the sheep or weed the garden?"

But he only got cuffs and blows; none could stay to listen. A terrible thing had happened: Princess Ruby had been carried away during the night by the



WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

demon king, Spitfire, who had long coveted and sought to obtain the sweet little Princess. Could nothing be done? Nothing? Yes; the demon king must be encountered and slain, and the Princess rescued. But only one could go at a time to her deliverance, for the entrance to the king's home was through a cavern so dangerously dark and small that not more than one could creep through at a time.

The weeks went by, and Conrad, minding his sheep, heard how first Prince Ardine, Ruby's lover, and then Princes from far and wide, had gone to the rescue of the Princess and had never been heard of again.

Once more his mind was made up, and once more he sought admittance at the palace gate.

King Gezo stared at his request. "What you! you, a little ugly hunchback, rescue my daughter, and claim her as your bride!" and had he not been so sad, he would have roared with laughter.

"But see, my smallness is my chief hope," cried Conrad; "why I can creep in and steal away the Princess without Spitfire hearing or seeing me."

He pleaded so piteously that gradually the King gave way. "Well go," he said; "only you will never come back again."

Conrad set off, with a light heart, which, alas! soon grew sad and weary, as he travelled on day after day, so slowly nearing the end of his journey. But one day, as he trudged along, his poor little back almost breaking, a bottle dropped at his feet, and a soft voice said:

"You will need that, Conrad." He looked up, but seeing nothing, he picked up the bottle, and said:

"I thank you," and trudged on again. That night he entered the dark cavern. Cruel hands tried to snatch him back, huge frogs and snakes hopped and twined round him; but he trudged steadily along, with a brave little heart, straight to the burning light at the end. At last he reached it, and there, in front of him, was a splendid hall, hung with myriads of tiny lamps, whose light bathed everything in a faint pink glow. A velvet couch ran down the centre, and asleep upon it was the demon king.

On each side were huge barren rocks, and there, chained on one side, was Princess Ruby, and on the other Prince Ardine.

As Conrad stood perplexed in the entrance of the cave, the Princess gave a great cry; then, with a yell, the demon king awoke.

Conrad paused one moment, then flourished his bottle aloft. At sight of it the King grew pale, but suddenly a broad smile came over his face, then he burst into a yell of delight.

"You have not everything yet!" he cried; "look at the bottle!"

Conrad glanced down, and his gaze fell on the label attached to the bottle's neck; he read the directions written on it eagerly:

"Swallow one dose to escape from the demon king."

One dose! and, alas! the bottle only contained two doses, and there were three to escape!

What should he do?

"One must stay," laughed Spitfire.

Ruby cast an imploring look at Ardine: "I will not go without *you*," she said.

"Yes, you must go," the Prince answered; "good bye, little sweetheart; think of me."

Conrad paused, he had but to swallow one dose, and kingdom, wealth and Princess were his; but he looked from one to the other, he thought of his feeble, old mother, standing on the doorstep, shading her eyes from the sun as she looked out across the marshland for the return of her treasure; he seemed to see the flowers sun-kissed in the garden, two so brave and strong, the other so wizened and frail.

With the thought of the dwarf flower, the coin in the petal at his heart burnt him with a fiery pain; he looked at Ruby—*she* had given it to him. He hesitated no longer.

"Here," he said; and to Prince and Princess he handed a draught.

They looked at him, then at each other, then at the barren rocks and the demon king.

Next moment they had swallowed each a dose, were locked in each other's arms and were gone.

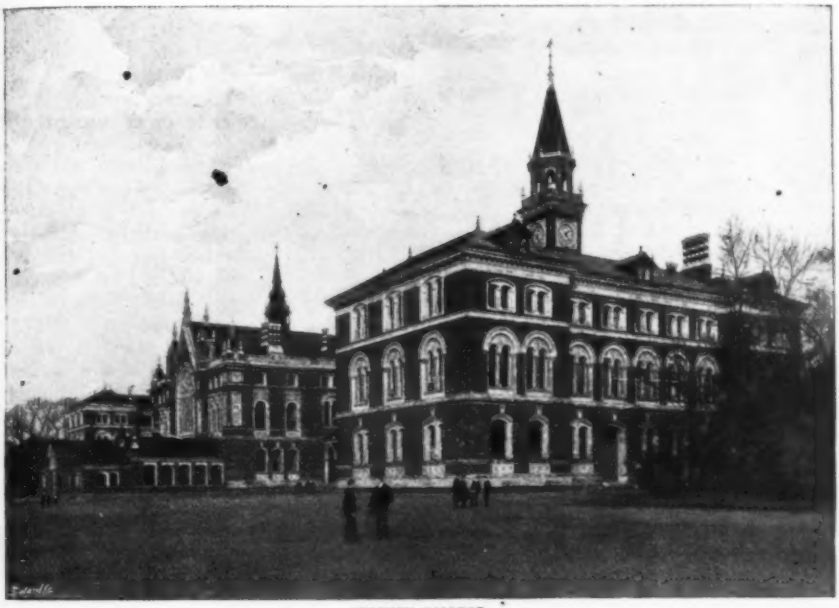
Next morning, when Conrad's mother went into the garden to water the flowers, she saw that the struggles of the dwarf flower were over, and the two tall sunflowers had, in the night, locked their leaves together, and none could tell which was which.



WHEN CONRAD'S MOTHER WENT INTO THE GARDEN.

Young England at School.

DULWICH COLLEGE.



DULWICH COLLEGE.

SOME would perhaps say that our public schools have been, like many other things of interest, done and overdone by almost every illustrated periodical; but to those I would explain that, to my mind, it has only been a pretence, and that a series of illustrations on Eton, Harrow, Rugby and Winchester alone is far from a representation of the words so often applied, "England's Great Schools," which, with the sanction of its readers, THE LUDGATE MONTHLY will endeavour to complete to the exact meaning of the words, and, if I mistake not, more completely than ever done before.

We, of course, cannot help but acknowledge that the four great foundations mentioned above have a great prominence over the majority of schools, and are therefore much thought of by every writer touching upon our schools; but to stop there is a great mistake, for it is only now I consider our series is arriving at an interesting point—something new. Yes, new in every sense, for we are diving into the heart of those whom others have deemed fit to neglect. And what do we find? Why, almost everything that other schools possess—but perhaps not on such an extensive scale; but there are features of which they boast and claim as peculiar to themselves.

This I found when visiting the fine schools at Dulwich, the outcome of the munificent benevolence of Edward Alleyn, who, on June 21st, 1619, was granted letters patent to found a college at Dulwich, to endure for ever, and to consist of one master, one warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars to be maintained, educated and governed according to such ordinances

and statutes as he should make in his life-time, or as the persons nominated by him should make after his death.

The college was to be called the "College of God's Gift," and the master, warden, fellows, poor brethren, sisters and scholars were to be a body corporate, and to have power to take to them and their successors, the lands therein mentioned, and the Archbishop was to be for ever visitor of the college, and to have power over the same and the persons therein; to visit, order, and punish according to the ecclesiastical law of England, or such constitutions and ordinances as Alleyn should make. The college was formally opened 13th September, 1619, which date is accordingly regarded as the date of the foundation.



EDWARD ALLEYN, THE FOUNDER.

The old college, which still stands, forms three sides of a triangle, but in 1870 great changes came about, and the fine new schools were opened; and I therefore will treat with the latter first.

Dulwich is practically within the bounds of the Metropolis, and a very picturesque village of Surrey, some four and a half miles S.S.E. of St. Paul's, on the main line of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

On arriving at Dulwich Station, you are immediately impressed by the superior surrounding of the place, after leaving that beautiful "pea soup" atmosphere, which is characteristic of this London of ours in the colder months of the year. It is really no wonder our London schools are migrating a little farther into the country, for it is hard to describe the difference of climate, even in such a short distance. A few yards up the road to the right from the railway station, you are immediately confronted with the magnificent pile of buildings known as the new schools, the precincts of which include an area of about forty-five acres, twenty acres being devoted to the cricket fields and play-grounds.

The style of architecture adopted is that known as Northern Italian of the thirteenth century, of which splendid specimens are seen at Milan, Verona, Parma, Pavia, etc. The materials used are almost exclusively brick and terra-cotta in a variety of colours, and the roofs are covered with dull red tiles, with glass tiles inserted where light is required.

The principal feature of the buildings is the great hall, which forms the centre block; while those on either side, connected only by spacious cloisters, are the school rooms, residences of the master of the college and the master of the upper school. This new college was formally opened on June 21st, 1870 (the anniversary of the licence to Edward Alleyn) by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in company with H.R.H. the Princess.

When I first looked upon Dulwich College, I must admit I found it far above what I had expected; and it appears very evident that the physical



MAIN ENTRANCE, NEW COLLEGE.

branch, so necessary at all educational establishments, had been well catered for at the foundation of the new schools, judging from the abundance of ground that surrounds the buildings.

The cost of the College was estimated to reach £62,600, but before completion it was found that about £100,000 had been expended; but for this the governors have a suite of buildings which they can regard with pride—a structure at once substantial, commodious and convenient, and worthy of the prominent position which Dulwich now holds amongst the great schools of England.



A. H. GILKES, ESQ., M.A., HEAD MASTER.

The hall is a splendid structure, occupying the principal floor of the central block, reached by spacious staircases communicating with the imposing entrance hall on the ground floor, where stands the old safe, containing the ancient manuscripts and deeds of the foundation.

The dimensions of the hall are ninety-two feet in length by forty-three feet in width, and its height about fifty feet. At the eastern end there is a raised dais, available for speeches, etc., and on each side of which is built the College organ. The hall is lighted at each end by a large mullioned window, with stained glass bordering; while the tracery contains the armorial bearings of the College.

The ribs of the roof are supported on pillars of red Devonshire marble, highly polished, with richly-carved stone capitals, and standing on pedestals of terra-cotta work. A panelled oak dado runs all round the hall between the pedestals, while the panels between the pillars contain the names of scholars of Alleyn's College who have obtained scholarships and exhibitions at the Universities. The roof is entirely of deal, and designed after the styles of those adopted for the great churches and basilicas of North Italy. The Hall serves as a place of muster for the whole school every morning, where prayers are read before entering upon their several studies. It is also used as a dining-hall for the masters and the boarders, who now number some seventy boys. This seems but a small number, but it must be remembered that the strength of Dulwich School is, now, its numerous day scholars. On the same floor as the Great Hall and entered by the door immediately at the top of the south staircase, is the College library, the interior of which forms one of our illustrations. This is indeed a splendid acquisition to the College, and a favourite haunt of both masters and boys. It is most interesting to note that the curious chimney-piece (as seen in our picture) was originally erected in the old library, and constructed from a portion of Queen Elizabeth's state barge, which Alleyn purchased in the reign of her successor, when the barge was broken up.

On the ground-floor, the lecture theatre, the laboratories and class-rooms occupy the whole space, together with the noble entrance hall already referred to.

The front of the College, shown in our illustration as the main entrance, looks westward, but the rear of the building, looking eastward, to my idea, has the most commanding view; and the whole buildings, though exceedingly fine, are of such an uniformity that I may be excused from entering into further particulars regarding them, more especially as I have yet



FOOTBALL GROUP THE COLLEGE FIFTEEN

to touch upon those portions of this foundation which I considered the most interesting.

After a chat with the Headmaster, Mr. A. H. Gilkes, M.A., who was very busy superintending the laying of drain pipes over the football ground on the east side of the Great Hall, I visited the low, red-brick building on the south side of the Headmaster's house, over which rises that colossal glassarium, the "Crystal Palace." Mr. Gilkes had assured me I would find something interesting here, and sure enough I did. It was a Wednesday afternoon, and the vast playing-grounds were alive with the boys, playing what they term "footer." Some of the masters were equally enjoying a game at tennis, on a capital asphalt court at the rear of the gymnasium, while others were taking more steady exercise at the ancient game of golf. As regards the latter game, I at first considered the ground, though excellent in size, was too void of the requisite hazards to render proper play, but I was soon convinced otherwise when I found that the aid of brick walls and hedges had been called upon to diversify the flatter portion of the links.

At football there were some eight or ten fifteens going ahead, playing under Rugby rules. The College fifteen, of which a photograph will be noticed above (with the main entrance to the College in the background), have been, so far, very successful this season, and anticipate ending up with a good record. I happened to visit the school when the fifteen from Bedford Grammar School were trying



LIBRARY, WITH CHIMNEY-PIECE MADE FROM PORTION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S STATE BARGE.

conclusions with the College team.

This match is the greatest event during the football season, and a wonderful amount of interest is centred upon the result, while great numbers of scholars, past pupils, and parents line the field of battle.

The game ended in a draw, and the teams afterwards dined in the Great Hall, the Headmaster presiding. On my way home I joined the visitors, who were being escorted to the station by the home team. The latter raised three hearty cheers for "the Bedford Grammar School" as the train moved out of the station, and as the echo followed us up the line, I could not help remarking that the good fellowship displayed throughout the match had continued to the end.



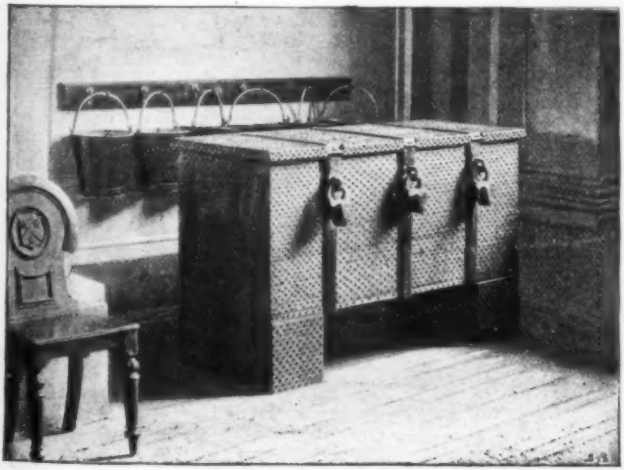
CENTRAL BLOCK, NEW COLLEGE.

Dulwich is well known for supplying both the 'varsities and our country with good athletes. Amongst these C. M. Wells stands at the present time in great esteem with all "Alleynians." For his 'varsity (Cambridge). Wells has gained his double "blue"—cricket and football—and has now taken further honours by winning his international cap, having been this year chosen to represent England against Yorkshire and against Scotland.

The new buildings to which I have already made reference, as abounding with interest, contains the engineering school, large swimming-bath, gymnasium, music-rooms, fives courts, and a separate zinc structure called the carpenters' shop, all of which have been built now just over seven years.

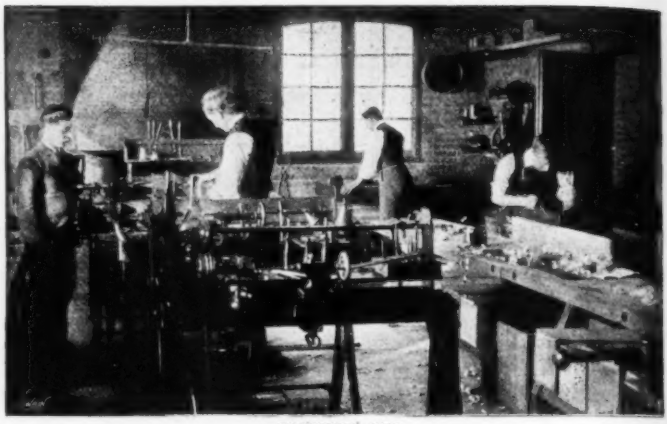
The engineering side, as it is called, is indeed unique, and ranks next in value to the splendid school library.

Of this department we give two illustrations, one showing the students at work with the lathes in the engineers' shop, and the other showing the capital six-horse-power engine fixed in the lecture room, specially built for the school. Besides four good lathes, the engineers' shop possesses drilling machine, forge, and every appliance for casting and moulding; and instruction is given to those mechanically inclined, by a thoroughly practical engineer. The floor above is fitted as the physical laboratories, and on the occasion of lectures it is possible to light the different rooms with electricity, from a dynamo made



OLD SAFE IN ENTRANCE HALL, NEW COLLEGE.

by the boys using this school. The old boys, as well as the present scholars, are allowed access to the engineering department; but it is understood, that, only outside of school hours are the boys to use this instructive branch of the College.

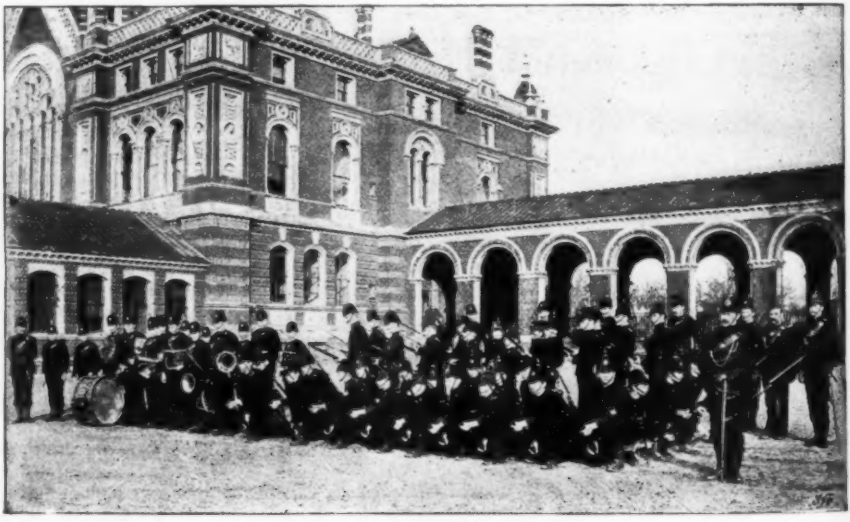


ENGINEERS' SHOP.

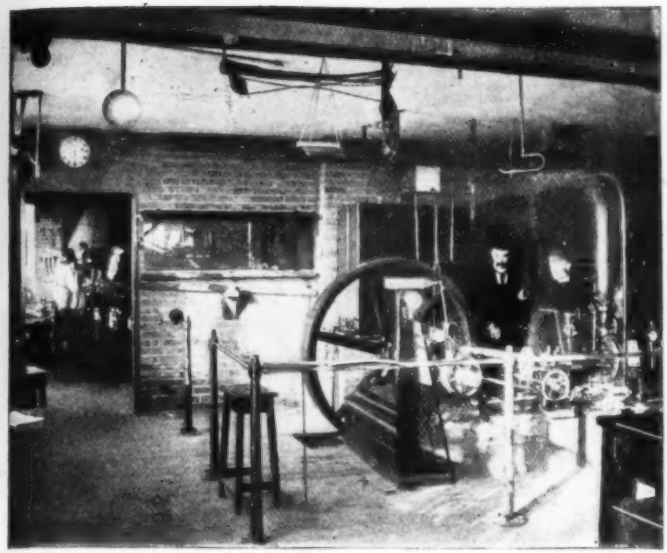
The gymnasium receives good support, and, under the new instructor, Mr. T. Hawkins (well known in the British army as fencing instructor), it is anticipated that the standard of gymnastics at Dulwich will be well kept up; and at the Public Schools' Competition on the 24th of March, I shall look forward to the two representatives from Dulwich coming out with honours. The swimming bath is a very large one, which, during the winter months, is used as an addition to the "gym." for fencing, boxing, etc.

The Cadet Corps was raised in 1878, by the Rev. G. C. Gull, M.A., now Headmaster, Hackney School, London. It was taken over, in 1886, by the Rev. G. C. Allen, and carried on by him until he retired on appointment to Headmaster of Cranleigh Grammar School, Surrey, when it was taken over by the present commander, the Rev. E. G. Ashwin; his staff consisting of Lieutenants W. R. M. Leake (assistant master), and J. K. S. Fleming (prefect), the colour sergeant is H. N. S. Grant (prefect), and their instructor Sergeant-Major F. G. Peale, (late Sergeant-Major, 2nd R. W. K. Regiment).

The corps attends the annual camping of public schools at Aldershot, besides taking part in other Field Days with



CADET CORPS OF DULWICH COLLEGE.



ENGINEERING LECTURE ROOM.

other schools during the year; they are also represented at Wimbledon or Bisley yearly, and won the Cadets' Trophy in 1879, and the Ashburton Shield in 1886; they also won the Spencer Cup in 1887, and tied for the same the two following years, viz., 1888, '89.

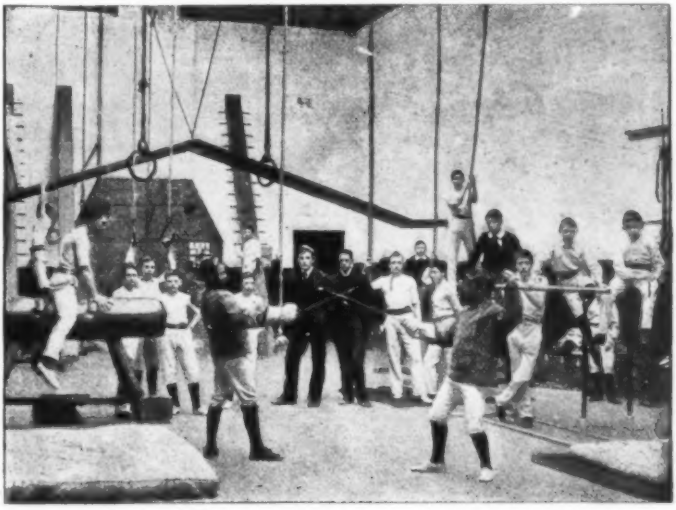
The corps is attached to the First Surrey Rifles V. B., head-quarters at Flodden Road, Camberwell.

Dulwich College varies considerably from the other schools I have been pleased to write upon, as regards the number of boarders, and may in a sense be termed a high-class day school, as, out of the seven or eight hundred scholars attending the College, there are but seventy boarders, who are allowed only to board at the four boarding-houses under the supervision and control of the Master of the College.

Boys are admitted to the College between the ages of eight and fifteen years, and are required to pass an examination, graduated according to age.

The College fees include all charges whatever for instruction in the several departments, with the exception of books and stationery, and such materials as are required in the chemical and drawing departments, which the boys supply at their own cost.

The schools fees are:—for sons of residents in the privileged districts (namely, the parishes of St. Giles, Camberwell; St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; St. Luke, Finsbury; and St. Saviour, Southwark): under thirteen years of age, £12 a-year; above thirteen years of age, £15



GYMNASIUM.

a-year. For all others: under thirteen years of age, £15 a-year; above thirteen years of age, £18 a-year. The charges for boarding varies from forty-five to fifty-five guineas a-year, covering all expenses, exclusive of College fees.

A dinner in the Great Hall is provided daily for all boys attending the school, whether day boys or boarders, and tickets can be obtained from the clerk's office at the following nominal charges:—



REV. GEORGE W. DANIELL, CHAPLAIN, COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Terminal tickets for four days in the week, £2 8s., twelve shillings extra to include Wednesdays and Saturdays, and single tickets can be had at one shilling each.

Mr. Gilkes, the present Headmaster, is a great favourite at the school: he is loved by the boys and respected by their parents, and those who, like myself, should have the pleasure of conversing with him, will confirm my statement that Dulwich College and those connected with it are fortunate in having so conscientious a man to guide and govern the portion of "Young England at School" at Dulwich.

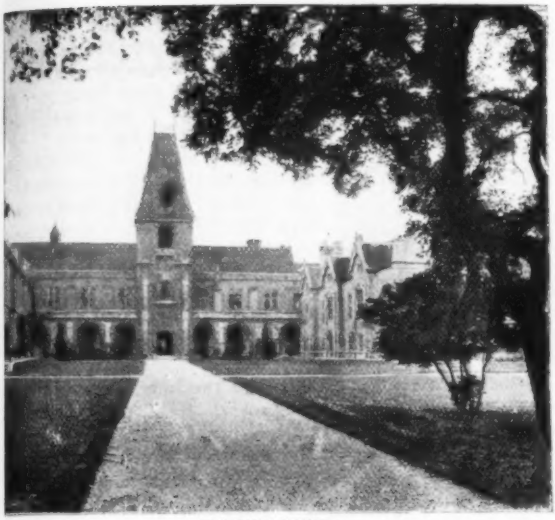
I am afraid many of my readers will consider I have commenced my remarks by placing the cart before the horse; but my visit to the Old Dulwich College was not made until I had made my acquaintance with the new one, which, as I have remarked before, is the first thing that attracts one's notice on journeying to Dulwich.

The Old School is reached from the Dulwich Station by turning to the right, as though going to the New College, and taking the first road on the left, at the corner of which a sign-board reads: "To the Picture Gallery." Some four hundred yards along this country road you reach, on the right, a peculiar building, without windows, standing a little way from the road and entered by two double iron gates, north and south. This is the Picture Gallery of the College, about which I will have more to say later, as it claims something more than passing notice.



CHAPLAIN'S HOUSE AND SOUTH SIDE OF CHAPEL.

Connected with the Picture Gallery, but a few strides farther along the road, is the old foundation of Edward Alleyn, who is



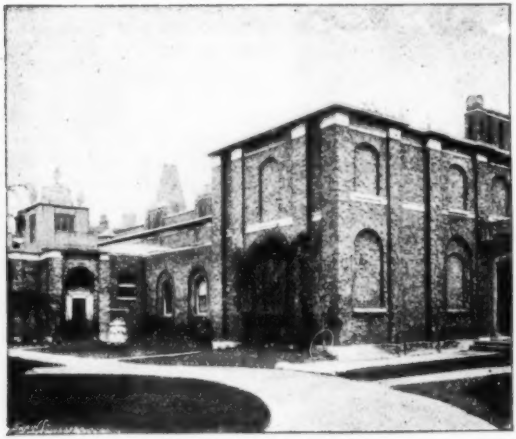
THE OLD COLLEGE.

said to have been born in the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, September 1st, 1566. In his time Alleyn played many parts—the skilful actor, the successful manager, the country squire, the faithful husband, the firm friend, the generous alms-giver and the founder of a college; but even the noble benefactor could not have formed the slightest idea that the seed he was about to sow would grow to such magnitude as it has done since the two railways have run through that district. Alleyn appears to have attained extraordinary ability and celebrity as an actor in an age prolific beyond all others in dramatic talent—as Fuller, in his "Worthies," describes him as "the Roscius of our age, so acting to the life that he makes any part (especially a majestick one) to become him." Baker also, speaking of Alleyn and Burbage, says: "They were two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like." In 1593 the plague in London put an end to Alleyn's theatrical career, as far as the Metropolis was concerned, and, taking his company through the country, he was afterwards spoken of as the strolling player.

Leaving his wife at Bankside (where he had part interest with Henslowe, of the Rose Theatre and the Fortune in Cripplegate), with her mother and sister, several letters were sent by Alleyn to his wife, and are now amongst the many preserves in that precious "safe" which forms one of our illustrations, and has, in days gone by, been the "bank" of a good many.



COLLEGE CHAPEL.



EXTERIOR OF PICTURE GALLERY.

These documents are indeed interesting, and I cannot help condensing my remarks in order to copy, if only one :—

"To E. Alline, on the bankside.

"My good sweete harte and loving mouse, I send the a thousand comendations, wishing thee as well as well may be, and hoping thou art in good helth, with my father, mother and sister. I have no newes to send thee, but I thank God we ar all well, and in helth, which I pray God to continew with us in the contry, and with you in London.

"But, mouse, I littell thought to hear that which I now hear by you, for it is well knowne, they say, that you wear by my lorde maiors officer mad to rid in a cart, you and all your fellowes, which I ame sorry to hear; but you may thank your ij suporters, your stronge leges I mene, that would nott cary you away, but lett you fall into the hands of such Tarmagants. But, mouse, when I com hom, I'l be revenged on em: tell when, mouse, I bid the fayer-well. I prethee send me word how thou doste, and do my harty comendations to my father, mother, and sister, and to thy own self, and so swett harte, the lord bless thee. From Chellmsford, the 2 of Maye, 1593.

"thyn ever, and nobodies els, by God of heaven.

"Edward Alleyn.

"Farewell meeho mousin, and mouse, and farewell bess dodipoll."*



DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY.

NOEL JOSEPH DESENFANS, FOUNDER OF GALLERY.

Alleyn lies buried in the College Chapel, in front of the reading-desk, with his two wives; the memorial slab (which will be seen in our illustration) bears the following inscription respecting the munificent founder, who survived the opening of the College and Chapel seven years.

"Here Lyeth the Bodie of Edward Alleyn, Esq., the founder of this Church and College, who died the 21st day of Nov., A.D. 1626, Aetat 61."

The Chapel, in 1823, was greatly enlarged, and a gallery erected along the south side.

* Dr. Dodipoll was a character in a play of the time, and hence, perhaps, the nickname.

The Rev. George W. Daniell, the present Chaplain, whose portrait we give with a view of his house (once a portion of the old school and boarding-house) is held in high esteem in his parish. The boarders of the College attend the Sunday Service, but, as I am informed, the Chapel is some little under-endowed; and the greater part of the pretty little Chapel is therefore let to the residents of the neighbourhood, who are more than willing to contribute to its maintenance.

The Picture Gallery occupied my last visit to Dulwich, and I therefore make it the subject of my closing remarks.

The gallery was first opened to the public in 1817, and the collection of paintings now numbers nearly four hundred and fifty.

One I was particularly taken with (which we reproduce amongst our illustrations): it represents Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen when Princess Victoria, aged four years. This painting was executed by Mr. Stephen Pointz Denning, who was appointed Keeper (or, as he was called, Custodio) of the Gallery, 1820. Her Majesty is here represented standing, full-length figure, wearing a large black hat with feathers, black velvet pelisse, sable fur round the neck and crossed over the chest, grey gloves, one of which is held in the right hand.

After visiting the small cottage, joining the College, occupied by Mr. Hodgkins, the present Superintendent, whose bright old face was quite in keeping with his ancient charge, I was pleased to sit down and chat with my new friend, who, like all previous keepers, is an artist by profession.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

[Our Illustrations are from Photographs specially taken for this Magazine by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, *from whom Photographic Copies can be obtained.]*

The following Schools have recently appeared in THE LUDGATE:—Harrow, Rugby, Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and Christ's Hospital.



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGED FOUR YEARS.
(From a Painting in the Gallery by S. P. DENNING.)



By ARTHUR W. THOMPSON.

"I AM afraid, Jack, that we are both in the same boat?"

"Yes, Charles, old man, I'm afraid so."

"Then let us understand each other clearly, once for all."

Two young men had just left a house in Vincent Square, and this little conversation took place as they lighted their cigars at the foot of the steps.

One could tell at a glance that they were brothers—brothers who were, at the same time, chums. Jack, the taller of the two, was softer voiced, softer eyed than Charles; but apart from this slight difference in eyes and voice, the brothers were as good a pair as Castor and Pollux.

All through life the two brothers had held together, in the same form at school, the same boat at college, and now at the threshold of life, journalists both, there had come to them the same love, and for the selfsame woman. Together they had been introduced to Nathalie Field, and as chums will, they had discussed her face, form and character; at first freely, then with a scarcely felt restraint—a restraint that had crept between them slowly, with cold hands, as it were, on their hearts to push them apart. Now the climax had come, and the two friends, facing each other, and before her house, waited for the declaration of war.

"Then let us understand each other once and for all."

They turned and strode off together among the London lights. Jack was the first to break the silence.



"I SHALL PROPOSE TO-MORROW."

"Charles, do you remember what we said in the dormitory at Repton?"

"Remember it? Of course I do. We said that nothing should ever come between us; not even a woman. But what is the good? 'Man proposes,' etc. etc."

"And woman disposes," put in Jack, with a forced laugh. "I can see you love her. I read you like an open book. I have not told her yet. Have you?"

"No."

Charles knocked the ash from his cigar, and seemed about to speak; but after a pause, he put the cigar into his mouth, and the brothers puffed away in unison.

"Well," said Jack, "I

suppose it must be each for himself, eh, Charles?"

"Afraid so; open war."

"I've got an article to write for to-morrow on 'How the poor try to live,' so I'll think it over before I come in. Good night."

"Good night."

The two brothers shook hands and turned away. At about ten paces distance, they stopped and, turning round, said simultaneously:—

"I shall propose to-morrow."

Nathalie Field lay back among the cushions in her boudoir. The book had fallen from her hands. With her hands folded behind her head, she gazed into the fire, lost in thought. Long thoughts they must have been, for the fire fell to pieces and the clock struck two before she rose, and, drawing back the curtains, stood looking out into the night. "I believe I love them both," she said slowly, and sighed. She had good cause to sigh for it is not every maid who has the misfortune to love one personality and find that it is made up of two individuals.



"I BELIEVE I LOVE THEM BOTH."

Since the first visit, this personality of the two brother journalists had been winding itself round the heart of Nathalie Field. She thought of these two brothers as one lover. The tones of Jack Euan's soft, deep voice, the clear, incisive ideas of Charles Euan combined so perfectly with their personal resemblance, that it was only when Nathalie looked at the affair from the very church door, as it were, that she realised that she had two distinct lovers, and that she could not marry them both. Nathalie Field had never been trained for such a contingency: that was why she sighed.

When the two brothers parted with declarations of war buzzing in their ears and the face of Nathalie before their eyes, each pondered his tactics, and each did so with a perfect knowledge of the character of his rival.

Jack Euan was imaginative and unpractical. He wrote the literary criticisms for the *Evening Herald*. Occasionally too, he wrote a short story: "stopping," as it was called. Charles Euan was practical and unimaginative. His leaders on the "Labour Question," or "Demerits of the Broad Gauge" were marvels of clear-headed insight. So it was that when Jack thought on his rival, who was also his brother, he laid his trust in his luck. He always considered Charles his superior mentally, "but women are not won by intellect," he reasoned, "and I'm certain she likes my stuff in the *Herald* better than his." Then thoughts of rivalry gave place to dreams of love, and as he strode on, he recalled her looks, her words from the moment when she first shook hands with him five short weeks ago; when too he had a brother who was not a rival.

Thoughts of Nathalie had taken the worried look from his face; and the young journalist walked with his head back and his arms swinging, in happy oblivion of his whereabouts or of the time. A policeman stopped him to ask the time. "Gad," said Jack, in amazement, "why it's nearly three o'clock. Where am I, constable?"

"Shadwell, sir; hardly the sort of place to stroll round at this time o'night. We've had some nasty work lately, sir, along o' the strikes and other things, and swells aint popular, sir. Good-night."

Jack Euan stopped for a moment to take his bearings, and then turned sharp off at an angle for the Commercial Road.

The stillness of the streets was broken only by the sound of his footsteps; while now and again a hoarse drunken voice,

shouting a fragment of a music-hall song, varied with the chiming of the church clocks, served to remind him that he was in "the city of dreadful night." He walked on, but without recognising in the maze of alleys and streets, any clue to his whereabouts. Suddenly his feet caught in something on the pavement, and he fell heavily. In the half light of the street lamps, he saw the body of a woman stretched before him on the ground. He knelt down and examined the figure. All thoughts of love had gone, and he was no longer a lover but an avid journalist on the scent of some "Horrible Atrocity." He struck a match. The body lay in a very ugly attitude, and round the head, which was strangely twisted, there was a pool of something dark. Jack did not shout for help; he took out his pocket book, dotted down the time and a graphic description of the place and of the body. He even examined the seedy black dress and the crushed, stained bonnet. If only he could keep the affair quiet, what a score for his journal! "Terrible murder in the East End" and all the other papers in the dark. He leant over the body for a last look, when in a second he was thrown on his back. A heavy knee pressed his chest and two firm hands clutched his throat.

"Think I've got yer at last," said a deep voice. "You'd best not struggle, or I'll knock the murderous brains out of ye."

A policeman's whistle rang out, clear and sharp. Windows were opened and a score of coarse voices shouted, "What's up, constable?"

Then Jack Euan recognised his position. "You've made a mistake," he gasped to the policeman who held him. "I'm a newspaper man, not a murderer; I'll come quietly to the station; you needn't throttle me."

Two other constables had come up. Two of them took Jack between them and started at a good pace for the station.

"We'd better step out a bit," said one; "if these blokes come out they'll about tear us to bits."

The street was already alive with men and women, since those who sleep in their clothes do not take long to dress, without the extra incentive of a police whistle.

Jack Euan, hurried along between the policemen, with blood on his hands and the shouts and the curses of the mob in his ears, felt at once the horror and humour of his position.

The mob, swelling at every step, pressed round them with howls and curses. Mud was hurled, and the women began to scream, "Lynch 'im, throttle the brute!"

Jack's captors started at a run, but they gained the police station none too soon, for as they went up the steps the mob charged. Jack felt himself seized by the collar from behind and hurled against the door-post of the police station.

"Just in time" said the Inspector as the constables dragged the journalist inside and slammed the door.

Charles Euan rose early, splashed around in his tub, and proceeded to



HE LEANT OVER FOR A LAST LOOK.

dress carefully. He had already put aside three ties, and was carefully manipulating the fourth when a cab drove up, and the landlady, knocking at the door, said, "Please, sir, there's a policeman to see you."

Charles put on a dressing-gown and went down. Without a word, the constable handed him a sheet torn from a note-book. Taking the crumpled paper, he read :—

"DEAR CHARLES,—I've got into trouble over reporting a "Horrible Atrocity," and been run in and nearly lynched as the murderer. I have written to the Chieftain (the Editor), but he thinks I have done the thing to get copy for the *Herald*, and has wired to me, 'Stick tight and work up a column for to-morrow's issue.' Please come down in hansom with the bearer and explain.

"JACK.

"P.S. Excuse this scrawl, but the confounded mob have broken my arm."

"Take a seat and some whiskey" said Charles to the policeman. Then he sat down and dashed off the following note to his brother—

"DEAR JACK,—Sorry to hear of your trouble, but this ought to be a warning to you not to be too enterprising for the sake of 'Horrible Atrocities.' I can't come down at once because, as I told you last night, I am going to propose to Nathalie Field to-day. It won't take me long, however, and I will come to you immediately I know my fate. Yours, CHARLES.

"P.S. Get the Divisional Surgeon to see your arm *at once*. You ought to work this into a good thing for the *Morning Herald*."

He folded the note carefully, and handed it to the constable. "Then, I suppose you understand by now, that you have caught a journalist instead of a cut-throat?"

"Yes, sir. I suppose we have made a mistake."

"I think so. You Metropolitan Police are an excellent body of men. But by this time to-morrow, your prisoner will be explaining to the British public that you are a body of excellent fools. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

Two hours later Charles Euan was talking to Nathalie Field. Talking love,



"P.S. EXCUSE THIS SCRAWL."

coolly and quietly, with neither hurry in his words nor throb in his voice.

"I have told you how I love you, Nathalie. Will you be my wife?"

Nathalie Field made no answer. She was thinking that this was her lover in face, form and attitude, but, with something missing. There was not that tone in his voice she had dreamt of. The eyes that looked at her were not the eyes that haunted her. She looked up and said quietly, "Where is your brother?"

Charles Euan handed her his brother's note, but as he did so his hand shook; something told him that he was playing a losing game.

Watching her as she read, he saw her face change as though something hurt her. "And you have not been to him?" she said.

"No, I waited until I had your answer."

"I do not think," she said, "we will wait so long. I—we will go to him now. He is your brother."

She put on her mantle and hat, and he

watched in silence as she arranged a heavy veil. "I am ready," she said. "Fancy poor Jack in a dreadful police station."

Then he called a cab, and they rattled away to Shadwell.

Charles left her in the Inspector's room, and was shown into another room where he found his brother, one arm in a sling, a pipe in his mouth, and a pot of beer before him, scribbling away at a great rate. He jumped up as Charles entered, "Hullo, so you've come at last."

"Yes," answered Charles slowly. "But I proposed to her, you know."

"You've had the pull of me,' said Jack. It's just my cursed luck to get run in like this at the wrong moment; anyhow I congratulate you. I've made three columns out of this affair for the *Herald*."

"She won't give me an answer until she has seen you," put in Charles. She is waiting upstairs; shall I ask her to come in?"

Jack put down his pen and looked at his brother. "You're not making a fool of me?"

He put his pipe in his pocket, the pewter pot under the table, and carefully arranged the bandage round his arm.

"Now I'm ready, and if you love me, Charles, tell her that I'm sadly altered and pale."

Charles having taken Nathalie to his brother, left them and waited anxiously in the room above, until he heard a cheery voice call, "Hi, Charles." So cheerful was the summons that it was not with surprise he saw Jack with his sound arm round Nathalie's waist. "Congratulate me, old man: I've won. And you can tell the Inspector that there is no special hurry to release me. I rather like this place. It's quite comfortable."

"After all," mused Charles, as he tipped the constable and walked home alone, "she was not the girl for me; too much influenced by circumstances." That night he wrote a brilliant article for the *Herald* on "The Sentimentality of Women."



Words by GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE. Music by THEO. BONHEUR.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

p legato.

p

In the tem-ple of hope. . . . by the vale of des - pair . . . I kneel at the

p legato.

shrine . . in deep fer- vent prayer, And falt - 'ring plead . . through a deep mist of

cres. *rall.* *animato.*

tears . . For a bright ray of hope . . . to shine thro' my fears; . . For shadows have

cres. *rall.*

R R


a tempo.
cres
rall.
crept . . . round my heart like the night . . . And darkened the star . . of my beacon's
a tempo. animato.
cres.
rall.
Andante moderato.
ritard.
mf
light. . . . Ah! shine . . . o'er me, hope, . . . thy
ritard.
mf
bright . . . ma-gic spell, . . . And charm . . . to my arms . . . for
f
più lento.
ev - er to dwell, . . . Star . . . of my soul,
f
più lento.
dim.
cres. e accel.
dew . . . of my heart, Safe . . . . . for ev - er,
dim.
cres. e accel.

molto cres. *f*

nev - - - er to part, . . Safe . . . for ev - er,

molto cres.

dim. e rall.

nev - er to part. . *a tempo.*

f



mf animato.

'Tis for

Allegretto.

dim. *rall.*


you . . . that my heart . . cries a - loud . . . in its pain, . . . 'Tis for
cres.
mf
you . . . that mine eyes . . . look a - gain . . . and a - gain, . . . 'Tis for
cres.
p rall.
you . . . that I sing . . . the sweet songs . . . as of yore, . . . And
rall.
accel.
mf
dream where we dreamt by the sad sea shore. . . . O,
p
accel.
animato.
rall. un poco.
accel.
an - swer me, love, is my hope false or true? I am
mf animato.
rall.
accel.


cres.
wait - ing, dear heart, I am
cres.
wait - ing for you, I am
cres.
f
wait - - - - ing . . . for you, ... I am
cres.
cres.
vit.
molto rit.
mf
wait - - - ing . . . for you! . . . . . Ah!
rit.
dim. e rallentando.
Andante moderato.
mf
shine . . . o'er me, hope, . . . thy bright . . . ma - gic spell, . . And
mf
charm . . . to my arms . . . for ev - er to dwell. . .


più lento.
dim.
Star . . . of my soul, dew . . . of my heart,
più lento.
dim.
cres. e accel.
molto cres.
Safe . . . . for ev - er, nev - - er to part, . .
cres. e accel.
molto cres.
Safe for ev - er, nev - er . . . to part. . . .
trem.
Andante moderato.
shine . . . o'er me, hope, . . . thy bright . . . ma - gic spell, . . And
charm . . . to my arms . . . for ev - er to dwell. . .


f
più lento.
dim.
Star . . . of my soul,
dew . . . of my heart,
f
più lento.
dim.
cres. e accel.
molto cres.
Safe . . . . for ev - er,
nev - - er to part, . .
cres. e accel.
molto cres.
f
f
ff
Safe forev - er, nev - er . . . to part. . . .
trem.
f
ff
ff





MR. THEO. BONHEUR,
The Composer of the Song, "In the Temple of Hope."

THIS popular composer was born in 1857; he studied for some time under Gounod, also in Germany. His first real efforts in composing occurred at the age of fifteen, and consisted of several part songs, which were sung at the St. James's Hall. Since then he has been continually in front of the public; he has scored numerous successes under various *noms de plume*, notably that of Oscar Verne, this name being borne on the following good songs: "The King's Courier," "The Tempest King," "In Sunny Spain," "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," "Half-past Kissing Time," and many others. But it is under his own name that he has become famous through his numerous songs, which comprise over two hundred. The following will bring his name back to our readers: "The King's Own," "Star of the Desert," "Empress of the Sea;" the words of the last two are by Mr. George Arthur Binnie. Also "Lassie," "Westward Ho!" "Nursie," "Boys of the Regiment," "Jack's Wedding," and "The Promise of the King." Amongst his latest, considerable interest will be aroused in "The Prayer in the Storm," words by A. Horspool, of "Ora pro Nobis" fame. The full force and character of the composer has been concentrated in this effort, and the refrain has all the elements of a big success. The publishers are Willis and Co., 32, Castle Street. Prominent amongst his duets are "The Battle Eve."

Amongst his instrumental pieces rank many choice morsels for the violin, notably, "The Olde and New" Gavotte. For the piano, he is represented by a very large number of popular pieces, especially in his distinctive character efforts, such as: "The Dance of the Witches," "The Imps' Revels," "Pit-a-Pat" Polka, "Vienna," published by Orsborn and Co., 61, Berners Street; "Dance Excentrique," "The Dance of the Lilliputians" and "The Orange Blossoms" Intermezzo. His last intermezzo, "Hypatia," is dedicated to that charming actress, Miss Julia Neilson. His marches will be remembered by "The Old Minster" March, and "The Echoes of St. Peter;" his last, which bears the portrait of the Duke of York, entitled, "The Royal George," should command fame. As a waltz writer, perhaps few have attained more success: "Love's Golden Dream" reached a sale of nearly a quarter of a million, and "Dream Memories," published by the London Publishing Company, bids fair to out-rival even this large sale; it is founded on Lindsay Lennox's charming song, "Mine Alone." "When the Lights are Low" and "Nuit d'Amour" are also great favourites with the public bands.

He is, at present, engaged on a comic opera, and a good deal of his time is taken up in revising. His name will live for years to come as the author of the only "Tutor" which has been universally praised by the press; at a recent sale it was bought, for a figure not far short of a thousand pounds, by Ed. St. Quentin. The song which appears in this number can be obtained from Howard and Co., 25, Great Marlborough Street.

Mr. Fordham's Strange Cases.

BY HUBERT GRAYLE.

No. 1.—Three White Hairs.

THE firm of Willard, Son and Darke, Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, was at one time known throughout legal circles for the variety and magnitude of their business.

Death, however, severed the partnership, and Mr. John Willard, Senior, had, since the premature death of his son, John Willard, Junior, taken but little part in the management of the firm, and thus practically I, William Darke, remained the sole active partner.

As time went by, Mr. Willard entered less and less into the ordinary business of the office; and, except in cases of extraordinary complication, or where he had special knowledge of matters in hand, he was seldom troubled, and, in fact, he declined to be consulted unless it was by an old client who, from length of acquaintanceship, was also an old friend.

"Darke, I wish you would come into my room for a few minutes," said Mr. John, Senior, one morning, as he popped his head into my private sanctum. Following him into his office I found one of our oldest clients, Jonas Perry, seated in the easy chair which stood close to Mr. Willard's desk for the accommodation of our friends whilst reciting their woes or soliciting advice. Shaking hands with Mr. Perry, who was rather a favourite of mine, my partner said: "Mr. Perry is in sad trouble, and as I have to go to Bristol by the one-fifteen this afternoon, you had better take his case in hand, as it requires immediate attention."

Jonas Perry was a man of forty-eight to fifty years of age, with a cheery, rosy face, bushy side whiskers, but otherwise clean-shaven; well built, and although a thorough man of the world, yet, withal, of a kindly and frank disposition. He was proprietor of one of our largest London hotels, "The Adelaide," and was prosperous and well-to-do.

"We may as well go into my room, Mr. Perry," I suggested, "where we shall be undisturbed."



MY CLIENT TOLD ME HIS WORRY.

As soon as we were comfortably seated, my client told me his worry; and, to be brief, I will relate the story in his own words:

"For some time past," he commenced, "I have been receiving constant complaints from people who come to my house of losses or thefts of va-

rious articles of jewellery: rings, bracelets, brooches, pins and such like valuable ornaments—they simply disappear from the bedrooms as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up, leaving no trace as to where they have gone and no clue for us to go on.

"Take an instance. A lady declares positively that when she retired to rest she took off her bracelet and placed it, with her rings and a brooch, on the dressing-table, and in the morning the bracelet has gone—vanished. Neither she nor her husband were aroused in the night by any suspicious noise. The bed-room door was locked at night and remained locked in the morning: the window was bolted—there only remained the chimney, and as there was a fire in the hearth, signs of a visitor that way one would imagine would have been apparent had this mode of entrance been availed of, but the ashes were undisturbed.

"A second instance. Another lady, a very frequent visitor, has twice lost jewellery. She occupied different bedrooms on each occasion of her losses. Her first loss was a diamond ring of not great value, ten or twelve pounds; her last loss was a more valuable ring. In both instances she had laid the rings down, together with the rest of her ornaments, on her dressing-table, and in the morning they were gone. No noise had been heard by either her or her husband. The doors were locked and the windows bolted when they retired, and remained so in the morning. The rest of her things were as she had placed them, as far as she remembered.

"Half-a-dozen or more cases of a similar sort have occurred, and, in fact, the house is getting talked about. I must put a stop to it somehow."

"How long has this been going on?" I questioned.

"About four months," Mr. Perry replied. "I have had a good detective, named Graham, in the house for the last month, and whilst he has been there there have been three disappearances of various articles. The last happened yesterday evening or early this morning, and was the worst of the lot so far as the intrinsic value is concerned.

"The missing ornament this time was a very handsome diamond and pearl brooch which cost three hundred and eighty-five guineas. The owner and her husband, the latter, by-the-way, is a very great friend of mine, went to the theatre last night and returned about a quarter to twelve, when they had a little supper before retiring for the night. As they were going upstairs to their rooms I passed them on the landing, and we had a chat for a minute or two. At that time the lady was wearing the brooch, for I saw it fastened at her throat myself. Next morning my friend sent for me and informed me it was not to be found. It had been laid on the dressing-table by his wife, with her rings and other things, as she took them off, and now it was not to be seen. The door and window were both fastened, as in previous instances.



MR. FORDHAM.

"The whole thing is a perfect mystery to me, but it's got to be solved, or the hotel will be ruined."

"Are you sure no one was secreted in the room?" I asked.

"Yes," Mr. Perry replied. "I sent immediately for the detective, and he made a thorough search of the room—examined every possible and impossible receptacle without finding a trace of the thief."

"Does this detective hold out any hope?"

"Not a particle," replied Mr. Perry; "he's completely nonplussed, like the rest of us; and although it's his business to catch thieves, I honestly confess I cannot find fault with him, for there's not an iota of evidence to lay hold of. He has, at different times, found opportunities of examining the rooms of all the servants occupied in the hotel, and has gone through their boxes surreptitiously, but all to no purpose."

"Well, I really don't see how I can aid you," I remarked; "but wait a minute, let us have Mr. Fordham in: perhaps he can find a gleam of light in all this darkness." Ringing the bell, I desired the clerk who answered it to send him to me. While we are waiting, let me give the reader a brief sketch of this man. Mr. Fordham had been with us for more years than I care to remember. In appearance he was tall and thin—not angular, but all bone and muscle; he looked somewhere about thirty-five years of age, but must have been nearly another ten years older. His features were regular, with a clean-shaven, pale olive face—not a pasty sallow—with deep, dark-brown eyes. His hair was short and crisp and almost black, with scarcely a tinge of grey yet showing. He had a not inconsiderable private fortune of his own, and was in every respect a gentleman. His position with us was rather an anomalous one. Ostensibly and in fact he was our confidential clerk, but his time was oftener occupied in tracing out intricate matters usually given over to private enquiry agents, and in which he had proved himself many a time an adept of the highest class.

When Mr. Fordham came in, I asked him to be seated, and related the whole case to him, just as my client had given it to me.

For a minute or two Fordham sat looking at the fire, then, turning to Mr. Perry, said: "Do these thefts occur pretty regularly—by that I mean with a certain interval between each—or quite irregularly?"

"Quite irregularly," replied Perry. Sometimes two in a week, then, perhaps, a month or more elapses before another complaint; then we may have two or three thefts in as many weeks."

"Have you examined your list of visitors to see if the thefts happened when any one particular person was staying in the house?"

"Yes, the detective did, but found none beyond the permanent visitors."

"Have any of the permanent visitors lost their jewellery at any time?"

"Two ladies have; but since their loss they always lock their things up at night. By jove!" exclaimed Mr. Perry, "I never thought of it before, but it has just crossed my mind that it is rather strange that in almost every instance one of the least valuable articles is taken, whilst in no case is more than one thing taken. The last theft—the diamond and pearl brooch stolen last night—is the first instance of the thief taking the most expensive article.

"Yes, it is a coincidence," said Fordham. "Now, one more question: Is your detective, Graham, absolutely sure that the bedrooms were not entered from the outside by turning the key with a pair of pincers, or by similar means which he would know all about, and relocking the doors in the same way afterwards?"

"He says he is certain the thieves did not enter the way you describe," replied Mr. Perry, "and, moreover, in the bedroom from which the brooch was stolen last night there is a bolt inside the door, which my friend assures me positively he closed and turned the handle down into the slot, so that it would appear absolutely impossible to unbolt it from the outside."

"Thank you—I do not think there is anything more." Then, addressing me, Mr. Fordham said:

"You wish me to take the matter up, Mr. Darke?"

"Certainly, if you think you can do anything to elucidate the mystery for Mr. Perry," I replied.

"Very good; then I will see to it at once. Now, Mr. Perry, I should like to



IN A MOST EXCITED STATE.

see your visitors' account book, where the various items are entered daily. I don't want you to say a word to anyone in the hotel about me, and it may be just as well to say nothing to the detective about my having anything to do with the matter. Can you send the book round here by someone you can trust? Anytime will suit me; and I shall also require a list of the things stolen, with the numbers of the rooms they were stolen from, and the dates of the thefts."

"Would late at night do?" asked Mr. Perry; "the book-keeper closes at ten in the evening, and any entries after that time are put into a rough book and entered up next morning. I could send it round to-night a little after ten, if that would suit you: and I may say, Mr. Fordham, if you can get to the bottom of this enigma I shall be more indebted to you than I can say. I will not talk of reward now, but you will not find me ungrateful."

With a brief Thank you and Good morning, Fordham left us; and, after a few more words, Mr. Perry departed. Later in the day I met Fordham, and asked him what he thought about it, and he gave me a brief outline of what his proceedings would be.

He intended to allow a few days to elapse, when he, with his wife, would go and stay at the hotel as visitors, and then he hoped to ferret out the thief or thieves.

About a week later I asked Fordham when he was going to the "Adelaide," when he remarked that he had been there two days. "You see," he said, "it is no use my loafing about at the hotel all day, so I come to the office during the day and attend to the hotel affair at night."

"Any prospect of success?" I asked hesitatingly.

"I cannot say yet," he replied.

I may here remark that one of my friend's little peculiarities was his dislike to discussing any case on which he was engaged until he was victorious or had given it up.

It was some six or seven days after the above short conversation had occurred when Mr. Perry was announced one morning, about eleven o'clock, soon after I had arrived at the office.

He was evidently in a most excited state, and it was some time before I could quiet him sufficiently to hear what had upset him so.

"Where's your man, Fordham?" he asked. "He's a nice fellow. He promised to look after these confounded mysteries, and he has never been near the hotel since; and now there is another robbery—worse than any of the others, too. Oh, it's monstrous! I am being ruined, absolutely ruined, and cannot help myself, and no one will help me."

"Now, my dear fellow, do be rational," I said. "Sit down and tell me what has happened. As to Fordham, take my word for it, he is not neglecting you, as you appear to think."

Although I said this to soothe him, I was certainly puzzled to know what Fordham was doing, as he had distinctly told me he was staying at the "Adelaide;" however, I knew him too well to doubt his truthfulness or think for an instant that he was neglecting his case. Most probably he had kept purposely out of Mr. Perry's way.

"It's all very well, Darke, for you to say be rational, but I should like to know how long I may be expected to endure these outrages. However, I will tell you the latest. This morning, at nine o'clock, I was called to the rooms occupied by one of my visitors, and informed that his wife had lost a very valuable diamond and sapphire pendant, valued at seven hundred guineas. She had worn it to the theatre the night previous, and placed it on the dressing-table, with the rest of her ornaments, when she retired to bed, and it was gone in the morning—the stereotyped tale, you know, Darke. The room was searched, everything was turned inside out, but it was no good. I felt it was all useless while we were prosecuting the search."



MARY JENNINGS, THE HOUSEMAID.

Just as he had concluded there was a knock at my door, and Mr. Fordham entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Perry; I thought I should find you here," he said, as he advanced

"Morning," answered Mr. Perry, in a most irascible tone. "Nicely you've caught my thief, haven't you?" he went on tauntingly. "Do you know that a lady in my hotel has just been robbed of a seven-hundred guinea pendant?"

"Yes, I know it," quietly replied Fordham; "here it is," and he produced a case in which reclined a most beautiful diamond and sapphire ornament; "and the thief's in gaol by this time, I expect," he continued, as he took his watch out of his waistcoat pocket and glanced at it.

"Eh, what do you mean?" gasped Perry, as he fell rather than sat down into the chair from which he had arisen at Fordham's entrance.

"It is quite true, Mr. Perry; your thief was caught red-handed, with the stolen property in her possession, a short time after you left the hotel."

"You say her! Was it a woman, then, after all? Who was it? Did you catch her?"

"Let me tell you just how it happened," said Fordham, in answer to this string of questions. "First of all, it was one of the housemaids—Mary Jennings, they called her—and I had the pleasure of bowling her over, metaphorically speaking, of course.

"Nine days ago, you may perhaps remember, Mr. Perry, an American gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Schomberg, arrived at your hotel, and have remained there since."

"Yes," interjected Perry; "that is the American lady's pendant you have there."

"Quite so," resumed Fordham. "That American gentleman was myself, disguised a little, you know, and the lady my wife. My wife has a few little things of this description, touching the jewel case, and I desired her to deck herself out in them, and flash them about a little more, perhaps, than might be considered quite good taste; but there was an end in view, and I meant circumventing your despoiler, if it were humanly possible, and I wished our thief to know as soon as possible where to look for future plunder. However, as the modus operandi of the thief was somewhat unusual, I considered it unwise to risk the loss of the jewels, so when my wife took them off, she put them in their cases and placed them under the pillow, whilst I had a very respectable set of paste representations made to take their places on the dressing-table for the night. Prepared thus, we duly arrived at your house, and I managed fortunately to be placed in the identical room in which the last robbery had taken place.

"You will see later why I say fortunately.

"Of course, this room had been turned inside out at the previous occurrence, and had since been tidied up for the reception of future guests, so that it did not afford me very much material on which to arrive at a feasible theory. We retired early on the first night of our arrival, and I devoted several hours, which well repaid me for my trouble, to making a most minute investigation of the room and every article it contained. I won't trouble you with all the minor details, but will come to the first thread in the woof that finally enveloped Mary Jennings in its fatal folds. I left the dressing-table till the last, so, after finishing the rest of the room, I turned my attention to it. I saw at a glance that the toilet cover and drapery which surrounded the table had not been removed quite recently, so that, in all probability, it remained in much about the same condition as it was when the previous occupants of the room left. You, of course, remember the table as it stands—a large mahogany table, with muslin all round and a large glass, with drawers, standing on it, together with the usual toilet articles or ornaments. Now most of your rooms are furnished with duchesse tables, without any hanging drapery.

"The list of the rooms which you supplied me with, from which articles had been stolen, proved of the most valuable assistance in my early searching. During one time or another, whilst staying in the hotel, I managed to have a peep into all these rooms, and in each one the dressing-table was what I may term old-fashioned, that is, draped with muslin or similar furniture. This was coincidence number one."

"I don't see the inference you draw from this," I remarked. "But don't explain now; we shall find out presently."

"You will see it easily later on. Now, the second coincidence I had already gleaned from the visitors' account-book which you sent me," went on Fordham, looking at Mr. Perry, and it was simply this. "Each day that a theft had occurred, by some wonderful combination

of chances, or else it was a footprint on the trail I was on, there happened to be a fire charged to the occupants of the room robbed. In two or three of the accounts the fires had been booked continuously, but in some cases the fire was only used that night, or the night before, but in every case necessitating attention to the hearth on the day preceding the night of a robbery.

"I will leave these two coincidences for the moment, and return to the dressing-table in my room.

"Examining the toilet-cover carefully, inch by inch, under a powerful magnifying glass, I found in various places three little white hairs. There was nothing else discoverable on the table of any importance. I have some knowledge of natural history, but I could not recognise these three hairs as belonging to any portion of a human being. They might have fallen from a kitten, but even then they appeared too short, for they did not measure much over a quarter of an inch in length. Next day I took these hairs to a well-known naturalist, and he at once pronounced them to be the hairs from a white rat.

"I began to see my way now, and the next points to determine were whether the animal was the sole thief or only an accomplice, and where it took its plunder.

"By carefully scrutinizing the drapery round the table, I detected the threads of the muslin were pulled out slightly at one corner, in one direct line from the floor to the top of the table, which I concluded was the pathway of the rat. But my most earnest searching failed to discover any hole or hiding-place in the room where it might enter or lie concealed.

"For several nights I and my wife kept alternate watch from our bed for the appearance of our visitor, but without the slightest success. I therefore decided to apply coincidence number two, and see if that would help me. So I ordered a fire to be lighted for the next night. Matters now got warmer in more senses than one. The fire trick completed the links in the chain, and the remainder of the plot worked out without a hitch.

"Turning our gas low down as usual when we retired that night, I took the first watch, and for over an hour I remained motionless, with my eyes fixed on the dressing-table, when I fancied I heard a slight rustle of the stiff muslin drapery of the table. This noise was so scarcely perceptible that, unless I had been listening most acutely for such an identical sound, it would have passed unnoticed had I been lying awake in the ordinary manner. In due time the animal climbed up the muslin on to the table and came into full view. It was a white rat. It moved about as if searching for something and presently it came to the jewellery, and picking up the pendant in its jaws, made straight for the same corner of the table that it had ascended. Crawling noiselessly to the foot of the bed, I peeped over and perceived my little white friend making off towards the fireplace. Now there was an ordinary footstool at one corner of the fender, and when the rat got to it, it disappeared between the stool and the wainscot. After waiting a short time for it to show itself again, I crept quietly out of bed, watching the spot where the animal had last left my view, and turned up the gas. But not a sign of



I HEARD A SLIGHT RUSTLE.



THE STOOL WAS PARTLY HOLLOW.

the rat. Taking up the stool, I searched the wainscoting for a hole or crevice, but could discover no possible outlet. Turning my attention to the hassock, I examined it carefully, and then this part of the mystery was explained. The stool was partly hollow, and a small bit of the carpet covering was loose, giving entrance to the interior, peering into this passage way I discovered the little thief with his stolen property all safe and snug. I put the stool as it was into a drawer in the wardrobe and turned into bed, feeling pretty satisfied that my capture would lead to the detection in the morning of the real thief, the rat's owner and trainer.

Next morning I replaced the footstool in its former position, and sent for you to complain loudly of my loss. Whilst the room was being turned upside down I whispered to the detective, Graham, that I thought I could find the thief by-and-bye, and arranged for him to meet me in the coffee-room as soon as he had finished his search, whilst my wife remained in the bedroom.

"He was not long in following me, and I then told him who I was, and we made our arrangements for our capture, which I desired to leave in his hands, so that I need not appear in the matter.

"My suspicions, as you have doubtless inferred, pointed to the servant who attended to the grates, and, reasoning out her mode of procedure, I drew my conclusions, as the result proved, with perfect correctness as to how she worked her thefts.

"When a fire was required in any of the bedrooms Mary Jennings had to attend to the lighting of it and filling the coal-box. Here was the opportunity to substitute her rat footstool for the ordinary one in use in the room; then, when she tidied up the hearth next day she could remove the stolen property if her four-footed confederate had secured anything, and exchange the stools at her convenience.

"Reasoning thus, we arranged that I should secrete myself in the room adjoining our bedroom and wait for the girl to go into our room after my wife had descended to breakfast, and as soon as she had finished her work at the hearth and had left the bedroom, I was to run in to see if the pendant had been removed from the stool and if it was gone I was to whistle "Home, sweet home," so that Graham, the detective, could follow the girl up and trace her movements.

"By giving her all the rope we could, I



DREW A BROKEN BRICK FROM THE WALL.

thought we should not only obtain the pendant, but probably ascertain how and where she had hidden her previous plunder.

"Our proceedings worked like a charm. Miss Jennings was promptly on the field and soon finished her duties at the grate; As I heard her footsteps receding down the corridor I slipped into the bed-room and found the pendant was gone, but the rat and stool both remained.

"Giving Graham the signal, I left him to complete the business, and joined my wife at the breakfast-table. Within ten minutes, Graham appeared at the door of the coffee-room, and, in reply to my invitation, came and joined us. Our success was complete: the girl had gone down the kitchen stairs, quite unsuspectingly, and descended to the coal-cellar. As soon as she was inside Graham glided after her and saw her take the pendant from the ashes and cinders in her housemaid's box, and advance to the side of the cellar, where she drew a broken brick from the wall and placed the jewels in the hole. He then arrested her, and, calling assistance, proceeded to examine this novel safe.

"I believe, Mr. Perry, nearly the whole of the stolen articles were recovered. We shall no doubt learn later how Mary instructed her white rat to purloin so neatly, but it was a very clever performance."



FORGIVE ME MR. FORTHAM.

As soon as Fordham finished his explanation Mr. Perry rose from his chair, and grasping his hand said, "Forgive me, Mr. Fordham, for my irritable speech just now. I thank you most heartily; you haveremoved a mountain of misery and anxiety from my mind by your wonderful revelations."

"Not at all; not at all!" returned Fordham. "It's our business, and I am only too pleased to have been of service to you and my firm. But next time you have such trouble let me advise you to seek advice earlier, as such delays are always dangerous."

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

"Blessings rest on him who first invented sleep."

TO women especially, a pretty and well-furnished bedroom is a priceless possession, and if it partakes of the character of a sitting-room also, so much the better. When we remember how large a portion of our lives is spent between the four walls of our sleeping apartments, no pains should be spared in rendering them as pleasing to the eye and as sanitary as possible. An easy couch, a comfortable chair, a writing-table and a few shelves for favourite authors are not expensive luxuries, and make all the difference between the chilly interiors one finds in houses where eating is the first and furniture the second consideration and those in which the mistress takes a delight and pleasure in collecting pretty things around her.

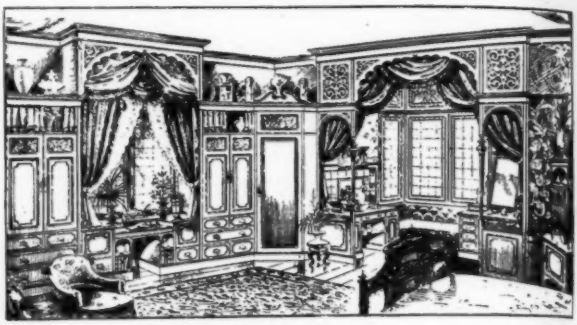
For children and old people particularly, a bright, sunshiny room should be selected, and those who have studied domestic hygiene tell us that King Sol takes a very practical part in purifying the atmosphere, and in destroying disease germs which are floating in the air. The importance of introducing pure air into living-rooms is generally recognised by a large majority of the educated classes at the present time; but it is to be feared that there are still many who, by preference, sleep at night in closely-shut bedrooms; for the conviction that night air is unwholesome, and should be rigidly excluded, still survives among the unlettered and ignorant, and ought to be contradicted by those who have learned from practical experience that sounder health and lighter sleep prevail when the bedroom window is let down an inch or two at the top. Doubtless, the objection to this practice had its origin in times when undrained swamps and malaria-breeding mists, at nightfall, were characteristic of large tracts of rural England, and is thus a survival of a belief founded, more or less, on the results of observation and experience. But at the present day it cannot be too strongly asserted that night air is as wholesome as that of the day, and may even be said to be purer, as it is more free from dust, evaporation and the contamination of human traffic. The effects of camping out in pine woods in a suitable climate as a cure for the early stages of consumption is well known to medical men, and I would most earnestly recommend to all those in fair health to adopt the open bedroom window at night, protected by light curtains so as to preclude unnecessary draughts. With warm bedclothes, even delicate people need fear no ill effects; on the contrary, the purer air will soon result in increased health and spirits, and a larger capacity for bearing the toils and troubles of the day.

During the morning the bedroom should be thoroughly aired by opening both doors and windows to their widest capacity; this ensures a thorough change of atmosphere, and absolutely prevents that unpleasant stuffiness which is a marked feature of many bed-chambers.

Artistic but inexpensive papers, light in tone, can cover the walls; then there need be no qualms of conscience on the score of expense or of renewing them at frequent intervals. Flatted paint, or that with an enamel finish, and exactly matching the prevailing tint in the pattern, looks and wears well, as does nicely-stained and polished boards, if partially covered by a bordered carpet of suitable design. The kind of floor covering must depend, in a large measure, upon the character of the dwelling and the style of the furniture. Those blessed with an ample income will naturally choose some of the beautiful fabrics produced on Eastern looms; others will content themselves with the finer qualities of carpets manufactured in this country; while those who are compelled to consider expense,

will probably select the charming art squares made in Kidderminster and Scotland, or lay their floors with softly-toned matting, which is now to be obtained in a variety of colours and designs, and is most suitable for this purpose.

Having disposed of the walls and floors, we can now consider the various forms of furniture appropriate to the bedroom.

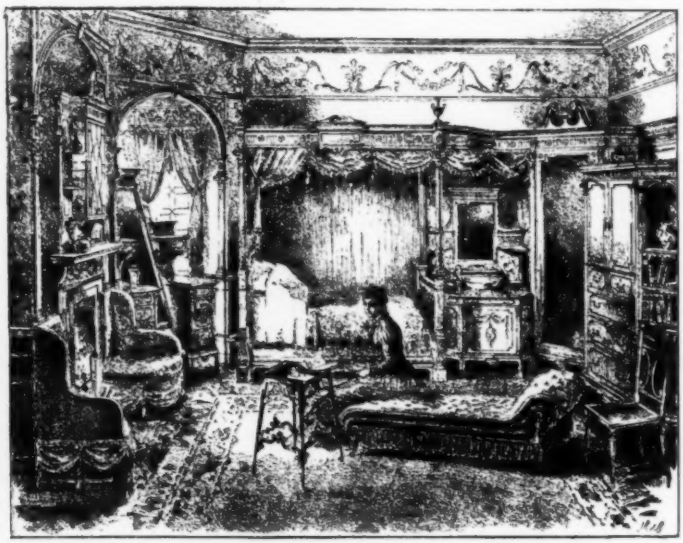


A BOUDOIR BEDROOM.

I must confess, for my own part, I have a special fancy for the pretty fitments which are now made in many styles, and which are so constructed that they can be unscrewed and transferred, if necessary, to another room or house. These need not be of a particularly expensive character, as they look very well when made of pine, simply stained or painted; though those who really require handsome fitments will naturally prefer to have them of some hard and polished wood.

My first sketch gives a good treatment for a boudoir bedroom. The toilet appliances are placed in a bay-window of unusual size, and can be entirely concealed by lowering the draperies. The side window has a conveniently-arranged writing-table, and the walls are lined with the usual wardrobes, nests of drawers, mirrors, etc., which are so indispensable to our comfort.

A young lady's room is shown in the second illustration. In this the bedstead is placed by a side wall, and under a quaintly-carved wooden canopy. The upholstered seats near the fireplace open box fashion, and the circular window at the corner of the room is a convenient position for the duchess table. To those mothers who would like to plan a pleasant surprise for a favourite daughter, I can commend this scheme of decoration; as in pale pink, turquoise, or ivory white, it would form an ideal bedroom, and one which could not fail to please the most exacting girl in the world.



A YOUNG LADY'S BEDROOM.

Some, however, may prefer the ordinary suite of furniture, which has many good points to recommend it; I have, therefore, in the third drawing given an idea of rooms recently furnished by a well-known firm of upholsterers. Each item is composed of fine Spanish mahog-

any, inlaid with satinwood in a classical design, copied from one of Sheraton's pattern books. The bedstead is of brass, with woven wire mattress, which, by means of a key, can be rendered more or less buoyant, according to the tightness with which it is rolled round the bars at the head and foot of the bedstead. I notice many of the leading firms are making handsome wooden bedsteads to match some of their suites of furniture. These give the bedroom a very complete appearance, and, with modern appliances, there can be no objection to them, if ordinary care is exercised.

And now one word in the ear of the virtuous British matron. Whatever you may do or leave undone, regard the sanctity of the toilet, and arrange to have a dressing-room, even if it is only some little ante-chamber or closet, which you dignify with this title. Delightful as it sounds in theory, it is exceedingly inconvenient in practice, to be always together; and though on excellent authority we are told, "man should not live alone," that does not mean that he should always be under the surveillance of a woman, and all rights of privacy disregarded. If from no higher motive, let your husband be saved, as long as possible, from that shock to the romance of matrimony which must occur when he first sees his bride's billowy form in an ungraceful attitude, arrayed in the shortest of petticoats and innocent of corsets, struggling with her refractory locks and a pair of curling tongs, or, worse still, curl-papers. On the other hand, Angelina is spared from the vision of the manly form in shirt sleeves, whom she has vowed to love, honour and obey, with every feature contorted, and his fascinating countenance bedaubed with lather, as he grins insanely at himself in the mirror during the process of shaving. Whether two people occupying the same room should have separate beds, is a question which can only be settled by personal tastes and idiosyncrasies. That such a practice is indicative of any want of affection, or calculated to loosen the most sacred ties of life, I cannot believe. In the matter of coverings alone, two people are rarely found who are unanimous as to the exact quantity necessary for comfort and warmth; and to be awakened several times in the course of the night by one or other of the sleepers, is hardly conducive to that perfect rest the body craves. This fashion has been followed in most parts of the Continent, and by those in a high social position in our own country, for a considerable time, and is spreading through all classes of the community.



FURNITURE FOR A MODERN BED AND DRESSING-ROOM.

Spare bedrooms, to people of moderate means, generally signify an additional income tax of several shillings in the pound. Indeed, it is worse than that, for it often necessitates being forced to take a succession of lodgers who do not pay, who are frequently very inconsiderate, and who expect gratis to be amused, chaperoned, nursed, and even, in some cases, to be married or buried, if the circumstances of the case require it. Few have the least idea how many affectionate relations and friends they possess till it becomes generally known that they have one or two vacant rooms in their house, and it is surprising upon what slender grounds the most distant acquaintance will unhesitatingly demand hospitality. So this, like the previous question, must be decided according to individual requirements. I

would, moreover, venture to hint that it is hardly advisable to make the best room in the house the "guest chamber," while the legitimate owners and children occupy less desirable quarters.

Where the size of the dwelling permits of it, I would urge that one or two of the upper rooms should be so furnished that they are immediately available in case of illness, and are so arranged that they can be easily disinfected after contagious diseases. These rooms should be, if possible, separated from the rest of the house by a long passage, shut off by a double door. If there is a separate entrance from outside, it adds very much to their convenience. The furniture and decorations can be of the simplest character. A Scotch bordered carpet (which is easily washed) on the stained boards; an iron appliance bedstead, with movable back rest and a patent mechanism for raising the patient to any position; a Matlock couch, with framework of oak or mahogany, and the seat of chain springs (over which is laid a hair mattress and plenty of downy pillows); light bamboo furniture, and pretty china; curtains of muslin and reversible cretonne, and a bed-spread of the latter with six-inch frill; a toilet service fitted with indiarubber pads, so as to be absolutely noiseless, and the usual washing-stand and dressing-table, are all that is absolutely necessary if the rooms are fitted with wooden cupboards and drawers. Flower-boxes in the windows are a source of amusement and pleasure to the patient, while a small cottage grate is useful, as it allows of a constant supply of hot water, and of a certain amount of invalid cookery. Newspapers and magazines are the most appropriate literature for the sick-room, and can be destroyed after use. I by no means advocate that these rooms should only be used in times of illness; but that they should be ready in case of need, when they will, indeed, prove a haven of rest to any member of the family who may have been stricken down.



A SMART SPRING WALKING COSTUME.

Fashions and Fripperies.

We are told, "In the Spring, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Young women appear to have been left out of the question; but I suppose the bard thought it was sufficiently obvious that the fancy of the young maiden would naturally turn in the proper direction—"to thoughts of dress" At any rate, that is the sentiment which is exciting the minds of a vast proportion of the "Girls of the Period" in London and the Provinces at the present moment. So I will endeavour to place before them some of the latest creations of Madame la Mode, whose behests, *nolens volens*, we are all bound to obey.

Two colours outrival all others in the favour of the public—green and heliotrope. The shades of plum vary from the delicate lavender, which was so popular with blushing brides of days of yore, to that deepest tone of Royal purple. The correct green is of the palest and most delicate tint, exactly matching the heart of a lettuce; and separately or in conjunction, these colours are introduced in various portions of the costume. Dress materials in silk, wool and cotton, all display them; and for millinery they are in great demand. The 1830 bonnets, which were so popular earlier in the season, have been superseded by a smaller, close-fitting shape, somewhat resembling the "Marie Stuart." Hats are of moderate size, mostly of straw lined with a different coloured plait, or shot in every conceivable shade.



AN EMPIRE EVENING GOWN.

Dresses are made wider in the skirt than we have had them for some years and are visibly stiffened at the foot. Mantles are also much wider in the basques, to allow for the extra material beneath; and fancy braids in various colours are much used for trimming spring walking gowns. The frilled shoulder capes and balloon-like sleeves have been modified to a considerable extent, and now form pretty adjuncts to the toilet.

This smart walking gown is made in a soft shade of grey cloth. The skirt is cut in the latest style and trimmed with embroidered galon and green velvet, and the bodice, which is very becoming, corresponds with the skirt. At a reception lately I noticed the evening dress, of which I took a sketch for the benefit of my readers. It was composed of the most delicate shade of eau de nil crêpe de Chine over satin, with bodice *à l'Empire* and bands of deep purple velvet, edged with pearls, worn with large puffed sleeves to match, and a lace Berthé. Low silk blouses of different colours, trimmed with chiffon or lace, are much used by those who appreciate their economic advantages. This *fin de siècle* garment, to many who are cursed with limited and unelastic dress allowances, affords all kinds of possibilities; and with a black satin and lace skirt as the *piece de resistence*, quite a fashionable appearance can be made at a comparatively trifling cost.

I have for some time been looking for a suitable mantle for travelling and rainy weather. This is a *rara avis*, which is not to be found without a considerable expenditure of time and trouble; yet it certainly is an indispensable item in every Englishwoman's wardrobe in this moist climate. The next sketch gives a very fair idea of such a cloak, which can be made in a variety of beautiful cloths, specially prepared for spring wear. Though entirely covering the dress, it is not heavy and cumbersome, and, being only semi-tight, can be removed without difficulty. The latest thing in ladies' underwear is rose du Barry batiste, trimmed with Valenciennes and run through with moiré or satin ribbon the exact tint of the cambric. The short under-petticoat is made to match, and those who require extra warmth wear beneath these fairy-like garments the daintiest silk underclothing (also pink), with elaborate insertions and edgings of crochet.

I must not linger, however, on a subject which has peculiar attractions for all the Daughters of Eve, but pass on to the stern realities of life; for a large proportion of the fair sex have realised, to their cost, that if



FASHIONABLE BLOUSES.

they would live at all they must put their shoulders to the wheel with unmistakable will and determination, so as to bring a certain amount of grist to the domestic mill.

We will, therefore, this month consider what chance a woman has of adding to her income by enrolling herself in the ever-increasing army of Lady Clerks.

For this trade or profession, whichever one likes to call it, a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, with a thorough training in book-keeping, is of the first importance. To this should be added a good general education and a fair acquaintance with foreign languages, particularly French and German. That the average girl does not possess these qualifications will be readily granted; therefore, if she wishes to undertake the duties incidental to such a calling, she must lose no time in acquiring the rudiments of her craft.



A STYLISH SHOWER-PROOF CLOAK.

Posts may be obtained by those who are competent, either by advertisement, personal application or interest, and the rate of remuneration of course varies in different offices and according to proficiency. In the Prudential Insurance Company, which employs nearly three hundred female clerks, applicants must be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and only the daughters of professional men are accepted. They are examined in writing, spelling and arithmetic, and those who pass receive thirty pounds a year, with a rise of ten pounds per annum. There is a refreshment room on the premises, a library for their use and other advantages.

At the General Post Office, between seven and eight hundred female clerks are employed, at salaries ranging from £65 to £300 a-year. The latter sum is received by superintendents. Two examinations must be passed, on such subjects as Composition, English History, Geography and Arithmetic; and the age of candidates must be between eighteen and twenty. Announcements of forthcoming examinations appear in the *London Gazette*, and the fees are nominal—one shilling being charged for the first, and one shilling and sixpence for the second examination. Those who have any idea of following this career should make application for the various regulations and rules, and study them carefully beforehand.

The telegraphic system affords many openings to female clerks, and they are also employed by some of the larger Railway Companies.

In two London banks women are to be found—namely, those of Messrs. Baring and Messrs. Rothschild — and here, of course, a good social status is a *sine qua non*. In most of the high-class hotels the office work is performed by representatives of the female sex. Here the salary is good, the food excellent, and the life by no means an unpleasant one.

Many private firms, including stock-brokers, solicitors, merchants, publishers, architects, manufacturers and shopkeepers, employ female labour. These positions are highly coveted, as they generally are equivalent to salaries of from £80 to £200 per annum.

From these few details it will at once be seen that the position of a lady clerk is by no means a sinecure; and, besides the technical training, it is necessary to possess robust health, so as to withstand the inevitable wear and tear, while system, punctuality, and an earnest desire to excel are of equal importance to one who would succeed in her work. There is no tarrying in the swift current of life: it sweeps all floating particles relentlessly on, and to be stranded on the mountain side only means to wither uselessly away. But the one who gives her mind and strength to her work for its own sake does not need other stimulants, and though often hindered and cast down, she is not daunted from still going on with a determination to conquer.

I am indebted for the drawing of the Boudoir Bedroom to Messrs. Godfrey, Giles and Co., Old Cavendish Street; and for sketches of the other two Bedrooms to Messrs. Gregory, Regent Street, London.

ONLY A CHILD.

By WRAY LINDSAY.

Then comes a mist, and a driving rain,
And life is never the same again.
MACDONALD.

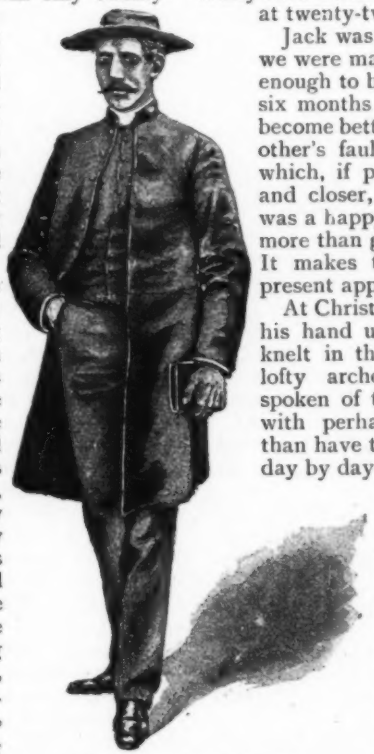
CHAPTER I.

I WONDER how it feels to be old, really old, I mean. It cannot be merely that the sun looks less bright and the earth less pleasant; that the prospect of the future becomes darkness and the memory of the past one vain regret; because all that has happened to me already.

And I, May Howard, am only twenty-three.

But then I have not lived the life of most women. I have loved more, and I have suffered. Oh, Heaven! I *am* suffering, more than others—at least, I hope so, or else this earth must have grown a sadder place than God's world ought to be.

Three years ago I was a bride. Jack and I had known each other a long while then. We had been engaged for two years and more before the wedding day, and we thought that we loved each other perfectly. As I was not a bit pretty, and had scarcely any money, and was nobody in particular, so far as birth goes, what could there have been but love on his part? I am sure that there was nothing but love on mine. Which, indeed, was only natural. For he was so handsome, tall and dark, with thick, curly hair, in which I could hide my fingers, and a soft moustache, that I used to kiss, and big, blue-grey eyes, that were to me the most adorable things in all creation.



JACK WAS TO BE A CLERGYMAN.

He had but one fault, and even that to his wife looked like a virtue, for youth is always sweeter than age. And he was young, as young almost as I—too young, people said; only twenty-two—I wonder if any man ever did know his own mind at twenty-two.

Jack was to be a clergyman, but we were married before he was old enough to be ordained. So we had six months of idleness in which to become better acquainted with each other's faults and failings, and in which, if possible, to draw nearer and closer, heart to heart. That was a happy time, but I dare not do more than glance back upon it now. It makes the hopelessness of the present appear too black.

At Christmas-tide the Bishop laid his hand upon Jack's head, as he knelt in the Cathedral, where the lofty arches have for centuries spoken of the Infinite and Eternal with perhaps even greater force than have the sacred words, floating day by day along the dim old aisles.

Afterwards my husband and I went to Thetfield, where he was to begin his clerical work.

It was a huge manufacturing place, where the smoke of the furnaces and the roar of the machinery never ceased. But we had a tiny dwelling, very small and cozy, upon the outskirts, away from the

worst of the soot, and where we escaped the odour of fire. We bought all the furniture for it after we reached Thetfield, and then had the fun of arranging it according to our own fancies, working always together. And when our home was at last complete, we thought that heaven itself could scarcely be more delightful. At least I did. But then it was just one man who formed my paradise in those days.

It seemed at first so odd to have a house all of our own, that sometimes, after we had sent our solitary maid to bed, we used to wander into every room—there were not many, after all—and look round at the chairs and tables, trying to realise the queer notion that they belonged to us. On which occasions our excursions had a way of ending in the kitchen, where we would open the cupboards to peep in at the rows of shining glass and china with a sort of enthusiasm of possession, such as Molly and I used to feel about our dolls' house when we two sisters were children together. Only this was far better, for it always finished in Jack taking me into his arms and telling me that I was his best treasure, nicer even than those precious jugs and basins and plates which yet were the joy of our hearts.

And that was only two years ago!

It was at the time of the Easter decorations that the first cloud began to gather.

"Wife, did you happen to notice that lovely girl who was helping with the font?" Jack asked me on the Saturday, as we walked home from church.

"No. Who is she?" with a smile. For I was quite aware that he had a weakness for pretty women, a fact which made his choice of a wife the more strange. I have always been so plain.

"Caroline Dene's sister," he answered. "She is at home from school for the holidays."

"Oh! Only a child," carelessly, and a little jealous pain that had come suddenly into my heart quite died away. "Is she good-looking?"

"She is perfect!" Even at that moment his earnestness seemed startling and strange to me. "Don't scoff, please. But really her face is like an angel's. I never saw such a beautiful expression before."

"Not likely to, at that rate, until you get to heaven." I retorted lightly.

People used to say in those days that I was too merry and gay, speaking out my mind far more freely than a clergyman's wife should. Perhaps they were right; I don't know. But how could I be solemn when I was so happy?

On Easter Day, I saw Chrystal Dene at the early service, and then I owned to myself that Jack's description had been exactly right. There was such an innocent purity upon her oval face and in her large, serious eyes, that one almost forgot to notice her clearly-cut features, and the mouth, soft and rosy as a baby's. She wore her hair in one long plait down her back, school-girl fashion, and altogether gave the idea of being what I had called her, only a child. She was, in truth, scarcely fifteen.

Necessarily, I very soon made her acquaintance, for we knew her people well, and were constantly in and out of Woodleigh.

During the next fortnight, both Jack and I met her many times, one way or another. Then she went back to her lessons, and I, in my blind, blissful ignorance, forgot all about her.

She was not away for long, however, for in the early days of June, an outbreak in the school of measles or some such ailment drove her home again. During her short absence, she had certainly grown taller, and with her slender, girlish figure, and rather languid movements had become more lovely than before.

Chrystal's father, Mr. Dene, was one of the richest and most prosperous men in Thetfield. He had enormous iron works down in the town and a charming house in the suburbs, quite near to our little abode. The tennis season was coming on now, and as we used to go and play upon the Woodleigh courts as often as Jack, who had more than enough to do, could spare time from his parish work, we encountered Chrystal more frequently even than at Easter.

I got fond of the child at this time. With her angel face and caressing manner, she seemed to have the power to throw a spell over all hearts. A power I envied her—ah! how deeply? For all the while that cloud, which had begun to shadow my world just as Chrystal entered it, was gaining volume and substance. It was long before I recognised its existence, and longer still ere I understood the nature of that horrible, intangible

something that was threatening to separate my husband and myself. Yet, slowly but surely, discovery came. Jack, my Jack, loved Chrystal Dene.

From that day to this I have never been surprised. He was such a young man, and so worshipped beauty; whilst she was so fair and so utterly fascinating. As for me, I was ugly and not always good tempered, and too often bitter and sarcastic. Who could blame him, then, for loving her? But that was how the sunshine went out of my life and twilight began to fall.

It was during the drive home, after a picnic, that I first quite realised the truth. We had gone with a party to spend a long summer day amongst the ruins of an ancient castle, and in exploring some damp, detestable caverns, with a quite undeserved renown. The expedition had, I believe, proved pleasant enough to most people. Unfortunately for me, I had tumbled into a stream in the underground chasm, and with my light frock in a muddy and draggled condition, felt rather dull and wretched. But that could not be helped.

The day came to an end at last, and we all climbed to our places upon the coach; I, in my low spirits, meekly choosing the back seat. Jack's invaluable talent for making himself comfortable, led him to the roof, where he first stretched himself out amongst the rugs and baskets, and then proceeded to announce that there was plenty of room upon his throne for some one else. Would Chrystal share it? An invitation which she promptly accepted.

I was horribly hurt, for I had had a secret hope that during the homeward drive I might creep close to my husband, in the dusk, and be comforted for my spoilt day. However, I tried hard not to show my disappointment, and managed to laugh and chatter with the girls and men who were near. Only all the time I could not help watching between the row of faces opposite, the heads of those two upon the roof.

Presently, I saw Jack begin to untwist her hair—the long heavy plait that hung to her waist. Of course I assured myself immediately that there was no harm in it, for she was a mere school-girl, home for a holiday, and he was a clergyman, grown up and married—in spite of which I could not persuade myself that I liked it.

Slowly, slowly, the sun went down, and night came on. By-and-bye we reached a steep hill, up which some of the men elected to walk. I went with them, for it made me restless to see those long white fingers playing amongst the soft masses of hair. But how could I prevent it?

So I sprang to the ground and trudged along in the dust, keeping silence when people would let me, and thankful for the waning light in which I could gulp down unobserved the tears I could not quite restrain. For it was not yet too dark for me to perceive that those two heads had drawn closer to each other by degrees. Twilight is proverbially deceptive, and I tried to soothe my aching heart by the assurance that I could not, down here, be absolutely certain of what occurred up there. But for all that, by the time that I resumed my place, I was sure, beyond all power of questioning, that Jack's love had gone from me. And after that moment I never had another doubt about the matter.

Of course we reached home presently, and then there passed some days, miserable days, during which my one effort was to smother and conceal my jealousy. Because I was jealous. Oh, yes! How



CAUGHT SIGHT OF MY HUSBAND.

could I help it, when I loved him so? Neither do I suppose that I succeeded in behaving altogether as if nothing were amiss. He must have found me cross and tiresome occasionally, and he always liked to see me light and gay. It had been so easy to please him in that hitherto; it was impossible now. Doubly impossible as gradually my enlightenment increased.

One day, when I was out shopping, I caught sight of my husband and Chrystal walking upon the opposite side of the street, and talking earnestly. Her eyes were cast down, and there was the prettiest quiver about the corners of her mouth. Just as they came abreast with me, she burst into a low, silvery laugh and glanced up at him, whilst he smiled back at her. So they passed on without having seen me. The whole affair was scarcely more than a trifle, truly, but it made the pain in my heart all the more bitter.

A week later, I happened to catch a glimpse of them again, chatting at the end of our road. And once more, a few days afterwards, when I was wandering aimlessly in the Park, I noticed them strolling side by side along one of the narrow paths. Whereupon, I awoke suddenly to the great danger that hung over them both. Mine were not the only eyes in Thetfield, and should this sort of thing continue, it could not be long before all the town observed and talked of it. Had not Chrystal been so young, or had Jack been of any other profession, folks would already have been making remarks. So far they had escaped. But neither his cloth nor her age would protect them much longer.



HE PUT HIS HEAD ON MY LAP.

That day I went home, and, from sheer perplexity and worry, cried myself ill. Upon which Jack, who was always tender and kind, noticed my red eyes, and asked questions. So, at last, it all came out.

"You care for her more than you do for me," I sobbed. "Oh, I think it will kill me. Why did you marry me, Jack? I could have lived without your love before. But now——"

He was angry at first, very angry. Told me that I was foolishly jealous, just the same as all other women, and that he had expected better things of me. But then I put my hand in his, and laid my head upon his shoulder.

"Jack," I said, "you must not be cross with your wife. You know that I care for you. I can't help it. But I am not one bit surprised that you love Chrystal best."

He looked at me for a moment as though he were astonished; which made me laugh; for it seemed so odd that he should think me too stupid to understand.

"Why, of course, I can see how exquisite she is," I told him. "If I were a man, I should lose my head about her myself, Jack. But oh, darling, I wish, I *wish* that we were not married, Jack. What am I to do? How can I bear to stand between you and the woman you love?"

And then he did what I don't believe the men in novels ever do. He put his head down upon my lap, and told me everything.

"It isn't that I have ceased to love you, May," he whispered, almost as he might have done to a sister whom he trusted. "I am wicked and mad to feel as I do. But she is so wonderfully lovely. I don't seem to live when she is out of my sight."

We had many talks together after that. Not, I suppose, that any one reading this story that I am scribbling, would believe it. They would say that no man would turn to his wife for consolation because his heart had strayed hopelessly away to another woman. But the wiseacres would be mistaken, for that is exactly what Jack did. And that is all of happiness that I have to remember, that sometimes I was able to comfort him.

Of course it hurt; but of that I need not speak.

After that first confidence between us, those too public interviews ceased. I was certain, although I never asked him, that all their meetings could not have come about entirely by chance. So I warned him of my fears, and begged him, for her sake and his own, never to run the risk again. It was the less difficult for him to avoid it now that he could talk openly to her at Woodleigh, or elsewhere, in my presence. And to be often near her somewhere, anywhere, appeared really to be a necessity of his life.

What could be the end of it all? Of that I dared not think any more than, I believe, did he. Gradually I began to hate myself because I was so strong and healthy, and because, in spite of my anguish, I went on living.



CHRYSTAL DENE.

CHAPTER II.

Busy and bustling and smoky as was the great town of Thetfield, it was yet situated upon the very borders of one of the most picturesque of English counties. Within two hours' drive of the huge works of which the enormous engines seemed to form one ceaselessly throbbing heart, were to be found miles and miles of heather-covered moorland, that in the autumn was purple with blossom and alive with grouse. "The twelfth" was, therefore, an important day in the annals of the neighbourhood, and filled all the great houses with guests.

This year Mr. Dene had asked a crowd of visitors to Woodleigh, and on the first day of the shooting, Jack and I were invited to an informal sort of dinner, to meet everybody after the return from the moors. No particular hour had been named, and we arrived rather early, whilst the world at large was still engaged before the looking-glass. Chrystal was, as it happened, the first to welcome us, and I shall always remember the picture she made that evening. It is only likely that I should.

She was dressed in a white gown of soft Indian muslin, trimmed with lace. Under her chin she had fastened a cluster of white heather, and a carnation or two, also white. Her splendid hair, cut quaintly in a straight line across her forehead, had been left loose, for once, and fell in a straight, unfettered mass down her back. Her face was, as usual, almost colourless, except for the rich scarlet of the lips.

She shook hands with me, and afterwards offered her greeting to Jack. As their fingers met, a faint tinge of pink crept slowly into her cheeks.

"Mother asked me to say that she hopes you will excuse her unpunctuality. But the fact is that we all went to luncheon upon the moors and stayed

too long, quite forgetting about the time."

I declared that Mrs. Dene must on no account hurry, and at the same time tossed upon an oak chest my hat and cloak. Underneath the outdoor garments was my wedding silk. Although I had been married for more than a year, the bridal finery was by no means done for, and Jack and I could not afford to be ultra fashionable.

In another minute Arthur Dene, a lad of about sixteen, and a great ally of mine, came tearing down the stairs three at a time.

"Oh! Mrs. Howard," he called out, "they won't be ready for an age yet. I know their little ways. Come out into the conservatory with me, unless it will hurt that go-to-meeting array, and let me get you a red, red rose."

Jack and I both laughed. Arthur was an authorised adorer of the curate's wife. So we went off in one direction, and, or so I supposed, Jack and Chrystal in another. As to that, however, I took pains not to see.



GIVING THE GUN INTO MY HANDS.

We explored the fragrant greenhouses, and made our choice. The boy had positively been thoughtful enough to arm himself with some pins, and was able to decorate me, then and there. Afterwards, with the brilliant flowers making a bright dash of colour upon my shoulder, we turned towards the house, from which the conservatories were separated by some few yards. That was the least convenient of the Woodleigh arrangements I had always considered, and I remarked upon it to Arthur as he escorted me across the carriage-drive towards the hall door, upon the steps of which Mr. Dene had, by this time, stationed himself. He was attired in all the glory of swallow-tails, and was evidently waiting for dinner with some impatience. Twilight had come on rapidly during the last few minutes; it seemed to me that the light had faded more suddenly than usual.

Our host and I were the best of friends. I found traits in his character which I both liked and admired, although to a stranger he might, as he aired himself upon the threshold of his beautiful home, have presented no more interesting points than belong to the average self-made man, who has risen from poverty and obscurity by simple obstinacy and business capacity. Happily, Mr. Dene had now, besides wealth and influence, a fair education. He could speak and write as correctly as most people, though there would always linger upon his tongue the burr, and in his manner the uncouthness, of the North Country. Underneath that rather unpolished exterior, though, there beat a generous and even a tender heart, as I had had occasion to discover before this. And if ever I wanted help for a woman in distress—he did not believe in men who needed assistance—it was to Mr. Dene that I invariably applied.

"And how are you, Mrs. Howard?" he shouted, as I came in sight; "and where is that husband of yours? Here am I, clemmed to death almost, and nobody about, so far as I can find out. No, no! He's not the only one that's behind," as I began to utter apologies, "so don't bother yourself. Why didn't he bring you to have a bit of food among the heather to-day?"

"Perhaps because we were not asked," I responded, with my customary candour. "Is the gun loaded, Mr. Dene?" For he had taken up and was examining a formidable-looking weapon that I had previously observed upon the hall table. He nodded an assent.

"Yes, I'd been looking at it before you came in. I'm going to have a row about it later on. I'll not have these young fellows bring their guns into my house in this condition. I'm a sportsman myself, and have been most o' my life, but I've never got over a nervousness of that sort of thing, and don't mean to try."

"Don't! One hears of such heaps of accidents from just such carelessness. But oh, do let me fire it off, please. That will make all safe, and I never had a shot quite to my own self in my whole life," I pleaded coaxingly.

He looked down at me and laughed, before giving the gun into my hands.

"Take care that it doesn't knock your teeth down your throat, then," he recommended. "Here, point the——"

"Father," interrupted Arthur's voice at this moment, "will you——"

But that was a request destined never to be completed. My fingers were already fidgetting about the trigger when the lad called his father's attention from me, and now the thing suddenly went off, how, I could never tell, nearly throwing me backwards with the rebound.

"Dear, dear me, Mrs. Howard! You shouldn't have done that, cried the old man testily, and at the same instant I caught sight of Jack coming down the stairs with Gerald Dene.

"Now, I wonder where the shot has gone?"

I felt that I had turned pale. The report had startled me. But I was angry at his tone, and made haste to defend myself.

"I'm sure I can't tell. But you ought to be sure that it was an accident. I never intended to fire."

So then he begged my pardon, and by-and-bye took me into the dining-room.

"Where is Chrystal?" asked Mrs. Dene, as soon as we were all settled. For although she was not out of the school-room, the girl always dined with her parents during the holidays. It was a very unceremonious household, that at Woodleigh, a fact not altogether to the well-pleasing of its mistress, who was a lady by birth, and a great lover of the proprieties.

To-night, however, the youngest daughter's seat was empty, and no one seemed to know anything of Chrystal's whereabouts. The last to notice her had been Arthur, who had seen her in the garden all by herself, he said, whilst he was cutting my roses.

"You had better go and find Miss Chrystal, James," ordered the mother. "She may not be aware that we are at table. Mr. Howard, will you say grace?"

The footman left the room as Jack rose. Then we all subsided, and began to find out who were our neighbours, and what were their pet topics of talk, as we tasted our soup.

About ten minutes passed before James returned. Then he entered with a white face, and at something very much like a trot.

"Miss Chrystal be a-laying in t' midst o' th' gravel-path, behind t' trees, opposite t' front door," he blurted out—he was but a raw Yorkshire lad. "And I'm afeart as she's badly. I can't mak' she speak."

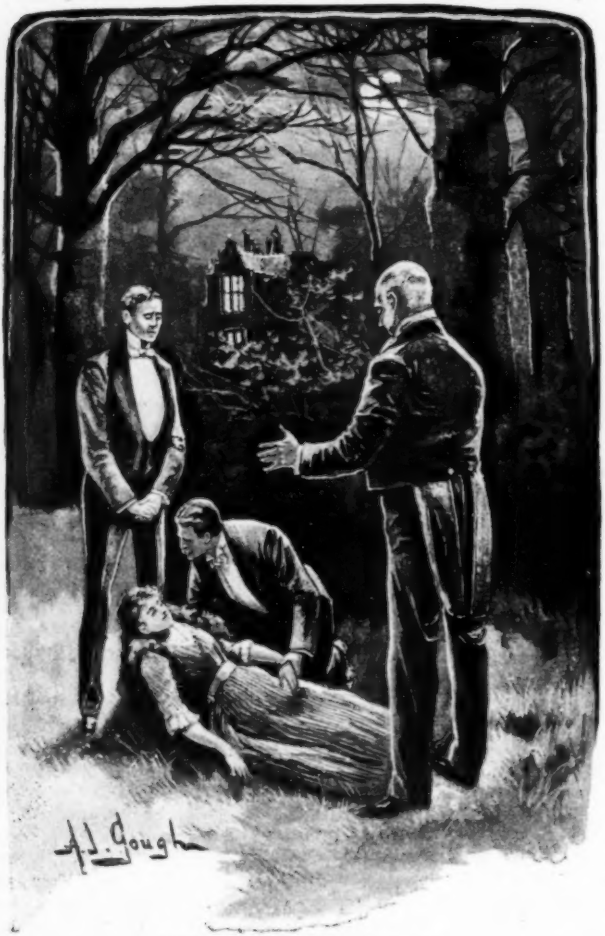
Mr. Dene had risen and rushed away before the servant had well completed the first sentence. As to Jack, he was even quicker, and all the rest of us followed in a panic of fear. I felt as though I must be in some horrible, terrifying dream, for already I almost guessed the truth.

Shall I ever forget the scene which met our eyes when we reached the spot where she had fallen? Ever lose the haunting memory of that white, dead face which comes so often to stare at me in the darkness of the night? The moon was shining down between the thick branches of the overhanging beeches, casting a silvery radiance upon the form of the girl who had been my rival in my husband's love, as she lay all stiff and stark and motionless in his arms. The dark cloud of her hair fell across his chest, her wonderful eyes were wide open, staring with a ghastly unconsciousness at the star-lit sky; about the pretty mouth the happy curves yet lingered. She had been struck down all unawares in one fatal, painless moment, without a second for fear or dismay to chase away that pathetic smile.

And when they had carried her into the house, they discovered what had wrought her destruction. There, through

the soft dress, exactly over the heart which had been beating so warmly but one short hour before, was a tiny hole, tinged at the edge with crimson blood. It was the shot discharged by my clumsy, ignorant fingers which had done the awful deed.

At first I was almost frantic. I called myself a murderess, I raved about my guilt, I wailed for pardon. And even in the midst of their sorrow, the father and mother, whom my action had bereaved, were good to me. I was soothed with tender words, assured of forgiveness, even made to understand that they attached no blame to me. And after a while Jack took me home.



SHE LAY STIFF AND STARK IN HIS ARMS.

Of the events of the next few hours I can recall scarcely anything. I shut myself up in my own room, refusing all idea of comfort, and so absorbed in the intensity of my remorse that I scarcely even wondered that, during all those dreary moments, Jack never came near me. The first thing that aroused me from this state of stupor was the necessity of attending the inquest.

I suppose that I answered the questions they put. I suppose that I did what was required of me. And afterwards there came to my mind a vague remembrance that the verdict given had been one of "Death by misadventure." But my only real memory is one of a sea of faces that appeared to be all eyes, or rather all one great accusing eye, that followed me wherever I turned, branding me again and again with the fearful name of murderess. Not, indeed, that I had meant to harm her—I, who would gladly have died in her place. Yet all the same it was I, wretched I, who had meted out her death.

And he, my husband, loved her.

After the terrible ordeal, we two went back to the little home where we had once experienced such happiness, but upon which night seemed now for ever closed in. But the darkest hour had yet to come.

"Take me away, Jack! take me away from this place!" I implored, turning to him as we stood together, only just inside the door. "I cannot stay here. My fancies are maddening me. Take me away!"

Yearning for sympathy and consideration, now that the first stunned sensation was over, I tried to throw my arms round his neck. But he shrank away, and I saw that the expression with

which he was regarding me was not all of pity or of grief. Horror and repulsion had their share in it also.

"You shall go, May, of course. You should do anything you wished, and that will be best of all. But I shall not take you."

I drew myself together, and collected all my courage to meet the blow which was about to fall. Before he spoke again I realised the horrible thing which I must hear.

"I do not blame you, child," he went on, in a sad, tired voice, that had in it none of the old ring and fire, "I am utterly certain that you had no evil intention, and yet—oh, I *can't* forgive you, I *can't* touch your hand, for it killed—her!"

We were in the study by this time, and with a sob that shook him from head to foot, Jack threw himself upon the sofa and hid his face in his hands. Suddenly, however, he got up again, and began to pace the floor as he went on talking.

"It is I who have been to blame from first to last, May," he said. "I ought not to have lingered here. Long ago I ought to have left Thetfield and her. If I had done so she would have been alive now. It is my wickedness, my sin, and mine must be the punishment."

Once more I crept close to his side and tried to take his fingers.

"Oh, Jack, don't talk so," was my miserable entreaty, "it is all dreadful together, dearest, all—all! But pray forgive me! Pray don't make me feel that I have broken your heart. Take me away with you and let me comfort you. Why should you blame yourself when no one else has a thought of blame to cast at you? For me, I would have died——"

"I know it, May. The wickedness has been mine. Haven't I said so? And yet"—he looked at me; looked at me, his wife, with a shudder—"And yet it was you who killed her. No, no, no! Don't ask me to stay with you, I should grow to hate you. I could not bear the sight of you!"

In a passion of grief that nearly choked me, I flung myself at his feet upon the carpet.

"Oh, my husband, spare me!" I shrieked. "Have you no pity, no love—none—left for your wife?"

But alas! My pleading seemed only to weary him.

"I loved her," his answer came after a moment of silence. "You do not need to hear that again, surely? And I cannot—may I be forgiven if it be but a fresh sin in me, but I cannot take the hand which murdered my heart's one darling."

With which he left me lying there upon the floor, and by-and-bye I heard the hall door close behind him. I never saw his face, or listened to his voice, or heard his footstep again.

That night, my mother, summoned by telegram, came to me. She took me back to the old home, and here I have been ever since.

I do not blame him. It was all natural. Natural that he should love Chrystal, natural that he should hate her destroyer, natural that he should separate himself from me as he did. And yet he might have had pity upon me as I once had pity upon him. He might have understood that it was my misfortune, my bitter, bitter misfortune, to see his love pass away from me to another, and still be compelled to stand between him and the woman he desired. He might have realised how gladly and joyfully I would have given my life for hers, for his dear sake. And then perhaps he could have forgiven me.

* * * *

That all happened such a few months ago! But I have grown very old since then, and even the future has ceased to hold out to me any hope. For last week I heard that he, too, was dead. And since then I dare hardly long for heaven, because he is there and does not want me. I see him and Chrystal together at last, and feel that he is the happier because I am not near to interrupt their bliss.

So, although it does seem hard, sometimes, to think that when I reach that holy place I may find that he, my love, has forgotten to expect me, I must try to bear life patiently. For if my entrance to the bright land must call him from her side, if it need bring one shade across his radiant face, I am sure that I would be content, nay, that I would choose, to stay upon this sad earth for ever.

Only I have a trust that the Great Father understands, and that He has prepared for me some little corner, into which I may slip so silently that Jack need never know.

Domestic Life in India.



THE luxury of living and dwelling in the tropics is practically unknown to most Englishmen.

The general idea is, that to take up an appointment in the East is equivalent to banishment from all comfort and ease. Far from it is the case. True, in England, we have home comforts and surroundings the like of which can be met with nowhere else, and which are dear to the heart of every loyal British subject, but the *dolce far niente* of Eastern life has to be experienced to be rightly appreciated.

In England our domestics are few, and hard-worked as a rule. With the exception of the opulent classes, two, or at the most three, servants manage to do all the household work; indeed, many thousands of households exist with one, and only one.

The SLAVEY—who does not know the genus "Slavey"—has she not been portrayed in the pages of *Punch?* Has she not been caricatured on the dramatic stage? and still she thrives; she has her rights and her perquisites. She maintains the one and she obtains the other; but she is ever willing, ever good-tempered, ever ready to turn her hand to any or everything. She will run errands, cook the dinner, wait at table, wash the front and area steps, nurse the baby and flirt with the policeman. How different the domestic of the East, the genus *Nowkar* (Hindustani servant).

What with caste prejudices and custom which in time has become law, your Eastern servant has his particular kind of work apportioned to him; and catch him doing anybody else's. To hear an Anglo-Indian describe his household, one would think, perchance, he were a Rajah, or some great man; but he may be, and most probably is, only an ordinary mortal like yourself, dear reader. Yet it is absolutely necessary for peace and comfort that one should keep up a large staff of servants. A short description of the numerous attendants, with their duties, no doubt will be interesting to many.

First, the BEARER. Now I come to think of it, this looks an English word, yet, during all my years of residence in the East, I never heard another name for this,

the most useful of servants. This Bearer is your valet, your general factotum. He attends you as would a faithful dog. Does Sahib want to bathe and change his clothes? They are ready. Is Sahib hot? He will call the punkah coolie to fan him. Does master feel tired and would like a "peg"? He is at hand to summon the—



BEARER (VALET).

KHITMUTGAR to fetch the ingredients, viz., brandy, *belatee-pani* (soda water, literally English water) and *burruf* (ice). Now why on earth he could not do it himself no one knows; it is the *dustoor* (custom) for the Khitmutgar to do it, and do it he must. He is also the table servant who brings you your *chota-hazree* (small breakfast), usually a cup of coffee with toast and fruit, taken immediately on rising, generally about six a.m. He also waits at table, carries the dishes from the cook-house to the dining-room, looks after the cleaning of the plates and dishes, cutlery, etc. Picture me, reader, lying exhausted in a long chair after a day's work, drinking in the cooler air of the evening, half asleep, perchance dreaming of dear ones far away in Old England, when my reverie is suddenly broken by my

KHANSAMAH with his *Hoozoor khana maize pur hai* (dinner is on the table, sir). Now Thackeray has well portrayed Jeames in his plush and powder, but Jeames never did, nor never could, approach the importance of Mr. Khansamah. He is your butler, your head servant; he orders your meals, he sees that the proper bazaar is bought every morning, that master's favourite dishes are prepared, that his wine or beer is properly iced, and, in general, that everything is in apple-pie



THE KHITMUTGAR (WAITER).



KHANSAMAH (BUTLER).

order; but you will notice that I say he "sees," etc. He is far too important (in his own estimation) to do it himself, and yet if you are blessed with a good, Khansamah you are indeed thrice blessed.

The BOWARCHEE (cook).—To my mind this is the most marvellous being of all the domestics. His cook-house, always a separate building, is small and crude, his utensils simplicity itself; yet his dishes are as varied as can be, and every one is palatable and tasty—the marvel being that he never tastes one of them himself. True, they are fearfully and wonderfully made, and possibly not too cleanly in the preparation thereof; but "what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over," sufficeth it, it pleaseth thee. Indian curry has to be eaten in India with Indian surroundings, or, as the phrase has it, "fixings," for it to be really known what curry is. The awful mixtures served up in English restaurants, and euphemistically called "Curry à la India," would make any well-behaved native of India blush with shame.



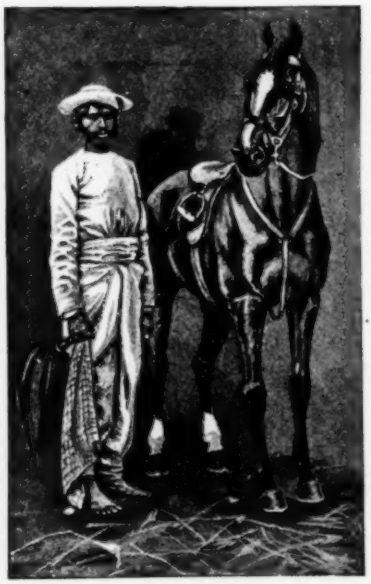
BOWARCHEE (COOK).

Possibly, next in importance comes your SYCE (groom). He has entire charge of your horse: grooms, waters and feeds it daily and makes your tum-tum (dog-cart) all spick and span. I fancy were you to ask your English groom to run on foot, while you rode, he would—well, you know what he would do, if not say; yet you mount your horse, and tell your Syce where you are going; he is off like a deer, and on your arrival at your destination, there he is, smiling, ready to hold the animal's head and lead him up and down to cool. Mr. Syce has an underling, the "grass-cut" (Anglice, grass-cutter), a man who cuts the grass for the horse's daily ration, and otherwise assists the Syce.

Next in order comes the MEHTA (the sweeper). He is always of the lowest caste and does all the lower menial work. He sweeps the house, washes the dog (every man keeps a dog), etc., all under the vigilant eye of the Khansamah.

Then comes the BHISTEE (the water-carrier). You will see that this man carries his *mussuck* on his back, this is made out of the entire skin of a sheep or goat. The picture depicts the Bhistee filling a *serai* with water. On the right and left are the *ghurrahs* (earthen pots), to hold water for your daily ablutions.

The MALEE (gardener). This worthy person takes a great interest in your garden: he waters your plants, fills your vases with the luxuriantly beautiful and varied flowers of the East; gathers the vegetables for the cook-house, and generally does an ordinary English gardener's duties.



SYCE (GROOM).

Our last illustration shows two men, one only, however, is your servant. The one with the

bag slung round him is the *dawk-wallah* (postman), the other is your *chuprasi*. His place is at your outer door, but always within call. He runs your messages, carries your *chits* (small notes), etc. He is always a proud man; he wears a broad belt, ornamented in front with a circular brass plate, with his master's name engraved thereon. This man has a most marvellous aptitude for finding out your neighbour's affairs. However, as a rule, he is a most trustworthy mortal.



MALEE (GARDENER).

The DHOBY (the washerman). In India we do not have washer-women, but men. Their method of cleansing is simple and primitive: a large *dekchie* (copper vessel) filled with water, your clothes therein, boiled over a wood or charcoal fire. So far so good; but, then the fiendish spirit enters into his soul — your clothes are carried down to the river or tank, as the case may be, a large flat stone is selected, the larger and harder the better; then the ruthless monster seizes your coat or shirt by the sleeves, or your continuations by their lowest extremities, whirls them triumphantly round his head, and then belabours the poor, unoffending flat stone aforesaid most unmercifully. The result is more easily imagined than described, buttons are of course gone, they fly before the destroyer of their peace literally in pieces. The Dhoby, having vented his spleen (N.B.—All natives have enlarged spleens, more or less) on your innocent garments, and at the same time rendered them snowy-white, he once more gathers them up and returns to his hut for the next operation. His starch is rice water, commonly called *cunjee;* yet with this old-time ingredient he turns your linen out in a manner which would do credit to a West-end laundry (N.B.—This is sarcasm).



MEHTA (THE SWEEPER).



BHISTEE (WATER-CARRIER).

The DURZER (tailor). This, and the succeeding servant, are more for a family man Every well-regulated household has its own particular tailor. He appears early in the morning, spreads out his *dhurree* (mat), and squats, tailor-fashion, in the verandah, there he sits all day, repairing old and making new garments. As a needleman, he is unsurpassed,



DHOBY (WASHERMAN).

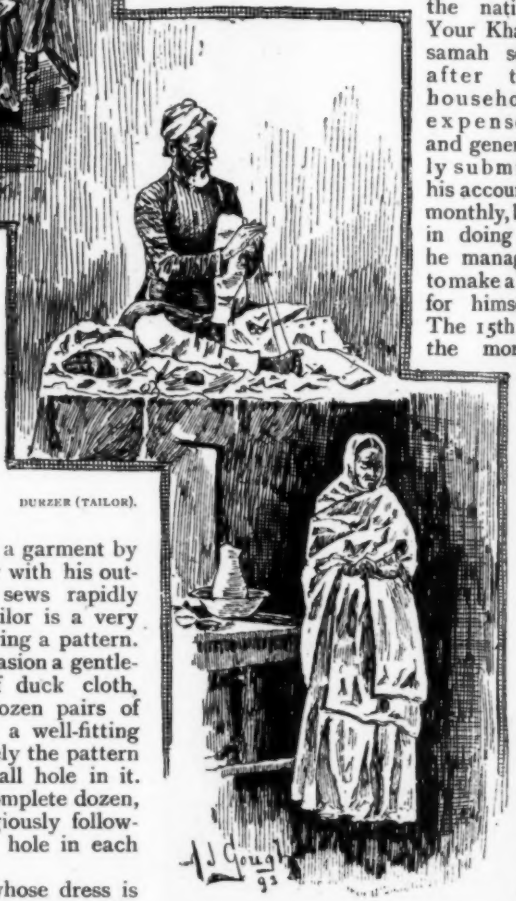
and, as the Yankee has it, he not only sees his English *confrère*, but goes one better; he not only uses both his hands, but also his feet. The big-toe of the native is a wonderful machine, with it he can pick up small articles off the ground with the greatest facility. It is a sight to be remembered to see the durzer hold one end of a garment by his big-toe, the other extremity with his outstretched left hand, while he sews rapidly with the right. The native tailor is a very good hand at copying, or following a pattern. Tradition has it that on one occasion a gentleman gave a durzer a roll of duck cloth, wherewith to make him a dozen pairs of trousers, and supplied him with a well-fitting pair as a pattern. Unfortunately the pattern was well-worn, and had a small hole in it. The dutiful durzer made the complete dozen, a beautiful fit, but, most religiously following his pattern, repeated the hole in each pair.

The AYAH.—This damsel, whose dress is a most charming arrangement, generally in red and white, performs all the functions of a lady's maid. She is also the nurse.

To this list might be added the CHOWKEDAR (watchman) whose duty it is to keep awake all through the night, and keep off burglars and other marauders. This duty, it is needless to add, he never performs.

The MUSALCHEE.—This is the cook's assistant, generally a youth who is being initiated into the mysteries of the cuisine.

This may seem a very formidable retinue, but every man has his own particular duties, and he goes about them with that quiet, stealthy tread, so peculiar to the native. Your Khansamah sees after the household expenses, and generally submits his accounts monthly, but in doing so he manages to make a bit for himself. The 15th of the month



DURZER (TAILOR).

AYAH (NURSE).

is always pay day, when all the servants troop in to draw their last month's pay. The idea is to keep your servant always half a month in arrear, and by this means have a hold on his services; for native servants have a habit, if no arrears are owing them, of suddenly departing without a word of warning. 'Tis a funny way they have! The expense of keeping up such an establishment is by no means dear, as it can be done for 100 rupees per month, or less, which is equivalent, at the present rate of exchange, to about six pounds sterling, and it must be further understood that the native feeds and clothes himself on his pay. Indeed, very often a man will support all his relatives on his pay. Fancy it, readers, if you can—a whole family clothed and fed on less than a pound per month. Is it any wonder, then, that the Anglo-Indian, returned once more to his mother country, pines for the comfort and luxury of his native servants?

H. F.



DAWK-WALLAH (POSTMAN), AND CHUPRASI (MESSENGER).



Among the various plays that I have visited this month, I can find room in these notes for but brief remarks.

HADDON HALL.—By Mr. Sydney Grundy and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The author has given us a pleasing and romantic story of the love and wooing of Dorothy Vernon in that troublesome period of history when strife waxed furious between the Roundheads and the Royalists; but many liberties are taken and the piece is brought up to date, and much fun and good-humoured satire poked at the modern-day faddists. Indeed, the author is careful to insert in the book of the words an explanatory note to the effect that "The clock of Time has been put forward a century, and other liberties have been taken with the text."

The first scene, the terrace, by Telbin, is, as indeed all the scenes are, a perfect stage picture:

"The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,
Above the cedars that girdle them, rise;
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
And outline sharp in the bluest skies."

Dorothy Vernon is loved by, and loves John Manners, but her father, Sir George Vernon, will not consent to the union, and wants her to give her hand, where her heart can never be, to her cousin, Rupert Vernon, because the title to the estates is in dispute, and though Sir George Vernon is in possession, yet it is more than hinted that they really belong to Rupert.

Nothing is left for John Manners to do but to persuade Dorothy to elope with him, and this he successfully accomplishes with the assistance of Oswald. Oswald arrives, disguised as a peddling Jew and bearing a letter from Manners to Dorothy. Here one of the prettiest and most tuneful of trios is sung between Dorothy, Dorcas and Oswald—"Oh, tell me what is a maid to say."



MISS BRANDRAM AND MR. RICHARD GREEN.

The Puritans, led by Rupert, on their entrance give off some platitudes and pass a general anathema on everybody and everything:



MR. CHAS. KENNINGHAM.

"Down with princes, down with people;
Down with churches, down with steeples;
Down with love and down with marriage;
Down with all who keep a carriage;
Down with lord and down with lady;
Up with everything that's shady,
Down with life, and down with laughter;
Down with landlords, down with land;
Whom the soil belongs to after,
We could never understand;
Pleasure—we can do without it;
Down with court and down with king;
And—just while we are about it—
Down with every blessèd thing!"

Some very amusing dialogue takes place between Rupert and the other Puritans, who, by-the-bye answer to such names as

"Sing Song Simeon," "Kill Joy Candlemas," "Barnabas Bellows to Mend," and "Nicodemus Knock-knee."

Rupert eventually confesses he is a bit sick of all this cant and humbug, and tired of trying to make an Utopia of this world, and very aptly says:

"Tho' the world be bad,
'Tis the best to be had;
And, therefore, Q. E. D.,
Tho' it mayn't suit you
And a chosen few,
It's a good enough world
for me."



MR. TREE AS ISSACHAR.

One of the most delightful characters in the piece is one McCrankie, a Scotch puritan of the most uncompromising type.

The long contested law-suit has at last been decided, and Haddon Hall passes to Rupert. Sir George and Lady Vernon prepare to depart, which gives occasion for a charming duet, "Alone, alone." Then the McCrankie drops his wicked ways, doffs his kilt, dons breeks, and becomes a man of the world, and to show his conversion, dances a Hieland fling:



MISS HILDA HANBURY.

"A wee bit skirl;
A wee bit whirl;
A fling wi' auld
McCrankie."

Rupert hands over the estates again to Sir George; John Manners returns with his bride; Dorothy, obtains the forgiveness of Sir George and Lady Vernon, and all ends happily.

Mr. Denny, as the McCrankie, is too delightful for words: one only fault is to be found with him, and that is, he is too seldom on the stage. Miss Hill makes a sympathetic and pleasing Dorothy; and Mr. Kenningham has one or two fine opportunities, of which he makes the most. Mr. Richard Green, as Sir George Vernon, has not much singing to do, for which I say, "more's the pity." He has a good voice, clear and true, and has a big future before him—his duet with Lady Vernon being exquisitely rendered.



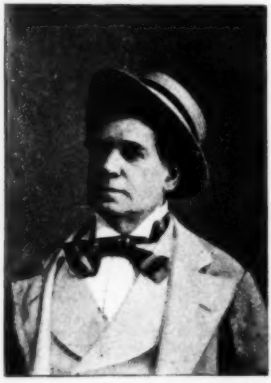
MR. LEWIS WALLER AS ORESTES IN "HYPATIA."

HYPATIA.—This, an adaptation of Kingsley's well-known novel, "Hypatia," is by Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie. The adapter has departed a good deal from the original, and has given us a most powerful play, highly classical throughout, and most interesting at times. When it was first produced, the critics were unanimous in their praise of the production, but feared it would not run, owing to its lack of interest for the general public. However, the result has proved different: "Hypatia" is still going, strong and well. The scenery, which is perfect, was produced under the immediate direction of Alma Tadema. The play opens at the house of the Bishop of Alexandria. There is a feud between the Christians and the Pagans. The Pagans are led by Hypatia; and Philammon, a young priest, has vowed to



MISS JULIA NEILSON AS HYPATIA.

get Hypatia out of the way, but while endeavouring to do so, he falls in love with her. Orestes, who is the commander of the city, has compromised Ruth, the daughter of Issachar. Issachar, unaware of this, makes a nice little plot to the effect that Orestes shall marry Hypatia, and then publicly pronounce himself emperor. This Issachar does for his own private ends: he wishes to be revenged on the Christians for their oppression of his race. This all works out as he wishes. In the meantime Issachar has found out the relationship between Orestes and Ruth, so immediately Orestes declares himself emperor he is stabbed by Issachar. Eventually, in the last act, the Christians are victorious over the Pagans, a general mêlée takes place, and Philammon and Hypatia are both brutally murdered. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Issachar is a revelation, and is one of the finest character sketches he has ever done. Miss Julia Neilson is the gentle, noble Hypatia Kingsley wrote—more I cannot say. Mr. Lewis Waller has made a decided step forward in his creation of the part of Orestes—he was majestic, and the noble Roman to the manner born. Mr. Fred. Terry as the impulsive and fanatical young monk, Philammon, is also an excellent study. Miss Hilda Hanbury, who is now out of the bill, was also charming. To sum the matter up, "Hypatia" is a classical play, carefully and accurately produced and ably and well played, which does credit to the British stage and will be long remembered. It is an education to witness it, and it is a play at which no one, even the greatest prude, can carp.



MR. J. L. TOOLE



MR. SHELTON AS BEN.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry

WALKER, LONDON.—Mr. Toole has undoubtedly "struck ile" in this piece. It has already long since celebrated its one hundredth performance, and is now merrily running up the second century. The plot is simplicity itself. An ordinary houseboat party is up the river: a barber, Jasper Phipps by name, is about to be married, but as he cannot afford a honeymoon for two, determines at the very last moment, indeed, the day before his wedding, to have his honeymoon before this event, and to have it alone. He goes up the river, saves a young lady from drowning *in two feet of water*, the boatman gives a glowing account of his heroic conduct, and the thankful friends invite him on board the houseboat. Phipps scents a good time, and intimates that his name is Colonel Neal. As the Colonel's name is ringing throughout the country, he having just returned after some arduous travels in Central Africa, naturally everybody is delighted to have the company of such a distinguished traveller as the gallant Colonel undoubtedly has proved himself to be. Eventually Jasper's bride that is to be runs him to earth. Out of this little plot a great deal of innocent and wholesome fun is extracted.

Mr. Toole is at home in his part, and his attempts to act up to the character of the Colonel he is impersonating are excruciatingly funny. He has a way of saying, "It's nothing. Oh, it's nothing!"

when pressed to describe any of the many heroic deeds coupled with the name of the Colonel. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is as charming and fresh as she always is, and adds no little to the success of the play. Mr. George Shelton manages to make the character of Ben the Boatman stand out, and a very clever sketch is that of Andrew McPhail by Mr. Seymour Hicks. He has just been up for his final medical exam. and his time is spent in a state of nervous excitement—wondering whether he will pass. Eventually, when the wire arrives announcing his success, his wild joy and delight is but natural. He now at once realises he is no longer a poor medical student; he is now a full-blown medico and must comport himself accordingly.

He adjourns to his cabin, throws off his flannels and blazer—he is done with such frivolity—and dons the immaculate frock coat and tall hat, and comes out armed with a stethoscope, ready to do and die. The contrast is delightful, and oh, how natural. How many times do we see the same thing in everyday life? Dr. McPhail's prescription, at present, for a "fit of the blues," which I give gratis to my readers, is, "Go and see 'Walker, London,' a perfect cure guaranteed."

* * *

About the time this magazine will be in the hands of my readers, some new pieces will be due. First, "Uncle John" at the Vaudeville. Secondly, Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's new drama at the Adelphi, title at present unknown; suffice to say it will not be "The Black Domino." In the cast will be found such old favourites as Mr. Chas. Glenny, Mr. Thalberg, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Evelyn Millard, Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. W. L. Abingdon.

* * *

I further hear that this will be one of the best pieces yet written by those gentlemen. Yet another play and I'm done: "Men and Women" is due at the end of March at the Opera Comique. This is a powerful social up-to-date drama, and in it will be Miss Amy Roselle, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Elliot and others. Great things are expected of this production.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our February Number, to whom the 3-vol. novels have been sent:—H. M. Curry, 1, Aberdeen Terrace, North Strand, Dublin; F. B. Shaw, Broadfield, Tooting Bec Gardens, Streatham; Miss Ethel Piper, Copthorne, Shrewsbury; R W. Johnson, 11, Wellfield Road, Liverpool; T. Burch, jun., 16, Warwick Gardens, Kensington.

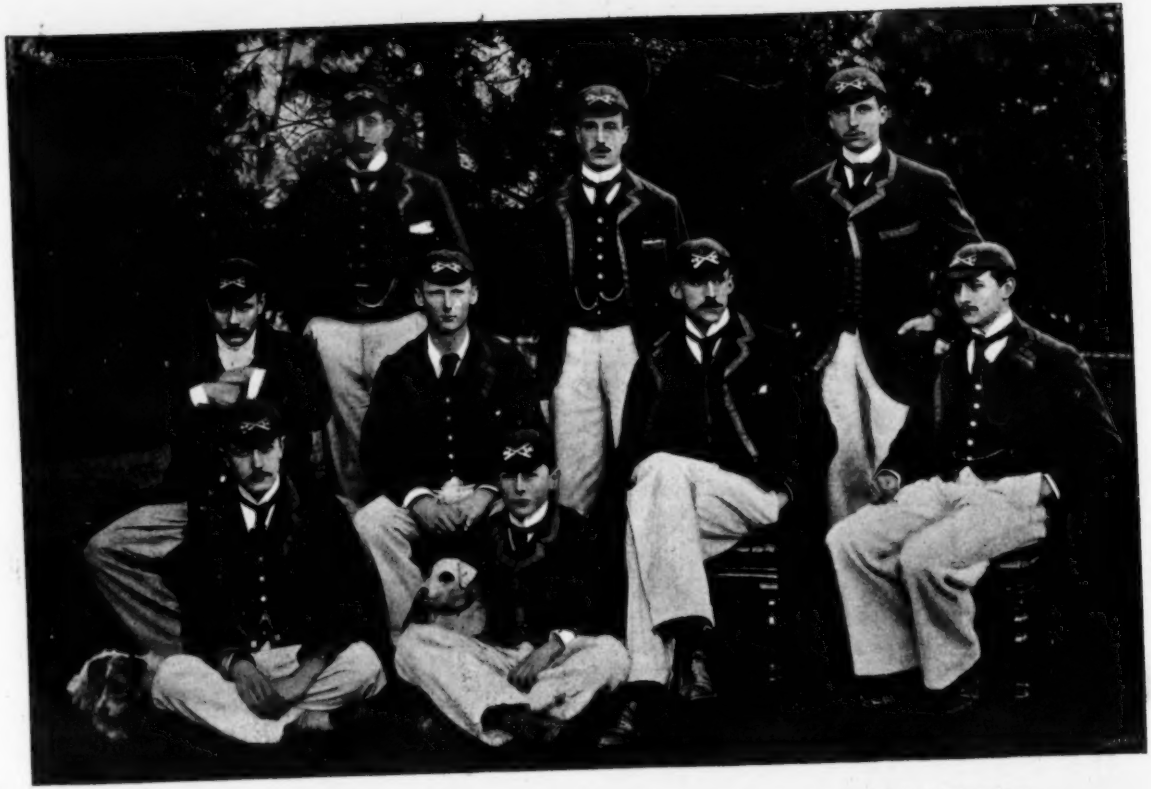
* * *

I hear the final League football match is to be played on the 25th of March, at Manchester, so that I shall be able to announce the winner of the Gold Watch in our next issue. I may say here that the popularity of this competition has far exceeded my anticipations. We received just under five thousand post-cards, which proves the interest taken in our winter game.

* * *

The University Crews, photos. of which appear overleaf, have made a longer stay with us this year than usual, and the interest always centred upon this inter-varsity tussle has been fully maintained this year. The river at Putney has attracted large crowds of enthusiasts to watch the doings of the crews, and I think at the time of my writing there is nothing to stop the Dark Blues from winning the race again this year, though the Cantabs have made themselves most popular since their stay amongst us.

The Oxonians have five of last year's crew in their boat, while the Light Blues have but two; but, like the Oxford men, they are "good ones," and, as far as my opinion goes, I consider Mr. Kerr, the Cambridge president, as pretty an oar as any in the two crews, and, if anything, he has improved upon his excellent form of last year; but still, I am afraid faults are to be found amongst the new hands, and the weight of their opponents will more than tell against them. The Oxford stroke, Mr. Pilkington, is a freshman from Eton, and has wonderfully improved during his practice on the tide-way, having behind him such pastmasters as Pitman (last year's stroke), Fletcher, Nickalls, Ford and Cotton.



V. NICKALLS, No. 4 (*Magdalen*). H. LEGGE, No. 4 (*Trinity*). C. M. PITMAN, No. 7 (*New College*). M. E. ILLINGTON, Stroke (*Magdalen*). J. A. FORD, No. 2 (*Brasenose*). A. B. FORTMAN, Cox (*University*). J. A. MORRISON, No. 3 (*New College*). W. A. L. FLETCHER, No. 6 (*Christ Church*). H. B. COTTON, Bow (*Magdalen*).

OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE CREW (1893).

V. NICKALLS, No. 4 (*Magdalen*). C. M. PITMAN, No. 7 (*New College*). J. A. FORD, No. 2 (*Brasenose*). A. B. PORTMAN, Cox (*University*). W. A. L. FLETCHER, No. 6 (*Ch ist Church*). Bow (*Magdalen*).

OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE CREW (1893).

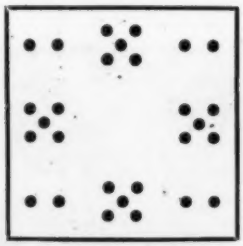


G. A. H. BRAMSON, Bow (*First Trinity*). C. T. FOGG-ELLIOT, No. 3 (*Trinity Hall*). L. 4. E. OLLIVANT, No. 5 (*First Trinity*). E. H. M. WALLER, No. 4 *Corpus*).

T. G. LEWIS, Stroke *Third Trinity*). R. O. KERRISON, No. 7 (*Third Trinity*). G. C. KERR. No. 6 (*First Trinity*), R. F. BAYFORD, No. 2 (*Trinity Hall*). C. T. AGAR, Cox (*Third Trinity*).

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE CREW (1893).

Puzzledom







22. A man had 28 fowls, which he kept in eight pens placed as above, so that by counting each side he had nine fowls in each row. His dishonest servant, however, stole eight of the fowls, four on one day and four on the next, re-arranging the groups of the remaining fowls so that they still counted nine in a row. Show how the fowls were placed after each theft.

23. A market woman has a basket of 150 oranges, apples and pears. For every 1½ pears she has 2½ apples and 3½ oranges. How many of each fruit has she?

24. Write down as many English words as you know that read the same backwards as forwards—as, for example, "Madam."

25. Why is human life the riddle of all riddles?

26. What bird can lift the heaviest weight?

27. What is it that a dumb man can't crack?

28. Why are fowls the most economical thing a farmer can keep?

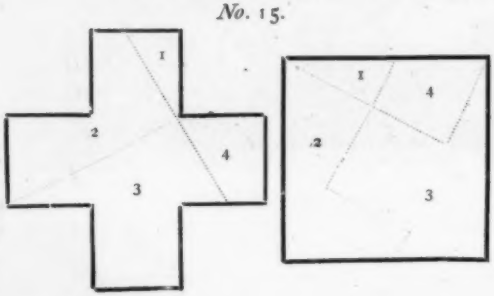




Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th April. Competitions should be addressed "April Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards preferred.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

No. 15.



16. *Because they both make extracts.*

17. *Because it's the end of pork.*

18. *A step-father* [*farther*].

19. *Because it furnishes dates.*

20. *My first, wake; my second, field; my whole, Wakefield.*

21. *He had* 10 *pigs.*







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Com-
, Mitre

acts.

d, field;

XUM